

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY JAMES KNOWLES

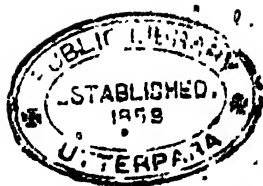
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GAMBLING AND THE LAW

THE late action about baccarat has raised once more the questions whether gambling is wrong, and in what light it ought to be regarded by the law—questions on which the opinion of the world at large appears to be even worse informed than it usually is. These questions, indeed, are incapable of being solved without a greater grasp of moral principles than is at all common; for in order to solve them it is necessary to have distinct and reasonable notions both of morals and of law, and of the relation between the two, and such knowledge is very rare. The question Is gambling wrong, and why? is continually asked by people who tacitly assume that every action or omission whatever is found in one of two schedules respectively headed ‘right’ and ‘wrong,’ and that the question in all cases is in which of these the given act is specified. Of course no such schedule ever was attempted to be made, but the conception of it haunts the people’s mind. A striking form of the kind of morality which it implies is to be found in the complaint that a man might keep both in letter and in spirit every one of the Ten Commandments, and yet be devoted to gambling and pass his time in the wanton indulgence of cruelty to animals. It might be said in the same spirit that only one form of falsehood is forbidden by a code which forbids bearing false witness against your neighbour, but permits false witness in his favour, and that the great duty of obeying lawful authority is at most obscurely and indirectly intimated by an injunction to honour one’s father and mother.

These criticisms upon such a document as the Ten Commandments throw little light upon the moral foundations of the horror of

gambling, which is pretty widely spread, though it is not very wisely applied; but in order to make it reasonable, and in order to decide how far it is to be embodied in the law, it is necessary to go deeper and to determine the principle on which gambling is morally objectionable—this alone can form a steady foundation for the course which the law should take upon the subject.

The principle appears to me to be perfectly simple, and not very difficult to apply. It is that gambling, like any other thing, is a question of degree. A bet for one man is unobjectionable if it is a matter of shillings, for another man it may be of no harm if it is a matter of pounds, but questions of degree of this sort must by the very nature of things be decided by the people whom they actually affect—a man must decide for himself how much he can afford to lose, and if he is wise he will not exceed his limit; but, though this may be a guide to the amount of his bet, it can hardly determine its legal quality. Is money lost by gambling to be a real debt recoverable by law, or is it to be merely a debt of honour? After various hesitations it has been decided that it is to be a debt of honour only. This was finally settled by the Act of 1845 (8 and 9 Vict. c. 109, s. 18), which enacted that all contracts or agreements, whether by parole or in writing, by way of gaming or wagering should be null and void. Up to that time wagers not against morality, decency, and sound policy were good, and a wager was defined to be a contract entered into without fraud for a good consideration, and upon mutual promises to pay a stipulated sum, or deliver some other thing to each other, according as was prefixed, if an equally uncertain contingency should happen within the time upon which the contract was made. The wisdom of the enactment of 1845 cannot be questioned on a great variety of grounds, but, as will be presently seen, it did not render betting in itself illegal or declare it to be void on the ground that it was contrary to public policy. It thus left a loophole at which the practice was permitted to continue, and in some cases to be enforceable legally. During my own career as a judge, I had not unfrequent occasions to notice this, and I do not think that the legislature will have done its utmost to discourage what practically is vice while that can be said.

In order to explain this it is necessary to call attention to several recent decisions of the Court which show how the matter stands. The first of these is *Read v. Anderson*, decided in 1884 and followed in more recent cases.

Read v. Anderson (13 Q.B.D. N. 779) was originally tried by Sir H. Hawkins without a jury in 1882 (10 Q.B.D. 100). The plaintiff was a licensed victualler at South Shields, and the defendant a turf commission agent. The defendant made bets for the plaintiff on which the plaintiff had to pay 71*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.*; the plaintiff revoked the defendant's authority to pay, but he paid the amount under fear

of being made a defaulter at Tattersall's, the consequences of which would have been serious to him.

It was held by Sir H. Hawkins, and he was confirmed on appeal by the Court of Appeal (the Master of the Rolls being overruled by Lord Justices Bowen and Fry), that in such a case the principal had no power to countermand his agent's authority to pay.

The practical effect of this was that a man who makes a bet through an agent is bound by it as soon as it is made. This is a very great abridgment of the Act of 1845, for it regulates and gives a legal footing to bets made in the commonest of all ways. Its effect upon the existing law may be estimated by introducing the effect of it in express words. The Act so altered would run as follows:—'All contracts by way of gaming or wagering shall be null and void, provided that if any such contract is made by an agent the power of the principal to revoke the agent's authority to pay shall determine as soon as the bet is made.'

It is important in considering the judgments of the Court of Appeal to see how they came to open a back door to the repeal of the Statute, or at least to its practical nullification. The whole argument of Lord Justice Bowen (with which Lord Justice Fry contented himself with agreeing) tacitly assumes that this case was one to which the ordinary principles of business agency apply. He says: 'It will not be denied that if a principal employs an agent to do something which by law involves the agent in a legal liability, the principal cannot draw back and leave the agent to bear the liability at his own expense. This is, of course, true, but it is not the case here, because the payment of bets cannot be enforced by law. I think the true way of applying this to the present case would be by saying the plaintiff cannot recover.'

The Lord Justice says, however—'but by the usage of his business known to both parties at the time of his employment, and with reference to which usage the contract of employment was made, the betting agent became liable, as a matter of business, to make good a lost bet at the risk of losing his character and customers? In other words, the employer must pay his bets in order to protect the character of the betting agent.' This is the same as saying, in other words, 'The law is too hard on betting agents—explain it away.'

This principle has been followed in other cases. In the cases of *Seymour v. Bridge* (14 Q.B.D. 460) and *Percy v. Barnett* (15 Q.B.D. 388) it was held that the broker was or was not entitled to recover for his customer according as the customer was or was not acquainted with the practice of the Stock Exchange to overlook the violation by brokers of what is known as *Leeman's Act*, 30 and 31 Vict. c. 29, which was passed in order to prevent contracts for the sale of shares in Joint Stock Banks of which the sellers were not possessed, or over which they had no power.

These cases, however, and some others which might be mentioned, I do not touch on, as they have no immediate connection with the matter immediately in hand.

This part of what I have to say on the present matter may accordingly be fitly concluded with this observation. Parliament will not have done what it practically can to discourage gambling and bets, until it has condemned it in general terms, which it would be perfectly easy to do, by reciting that, whereas gambling is a practice opposed to the public interests, it is hereby declared to be illegal, and all bets, whether made by agents or between principals, and all contracts ancillary to gambling, shall be void, and if made by an agent the principal may revoke his authority to pay the bet at any time whatever.

Would there be anything in such an enactment which could constitute any grievance in any case?

In the first place it may be observed that from 1541 a long series of Acts had been passed making games of chance illegal. They fill thirty pages in Chitty's Statutes, from 33 Henry VIII. c. 9, an Act for the maintaining Artillery and the debarring of unlawful games (which seems to have been intended to prohibit all amusements except archery), to 8 and 9 Vict. above quoted, which made wagers void, and provided that cheating at cards should be punishable as an act of obtaining money or goods by false pretences, and established some rules of evidence to facilitate the suppression of gaming-houses, all these levelled against different forms of gambling.

Why, then, should it be supposed that the introduction of a mere generality rendering all betting illegal should injure anybody? It would, in fact, pass hardly observed as a piece of Parliamentary verbiage, except by a few lawyers, and, indeed, they would hardly pay attention to it till cases came to be argued and particular expressions to be carefully scanned.

Nobody proposes to give legal effect to wagers, but till that is proposed the making of bets illegal instead of being as at present merely void will make no practical difference of which anyone need ever be aware. If a man won ten thousand pounds on the Derby, his chance of being paid would be just as good or as bad as it is at present, whether his act was illegal or not. As to bets made by agents, is it imaginable that people should be willing that the principals should be disappointed of their winnings if agents pleased to avail themselves of the law of the land, but that a loser should be obliged to pay in order to keep up the credit of the agent through whom the bet was made?

The existence of such a person as a betting agent appears to me to be an insult to the law. It is a mere abuse that such a person should exist at all; and a fragment of legislation which enables him to carry on his business, and for which no excuse is proposed except

that it does so enable him, is in itself absurd. It is impossible to prove more clearly that it exists in defiance of the general body of the law. Lord Justice Bowen assumes in *Read v. Anderson* that a betting agent is entitled to be regarded as a legitimate agent in any other branch of trade; it is, in fact, no more than a *petitio principii*. If the statute had been supposed to leave a loophole open for bets made through agents, the loophole would certainly have been closed. When the large door was closed, for the cats a small one would not have been left open for the kittens if it had been noticed. The fact is that the sort of betting which is most common and most mischievous is usually done through agents. As matters stand, a betting agent has the advantage of enabling anyone to bet to anyone who lives in a moderately large town. In these days every shop-boy can obtain the odds and consult every pretty little tout about them, and the betting agent can bet for him at a very small price.

In *Read v. Anderson* (Q.B.D. 103) it appeared that the plaintiff made over sixty bets for the defendant on the Wokingham Handicap, on which the defendant lost 1,490*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*, and won 705*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.* The parties apparently were drapers living respectively in London and South Shields, and their correspondence turned upon the Jockey Club rules of racing, and the rules of Tattersall's Room. This shows the length to which such agencies go, and the extent to which betting is encouraged by it. It is practically certain that a greater blow at their credit could hardly be given than would be inflicted by a measure which would deprive them of all legal protection and recognition.

It is by no means easy, for these reasons, to see who would have any legitimate interest in opposing the modifications which I suggest in the law as it stands at present. Nothing can be less satisfactory than a set of rules which no one is interested in maintaining. In order to do so a case must be shown in which from motives of general convenience some serious kind of business is habitually conducted by gambling in the full sense of the word. I think it would be impossible to give a single instance in which this can be asserted to exist. In the first place, there is no exception at all (except a small temporary one) in Act 8 and 9 Vict. c. 109, s. 18, which goes to show that none was needed; in the next place, what exception would be required?

A general notion exists and is warranted by popular language that gambling has been, and is, practised on the Stock Exchange, especially by means of what are commonly called 'time bargains.' If A sells to B 100*l.* in the funds at the price of the day, and engages to accept from B a month hence 100*l.* at the price of that day, that is said to be a case of a bet on the comparative price of the funds on this day or this day month, and it may be settled without any real sale at all, but by the payment by the loser to the winner of the difference between the two prices. This practice was prohibited in strong language in 1738 by 8 Geo. II. c. 8, 'an Act to prevent the

infamous practice of stock-jobbing,' but it has been decided (*Thacker & Hardy*, 4 C.B. 685) that in the present day such a contract is not void, and is not affected by the Act of 8 and 9 Vict. c. 109, s. 18. Mr. Justice Lindley said in his judgment, which was affirmed on appeal, that 'there are no such things as time bargains on the Stock Exchange,' such bargains being at least of very rare occurrence.

For these reasons I do not think that any risk would be run by the slight modifications in the existing law which I propose that would make all betting void, and leave the payment of wagers to the honour of those who made them.

There is one point of view in the recent *baccarat* case which has possibly appealed forcibly to the people at large, though with no great claim to reason upon the part of those who make the appeal. It is occasionally said that the law as it stands exhibits practical partiality in the odious form of undue lenity to the rich in comparison with the poor. How can it be just, it is said, that the Prince of Wales and other people of the highest rank should go to Mr. Wilson's house and play *baccarat* with impunity, whilst the newspapers are continually filled with accounts of raids upon gambling-houses which do not do a tenth part of the harm that is done by Mr. Wilson's house? The answer, of course, is plain. There is all the difference in the world between keeping a house in which every one may gamble and private gambling which no one can share in without a special invitation. It would be a monstrous invasion of privacy if the police were able to get a warrant to enter a private house on the ground that there was reason to believe that cards would be played there, and to arrest every one who was suspected of playing. True as this answer is, it is very unwise to rest the defence of private habits upon a ground which involves an admission that they would be criminal if practised in public.

It may be a question whether, as matters go, too much indulgence is not shown to notorious gamblers who carry on their practices in public. It is true that under 36 & 37 Vict. c. 38, s. 3, a man who plays or bets in any street, road, highway, or other open and public place to which the public have, or are permitted to have, access, with any cards or instruments of gaming, or any coin, cash, token, or other articles used as an instrument of such wagering or gaming, is a rogue and vagabond, and as such may be imprisoned by a magistrate for three months; but though at most great racecourses this offence is frequently committed with every sort of impudence and impunity, it is not properly punished, as the police are not instructed to apprehend the offenders as they certainly ought to be.

Upon the whole, I think that nothing beyond the slight modification above suggested could be done by way of addition to the law relating to gambling except a remedy which, if it were efficient, would be worse than the disease.

•JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN.

THE ARMY AS A PUBLIC DEPARTMENT

THE administration of the English army is always going to be, but never is, reformed. Change is the permanent condition of our military administration, but change not synonymous with improvement. Ever since the disastrous breakdown in our war management, nearly forty years ago, which brought about the creation of a War Department, the establishment which dates from that time has been the subject of constant changes and experiments, without, however, bringing us any nearer to a definite solution of the administrative problem. And these repeated failures in the past to arrive at a satisfactory system, account for the general apathy exhibited regarding the Report of Lord Hartington's Commission, the latest inquiry into the subject. The public are so accustomed to reports and proposals which lead to nothing, and reorganisations which leave everything disorganised, that they have become sceptical as to any practical reform coming of this or any further inquiry. This Report, however, inconclusive and hesitating although some of its recommendations may be, was yet a serious effort to remove the inherent defects of our present naval and military, but especially the military, administration. This paper will deal with the military side of the case only, and the endeavour will be made to indicate the radical principles involved in a rational system of army administration, a clear apprehension of these principles being the first step towards the attainment of the desired reform.

It may be observed at the outset that the tendency of modern public life, both with ourselves and in every country under parliamentary government, is to subordinate administration to politics. The necessary condition of a modern Cabinet is that it should consist of those members of the parliamentary majority who, from the influence they possess, due to family, wealth, or ability and power of speaking—especially this last—are best fitted to represent and maintain the position of the dominant party. Further, it has come to be accepted as necessary, in order to ensure that public business may be conducted in direct responsibility to Parliament, that each department of the State shall be placed in charge of a member of the Government. And in the distribution of offices which is accordingly

made among the members of the Government, the last consideration which enters into this partition is the fitness of the Minister for the office which he undertakes. The Foreign Office is perhaps the only exception. Our foreign relations are too ticklish to be left to amateur handling, and the exposure of ignorance would be too public; and every Prime Minister takes care to secure one colleague who shall be competent for this particular duty. For the rest, the different posts are practically distributed in order of standing. Ministers who were in a previous Cabinet usually get the first choice, the younger men who enter it for the first time take what is left—the only general rule or tradition being that a Minister shall not revert to the same office which he held in a previous Ministry. And the country, as represented by the press, approves the practice. A man has the confidence of his party and the House, he possesses the faculty of giving expression happily to the sentiments of the majority—above all he can do so on his legs; he is a representative man, and it is recognised as a natural and proper arrangement that he should be placed at the head of one of the great departments of the State. Whether the position allotted to him is suited to his abilities or previous training no one asks and no one cares, still less whether he will seriously apply himself to the business of his department. Yet men differ from each other as much in the degree of industry they exhibit as in capacity for business. The care and labour which many Ministers bring to the discharge of duties often distasteful, and always a heavy addition to the already sufficient burden of political life; the excellent conduct of public business often manifested by statesmen who manage to combine duty to the country with party allegiance, illustrate one of the best sides of English character, as, indeed, throughout the country we see how much valuable unpaid labour is given to every branch of public business from a love of work or a sense of duty. But there are many exceptions, of men respected by their country as well as by their party, effective speakers, and of high character, who yet are perfectly inefficient as administrative heads of departments. Active and eager politicians, they are indifferent to the dull and uninteresting routine of departmental business. How often this happens is well known to the permanent civil service. There are Ministers who have gone the round of the public departments in the course of a long and politically distinguished career, men respected by their country and a strength to their party, of whom the permanent staff of the particular office to which such a Minister is posted quite understand that his advent is the signal for an administrative holiday or for a state of administrative muddle.

That a good deal of the national work is badly done under the circumstances is not surprising; rather the surprising thing is that so much good work should be done, that the standard of industry and

devotion to duty should be generally so high. And as regards many of the public departments no special knowledge or training is required. The business in these is of a kind which any man of ability, with experience of public life, may conduct without difficulty. If legislative action is required, the best legal assistance is to be had by the department for preparing the measure, and the share of the Minister in the business is practically limited to the work of carrying the Bill through Parliament. This is parliamentary and party business as distinct from ordinary administration; as to the latter it may be said that in most departments the connection of the Minister with it, required as a condition of parliamentary and party government, is not so mischievous as from the nature of things might be supposed, and that it really does not very much matter whether the Minister takes an active part in the business of his office or leaves it to be done by the permanent staff. The latter course is that adopted by many Ministers whose parliamentary utterances, based on information in which they have been coached by the department, often convey the impression that the speaker has a much greater knowledge of the subject than he actually possesses. The Treasury is no exception to the general rule. No doubt it is a charge for which aptitude and technical knowledge of finance are specially desirable, and at the present time each of the two parties into which Parliament is divided fortunately claims a member with exceptional qualifications for the post; but the permanent staff of the Treasury is strong enough to carry the dead weight of an incompetent head, and there has been more than one well-known instance of a statesman taking the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer whose qualifications for governing lay in every other direction rather than finance, but who, with the help of the permanent Treasury staff, has managed to get through his duties with a fair semblance of success.

There are, however, three great departments which stand on a different footing from the rest—the India Office, the Admiralty, and the War Office. The position of the Secretary of State for India is perhaps the most pointed illustration of the incompatibility of government by party with good administration. It is true that the government of India is safeguarded in many ways; by law and custom, all save a very few of the administrative offices in that country are strictly vested in a special class, the members of which must give their lifetime to the business; the initiation of all public business is practically left to the local Governments, and for the business to be transacted here the Secretary of State is aided by a council of experts; but even so there is something grotesquely inappropriate in the system which places the supreme authority with a person who usually comes to the business absolutely ignorant of it. No doubt, indeed, to the modern demagogue, peer or private citizen, who now seeks to rise by flattering the people instead of the prince; who tells them to believe

that the highest wisdom is to be found in the impulses of the many rather than in the judgment of the few, and that the instinct of the multitude is a safer guide than knowledge and experience; to these, the mob-worshipping apostles of the doctrine of political ignorance, that a Minister should be ignorant and untrained appears a natural and proper condition, and when this class attains to power we may expect to find juries chosen from the sovereign people substituted in the conduct of legal tribunals for judges trained in the law: this would, indeed, be only to carry to its logical conclusion much of the political doctrine which now passes current. Others, again, while recognising the absurdity of the system which crowns the administrative column with a capital of ignorance, accept it as a necessary condition of government by party. And what certainly goes far to justify the system is that in many distinguished cases the man so placed, notwithstanding the distractions of his other pursuits, yet manages to conduct not unsuccessfully the affairs, complex and strange, of a distant country or a great department. But it is not surprising, on the other hand, that a man who, perhaps when past middle age, finds himself set down to deal with the affairs of one of these great departments which it would take a lifetime to master properly—holding office on uncertain tenure, and in despair of attaining to a real comprehension of the questions which he is called on to decide, should shrink from grappling with the difficulty, and rather employ his ingenuity in seeking to hide his ignorance, shielding himself under cover of generalities from coming to close quarters with the questions he is supposed to deal with in the personal interviews with experts which cannot be evaded. Such a man may get through his tour of office without discredit; happily for him, Parliament and the public are still more ignorant than himself, and if he be courteous and considerate to the permanent officials he may even be popular with them and respected, although they always prefer a vigorous and able chief; and while it may be well understood within the department that the business has been carried on by some irresponsible subordinate, or has been drifting along by mere departmental momentum, the secret will not leak out, and the Minister may pass out of office or to some other post with a fair reputation as a statesman; while if he makes good party speeches, either in the House or outside of it, his value as a party man will not be lessened by any failure as a departmental administrator.

But the India Office is after all mainly a court of review. Its functions are critical rather than administrative; it acts mainly as a drag on the Government in India, sometimes mischievous, but sometimes useful. The Admiralty and the War Office stand on a different footing; the business of these is executive and creative, and of the two the War Office is by much the more difficult to administer. Not, indeed, as regards the nature of the business to be conducted:

the organisation of the navy is even more complex than that of the army. But the navy is a much more conservative service than the army; the ship itself, indeed, has undergone of late years a complete transformation, but the organisation of a man-of-war and the naval system generally, with its distribution of ranks and grades, its methods of procedure, its system of promotion and discipline, is substantially the same as it was ninety years ago. So is the Board of Admiralty, whereas the army and still more the War Office have been for the last five-and-thirty years the subject of perpetual change, aimed, as regards the latter, in pursuit of the principles of sound military administration, which seem ever to elude the quest. A Minister, therefore, who goes to the Admiralty finds a well-established system in force, and is able to devote himself, free from distractions about administrative organisation, to the engrossing problems of naval development, a task amply sufficient for the best ability and industry to cope with. His colleague at the War Office, on the other hand, finds everything there in a state of change, not to say confusion, and the questions most prominently calling to be dealt with are not so much concerned with the organisation of the army itself as with the machinery, creaking at every joint, with which the administration of the army has been carried on. But, further, while in all other public departments the Minister is aided by a homogeneous staff, organised in one administrative chain, from the junior clerk up to the permanent chief who comes next to the Minister himself, the politician who goes to the War Office finds there a house divided against itself, the civil and military sides in chronic antagonism, and the military heads of departments owing allegiance to a great permanent official who, although nominally subordinate to the Minister, has yet functions largely independent, if not strictly defined. That the precise relations of this great officer to the Minister never have been formulated with precision, and that the range of his duties, like those of every other leading official, has been subject to constant change, embracing at one time a smaller, and at another a larger, control over the different branches of the office; that now the civil and then the military element gains the predominating influence; that the organisation of the department has been the subject of perpetual experiment without any finality being arrived at—these conditions explain the peculiar difficulty attaching to the management of the War Office by a Minister who comes to the business without special knowledge or experience, often to leave again before he has acquired them sufficiently to gain effective control over the complicated and discordant agencies with which he has to deal.

And then Parliament and the public, from time to time, become more or less aware that the administration of the army is not all that it should be, and under pressure, caused by a more than usually glaring case of mismanagement, a commission of inquiry is appointed,

whose proposals after a decent interval are put on one side, to be succeeded before long by those of another commission, whose report is in turn treated in the same way. Meanwhile, the press goes on asking why the military affairs of the nation are mismanaged, without getting any definite answer. And yet the answer is not far to seek. With every other nation the charge of the War Department is held by a soldier who brings the professional training of a lifetime and his whole attention to the business, which yet is found sufficient to tax the best ability available. With us the War Minister is almost invariably a civilian and totally inexperienced in the business. Did he give his whole and undivided energies to it, even so the task would be beyond his powers; but in the actual circumstances, when a Minister has to take his share of the ever-increasing burden of political strife, in and out of Parliament; to be stumping the country and speech-making at a by-election when he should be sitting in his office; if the calls of party are put before the duty of administration; when also a Minister may have the care of great estates and engrossing private and social interests, so that his other occupations and pursuits leave a mere shred of his time available for the business of his department which to be properly done should take every hour of the day: these being the conditions of the case—and no candid man will say the picture is overdrawn—the wonder is not that the army is indifferently administered, but that the machine works at all. If the affairs of a railway were superintended in this haphazard fashion it would assuredly break down, but the working of a railway is simplicity itself compared with the working of so complicated a business as the administration of the multifarious bodies which make up the military forces of the Crown.

We shall be told that this is a necessary condition of parliamentary government, and this may be accepted as practically true at the present time, although it may be observed that there is no necessity in the nature of things that the committee of the parliamentary majority for the time being—which is in effect the modern Ministry—should be distributed over the different public departments and professedly charged respectively with their management. In the United States the Ministers of departments are not members of either House of Congress. It is true that the American system shares with our own, and in even a greater degree, the defect that the Minister comes to his office without experience or knowledge of the business, and does not remain long enough to make good the defect, and so far the example is not one to be followed; but it indicates the fallacy of the assumption that parliamentary control over public business must necessarily take the form of entrusting the executive charge of all the public departments for short and uncertain terms to members of Parliament. The present state of political and public life is, after all, only temporary and provisional, as all previous states have been,

and some day, perhaps, when the public are better instructed in the conduct of affairs, the way will be discovered to combining full parliamentary control over the affairs of the nation with the management of the State departments by skilled experts, unconnected with party, yet responsible to Parliament, and holding office by the title of efficiency only. Meanwhile, in our present state of imperfect political development, the practical object to be sought after is how to effect the best compromise available between the existing conditions of party government and that perfection of administration which is the ideal to be aimed at. In seeking after this there are two main and separate points to be kept in view: first, the relations of the department as a whole to Parliament; and, secondly, the relative functions and responsibilities of the parliamentary chief and the permanent staff, and the distribution of duties among the latter—that is, the internal organisation of the department. This can never be established on a satisfactory footing until the principles which should govern these conditions are clearly apprehended and acted on.

With regard to the first point, the relations of Parliament towards the War Department and the army, the present practice is open to the criticism that Parliament interferes too much in some things and does not take a sufficient part in others. The discussion on the Estimates is perhaps only harmful in so far as it wastes time—a thing, however, on which the House of Commons seems now to set no value—for hardly an instance can be named of the Estimates being subject to alteration in consequence of the desultory debates arising on them. Still, it is not a good feature of our parliamentary system that the payment of wages should be liable to stop from a snap-vote. Discussions on discipline in the House also are not edifying; but the general sense of Parliament is opposed to them, and they are seldom raised except by a few members, without any sense of responsibility, from mere love of mischief. And when Parliament attempts to drive itself the administrative coach it fails as a matter of course. A notable instance of this was Lord Randolph Churchill's Select Committee on the Army and Navy Estimates. The way to stop extravagance and effect retrenchments in the army and navy expenditure, said Lord Randolph to the country, is to bring to bear on it the light of parliamentary inquiry, and so the Committee was appointed and sat for two Sessions, and we know with what result. Day after day the heads of departments were taken away from their work to answer questions which displayed a quite phenomenal ignorance on the part of the questioners about the most elementary points of military business and finance; and finally, after a great consumption of time, the recommendations of the Committee, as far as they are likely to have any effect at all, are mainly in the direction of increased expense, approved by the country, but which it was not contemplated to propose when

the Committee was appointed. Lord R. Churchill's grand reform was, in fact, a fiasco. So it must always be when such methods are adopted. For throwing light on any matter which needs to be cleared up and which does not need technical training to be understood, there is no better machinery than a Select Committee of the House of Commons; but if the working of a railway, for example, needed reform, this would hardly be best secured by a committee of shareholders chosen at random, lounging twice a week into the board-room to put questions to the traffic manager, the locomotive superintendent and the rest of the railway staff.

But the weak point in the connection of Parliament with the army is not that it interferes too much, but that it interferes too little, or, rather, that it is not sufficiently consulted and made acquainted with matters that should be laid before it. Instead of merely having the annual Estimates to nibble at, Parliament should be fully informed beforehand of all proposals for organic army changes, instead of these being carried out, as has so often happened, without any previous warning or opportunity for discussion and criticism. It is not, perhaps, generally known that in France, not only the total strength of the army, but the establishment of each regiment, the number of companies and of the officers and non-commissioned officers and men comprising it, the conditions of promotion from the ranks and onwards up through all the higher grades, the number of generals and staff officers, the pay and allowances of each grade, the regulations for transfer to the reserve, and for retirement and pension—in short, all the conditions which govern the constitution of the army and military service—are laid down by legislative enactment, and are thus placed beyond the power of alteration by the Government of the day, except by means of an amending Act. In our army these things are all dealt with by Royal Warrant—in other words, they are subject to change at the pleasure of the Minister of the day; and as Minister follows Minister, so does Warrant follow upon Warrant; each Minister undoing the work of his predecessor, and from the crudity of his efforts leaving on the army the impression, only too well justified from the history of the past quarter of a century, that every existing condition is only provisional and temporary, and that, after all these changes, finality is just as far off as ever. Twenty years ago, the late Lord Cardwell gave a pledge that, if purchase were abolished, the rate of regimental promotion should not be abated. Everyone conversant with the subject knew that this pledge could be redeemed only by a lavish and unnecessary expenditure of public money, as the event proved; the bill mounted up so rapidly that the pledge could not be redeemed, and the promotion rules made to meet it had to be largely modified. The attempt, indeed, was made to keep the promise to the ear by multiplying the senior regimental grades, converting majors into lieutenant-colonels, and captains into

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majors. The result, of course, was a general degradation of military rank. A man's position is determined by the duty he performs, not by the title he bears: to call your subalterns generals, or your midshipmen admirals, would merely give a lower signification to the higher titles, without raising the holders. This was at last seen to be the case with our superfluous lieutenant-colonels and 'mud-crushing' majors, and this morbid form of promotion has now been abolished.

Then, again, for several years the plan was pursued of giving every officer retiring on a pension a step of honorary rank, till the general officers of our army exceeded in number those of the great armies of the Continent; this absurdity has now been abolished, but not until the rank had been thoroughly degraded by this promiscuous cheapening of it.

A few years ago, a Royal Warrant appeared which virtually gave every lieutenant-colonel without distinction his promotion after four years' service. The result was, of course, to flood the army with colonels; the men in the higher grade became far more numerous than those in the lower. This mistake has now been remedied, but the new system just introduced has none of the conditions of perpetuity. The colonels are now, indeed, to be a small, select body, as they are in every other army. So far good, but the mode of promotion is thoroughly defective. The condition of promotion is to be selection for staff employ; the promotion is not to follow as a reward upon the effective discharge of staff employ, as in the German or the French Army, but is to be the antecedent condition of appointment to the staff; the officer is to be promoted first and his qualifications tested afterwards; while the command of a regiment, the most important post next to that of the general—for it is the good leading of your regiments which wins the battle—heretofore the universal qualification without distinction for promotion, is now to be no qualification at all. Promotion to colonel in peace-time is to depend solely on getting a staff appointment; the command of a regiment is degraded to a lower position than it holds in any other army. It requires little skill in divination to predict a short life for this unhappy Warrant. It is not only the officers whose conditions of service are thus subject to constant alteration. Changes in the constitution of the army generally are perpetual; even the strength of the rank-and-file of regiments is seldom left the same for two years running, although the conditions to be dealt with do not alter. In all these changes, which take place while the country is at peace, Parliament is not informed till after the fact, and even then the reasons for the changes are seldom fully stated, nor is it known whether they are made by or against the advice of the military authorities.

This secrecy as to reasons, and this autocratic exercise of power by a Minister who is necessarily a novice and an amateur in the

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business, are defended on the plea of asserting ministerial responsibility, an expression the vagueness of which lies at the root of all the maladministration which takes place. 'Oh Liberty!' said Madame Roland on her way to the guillotine, 'what tyranny is practised in thy name!' Ministerial responsibility misapplied means that no one is responsible. What a vague and shadowy thing this ministerial responsibility is has been tersely shown in the minute by Lord Randolph Churchill attached to the Report of Lord Hartington's Commission:—

To the ordinary politician, under our political system, administrative miscarriage brings little or no evil consequences. His fate, if unfortunate or unskilful, is in the vast majority of cases to be transferred to some other office, to some foreign embassy, to a colonial governorship, or, at the most, to the House of Lords. Neither pecuniary nor social loss necessarily or ordinarily follows the unskilful and possibly the disastrous administration of our Ministers for the Army and Navy. More than this, the professional persons who advise respectively the Secretary of State for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty escape all risk of public censure, sheltered as they are by the fictitious responsibility of the civilian Minister. History and theory will be found to coincide in support of the recital set forth above.

History does indeed fully bear out the contention. We came triumphantly out of the great war with France because Napoleon had imposed on France a task beyond the power of a single nation, and also because our army at last produced a great general who, in spite of the Government of the day, succeeded in leading it to victory. But the history of that time as portrayed in the memoirs of some of the actors which have gradually come to light, abounds in illustrations of the ignorance, ill-judgment, indolence, and general ineptitude of those who professed to manage the military business of the country, but whose names nevertheless, if they no longer are deemed to be great statesmen, at any rate have not been handed down to posterity as meriting public obloquy. The Government of Lord Aberdeen is distinctly responsible for the many thousands of lives sacrificed through want and exposure in the Crimean War. Yet beyond the very mild censure conveyed by the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on the management of the war, the Ministers, who had not only brought about this waste of life, but had been the means of inflicting a blow on the military prestige of England from which it has not yet recovered, suffered no penalty—for the loss of office was rather hailed by them as a gain. They got off thus cheaply for the same reason that prevents a man from indicting the medical practitioner to whose incompetence he may justly ascribe the death of a wife or a child. The doctor has blundered and inflicted irreparable damage, but he meant well, and did his best; and so Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle go down to posterity as well-meaning men whose misfortune it was to be placed in a position

beyond their capacity to deal with; not much to blame, therefore, and in no wise to be made effectively responsible for their misdeeds.

And so it will be again, and always, so long as, to quote Lord R. Churchill once more, 'gentlemen are appointed to exercise supreme control over the army and navy who possess no experience or knowledge of the military or naval service or profession,' yet who are supposed to be held responsible for the consequences of their decisions on general and technical questions of naval and military policy; 'and after a tenure of office, sometimes of several months, sometimes of a few years, are succeeded by other gentlemen who take their places provided with a similar lack of experience and knowledge.' The effect of this lack of experience and knowledge is shown during peacetime by the vacillation and want of unity of purpose which marks the course of War Office administration, and the confusion which pervades its organisation, as brought to light by the numerous inquiries, notably the two last Royal Commissions, presided over by Sir James Stephen and Lord Hartington. In war-time the mischief would of course be immeasurably more disastrous, for although the army itself is on a very different footing from that which it held at the time of the Crimean War, other nations have made proportionately greater progress; while the magnitude of scale and the rapidity with which war is now conducted render the need greater than ever for vigour and decision in the handling of our military affairs, qualities to be found only when combined with thorough mastery of the business in all its details. As the case now stands, we have no reasonable ground for the expectation that a great war would be otherwise than disastrous for us, the first condition necessary for success, a strong and capable control of the machinery for making war, being in all essential respects as much wanting as ever.

The reader at this point may suppose that the conclusion it is sought to draw from these considerations is that our military administration ought to be established on a purely professional basis, dissociated from its present connection with the political system. Undoubtedly the present system of sham ministerial responsibility must undergo radical change if administrative efficiency is to be obtained; but any practical scheme of reform must of course be in harmony with the essential conditions of party government. The notion, for example, that the War Minister could be a permanent official working on independent lines without reference to the wishes of the Government of the day, and with his department unrepresented either therein or in Parliament, is obviously absurd. But surely it should be possible to find some rational mean between such an impracticable ideal and the present system of so-called ministerial responsibility for the business of the War Department in all its technical details, involving as this does the complete freedom from responsibility of all its professional staff—a system which always has failed, and always will fail, to secure

successful and economical army administration. And the essence of the desired reform is, I submit, to be found in establishing and enforcing a proper distribution of responsibility to Parliament and the country between the Minister and the professional heads of the service for their respective shares of the business. This solution of the problem is indicated in various passages of the Report of Lord Hartington's Commission, although the summing up of the Report is somewhat inconclusive and hardly consistent in part with the premises established: to Lord R. Churchill belongs the credit of being the first to enunciate clearly this fundamental principle, the combination of ministerial responsibility to Parliament with professional responsibility to the same authority and to the Government—ministerial responsibility for the general direction and control, professional responsibility for the executive conduct of the business. This combination Lord R. Churchill proposes to secure by a placing a high military officer at the head of the War Office, a high naval officer at the head of the Admiralty, with over and above them a Cabinet Minister as Secretary of State for both sea and land forces, charged with the audit and estimates for both services, and also with the charge of the Ordnance Department—a department concerned with supply to both navy and army, which would thus be removed from the control of the War Office. The appointments of the two professional heads to be made for a fixed term of years, placing them outside party changes; they would be created Privy Councillors, and Cabinet Ministers in respect of naval and military questions. It is also suggested that they should be created members of the House of Lords, which, however, is not a necessary, and is perhaps not a desirable, part of the scheme.

The objection taken to this proposal by the collective Commission is that the position of the civilian Minister responsible for proposing the annual expenditure on the two services would gradually become more powerful than is contemplated by the scheme; that, in fact, he would absorb the authority of the two professional heads of the navy and army; so that eventually we should arrive at a repetition of the present state of things when all authority is centred in an untrained civilian head belonging to the party in power, with this difference only—that there would be one head for both services instead of one for each.

I venture to doubt whether this objection should be accepted as conclusive. The result which the Commission are apprehensive would follow might surely be guarded against by laying down appropriate conditions. And it is at least open to doubt whether, if Parliament once found itself in direct communication with the responsible professional heads of the two services, and had learnt to appreciate the advantage of getting the opinions of these at first hand, it would be prepared to allow them to be silenced and suppressed by the parliamentary chief. And the Commission admit that the proposal

is a bold attempt to introduce into the government of the war services 'the principle of placing direct responsibility upon those who are qualified by professional training and experience to bear it,' although they 'doubt whether this result could be practically attained;' their reason for holding this doubt has just been given. Nevertheless, this result must be attained if our naval and military administration is ever to be placed on a sound footing; and whether the plan of Lord R. Churchill be adopted or the principle underlying it be established by a humbler adaptation of the existing administrative apparatus, in formulating that principle—the direct responsibility of the professional heads of the services to Parliament—*rem acu tetigit*; therein is to be found the key to the desired reform. The assumption hitherto made in this matter is always that the Minister is wholly and solely responsible to Parliament, and that the professional heads of departments are responsible only to the Minister. He stands between them and Parliament. Except from such revelations as are furnished by Royal Commissions and Select Committees, an impenetrable veil covers the relations between the Minister and his advisers; and save for the inference to be drawn when the latter are seen shrugging their official shoulders as one administrative change succeeds another with bewildering rapidity, unsettling everything and offering no prospect of finality, it is never known whether these so-called reorganisations are made by or against their advice. In altering the relations of the two parties to each other and to Parliament, and establishing them on a more sound and practical footing, is, then, to be found the way to the much-desired reform. In place of secrecy there should be publicity, and in place of the sham responsibility of a Minister, to whom the loss of credit involves only an enforced holiday with welcome rest from work and worry, real responsibility should be placed on his professional advisers, to whom, quoting Lord R. Churchill again, 'professional reputation is everything next to life itself, and the loss of it means professional ruin.'

A very applicable precedent for the system proposed is furnished by that actually in force for dealing with the affairs of India. By law the Secretary of State is the supreme authority responsible for the Government of India, but he exercises his powers through the agency of the Government in that country, which, *vis-à-vis* to the Ministry and Parliament, occupies a position analogous to that of the professional heads of a public department in this country, so far that the Viceroy and his Council hold office for a fixed term of years independently of party changes. But while the Secretary of State supplies the agency for enforcing on the Viceroy the policy of the Government of the day, and through which the influence of Parliament is brought to bear on the affairs of India, he being responsible on the one hand that the measures of the local Government shall be in general harmony with the policy of the majority in Parliament, and

that any declaration of that majority regarding India shall be duly respected, the Government of India are not on that account a silent or irresponsible body. The initiation of all Indian business practically rests with them, and when a difference of opinion arises between the Viceroy in Council and the Secretary of State on any matter of importance, the particulars of the controversy and the Minister's reasons for setting aside the advice of the Government of India are in all important cases invariably made public for the final judgment of Parliament. Here, then, we have an illustration of the principle of departmental responsibility combined with ministerial responsibility acting along recognised constitutional lines, and there should be no insuperable difficulty in applying the same principles to the administration of the two great war services. It should be the function of the professional heads of departments to propose and to execute, of the Minister to approve or to disallow: each party should be respectively responsible for his share in the business. Far from weakening the position of the parliamentary head of the department, it would surely strengthen it if, when proposing any measure, especially when this involves an increase of expenditure, he were able to support his proposal by the recorded concurrence of his responsible professional advisers; while equally if it were the custom to require such opinions to be recorded when any important change is made, the Minister would have to establish a strong case for seeking to carry out a change against their advice. Had this been the practice in the past, the country and the army would have been spared most of the administrative failures which have marked the course of administration at the War Office during the last thirty years.

It needs hardly be said that I am not referring here to questions of strategy or military policy involving secrecy; the administrative business of the War Office is mainly concerned with matters about which there is no sort of need for affecting mystery. They are, indeed, much better known to the War Departments of foreign countries, which must often find amusement in our administrative blundering, than they are to Parliament and the country generally. Nothing is to be lost, but everything is to be gained, by publicity in these cases. Nor is it to be feared that Parliament would be found less liberal in granting supplies if taken into confidence and made fully acquainted with the circumstances which led to the demand. Parliament is always liberal when sufficient cause is shown. But, to quote Lord R. Churchill once more, 'Parliament is too often made the scapegoat for defective administration. The control of Parliament, the interference of Parliament, the jealousy of Parliament over its rights and privileges—these are the stock arguments in favour of an adherence to our present system of administrative secrecy. Parliament is generally found to be perfectly reasonable and even liberal when a good cause is established for public expenditure. We have recently had a notable illustration in point. The disgraceful state of

our barracks throughout the country for long years past has been notorious to everyone acquainted with the subject. Not only has the distribution of the troops been most defective, especially in Ireland, where, ever since 1798, regiments have been broken up into petty detachments scattered about the country in a manner fatal to discipline and training, simply because this distributed barrack accommodation, thought to be necessary at that time for the military command of the country, has been so maintained ever since; the barracks themselves have been disgracefully defective in the first requirements of health and decency. But although this has been brought to the notice of Government time after time by the military authorities, one Minister after another has put the matter aside, afraid to ask the House of Commons for the money required to put things right. To Mr. Stanhope belongs the credit of being the first to face the difficulty, emboldened, no doubt, by the prominence given to the matter in the evidence taken by Lord R. Churchill's Committee. The Bill brought in and passed last Session for creating improved barrack accommodation throughout the kingdom, at a cost of four millions sterling, was almost the only measure which practically received the unanimous concurrence of the House of Commons. The case furnishes a striking illustration at once of the advantage of giving publicity to the opinions of the officials who should be the responsible advisers of both the Government and Parliament in regard to the business of their departments, and of the liberality of the House of Commons on sufficient cause being established for its exercise. The authority of Parliament would equally be efficacious and directly applicable in the opposite direction of strengthening the Minister and the Cabinet against professional extravagance when it is his duty to oppose it.

In thus bringing the permanent officials into more direct contact with Parliament, no violation would be involved of the essential principles on which parliamentary and ministerial responsibility are based; nor need these officials regard it as a censure if their views and proposals are not accepted. To recur to the analogy already cited, the Government of India are often over-ridden, both in proposals made by them being negatived, and in measures of policy being imposed on them against their wishes by the Government of the day, acting in pursuance of what they consider to be the mandate of Parliament. It is well known, for example, that the present fiscal system of India is very different from that which the Government of that country would have desired to establish, if they had been free to consider only the wishes, and, if you will, the prejudices, of the people of India. But the Viceroy and his Council do not resign when thus over-ridden: their duty is done when they have recorded their opinions and advice; the responsibility is then transferred to Her Majesty's Government. And so it would be with the professional

heads of departments of the army and navy. They would be responsible for their advice and opinions; the Minister at the head of each service, and after him the Cabinet, would be responsible for acting on this advice or for disregarding it. Parliament, when made aware of the grounds on which a ministerial decision is based, would in its turn become responsible for approving or condemning the action of the Minister; the whole procedure would be perfectly in accord with the spirit and theory of parliamentary and party government. Lastly, just as the Viceroy of India is liable to censure for acts done by him or defect of judgment, either from the Government or Parliament, and in the latter case such censure might be either in support of or directed against the Ministry electing to stand or fall with this high officer, so the proceedings of the professional heads of the naval and military departments should come under the cognisance of Parliament instead of, as at present, being shrouded in secrecy, and they should be liable to censure for maladministration. Nor need they fear the test of publicity, for the judgment of Parliament is seldom otherwise than generous to the deserving servant of the State. The Minister's position would be made easier in the case of his having to deal with an impracticable or incompetent official; on the other hand, when the balance of reason and judgment is on the side of the professional adviser, to bring this fact to light will be to the public advantage as a check against crude attempts to tamper with the military machinery of the country.

This, then, is the first reform needed, a readjustment of the relations between the permanent heads of departments and the Minister of the day, and a proper allocation of their relative responsibilities to Parliament. Until and unless this primary reform is carried out, all minor reforms, such as the redistribution of duties between departments within the office, or the substitution of one title or office for another, will prove insufficient and ineffectual, the administration of the army will continue to be defective, and the country will fail to get value for the money it spends on it. As to the way of carrying out this reform, the scheme propounded by Lord R. Churchill offers one and a sufficient method. But having been set aside by the majority of Lord Hartington's Commission, it must be regarded as being for the present beyond the range of practical politics. And the object in view may perhaps be attained by a less heroic method.

The discussion of this may be prefaced by observing that there is one thing which surely need not any longer be made matter for yearly discussion by Parliament. The annual vote of men is a mere anachronism, the survival from a state of things which has long gone by. There is no longer the smallest need to employ this check on the power on the Crown: what requires to be restrained in these days is the tendency of the Government of the day to play fast and loose with the military establishments, reducing as often as increasing; as

when, for example, in 1848 Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, after announcing to the country that an increase of the naval and military establishments was urgently needed for its security, immediately proceeded to press his First Lord of the Admiralty to cut down the navy by five thousand men, in order by a reduction of the Estimates to restore the waning popularity of his Government. In peace-time the conditions for which the army is required do not vary from year to year in such a degree as to call for constant meddling with its strength. It is true the army is not apportioned with any degree of nicety to the duties which it has to perform: it is not organised in corps, or divisions, or brigades each requiring a specific number of units, nor can it be said that the strength of any particular garrison has been determined on the actual requirements of the case. The British army, as we now find it, is a mere fortuitous concourse of atoms, the result of the haphazard augmentations made during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny upon the reduced establishment maintained after the peace of 1815, and it would not be easy to assign a valid reason why the establishment should consist of the precise number of units which now compose it—203 battalions of the line and 31 regiments of cavalry—or why, for example, one regiment of the Guards should have three battalions, and the others only two. Quite as inexplicable would be found the existing constitution of the Royal Artillery. The distribution of the army is equally based on no principle: troops are for the most part stationed at the places where we find them, not because they are wanted there, but because it happens that the barracks are there, although this defect will be remedied in a great degree by Mr. Stanhope's recent measure of barrack reform. So much, however, can be said in favour of maintaining the army at its present establishment—that this is found practically to be sufficient, but no more than sufficient, for the requirements of the country, including the minor military operations which, even while general peace obtains in Europe, have from time to time to be undertaken in different parts of the world; while, if this country were involved in a European war, the army would need to be so largely augmented and so entirely reorganised that it really does not much signify, from that point of view, what particular form or strength it assumes at present. So that, as matters now stand, the establishment may very well be accepted as a fixed one, and not be voted yearly as if it were a temporary arrangement. The burden of proof lies on those, whether Ministers or private persons, who propose either to increase or reduce it; and any such proposals when put forward by the War Minister, should be accompanied by a report from his responsible military advisers, setting forth the reasons for which the change is proposed, and the sanction of the House of Commons should be formally obtained to the alteration, preferably by resolution; the votes on the Estimates would then deal with money, and

not with numbers. Similarly in the case of all important changes of organisation of the kind dealt with in Royal Warrants, the Warrant should be laid before both Houses of Parliament immediately on publication, or, if published during the Recess, immediately upon the assembly of Parliament, together with the reports and opinions of the responsible permanent officials by whose advice the change was made, supplemented, if necessary, by an explanatory minute of the Minister, as, for example, in the case where the latter differed from his advisers in regard to the matter, and had struck out a line of action for himself. It would further be desirable that the responsible permanent officials should make periodically a formal report to the Secretary of State, each in respect of his own branch of the department, setting forth the measures of improvement carried out during the period in question, and putting forward any recommendations he may have to make for further improvements; which reports should be laid before Parliament, with or without the opinions of the Minister thereon.

It can hardly be necessary to add that nothing herein proposed trenches in the smallest degree upon royal prerogative. The so-called Royal Warrants of the army are as much the purely departmental vehicles for carrying out the technical business of the War Office as are the orders of the Lords of the Admiralty for naval business, and the Minutes of the Lords of the Treasury for the financial business of the country. And after what has been said it can hardly be objected that the proposed reform violates in any way the principles of ministerial responsibility properly understood and applied. What it aims at abolishing is the mischievous fiction, the cause of all our military maladministration, which gives the name of responsible government to the spectacle of a gentleman, certainly uninformed, possibly too elderly to set about learning it, attempting in his scanty leisure to grapple with a mass of business of a highly technical character, surrounded by officials, all with different interests, struggling to gain his ear, none of whom are responsible for their opinions, and whose relative positions towards each other are in a state of constant change and uncertainty. Substitute for this a system under which the Minister, instead of professing to do everything himself, shall supervise the conduct of the business by others, giving the final decision where that is needed, and acting as the intermediate agent between Parliament and the department: let this change be made, and responsibility will then have a definite meaning, and be distributed in a rational way. The able Minister has nothing to lose by thus associating his professional advisers with himself in a joint responsibility to Parliament, or by giving publicity to his proceedings; the country has a right to be protected from the mismanagement of an incompetent one. As for any public danger arising from such a degree of publicity, the proceedings of our War Office might

for the most part be communicated, not only to the public, but to foreign Governments, without the smallest inconvenience. Where secrecy is really necessary, it should of course be preserved; but Parliament has always shown itself perfectly reasonable on that head. Nor is it to be feared that the permanent officials thus brought more openly before the public would embarrass the Minister by asserting themselves too much. The tendency will be rather the other way: the chronic weakness of our permanent officials, whether civil or military, is rather a want of self-assertion, a disinclination to assume responsibility, and an indiscriminating awe of Parliament.

The question has no doubt occurred to the reader of these pages, Who are to be the responsible professional advisers for whom these higher functions are proposed? In the right answer to this is to be found the key to the proper organisation of the War Department within itself. The consideration of this, which forms the second part of the subject here dealt with, must be reserved for a future occasion.

GEORGE CHESNEY.

WOODLANDS

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
 Uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum
 Te, præter invisas cupressus,
 Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

HORACE was less likely than anyone else to be insensible to the pathos of one of the most touching sights that can be witnessed—that of an old man laying out plantations of which he cannot hope to enjoy the shelter—and in the lines quoted above he has touched on the consideration which, more than any other, might discourage the planting of trees—

Thy lands, and home, and charming wife
 Must all be left with parting life,
 And, save the bough abhorred
 Of monumental cypress, none
 Of all the trees thy care hath grown
 Follow their short-lived lord.

It *would* have discouraged and put an end to it altogether were men influenced only by selfish motives; but happily the instincts of race are as strong as those of the individual, and we are eager to do many things of which the fruits can only be enjoyed by generations unborn. It may be claimed for our country gentlemen, that they have diligently (though not altogether discreetly, as is proposed to be shown) carried out the advice given by the Laird of Dumbiedykes to his son, 'Be aye stickin' in a tree, Jock; it'll aye be growin' while you're sleepin';' woods are reckoned as indispensable to the furnishing of a country house as carpets and pictures; and, on the whole, the efforts of the last three generations to repair the waste of their spendthrift forerunners have been creditable and fairly successful. Leaving Ireland out of account for the moment (for in that country agrarian questions have interfered with replanting the land), the vast increase in the people's wealth has told with marked effect on the landscape, so that, considering the density of our population and the consequent value of agricultural land, it is remarkable how much of the latter is devoted to the growth of timber.

Indeed, to one surveying the noble prospect from Richmond Hill or

Wimbledon Common, it might well seem that he was in a thoroughly silvan country. Ridge rises beyond ridge of foliage on the south, west, and north-west, so closely that there seems no space for the breadths of pasture and grain revealed on a closer acquaintance. Yet when it is shown that of 76,323,203 acres in the United Kingdom only 2,788,000, equal to 3·29 per cent., are under wood, it is apparent that of all European States ours contains the smallest proportion of forest. How puny it seems compared to the mighty tracts of Russia-in-Europe, which, out of a total area of 1,244,367,357 acres, returns no less than 527,426,510, or 42·38 per cent., as woodland! The extents in the other principal countries of Europe are as follows:

	<i>Total area</i> Acres	<i>Woods</i> Acres
Austria	74,108,022	24,150,213
Hungary	79,617,286	22,552,646
Belgium	7,275,916	1,208,875
Denmark	9,347,443	507,016
France	130,557,281	20,746,914
Germany	133,441,960	34,353,743
Holland	7,800,505	562,009
Italy	70,787,236	10,266,310
Norway	76,716,965	19,167,200
Sweden	100,260,443	43,953,504

In spite, however, of the trifling extent of British woodland, ours does not strike the traveller as a treeless country; trees are scattered so generally over the surface of these islands—of England at least—as to give the impression of a greater wealth of wood than in countries really possessed of a larger proportion, where the forests are generally massed on mountain flanks. Trees are still the chief feature in the scenery of our plains. The hill districts, for the most part, are bare enough; their native pines have long ago been cleared away; countless sheep browse the grass so closely that nothing taller than a rush-bush can rise. But it is from woods and waters that our lowland landscapes mainly derive their grace. Statistics take no account of wayside or hedgerow timber, of the foliage that fringes innumerable streams or flings cool shadows over the sunburnt sward of the churchyard. Coal is so plentiful and cheap with us, that there is no need to lop trees for firing, a practice to which much of the monotony of French scenery is due.

And it is not only in rural England that trees enrich the landscape. In London itself—grimed, fog-smothered, overgrown London—it is extremely difficult to find a street, standing in some part of which—either at one end or looking down some side-opening—one cannot rest the eye on foliage. ‘Gently there!’ perhaps the reader exclaims, believing that he can name a dozen streets where not the ghost of a tree is visible; nevertheless, one who is con-

demned to live more than half the year in London has often tried to find such a street, hitherto without success. Any one who cares to repeat the experiment will discover that the same instinct that prompts men to embosom their country-homes in greenery, has caused them to stick in a tree wherever a courtyard or a street somewhat wider than usual affords a chance of its growing.

It was not always so. As in other countries, so in this, the first object of civilised man was to get rid of the trees. During the four centuries of Roman occupation the dense forest clothing almost the whole surface of the island was broken up, and entirely cleared away from large tracts. The denudation was most complete in the Scottish lowlands and northern England, because there strategic reasons long remained paramount, whereas in the southern and midland provinces the foreigners dwelt long enough to spend money and time in planting and preserving woods. Thus the 'hanning' or preservation of growing wood was the object of some of the earliest Scottish legislation, the forest laws of William the Lion having been devised almost as much for the protection of trees as of game.

Gif the forestier or wiridier [verderer] finds anie man without the principall wode, but ȝit within the ȝale, heueand dune ane aik tree [hewing down an oak] . . . he sould attach him.

Four centuries later, in 1513, the Parliament of James the Fifth enacts

that everie man, Spirituall and Temporall, havand ane hundreth pounde land . . . quhair there is na wooddes or forrestes, plant woodde and forrest and make hedges . . . in place maist convenient; And that they cause everie tennent of their landes . . . to plant vpon their on-set (holding) ȝeirly, for everie marke land, ane tree.

Many traces of this legislation may be recognised to this day in the scenery of Scotland. In every district round old houses or house-sites stand aged ash-trees, the planting of which was specially encouraged for the manufacture of pike-staves, the pike being the national weapon of Scotsmen, as the yew-bow was of Englishmen.

In spite of this legislative forethought, trees continued to disappear from Scotland, till at the time of the union with England all but a few shreds of the ancient Caledonian forest had been swept away. But the eighteenth century witnessed a great change. Scotland had hitherto been a byword for poverty among the nations; one war with her powerful rival used scarcely to draw to a close ere she had to prepare for another; her people had neither leisure nor means to develop the resources of their land. But with the Union came peace, and with peace wealth began to accumulate, so that by the year 1812 it was reckoned that there were 400,000 acres of woodland in Scotland, consisting partly of the remains of natural forest and partly of new plantation. A pathetic monument of the good

intentions of one great Highland chief in this respect still remains. Just before the rising in 1745, Cameron of Lochiel received a quantity of young trees for planting round Achnacarry, his principal seat; when the summons came for the clan to join the standard of Charles Edward, the plants were hurriedly heeled-in in long lines to await the return of peaceful times. But the men who were to have set them out 'came back to Lochaber no more;' the saplings struggled into growth in the trenches as best they could, and there they stand to this day, a double row of beeches, their silvery stems so closely crowded that a man may hardly force his body between some of them, and under the dark canopy of foliage, the outer boughs of which trail in the swift-running Arkaig, there broods a green twilight the long summer through.

Of the natural wood remaining in Scotland in 1812, 200,000 acres, if we are to believe in the accuracy of the returns, had disappeared fifty years later. Still, planting has been carried on with energy in the north, so much so that, although Dr. Johnson avowed that in his Scottish tour he had only noticed three trees big enough to hang a man on,¹ it is a Scottish county that now contains the largest extent of wood of any in the United Kingdom. The four counties which head the list in the Agricultural Returns for 1888 are as follows:—

Inverness	162,795 acres of wood
Surrey	114,375 "
Hants	111,863 "
Aberdeen	106,677 "

All this good work has been carried out without legislative interference, for it does not appear that any statute affecting the lands of private owners has been passed for either kingdom since 6 James VI. c. 84, which re-enacts 'sindrie louabil and gud Acts' of that king's predecessors. But in 1885 a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed, on the motion of Sir John Lubbock, 'to consider whether by the establishment of a Forest School, or otherwise, our woodlands could be rendered more remunerative.' The inquiry having been interrupted by the general elections of 1885 and 1886, it was not till 1887 that the Committee reported. Out of a total area of 76,323,203 acres in the United Kingdom, the Committee estimates that 2,788,000 acres were woodland, distributed thus:—

England	1,466,000 acres
Wales	163,000 "
Scotland	829,000 "
Ireland	330,000 "

They declared themselves

¹ One of these, a sycamore at Ellon, was blown down in 1873.

satisfied that . . . the management of our woodlands might be materially improved . . . and that some considerable proportion of the timber now imported—to the (annual) value of 16,000,000¹—might, under more skilful management, be raised at home.

The Committee points out that, whereas nearly every other civilised State possesses one or more forest-schools, there exists in this country (although it boasts a Department of Woods and Forests) no organised system of forestry instruction, except in connection with the Indian service. They unanimously agree in recommending the establishment of a Forest Board, of which the main functions should be the establishment or direction of forest schools, or, at least, a course of instruction and examination in forestry.

To most people the estimate formed by the Committee of the expenses of this establishment will appear fantastically disproportioned to its importance; in stating that it would probably not exceed 500*l.* a year (a cost which they suggest may be considerably reduced by fees for diplomas) they seem to be anxious to lull the apprehensions of the Secretary to the Treasury. Clearly, if technical training of woodmen could be secured at such a trifling expense, it could easily be done without troubling the Government at all, by the class most directly interested—namely, the landowners. But if it be the case that in our woodlands, and in land capable of growing timber, the nation possesses a source of much dormant wealth, then, in view of the haphazard, wasteful management, the ignorance and want of system proved to exist by the evidence received by the Select Committee, it is not surprising that the aid of the State should be invoked to provide instruction how to develop it.

Far short, however, of insisting upon the interference of the Government and the establishment of a national forestry school supported out of public moneys, it would not seem unreasonable to look to the State for an example in the management of its own forests. Unhappily, it offers none but the worst. Witness the account of the New Forest given before the Select Committee by Mr. Lascelles, the Deputy Surveyor. In this great tract of forest-land, extending to between 60,000 and 70,000 acres—

There are to be seen [he said], by the student of forestry, over 40,000 acres of waste land lying idle and worthless. But by s. 5 of the Act of 1877 *no planting may be done there*. He will see several fine plantations of oak, which are not only ripe and mature, but which are going back rapidly, and he will wonder why the crop is not realised and the ground replanted, till he is referred to Clause 6 of the same Act, by which he will see that ground may not be cleared of the crop. Last, and worst of all, he will see some 4,500 acres of the most beautiful old woods in the country, most of which are dying back and steadily going to wreck and ruin. But

¹ There are imported annually, in addition to timber, forest products of the value of about 14,000,000*l.*; but of course much of this is of a nature that could not be produced in this country.

here again absolutely nothing can be done. . . . It is sad to see them dying out, when all that is required to preserve them for future generations is to imitate the wisdom of those who made them at first, and by simply protecting—by enclosing them and removing dead trees—leave nature to perpetuate them. . . . Those who framed the New Forest Act of 1877 desired to conserve these old woods, but their zeal seems to have carried them so far as to defeat the object they had in view; and I cannot but think that, had forestry been a science commonly taught in the past, as I trust it may be in the future, owing to this inquiry, no such clause could ever have found a place in an Act of Parliament dealing with woodlands.

Parliament in a melting mood is prone to pile it rather high. Two motives, equally amiable, inspired the Act of 1877—namely, philanthropy and love of scenery. The first prevailed to have the rights of the commoners prodigiously increased at the expense of the Crown; the extension of common grazing put an end absolutely to the process of natural reproduction of wood. The second promoted an attempt at landscape-gardening on an heroic scale—a luxury to which a wealthy empire may be held fairly entitled; but the method prescribed defeated the object in view. No one who has followed the footsteps of Charles Kingsley through the glades of that venerable forest, who has sheltered himself from the midday heat under the massive shade of its immemorial oaks, or watched the sunbeams slanting between the grey beech boles, and lying in golden lakelets on the carpet of fallen leaves, would sanction use of sacrilegious axe among these silvan patriarchs. There are ancient groves and isolated groups here and there through the forest over which Parliament does well to throw its ægis, but there is also a vast deal of useless rubbish which should be cleared away to make room for vigorous growth. To forbid all interference with old and decaying trees is about as reasonable as to object to the necessary repairs on Windsor Castle because it would be much more picturesque in a state of ruin; yet that is the course passionately advocated by Mr. Auberon Herbert in a recently published article.

We want to prevent [he says], *under any excuse whatever*, the cutting of trees in them [the old groves], the fencing of them round, which has long been an official project for bringing them completely under official control, and, above all, the planting of new and fanciful [*sic*] species of trees which are not indigenous to the forest.

Now, in favour of the last of these conditions a good deal may be said. It may be reasonably contended that the whole area should be strictly maintained as a forest of English trees (though Mr. Herbert seems to have forgotten that it is doubtful if the beech is a native of this country) to the exclusion of all foreigners. At the same time it must be remembered that this would make it almost useless as a school of economic forestry, of which not the least important function is the testing of exotic species. But the first condition—that of non-interference—condemns the forest, as similar treat-

ment condemns a cathedral, to the sequence of two disasters—complete dilapidation leading to drastic restoration; and the second, by which fencing as a protection from grazing by the commoners' beasts is prohibited, would prevent natural reproduction, which constitutes the essential difference between forest and plantation.

Even on the purely æsthetic and sentimental grounds advocated by Mr. Herbert, there is more to be gained from intelligent management than from his system of deliberate neglect; for what landscape yields more constant views of beauty and interest than a woodland, with fold upon fold of trees in all stages of growth, and the ever-varying scenes of forest industry—felling, carting, barking, burning?—a woodland, mark you, as distinguished from a plantation. The British woodman's sole idea is cutting down and replanting; but in Continental forests, though breadths are periodically felled, the old trees are replaced, not by formal planting, but by the natural growth of self-sown saplings. Woods thus treated possess in all stages of their growth beauty which mere plantations can never rival, but this system is absolutely incompatible with common rights of grazing and turbary.

In the management of the New Forest, Parliament in its wisdom has prohibited both systems. The idea was to keep the forest in the state it was at the time the Act was passed; the irreverent action of time and storm has been utterly ignored. The net result is that out of about 63,000 acres comprised in the New Forest, 17,600 consist of plantations made under former Acts of Parliament; 4,600 of old and decaying wood, to replace which, as it dies out, no provision has been made; the remainder, upwards of 46,000 acres, lies practically waste, being common pasture of the poorest possible description. It has been decreed that this great tract of land shall be kept, as Mr. Lascelles expresses it, as a 'vast pleasure-ground, combined with a cattle farm;' which makes it utterly worthless as a school of forestry.

Another State woodland, the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire, extending to 25,000 acres, is managed on commercial principles—that is to say, the wood is grown and cut with a view to the market rather than the landscape; but for some years the management has shown no profit—indeed, for the two or three years preceding 1887, Sir James Campbell, the manager under the Woods and Forests Department, stated that the sales had not covered the expenses. This is the reverse of encouraging to those who see in the great unreclaimed wastes of Scotland and Ireland a field for profitable forestry, but it is well to remember that the Forest of Dean is mainly composed of oak, partly treated as coppice, the price of which is liable to heavy fluctuation, and partly for the growth of trees which are exceedingly slow in coming to maturity. No private landowner would now dream of planting oak with a view to profit, and in days when our war-ships

are built mainly of iron backed by teak, the policy which led the State to maintain oak forests is obsolete.

One other great State woodland there is in our country, namely, Windsor Forest, covering 14,000 acres: but this is an example rather of splendid arboriculture than economic forestry.

Turning once more to the Report of the Select Committee, we read that, in their opinion,

apart from the question of actual profit derived from tree-planting, its importance as an accessory to agriculture is shown by the effects which woods have in affording shelter and improving the climate . . . whilst on public and national grounds timber-cultivation on a more scientific system should be encouraged. Landowners might make their woods more remunerative were greater attention paid to the selection of trees suitable to different soils and to more skilful management after the trees are planted.

One chief hindrance to our woodlands being remunerative may be stated at once—we are arboriculturists and sportsmen, not foresters. A large proportion of the land returned as woodland is really pleasure-ground and game-cover. Thousands of landowners follow on a smaller scale the example set by the State on a larger in the New Forest and Windsor Forest. Mixed planting is generally practised, in sharp contrast to what Continental foresters call 'pure forest'—that is, a woodland composed of one species of tree. This is in itself a hindrance to profitable management, because pure forest is much more easily tended than mixed plantation, and the timber is more readily marketable. Two causes chiefly have led to mixed planting becoming almost universal in this country: the first is the use of fast-growing trees as nurses to others, and in order to keep down the weeds. Want of system leads to irregularity in thinning out the nurses, which often remain to compete with what was intended to be the permanent wood, and the result is a mixed plantation. The other cause exists in the idea that a variety of foliage yields more picturesque effects than a uniform kind, and planting with us is still inseparable from a notion of luxury and ornament.

Even on those estates where trees are grown as a crop, the system of 'cut and replant' (or *not* replant, as the case may be) is at painful variance with the Continental custom of 'cut and come again'—*i.e.* that of natural reproduction. M. Boppe, Inspector of French Forests, in his report of a professional tour in this country, describes the generally unfavourable impression made on his mind by the economic management of British woods, though he speaks enthusiastically of our skill in arboriculture as shown in the production of fine specimens and ornamental planting.

When the time arrives for the trees to be cut down, or should they be uprooted by a hurricane, the forest disappears in its entirety, owing to the total want of young growth which is necessary as a link between the old forest and the new one which ought to be created. . . . We saw the remains of a noble forest [in Scotland],

which some twenty years ago had been cut down and converted into railway sleepers. The sight of the huge stumps, blackened by time, with their gnarled roots twisting themselves over the ground, gave us the idea of some vast charnel-house. This scene of utter ruin was indeed a sad spectacle, though the present proprietor is doing his best to cover again his estate with timber. With a better system he might have been spared both time and expense.

Happily M. Boppe is able to point to isolated instances of better management in the same district.

It is easy in Scotland to perpetuate a forest by natural means, and of this a practical proof was given us in two forests which we visited: one near Grantown, in Strathspey, the other at Beaulieu. In these the results obtained under the skilful and intelligent direction of the gentlemen who manage these forests for their employers form a striking example of what may be done in the way of reproducing forests by natural means. In fact nothing had been neglected which even the most critical forester could desire. The gradation of age was here complete, and the reservation of specially vigorous trees, of known pedigree, duly carried out. The *modus operandi* consists in the exclusion of sheep and deer, in judiciously thinning out the growing crop, and in the removal of mature, seed-bearing trees by successive fellings as the young forest grows up and acquires more vigour.

It is tantalising to think of the hundreds of thousands of acres which might be so treated in Scotland alone, to the enhancement of her beauty and the improvement of her climate; but it is almost hopeless to look for a general and early change in this direction, which would imply that landowners must forgo their yearly rents from deer-forests, sheep-grazings, and grouse-moors. Deer and sheep will not permit trees to grow, and trees, in their turn, make the land uninhabitable by grouse.

The question remains, Is it worth while invoking the interference of the Legislature to promote the instruction of foresters? The Select Committee answers 'Aye,' and point to the almost universal absence of skill and system among those charged with the management of woods. Mr. Britton, a wood valuer on a large scale, well acquainted with Wales, Herefordshire, Oxfordshire, Worcestershire, and the principal timber-producing counties, was asked his opinion about the quality of management. 'Generally speaking,' he replied, 'there seems to be no system. I am acquainted with a great many of the land-agents in all these counties, and they are not men who understand the management of woods; and, of course, the workmen, or woodmen as they call them, have no one to give them instruction with reference to thinning.' Asked if he found that many land-agents possessed a practical knowledge of forestry, 'Very few,' he answered; 'in all my experience, I think I could pretty well count them on my fingers' ends. . . . The general result I have come to is that very few land-agents know anything of forestry, or very little.'

It requires but a moderate knowledge of the craft to enable one travelling through this country to recognise the natural result of this state of things. Woods utterly neglected are a common sight; in

some, the want of regular thinning has caused the trees to be drawn up into wretched weakly things; to others resort is had without method to supply timber for estate-purposes; saplings, being allowed to grow up with two or more leaders, make deformed and worthless trees, which timely use of the knife might have trained into serviceable and sightly timber. In short, the general treatment is such as might be expected, seeing that land-agents generally are encouraged to regard woods as an expensive luxury, a fad of the landowner. .

In certain counties, useful and economical practices prevail which are wholly unknown in others, to which it is worth taking some pains to introduce them. For example, the convenient little faggots, locally called 'pimps' in Surrey, made of small brushwood bound together with a green withe, are unknown in the North. They do not seem even to have made their way into London, whose countless fires are kindled by the much less effective faggots of split wood. About twenty years ago, a landowner, in one of the counties of southern Scotland, obtained a couple of Surrey 'pimps' and made his forester employ some superannuated hands in imitating them; and each year since, on that estate, several cartloads of small branches, which would otherwise have gone to waste, have been worked up into pimps—the best and most convenient kindling possible for household use. But the example has not been followed by his neighbours, who still use split wood and shavings, though the labour of splitting the wood is much greater than binding the brush into 'pimps,' not to mention the waste of good material. The pimps soon find favour with housemaids, for they have this advantage over faggots of split wood, that they kindle much more readily, bursting into a blaze at once, whereas a fire laid with the larger sticks often requires rekindling.

This is a trivial instance of the economic use of forest product, of which the knowledge would, no doubt, be diffused by the establishment of forest schools; but considering how far and how frequently people travel, it seems unnecessary to call on the State to provide them. Continental experts, trained in countries where coal fires in private houses are unknown, and every stick is husbanded for fuel, look with amazement on our neglect of what is so precious in their sight. Some time ago fuel in Paris rose to a high price; one of the French comic papers had a caricature of a gentleman presenting a lady with a wedding present, the most costly he could procure, namely—*un fagot de bois*. Much of what we allow to go to waste might be made to afford employment to a number of hands in the country, and, so far, help to stem the resistless current that sweeps our rural population into the towns. Take, for instance, this matter of 'pimps'—admitted it is a trivial one, but admit also that kindling material is a necessity in every household: probably it cannot be had for town mansions at less than a halfpenny for each fire. The following

account is based on the moderate estimate that 'pimps' can be made at the rate of thirty per hour (an industrious worker can produce a third more):—

<i>Expenditure</i>		<i>Receipts</i>	
	£ s.		
Wages of a worker at 3s. a day, 310 days . . . }	40 10	74,400	
Cost of brushwood . . .	nil	output of one worker, 8 hours a day for 310 days at the rate of 30	74 4
Carting brushwood, 310 carts at 1s. . . . }	15 10	faggots an hour, to be sold at 2s. a hundred, carriage paid . . .	
Knives, gloves, &c. . . .	2		
Carriage, say	5		
Balance profit	5		
	74 4		74 4

Showing a net profit of 5*l.* 4*s.* on an outlay of 69*l.*, or about 7*l.* 10*s.* per cent, which must be considered a handsome return from material now burnt as waste.

To return to the question submitted to the Select Committee, 'whether by the establishment of a Forest School or otherwise our woodlands could be rendered more remunerative:' it is clear that the creation of a new Government Department would tend to a better diffused knowledge of economic forestry and more uniform scientific management of woodland; but two circumstances have to be taken into account before the recommendation of the Select Committee is acted on. First of all, then, is the fact that forestry in this country is at present of less importance than in any other, owing to the small proportion of woodland to the total area, and to the habit of treating much of the existing woodland as chace and pleasure ground. It would be a novel departure to create a Department for the administration of that which, practically, has no existence. Secondly, the work to be done by the Department is such as could and should be done by private enterprise. The expense, as shown above, has probably been much under-estimated by the Select Committee, but even if it should prove to be five or six times greater, amounting, namely, to 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.* a year, what impediment would that offer to the landowners of Great Britain if they were as anxious as they ought to be to make the most of their woods? There exist already the English and Scottish Arboricultural Societies: if they were reconstituted under Royal charter and supported more liberally by those who would derive most benefit from their action, what is to hinder them from undertaking the functions which the Select Committee seek to throw on the State, viz.:—

- (a) To organise forest schools, or, at any rate, a course of instruction in forestry.
- (b) To make provision for examinations.
- (c) To prepare an official syllabus and text-book.

To appoint examiners in the following subjects—

- (a) Practical forestry.
- (b) Botany.
- (c) Vegetable Physiology and Entomology, especially in connection with diseases and insects affecting the growth of trees.
- (d) Geology, with special reference to soils.
- (e) Subjects connected with land-agency, such as land-drainage, surveying, timber-measuring, &c., and to grant diplomas to students qualifying in these subjects.

It is a sound principle which opposes the interference of the State, unless it can be shown that private enterprise requires control and direction in the public interest, and this is the more necessary when assistance is invoked on behalf of a class whose leisure, education, means and opportunities combine to enable them to do all that is necessary in the matter by a little salutary and concerted exertion. While, therefore, gratitude is due to the Select Committee for having collected evidence to show, beyond the possibility of doubt, that British forestry is at a lamentably low level and that hardly any effort is being made to redeem what might be a source of public and private wealth from the state to which it has been reduced by ignorance, indolence and indifference, it is not possible to endorse their proposal to create a new Department of the Government to revivify it.

The first step in the right direction will be taken (if possible, let it be during the present summer) by summoning a meeting in London of landowners and others interested in the matter, to discuss the position and to take counsel with the managers of the English and Scottish Arboricultural Societies, with the view of securing their co-operation in undertaking the work which the Select Committee has rightly described as necessary, the neglect of which is discreditable. The present condition of matters is unsatisfactory enough, but admits of, even invites, improvement: for while climate and soil are exceptionally favourable in this country to the production of timber, both useful and ornamental, it is rare to find a country gentleman who is indifferent to the appearance of his woods, though it is still rarer to meet with one who has both time and technical knowledge to devote to their proper management; but Evelyn long ago applied Cato's saying to this matter, *male agitur cum domino quem villicus docet*—it goes ill with the master who has to learn from the hind. In forestry the danger of a little knowledge is as imminent as in other matters, and the hurtful effects of it are enduring. The affection of landowners for their trees would be invaluable, were they able to rely thoroughly upon their wood-reeves for unerring management. If there were a trained body of students, properly certificated by competent examiners, it would be easy to appoint men to a charge for which they had been specially trained. At present, no such possibility exists; when a vacancy occurs, the employer generally applies to the nurseryman who supplies the estate with plants,

and a man is selected for the post, instructed, indeed, in the routine of nursery work, planting and felling, but with no knowledge of geology, botany, or entomology to enable him to grapple with local difficulties of soil and climate. A single instance may be given illustrating the unfortunate results of good intentions on the part of the proprietor, to direct which the wood-reeve possessed no technical understanding. A gentleman in the south of Scotland, having retired from the army, lived constantly on his estates and devoted much attention to their improvement. He laid out much money in plantations, and, his favourite tree being the oak, he spared no trouble to obtain the best acorns. Large quantities of these were collected for him from the finest trees in the south of England, where, if anywhere, noble oaks are to be found. A properly instructed forester would have informed him that there are two varieties of oak in Britain (it is doubtful whether they are species or only varieties), namely, the common English oak (*Quercus robur pedunculata*) and the durmast oak (*Quercus robur sessiliflora*), the former prevailing in the southern and midland English counties, the latter in Wales, northern England, and Scotland. The southern form is distinguished by having foot-stalks to the acorns, and none to the leaves, which are broad and irregular in outline. The durmast oak, on the other hand, has foot-stalks to the leaves, which are elongated and regular in outline, and none to the acorns. The timber of each is of equal value, but the durmast produces it much more rapidly and is of straighter, freer growth than the other, and makes a much finer tree." Moreover, while the durmast oak thrives finely in the south, the southern variety is a complete failure in the north: it is not indigenous there, the damp climate and soil disagree with it, it requires more sun to ripen its wood, and under unfavourable conditions it becomes a prey to innumerable diseases and parasitical insects. Thirty, forty and fifty years have gone by since these woods were planted, and the present owner of them has to deplore that the energy and good intentions of his predecessor were not better directed.

A good example of the contrast between the two kinds of oak may be seen in Knowle Park, near Sevenoaks. Scattered throughout that noble demesne are quantities of fine English oaks; but an avenue, planted apparently about 200 years ago, leads up to the house from the north, and is composed entirely of durmast oaks, which compare favourably with their southern relatives.

A few words in conclusion as to indigenous British trees, which form a much more limited list than is generally supposed. The oak (two varieties), ash, wych elm, white and aspen poplars, alder, mountain ash, common maple, birch, hornbeam, several species of willow, and the holly almost exhaust the number of those classed by timber merchants as 'hardwood'; while of the conifers we boast but three—the Scots fir, yew, and juniper. The sycamore, lime, Spanish chestnut,

and the so-called English elm (*Ulmus campestris*) are probably part of the inheritance left us by the Roman rulers. The beech may possibly be indigenous in the southern part of the island, though no traces of it have been identified in British peat-bogs, the great reliquaries of Post-Tertiary woodland; but it and the sycamore have become so much at home and sow themselves so freely that they may almost be reckoned true natives. The English elm, for so long characteristic of Midland scenery as to have earned the name of 'the Warwickshire weed,' betrays its exotic origin by never, or hardly ever, ripening seed in this country; it propagates itself entirely by suckers, which it has the faculty of sending forth to amazing distances. It is this that has given it undisputed possession of so many hedge-rows. The only native British elm is the wych elm (*Ulmus montana*), a common tree in the old forest, judging from the frequency with which its Celtic name *leamh*, *leamhan* (pronounced 'lav,' 'lavan') survives in northern place-names, e.g. Leven, Levens, Lennox (formerly written Levenach), Lomond (*leaman* being the older, unaspirated form).

To urge upon landowners in this country the expediency of more systematic treatment of their woodland is to invite them to undertake that which they are not only well able to carry out, but, it is believed, are naturally disposed to do, and to anticipate State interference in a matter which they are in a position to effect for their own and the public good.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

A FAIR TAXATION OF GROUND-RENTS

THE object of this paper is to recommend the imposition of a special tax upon new ground-rents in order to secure an adequate area of open land for the use and enjoyment of London. The advocate of such a step may fairly be asked why any new departure is necessary. Why, it may be said, cannot London supply herself with open spaces in the future as in the past? Why should she not be satisfied with the means provided to this end in other towns of the United Kingdom? ¹

The answer is threefold. In the first place, London is not as other towns. Her enormous size and continuous growth of themselves necessitate exceptional treatment. Secondly, because London has not at the present time enough open land. And, thirdly, trust can no longer be placed in the means which have hitherto served to provide open spaces.

We all know in a general way that London is very big, and ever grows bigger. But one or two facts may help us to realise what the size and growth of the Capital really mean. There are in London three districts which, in considering this subject, it is well to distinguish. There is the four-mile cab radius, with which we are all practically familiar and which represents the heart of London—London shorn of its suburbs. There is, secondly, the administrative county of London—the district under the management of the County Council. This district stretches from Hampstead and Highgate on the north to Streatham and the Crystal Palace on the south, and from Putney and Hammersmith on the west to Woolwich on the east; it includes the nearer suburbs, but cannot be said to extend in any direction beyond the region of villas and builders' roads. Thirdly, there is the greater London of the Registrar-General, which is identical with the Metropolitan Police district plus the City. This district may be roughly described by a radius of fifteen miles round Charing Cross; it stretches from Hertfordshire on the north to the edge of the Chalk Downs above Reigate on the south, and from near

¹ The proposal of the paper might well be applied to other towns. But the need of some such step is especially pressing in London.

Epping on the east to Staines Moor on the west. This district at present includes many fields and country lanes; but it comprises such places as West Ham, Croydon, Richmond, Twickenham, Acton, Willesden, Hornsey, Finchley, and Tottenham.

Now, the size and population of each of these districts may be thus stated :—

—	Square miles	Population	Population to acre	Population to square mile
² Cab-radius London	50	2,828,585	88	56,320
³ Inner London (which is almost identical with the county of London)	121	4,221,452	54·5	34,888
³ Greater London	701	5,656,509	12·5	8,069

Roughly, then, it may be taken that cab-radius London now numbers considerably over 3,000,000, the county of London about four millions and a quarter, and greater London about five millions and a half. Each ring may be taken to add about a million and a quarter.

One or two comparisons will help to make these figures more real.

The county of London contains a larger population than the whole of Scotland, and within half a million of that of the whole of Ireland—the country whose affairs mainly occupy our Legislature. The twenty-seven great provincial towns of England and Wales show a smaller aggregate population than greater London, while the mere increase of this district during the last ten years would have made a larger town than Birmingham. The annual increase during the last decade was about 45,000 per annum, or the population of a large county town.

And there are some peculiarities about the mode of increase which merit notice. The increase is always in the outer rings. During the last thirty years the ten central registration districts of London, extending from Marylebone to St. George's-in-the-East, have steadily decreased in population. The rest of the county increased between 1861 and 1881 by more than 25 per cent., while greater London (which may be described as a square, the side of which is twenty-six miles long) adds 50 per cent. to its population each ten years. Thus London tends to spread even more than to thicken. On the other hand, we have the evidence of our own eyes for the great increase in large buildings, not only in the centre of London, but throughout almost the whole of cab-radius London. Lofty stacks

² These figures are an estimate based on the census of 1881.

³ These figures are taken from the (unrevised) results of the census of the present year as already published. See *Times* of the 9th of June, 1891.

of workmen's dwellings replace one-storied cottages; modest houses of three floors and an attic give way to piles of flats which knock against the clouds; new sites are covered with gigantic hotels. Even in such a district as Hampstead there is a notable increase of high buildings. It is to be feared that no one at the present day would lay out a large estate in gardens and modest semi-detached villas like those of St. John's Wood.

Thus, there are two tendencies constantly at work in London, both of which threaten the health⁴ and attractiveness of the Capital: London is always extending outwards; it is always thickening at its core. Fields and meadows, woods and gardens, field-paths and country lanes every year succumb to the builder. It requires a railway journey of ever-increasing length to escape from his trail, and to get rid of the consciousness of town-life. At the same time, fresh air becomes more and more necessary for the heart of London, because the increasing height of buildings veils the sun and shuts out the wind, while the greater number of persons housed on the same area increases the volume of smoke, carbonic acid, and other more or less noxious elements of the atmosphere. The smoke of London, indeed, is a topic in itself. One cannot but hope that some day it will be largely got rid of. But, in the meantime, it hangs over London, an ever-increasing cloud, swayed hither and thither by the passing winds. One day it rolls over Epping Forest, and eclipses the sun in the heart of Hertfordshire; another day it breaks itself against the long line of the North Downs. It requires a strong breeze indeed to lift it right away; and, when the wind drops or there is some conflict in the air, it descends upon central London, and night reigns while the sun is high in the heavens.

Now, these facts speak for themselves. A province of houses 700 square miles in area, in many parts of which more than a hundred people live on a single acre, requires much more rigorous guarantees for fresh air and room to move and enjoy life than an ordinary town. It would be thought a scandalous thing in the present day if a new town were built for 50,000 persons without any provision of parks and open spaces. Yet something like this is what happens in London every year, and there is absolutely no guarantee that any open space will be allotted for the increased population. And the need is still more urgent; for in a town of 50,000 it is easy enough to get beyond the houses—a sharp walk or a short drive will land us in the fields. But that is precisely what cannot be done in London. London literally eats up the country around it, and every extension not only destroys so much open land, but puts the whole of

⁴ We refer to the central parts generally, not to the central districts of the Registrar-General, which, it must be remembered, though diminishing in resident population are thickly peopled by day.

London at a greater distance from the country. We cannot trust, as in a country-town, to outlying nature; open land will not provide itself: it must be guaranteed and secured by municipal regulation.

Now, with what success has this been done in the past? London has parks and commons of large size; but how are they distributed? Do not nearly all the great parks lie together in the west of London, and are not the great majority of the commons in the south-west? There are none too many of them anywhere. But look at the districts where they do not exist at all. Look at the huge East-end of London with its teeming population, and with no open space worth mentioning, save Victoria Park. Take a line due south of London Bridge through Southwark, Lambeth, and Camberwell: where are the open spaces worth speaking of? Consider huge districts like Deptford and Lewisham, Islington and Hornsey, or, further afield, Acton and Ealing. The open spaces are so few and far between as to serve to little purpose in purifying the air, and to be altogether beyond the habitual use of the greater part of the residents. Miles of dusty road must be traversed before the eye lights upon any expanse of green grass, or a playground for the children is reached. And just where population is thickest open spaces are rarest. For every two acres of open space in the West of London there is but one in the East; while in the West there is an acre of open space to 450 people, in the East there is but one acre to 1,724.⁵ And there is one branch of the open space question which has received no systematic examination till very recently: I refer to the supply of playing-fields for the youth of London. The Playing Fields Committee has made careful inquiry on this subject, and the information they have obtained conclusively shows:—

(1) That a very limited area is at present available for cricket and football.

(2) That every inch of ground which can be played on in and about London is crowded to excess.

(3) That the demand of existing clubs is far in excess of the supply; and

(4) That clubs are falling to pieces, and cricket in many places dying out, from want of ground on which to play.

It has been calculated that for every acre of cricket-field in London and the suburbs there are at least a thousand young men eager to play upon it.

Now, all open land cannot be made available for cricket. There are other interests quite as important. But the want of ground on which the young men and boys of London may engage in healthful

⁵ See *Memorial of the Open Space Societies to the Charity Commissioners upon the application of the funds of the City Parochial Charities.*

and manly games is not creditable to a great city. All these facts seem conclusively to show that London has not adequately supplied herself with fresh air and open land in the past, and therefore cannot be trusted to do so in the future, even if the means hitherto enjoyed were at her command.

But the means which have been at her command in the past cannot be trusted for the future. The great parks of London were not supplied by the Municipality at all. They are an accident of the Royal residence in the capital. The commons are a survival of an older rural economy. They are the most valuable of all open spaces, because they have the charm of nature. They are not pleasure-grounds by design, and, somehow, the pleasure which comes by the way is always more keen than that which is pursued. But there are many districts in which commons were wholly abolished by a generation anxious to grow more corn and not cramped for space, and commons cannot be created. There are valuable tracts to the south-west of London, in Surrey and Hampshire; but Kent, Middlesex, and Hertfordshire are almost destitute of common land. For large districts, then, open spaces must be formed from land in private ownership, which must be bought for the purpose. This has already been found necessary. Within the last five years the provision of open space for London has mainly taken the form of buying private land—such tracts, for example, as Parliament Hill and the adjacent lands, thrown into Hampstead Heath; Clissold Park; The Lawn, South Lambeth; and Brockwell Park. But how were these places bought? The rates of the county of London in no case contributed more than half the purchase-money. The other half was provided partly from contributions at the expense of local rates, but to a large extent from the funds of the City Parochial Charities and from private donations. Thus, out of a total sum of 562,500*l.*—

	£
the County Council contributed	248,746
and local rates	101,746
while the City Parochial Charities found no less than	135,000
and private liberality	77,000
Total	562,492

Now, the Charity Commissioners have decided—and Parliament has not challenged their decision—that the funds of the City Charities shall be applied in the future to promote polytechnics and technical education. The assistance obtained from these funds in effecting recent purchases—assistance without which such purchases, one may say with assurance, would not have been made—cannot, therefore, be looked to in the future. Neither is it fitting that trust should be placed in private benevolence to supply a necessary condition to

the health and welfare of London. An occasional present of a particular park or garden is a graceful act, which, one may hope, will be often repeated; such presents supplement, but cannot take the place of, the regular provision of open land for which the community should make itself responsible. Private benevolence has an ample field in advancing projects which are not universally accepted, or which, for some reason, the State or the Municipality cannot further. There is no more reason why private purses should be drained to furnish open spaces than to provide sewers or elementary education. And, even if we could advance a stronger claim, we may be quite certain that private liberality would not, in fact, supply endless funds for the continual purchase of open land. But, failing both the City Charity funds and private benevolence, it is obvious that open spaces will not in the future be supplied by those means by which we have secured Parliament Hill, Clissold Park, The Lawn, and other recently acquired open spaces.

Nay, a like remark holds good of two other open spaces of priceless value to London—the Thames Embankment and Epping Forest. The Embankment was paid for by the coal dues and Epping Forest by the metage on grain duty. Both are now at an end, and, much as one laments the loss of the money, one cannot wish that taxes of such an objectionable character should be reimposed. They were taxes on the necessities of life, and fell most heavily upon the poor. They were octrois, tending to vex the flow of trade. But the abolition of such taxes renders it the more necessary that we should look about for some substitute, not open to the same economic objections, and yielding, like them, a special fund, which shall be devoted exclusively to the supply of open spaces, either alone or in conjunction with the ordinary rates.

Now, the mode in which London grows seems itself to point out the natural source of supply. London, as we have seen, is always spreading into the fields. Where meadows and gardens are converted into building-land we all know that the rent produced by the land thus converted suddenly rises tenfold or more. Land which produced at the most 5*l.* or 6*l.* an acre as market-garden or accommodation land, suddenly yields as building-land a ground-rent of 50*l.*, 60*l.*, 100*l.* an acre, perhaps much more. Now, in such a case, two—or perhaps we may say three—things simultaneously happen. The owner of the converted land obtains a large immediate benefit; London is deprived of so much open land and fresh air; and the smoke-producing area is enlarged. Moreover, the man who gains by the injury done to London makes his profit, not from any outlay of his on the land, but from the increase of value which has accrued to the land from the growth of London. Every single circumstance

which makes London more attractive has helped to put this sudden gain into his pocket. The increase of the trade of London; the necessity, under which so many labour, to live in or about London, to be near the place where they earn their bread; every improvement which makes London more agreeable as a place of residence—the presence of the Court, the sittings of the Legislature; all that flows from the fact that London is the capital (and not merely the nominal, but in every sense the actual, capital) of the kingdom—goes to increase the value of every field round London, to hasten the day when it may grow houses instead of corn or grass, and to fill the pockets of the owner when that day arrives. Now, it has been argued that the people of London should appropriate a share in the increase of value thus due to its growth. This may or may not be; the proposal now under consideration does not go that length. All that is now urged is that, where a large profit is being realised through the growth of the community and by an act which (whatever other benefits may arise from it) inflicts a distinct injury on the community, by destroying open land and polluting fresh air, a portion of that profit should go to neutralise the injury. The addition of houses to London is, in the present state of things, an absolute injury; with the injury a remedy should be provided; the man who inflicts the injury should at the same moment supply the remedy; the same hand should administer both poison and antidote. There are two distinct propositions, both of which, it is submitted, are sound. The first is: that the increase of buildings destroys open spaces and pollutes the air, and that means should be found to make this increase the means of supplying automatically funds to provide open land and pure air. The second is: that those who are enabled by the growth of London to induce people to live on their land, and thus to make a profit which they would not otherwise have made, should be allowed to make their profit only on conditions which minimise the injury to London arising from the process. If we can take toll of the profit at the moment it is realised and apply that toll to the maintenance of open land throughout and around London, we shall have at least mitigated the evils of the growth of London, and shall have done justice between the community and those who are profiting by its growth. As new houses spring up, so will funds be supplied for new open spaces. London will grow, as it has grown in the past, but it will grow loosely and not in thick masses of houses. Its volume may be greater, but its specific gravity (so to speak) will be less. Parks, playing-fields, gardens, and boulevards will be interspersed with buildings; children will not languish from want of sun and air, and grown men and women will not weary for the sight of grass and trees.

Now, to apply this principle practically. In the first place: with

what funds have we to deal? What is the annual increase of ground-rents produced by covering new ground in and about London? The district which we must take for consideration is the Greater London of the Registrar-General, the Metropolitan Police District: for this is the district in which open land is of the greatest value to London, and in which open land is every day replaced by houses; this is the district in which London is spreading most rapidly.

Now, taking the figures given in the Registrar-General's 'London Summary' of 1889 (p. 21), it would appear that the annual increase of the gross rental of this district is nearly 1,000,000*l.* (921,465*l.*). But this figure will not give us any useful results, because this annual increase includes the value of all buildings—not only of buildings put upon land hitherto open, but of improvements of existing buildings. It would include, for example, not only the rental value of a new villa at Epsom, but the value of such a pile as that recently reected at Albert Gate, in place of the ordinary houses which previously occupied the site. What we wish to arrive at is the additional ground-rent payable in respect of land not hitherto covered with buildings.

We can arrive at an approximate idea of this in another way. The last published report of the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police gives the average of new houses built every year since the last census as 15,947, or, say, 16,000. It also tells us that there have been forty miles of new streets and squares added every year. Taking the average depth of the frontage on each side of the street as 120 feet or 40 yards, and multiplying the length of street, 40 miles, by twice this figure for the double frontage, we find the area built upon each year has been about 1,163 acres, or more than a square mile and three-quarters.

Dividing the acreage thus estimated by the number of houses, we find that there are about fourteen houses to every acre, and taking the ground-rent of each house on the average to be 8*l.*, a very moderate ground-rent for a house standing on rather more than a quarter of a rood, this gives a ground-rent of 112*l.* for each acre added to London every year.

From this ground-rent of 112*l.* we deduct the previous accommodation rental of, say, 6*l.* per acre, thus arriving at 106*l.* as the increased rent yielded for every acre of London devoted to building.

As there are 1,163 acres added every year we have a total increased rental of 123,278*l.* in respect of land for the first time devoted to building, or about an eighth of the total additional assessment of Greater London. Some deduction should perhaps be made for the expense of making roads and sewers; the figures arrived at must, of course, be treated only as a rough estimate.

Now, the next question is: what proportion of this annual increase

shall be taken to provide the remedy for the evil created by building? It should not be enough to check the employment of capital and labour in providing houses where there is a demand for them. On the other hand, it must produce an adequate fund to provide enough open land to purify London.

Now, if we take one-tenth of the increased value we take rather less than one-tenth of the whole building-value of the land—that is to say, we should be able to buy rather less than one-tenth of the land itself for an open space. And in addition to the actual value of the land there would be the expenses of purchase, of laying out the land for the public enjoyment, and of maintenance. We may, perhaps, say, then, that we should not be able to buy, lay out, and maintain more than a twentieth of the land which is devoted to building every year. There are 640 acres in a square mile; we should, therefore, have thirty-two acres of open space in every square mile built on, or about fifty acres in every square mile and a half. Thus supposing the land to be laid out equally and symmetrically (which Heaven forefend!), there would be two open spaces of fifty acres, one in each direction, within three-quarters of a mile of every one. This is the minimum provision for a vast province of houses like London. A tenth of the new ground-rents is, therefore, the least that London can ask, while perhaps it might be inexpedient to ask more.

One-tenth of the estimated increased rental of 123,278*l.* would be 12,327*l.* One could not do much with 12,000*l.*, but this, it must be remembered, would be the produce of the tax for the first year only. In the second year the income of the Open Space Fund would be 24,000*l.* and at the end of twenty years it would be 240,000*l.*; at the end of thirty years, 360,000*l.*

Our proposal is, then, that a tax of two shillings in the pound should be imposed on all ground-rents or increased annual land-values derived from the erection of houses on land hitherto uncovered. There would be no difficulty in devising a machinery for assessing and collecting the tax. The assessment for the purpose of the ordinary rates would show the total increase in the rental due to the conversion of the land from tillage to building. From the increased assessment no competent surveyor would have any difficulty in deducting the return upon the capital outlay in buildings; and the previous agricultural rental of the land would be known from the rate-book. The residue, after deducting these sums, would be the rental liable to the tax, and a couple of extra columns in the rate-book would show the 'estimated improved ground-rental due to building,' and the 'improved ground-rental rate' at two shillings in the pound. The tax would be levied on the occupier in the ordinary way, but the occupier should have the right to deduct the

tax from his rent, notwithstanding any contract to the contrary, as in the case of the landlord's property-tax.

There would, of course, be the ordinary right of appeal against an assessment, and the ground-landlord would have every opportunity of showing that he was not making the profit attributed to him.

Not only should the tax proposed fall upon fields and meadows covered with buildings for the first time, but upon all land which, though in a sense built upon, is further cut up and made to bear additional buildings.

Suppose, for example, that St. John's Wood were swept away, and replaced by tall terraces of shops and houses with the minimum of yard accommodation. Or take another case in which an operation of this kind was only averted by public effort. The Lawn at South Lambeth, where Mr. Fawcett resided, consisted of seven houses with long old-fashioned gardens in the rear, and a plot of grass studded with old thorns and willows in front. The whole site, together with that of an adjoining house called Carroun House, which stood in spacious grounds, was acquired by a speculator, who cleared the site and proposed to cover it with a village of shops and cottages. In such cases there is just the same jump in rental value as in the case of fields for the first time laid out for building. The buildings already on the land do not enter into the value of the land for the new purposes; the land is dealt with for all purposes of value as bare land. In such a case, therefore, the improved ground-rental would be assessed in precisely the same way as in the case of a field in the suburbs.

There are other cases in the centre of London where buildings are merely reconstructed on the same site; others, where existing buildings are enlarged. The reversionary, if not the immediate, ground-value is, no doubt, increased in all these cases. But the operation consists mainly, not in covering new land, but in altering the character of the buildings; there may even be cases in which the area actually occupied with buildings is diminished although the buildings are carried nearer to the sky. The open space tax would not fall upon the increased land-value in these cases, just as it would not fall on the additional land-value which is attributable every year to land in the centre of the City, already fully built on. Two conditions are necessary to give rise to the tax. Buildings must be placed on land not previously covered, and an additional land-value must thus arise. When, however, land passes in time through two stages, being first converted from meadow to villas and gardens, and subsequently from villas and gardens to shops and rows of houses, there is no reason why each increase in land-value should not be taxed.

Should the open space tax be levied in perpetuity, or should it be terminable, as to each piece of land?

Now, there may be something to be said for a limitation to, say, fifty years. The object is to provide a certain proportion of open land and, as the County Council can at their usual rate of borrowing repay any sum raised with interest in fifty years, it may be said that all that needs to be done can be done with a tax for fifty years. But, in practice, no object would be gained by making the tax on each piece of land a terminable one. The owner of the land to be devoted to building would not feel the tax any the less because it was to terminate in fifty years. The better way, therefore, would be to impose the tax in perpetuity, but to give the owner the power of redemption at any time, at a reasonable number of years' purchase.

Moreover, any owner laying out an estate should be at liberty to come to terms with the local authorities for the redemption of the tax by a contribution in kind. He might offer to dedicate and lay out a garden or playing-field, or a series of boulevards, in lieu of the tax, and if the authorities deemed the offer a fair equivalent, the rest of the land might be declared tax-free at once. An owner of a considerable tract of land would probably prefer this course, as he could thus secure beyond question the benefits of an open space in the midst of his building-land, and enhance the value of his surrounding property.

The tax must be payable to the County Council as the central authority of London, although it will be levied to a great extent outside the County of London. The object is to protect London from being built up, to insure that London shall spread healthily. The tax must, therefore, be applied by an authority having the interests of all London in charge, not by a number of local authorities each interested in a particular district. After open spaces have been laid out, however, their management might fitly be handed over to the local authority, an allowance out of the tax being made to meet the expense of care-taking.

Now, let us glance at some of the objections which may be made to the scheme.

It may be said that the property of the landowner would be taken away without compensation. It is nearer the truth to say that the landowner, under present conditions, takes away the property of the community without compensation. He reaps profit from the growth of London. By way of showing his gratitude he takes away open land and fresh air. The most that can be made of such an objection is this: although the rental-value jumps suddenly when land is built upon, the capital-value no doubt grows gradually. Suppose, therefore, that the proposed tax were levied to-morrow. There may be a few persons who have just bought building-land, and who have paid, in their purchase-money, for the increased rental which they foresaw. These persons may not get quite so high a rental as they expected at so early a date. For, as in each neighbourhood, old and new houses come into competition, the owner of the land in which

the new houses are built must either charge ground-rents corresponding to those of the old houses and pay the tax out of his own pocket, or, if he prefers to charge higher rents in order to recoup himself the tax, he must wait till the demand is sufficient to lead to the payment of his increased rent. Thus the tax will probably tend slightly to retard the rate at which the value of London building-land increases. When we learn that in the county of London land, apart from building outlay, increases in value by 350,000*l.* every year, we need not be apprehensive on this score. The practical result will probably be to steady the demand of the speculative builder.

Moreover, whatever the effect of the suggested tax may be, it is precisely the same in character as that produced by the various conditions already imposed upon the erection of buildings in towns.

Nearly thirty years ago, Parliament prohibited the erection in London, on the side of any new street less than fifty feet wide, of any building exceeding in height the width of the street. Twenty years later (in 1882) it was enacted that every dwelling-house erected upon a site not previously occupied by a dwelling should have in the rear and exclusively belonging to it an open space proportionate to the width of the building: where the width exceeded thirty feet (which may be taken as a very moderate width), the open space was to be at least 150 square feet: and by an Act of last session no building must exceed ninety feet in height. But in these regulations London is far behind other great towns. The Public Health Act of 1875 gave provincial corporations powers to make bye-laws with respect to the sufficiency of the space about buildings to secure a free circulation of air. The Imperial Government (Local Government Board) has under this provision issued model bye-laws which contemplate wide spaces both in rear and in front of all new buildings, and many towns have made bye-laws on their basis. In Manchester, for example, there must be thirty-six feet clear in front of a new building, and in rear a distance proportioned to the height of the building. When, for instance, a building is carried thirty-five feet in height, there must be a clear space behind it of at least twenty-five feet deep across the whole width of the building. At Brighton an area of at least 200 square feet is required in the rear in any case, and, where a building exceeds thirty-five feet in height, 500 square feet..

Now, such compulsory reservations of open space for light and ventilation are of precisely the same nature as the reservation of open space which would be secured by the measure we have been considering. In either case the owner of the land about to be covered with new buildings is, for the public weal, prohibited from making the most of his land; he is not allowed to rear buildings on the whole site, he is not allowed to cut and carve his land as he chooses. He must leave a certain portion uncovered; he must, if need be, set

back his building from the street in the front ; and he must not (in London) carry his building above a certain height. He is deprived of the full use of a certain portion of his land, of the receipt of a certain proportion of the profit he would otherwise make. His ground-rent is taxed every whit as much as if so much money were deducted from it. If it is answered that he reaps his profit from the improved character of the buildings and the higher rent they will command, this argument (whatever it is worth) tells as much for a tax for open spaces. All buildings in the vicinity of an open space command a higher rental.

There is another class of Acts which are equally good precedents for the tax proposed—those which regulate the alignment of buildings. No building in London can, without the permission of the London County Council, be brought beyond the general line of buildings in the street, although the owner may possess a garden, fore-court, or other private ground between his house and the street-pavement. Here is an open space reserved to the public at the expense of the landowner. Nay, every provision of Town Building Acts which imposes fetters on the mode in which land shall be developed, making building more expensive, and consequently tending *pro tanto* to reduce the ground-rent which the builder will pay, and consequently the profit of the ground-owner, is based on the same principle as the tax now proposed.

Now, an objection of a different kind may be made. It may be said, 'Granted that the tax is not unjust in principle still it is objectionable to multiply imposts. The machinery of taxation should be as simple as possible. You say that open spaces are, like paving and lighting, necessities of any well-governed town. Why should not the whole community pay for its open spaces, as it does for its sewers, its lights, and its paving?' Well, in the first place, sewers, lights, and paving are not paid for by the whole of London. Each district pays for its own. Now an open space benefits not only the particular district in which it is situated, but the whole of London. Therefore, the local principle cannot be applied in its naked simplicity, and questions arise as to how the expense should be shared between London generally and the parishes. This by the way. The principal objection to throwing the burden of providing open spaces on the rates, whether general or local, is that open spaces will not be provided in sufficient quantity by that means.

London rates have numerous claims upon them. Not only are they burdened with the providing of the ordinary necessities of town-life—sewers, road-making, lighting—but they have to deal with those exceptional problems which arise from the abnormal size of London, such problems as main drainage, education, and the housing of the people. London rates increase every year, they now amount to about 6s. in the pound, or nearly 33 per cent. Whoever really pays

these rates in the ultimate result (and this question is exhaustively discussed by the witnesses before the Town Holdings Committee), they are apparently paid by the occupier. The occupier, the ratepayer of common parlance, may well shrink, therefore, from voting for any increased expenditure, may well require his representatives to set their faces sternly against such expenditure. In fact, county councillors of experience and position give it as their opinion that improvements in London are practically stopped at the present moment by the dread of increased rates.

Now, when a question of economy arises, those things which are obviously least necessary are first cut off. Books are an early subject of retrenchment with private persons; ratepayers, in like manner, first object to free libraries. In the next place, they will probably object to open spaces: for the evil results from want of fresh air, and of open land on which children may play in the sun and young men take exercise, are not so obvious at the moment as the evils of bad drainage or dark or ill-paved streets. The providing of open spaces, therefore, if left to the rates, will constantly be put off till a more convenient season; and that season, we know, never comes. Something may be done, no doubt, but it will always be much less than should be done, and London will be starved of fresh air and room to move. On the other hand, a fund specially earmarked to provide open spaces must be spent. It certainly will not be too large a fund, but it will supply a constant source of income, without pressure upon anyone, and rising or falling in amount with the greater or less need of its employment. It may be supplemented, if the ratepayers so please, from the general rates; it may be supplemented from private munificence; but it will of itself secure at least a minimum of open land for the well-being of London.

Let us turn now for a moment to the more agreeable topic of the use to be made of the future open-space fund.

It goes without saying that the County Council must have power to acquire land, either by agreement or compulsorily, on the usual terms, for the purpose of maintaining and forming open spaces. Commons, where they can be found, will, of course, be preserved, and parks must be formed. These parks should supply two wants: they should be pleasant places for sitting, walking, riding, and driving; and they should be furnished with an adequate space for cricket and football. Level places must be selected for these playing-fields, and very often land which is not well suited for building may be admirable for this purpose, and may be obtained at cheap rates—for example, the great tract of marshes in the Lea valley. Where large parks cannot be made, there must be smaller garden-places, where women may, in a few minutes' walk, take their children and watch them play. Then, again, the hill-tops round London must be saved for the public; such places, for instance, as Pepys Hill, Greenwich; the

Hilly Fields, Lewisham ; Honor Oak—twenty acres in such a spot will often preserve a clear view for miles round ; and what pleasure we all derive from a wide view !—especially if our horizon is usually bounded by house-roofs. Moreover, as the winds sweep into London from the sea, and from distant wood and meadow, they kiss these hill-tops. If they encounter the smoke of chimneys on each hill they cross, their fragrance soon fades, and they are of little use to the denser parts of London. Hill-tops should on every account be saved. And besides commons, playing-fields, gardens, and hill-tops, we want broad thoroughfares lined with trees, leading from one frequented point to another, connecting together common and park and garden, and making the walk to the spot for which one is bound a pleasure, and not a toil. In this respect Continental cities set us a good example. They are not, as a rule, better provided with large open spaces ; but more trees are brought into their midst. How charming is the quarter of Paris from the Place de la Concorde to the Trocadero ! There is no great open space ; but an abundance of avenues and leafy ways. We scarcely realise that we are in a town, though we are in the heart of the second city in Europe. Special means of forming boulevards exist in the building alignments to which allusion has been made. When such means fail, the open space fund cannot be better used than in a judicious creation of broad tree-lined avenues, even at the cost of purchasing a few houses.

One word in conclusion upon the supreme importance of supplying London with open land and fresh air. We all know the story of the Indian potentate who drove from Bayswater to Mile End, and 'there was no more spirit in him' ! In this sense every Englishman is proud of London ; it is a wonderful tribute to the energy and enterprise of the nation. But, nevertheless, it is a monstrosity. Years ago Cobbett called it a wen ; and the wen has grown greatly since Cobbett's time. Life in London is an unnatural life ; it is not natural—it is not healthy for body or mind—that so many persons should be packed together on a few square miles. Look at a London crowd from the upper floor of a building, from the top of an omnibus. What white, smoke-stained faces ! The great want of London is sun and fresh air. How often when the sun is shining brightly twenty miles out of London, it is thick with fog and mist in London streets ! Where are London children to play, save in the street ? What games can they learn ? Where can they get that training in self-discipline, courage and dexterity, to which the Duke of Wellington alluded, when he said that Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton ? And all this is, to a great extent, preventible. It is not necessary that London should grow in a formless mass without design, throwing out on every side blocks of houses so thickly planted that there is no room for the sun's rays to penetrate, or for the wind to do aught

but create perilous draughts. Those who govern London in the future are responsible to see that these things no longer happen. And it is the duty of us all to press home this obligation, and to point out means by which the representatives of the community may be enabled to discharge it. Such a means, it is believed, may be provided by the special tax and the Open Space Fund which are advocated in this paper.

ROBERT HUNTER.

PASQUALE DE PAOLI: A STUDY

THE Emperor Napoleon the First was for three years of his life a British subject, from 1794 to 1797, when King George the Third of England was also King of Corsica. This addition to the British crown was the work of a remarkable triumvirate, of whom Nelson was the fighter, Elliot the diplomatist, and Pasquale de Paoli the prompter, and, in the end, the betrayer. The project of conquest had for some time been in the air, but it was Paoli who at last persuaded the king and the Toulon Commission to risk an expedition. His motives for doing so were not, strictly speaking, patriotic, for at the time that he called in English aid he was himself in direst need, and to interpose a line of British bayonets between himself and the guillotine was quite as much his object as to secure for his countrymen the benefits of trial by jury.

Pasquale de Paoli was born in 1726. He was the son of the Marquis Hyacinthe de Paoli, a gentleman whose turbulence went so far beyond the usual Corsican impatience of law that, besides maintaining a fierce vendetta all his life with the Marquis Matra, he set on foot a rebellion against the Genoese—who then ruled in Corsica—and succeeded in driving out their garrison. What to do next was not easy to settle, but Paoli ended by inviting a Bavarian baron of the name of Neuhoﬀ to be king of Corsica. The baron, nothing loth, proclaimed himself as King Theodore. He tried to get over the difficulty of the rival factions among his subjects by appointing Paoli and his enemy, the Marquis Matra, twin prime ministers. But this did not quite suit Corsican ideas, and as the baron had no money, and could not get himself recognised by the Powers, he found it as well to abdicate and leave his country to the mercy of the Genoese. They promptly re-entered, and Paoli, with his son Pasquale, fled to Naples, where he died.

Pasquale grew up at the court of Naples, where he studied men and manners, and learned all there was to learn at the university. But he never forgot Corsica, and, in 1755, he sailed with a few friends for the land of his birth, and once more called the people to arms. He succeeded. He was a cleverer man than his father, more fervid and less quarrelsome, and, besides, he knew what he

wanted, and was wise enough to cut off the Matras, root and branch, before proceeding to more serious measures. Twin dictatorships were not to Pasquale's taste : neither was he so weak as to call in a foreign king, as his father had done. The Matras, having been piously exterminated, and the Genoese driven out, Paoli made himself dictator of Corsica, and remained so for fourteen years. At the end of this time Corsica changed hands, and the French sent in troops to restore order. Paoli had never had much of an army : his navy was his great strength. He accordingly gave in without a struggle and sailed for Leghorn, where the English consul received him with almost royal honours.

It would have been difficult to receive him in any other way. Though his invasion of Corsica was nothing more than a buccaneering raid, yet for fourteen years he had been a king in all but the name. His government, in a way, had been recognised by the great Powers, and he had undoubtedly used his power well. He had reduced the taxes, he had turned a motley band of smugglers and privateers into a nimble and obedient fleet, and he allowed nobody but himself to enjoy the luxury of a vendetta. At the same time he was wise enough not to excite envy by the assumption of a title, and remained plain Pasquale de Paoli. In private life his dress and habits were of the simplest ; he held no court, and appointed no officers of State. The great seal of Corsica was kept in a cupboard, and when it was wanted Paoli would send a little boy to fetch it. This pastoral simplicity, allied with so much real power, enchanted Boswell, who travelled in Corsica about that time. 'I could have fancied myself in the land of Cincinnatus,' he wrote. And Boswell was not Paoli's only admirer. He pleased other and more discerning critics. Alfieri was struck with his resemblance to patriots of the classic type, and dedicated to him the tragedy of *Timoleone*.

He came to London, and ten days after his arrival was presented to the king. The next day the Duke of Grafton, then prime minister, called on him at his lodgings in Old Bond Street. A pension of 1,200*l.* a year was conferred on him, and he was elected a member of Dr. Johnson's club. Pensioned and fêted, the corsair subsided into the diner-out.

Twenty years rolled pleasantly by ; but when the French Revolution broke out, Paoli astonished his friends by suddenly starting for Corsica. Upon a motion in the French National Assembly, seconded by Mirabeau, martial law was suspended in Corsica and a constitution granted. Paoli was elected to the National Assembly and took his seat, resolved, if possible, to play in Paris the part he had so long presented on the minor stage of Corsica. It was daring, but it was not well judged. He was now sixty-four, a man of another time, and it was not given to such as he to ride on the whirlwind of the French Revolution. His old-world notions of king and Church

only made men impatient; the stately periods and measured eloquence of his speeches produced no effect, beside the mad harangues of men who might have been his grandchildren. His anger and alarm rose daily, and as he was no coward it soon became known that he was heartily disgusted with what he saw and heard. There could be but one result to this. In the summer of 1792 he fled for his life. He reached Corsica in safety. The French Government sent and demanded his head, but in doing this they overreached themselves. In Corsica Paoli was at home. He convened a general assembly of his countrymen, and placed himself in their hands.

The people answered once more to his call. They rose as one man, even the priests bearing arms, drove the Republican troops from the open country, and shut them up in the three seaport towns of S. Fiorenzo, Bastia and Calvi. Paoli was too sagacious to be blinded by a first success. He had not ruled Corsica for fourteen years without finding out what his countrymen could do and what they could not. They were good for a spurt—none better—or they could maintain a guerilla war: Corsica, like Spain, though easy to overrun, was hard to conquer. But regular warfare he knew to be beyond them; they were too few and too impatient of discipline. He was trapped. There was yet time to save himself by flight: but if he stood his ground there was but one course open to him—he must find a powerful ally.

It was now November 1793. A British fleet of fourteen sail was anchored in the Bay of Hyères, only a few hours' sail from Corsica; and officers and men were all thirsting for another fight with the French. There were 2,000 regulars on board under the command of General O'Hara, afterwards Governor of Gibraltar. The fleet was commanded by Lord Hood, and had been despatched to Toulon for the purpose of seizing the town and proclaiming Louis the Seventeenth. After the capture of Toulon, Sir Gilbert Elliot, the civil member of the Commission, organised a sort of government in the name of Louis the Seventeenth with so much success that 'Monsieur'—afterwards Louis the Eighteenth—proposed to assume in state the title of Regent of France on the strength of it. Elliot did not at once assent, thinking it a little premature, but he managed to sustain his government in spite of a besieging force of Republican troops until Napoleon Buonaparte took charge of their batteries. The young gunner, then twenty-four years old, speedily drove out the English. Four thousand of the inhabitants fled from his vengeance and followed Elliot aboard.

As there was clearly nothing more to be done at Toulon, Hood now bethought himself of an invitation he had received in the preceding September. Pasquale de Paoli had written him a letter imploring him to come and conquer Corsica for King George. He

was glad to have it now: it gave him one more chance of a fight. Though over seventy he had all the ardour of forty-five, and he was chafing under his defeat. As for Nelson, who commanded the 'Agamemnon,' a sixty-four, under him, he was overjoyed, and Elliot favoured the plan also, though not for the same reasons. He was not a fighter, but he had 4,000 Frenchmen to feed, and they were costing 150*l.* a day out of the scanty funds at his disposal.

The two remaining commissioners therefore recommended Paoli's plan to the home authorities, and asked for instructions. The king was quite willing that Corsica should be conquered for him, but as for instructions none could be given. Mr. Dundas thought that, under the circumstances, Sir Gilbert probably knew more about Corsica than he could tell him, and said so in effect, with many flattering expressions of the king's confidence in Elliot's discretion. Sir Gilbert then sailed for Corsica and found that Paoli, though an outlaw from France and actually under sentence of death, was, for the moment, master of the island. He had been again voted dictator, and formally empowered to pledge his countrymen in any way he chose. Never was a man more completely in possession of the hearts and minds of a whole people. An absence of twenty years had not diminished their adoration for him. He was still, literally, their idol. They kissed his portrait when they saw it, and went on their knees even for this act of devotion. To secure Paoli's support was, therefore, to secure the support of all Corsicans. But there was some danger in an ally so powerful; and when he proposed that Elliot should direct the forces of the Commission to erecting Corsica into an independent country under British protection, he flatly declined; such a course would merely mean that England was to conquer Corsica for Paoli's benefit. The dictator then disclaimed any personal ambition, and proposed that Corsica should be added to the domains of the British Crown. Had this been his first suggestion it is probable that Elliot would have accepted it unconditionally. But the few days' negotiations had aroused his suspicions, and he now demanded from Paoli the assurance that once the conquest effected, he (Paoli) would retire from political life altogether. This condition was afterwards much dwelt on by the disloyal and meddling officers who did their best to ruin Elliot, as evidence of his harsh and overbearing nature. But the very events on which they founded their accusations proved that it was but an act of the simplest wisdom, the very least precaution that a wise negotiator could take in dealing with an ambitious, unscrupulous nature. Paoli hesitated. It was not true that he had no personal ambition; in fact, he had no desire left except to gratify his ambition, and if he kept the pledge Elliot required him to give, he must retire into private life, and it was not likely that, at sixty-six, he would have many more chances of distinction. On the other

hand, if he declined to give it, he stood between the disgrace of flight and the certainty of the guillotine, and the time for flight was fast slipping by. After all it was only a pledge, so he gave it, and the British attack on Corsica was begun forthwith.

Corsica runs out to the north in a long, narrow neck only twelve miles across. On the west side of this neck is the port of S. Fiorenzo, said by Paoli to be the most important place in the island, on the possession of which the fate of Corsica would depend. On the east side, nearly opposite to S. Fiorenzo and only twelve miles distant, was Bastia. Lord Hood took the post of honour and attacked S. Fiorenzo; Nelson was sent round to lay siege to Bastia. The troops under General Dundas, and afterwards General Abraham D'Aubant, took no part in the fighting. In vain Hood, with something of a sailor's warmth, pointed out that they were part of the forces of the Commission and ought to help in the fight. In vain Elliot, more suavely, wrote to the same effect, and appealed to the traditions of the British army. The commandant thanked them for their polite attentions, rejoined that neither the admiral nor the civil commissioner was, so far as he was aware, a professional conductor of sieges, and declined to 'entangle himself' in any operations whatever. He alone, he continued, was responsible for the troops under his command, and he proceeded to ensure their safety by cantoning them around S. Fiorenzo, from which comfortable quarter neither he nor they stirred till after the fall of Bastia.

S. Fiorenzo fell first. On the 11th of February the garrison evacuated the lines and marched unmolested past the British cantonments, across the land into Bastia.

Bastia was a strong place and Nelson's fleet was weak. His ships were undermanned, and there were not enough of them. The tackle was rotten, the rations scanty, and as the army gave him no help the only forces available to complete the blockade on the land side were the Corsicans. Afloat or ashore they were lukewarm allies, and gave many a helping hand to the French. Moreover the garrison, commanded by General Gentili, was strong. Against these heavy odds Nelson fought with a gaiety that was infectious. 'If your Lordship will please to send me a couple of gunboats, they would be very useful this fine weather in harassing the enemy,' he wrote to Lord Hood. Then in his diary, 'When I get them, the inhabitants of Bastia sleep no more.' To his wife he wrote, 'My men behave splendidly. They are now (I may say it to you) what British sailors ought to be, perfectly invincible. I believe they mind shot no more than peas.' Once the 'Agamemnon' ran aground, and was got off, rather to Nelson's disgust, without a fight. 'I don't think they are the men to have taken the "Agamemnon,"' he wrote to his brother, 'but they behaved shamefully in not trying.'

At one of the French outposts, Maginaggio, Gentili himself was

in command. Nelson summoned the place and received for reply, 'Nous sommes républicains ; ce mot seul doit vous suffire. Ce n'est point au Maginaggio, lieu sans défense, qu'il faut vous adresser. Si vous allez à St. Florent, Bastia ou Calvi vous trouverez des soldats français qui vous répondront selon vos désirs. Quant à la troupe que je commande, elle est prête à vous montrer qu'elle est composée de soldats français.' Upon receiving this defiance, delivered from beneath a cap of liberty hoisted in the market-place, Nelson landed a party of blue-jackets and stormed the post, reserving for himself the pleasure of striking down, with his own hand, the cap of liberty.

This little success had a very good effect on his wavering allies. They tightened the blockade, and in Bastia bread rose to three francs a loaf. Once already had Nelson's bombardment nearly brought about a capitulation, and on the night of the 12th of May his cruisers captured a small boat trying to run his blockade. Among the prisoners was the brother of the Commandant, who, however, before his capture dropped overboard the despatches he was charged with. But the tide was unfriendly and floated them to Nelson the next morning. From them he learned that Bastia was starving. Seven days later Gentili surrendered.

Early in June, eager to get at the next piece of fighting, Nelson sailed for Calvi. In this siege the navy was supported by the army, now commanded by Sir Charles Stuart, an officer who, at any rate, was fond of fighting. It was not too much help. The sun, which had been genial in February, and fierce in June, was deadly in August. All around the town lay marshy land, and in one fortnight of the siege the English lost 1,500 men with fever. The work, too, was very heavy. 'By computation to this night,' wrote Nelson on the 13th of July, 'we may be supposed to have dragged one 26-pounder, with its ammunition and every requisite for making a battery, upwards of eighty miles, seventeen of which were up a very steep mountain.'

When the siege had already lasted a month, five out of six guns in the advanced battery were knocked to pieces in a night. Hood was prostrate with fatigue. Stuart was down with fever. Only Nelson's wiry frame could bear up against the climate and the work. 'I am here a reed among the oaks,' he said. 'I have all the diseases there are, but there is not enough in my frame for them to fasten on.' On the 12th of July a ricochet shot drove some sand into his eye and blinded him. 'I got a slap in the face the other day,' he wrote, 'for which I owe the enemy one, and mean to repay them ere long.' He was soon out of their debt. Nelson, it is true, was the only officer left fit for duty on the side of the besiegers, but Nelson, even with one eye knocked out, and racked with ague, replaced them all. After three armistices Calvi surrendered, and the garrison with two guns marched out with the honours of war. If the siege had lasted

another fortnight, the French must have won; as it was, only 400 men were left fit to march in.

Before the fighting was over the civil arm had completed the annexation and proclaimed GEORGE, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, Ireland and Corsica, King.

After his bargain with Paoli at Murato, Elliot travelled on to Corte, a village in the centre of the island and, although containing no more than 2,000 inhabitants, the capital of Corsica. The General Assembly was summoned, and met in June. Its first measure was to formally recite the iniquities of the French, and to declare the absolute and irrevocable separation of Corsica from France. The next step was to draft a constitution. This work was allotted to a protégé of Paoli's, a young man of great talent, afterwards French Ambassador at St. James's, Count Carl' Andrea Pozzo di Borgo. Born at Alala near Ajaccio in 1764, he had grown up in the intimacy of a family of boys somewhat younger than himself—the Buonapartes. The ambition of every young Corsican of that time extended no further than to serve Paoli, and when the deliverer reappeared after an absence of twenty years and, passing over the two older Buonapartes, already young men, chose as his associate the soberer and maturer Pozzo di Borgo, Napoleon's wrath and jealousy knew no bounds. When Pozzo stood as municipal councillor for Ajaccio, Napoleon stood against him. Pozzo was likely to win, for he spoke well, and Napoleon was always a poor orator. But these advantages weighed nothing against the younger man's impetuous resolve. Discarding the constitutional forms of an election, he cut short Pozzo's chances by having him pulled off the platform by his legs. Napoleon won the election, but he made of Pozzo a lifelong enemy. He himself soon tired of Corsican politics; he plotted to restore the sway of France, was detected and fled for his life. He entered the army of the Republic and left the parish politics of his native country to Pozzo di Borgo.

Pozzo, then, as secretary to the General Assembly, drafted the Constitution of Corsica. It provided for an elective assembly, trial by jury, and toleration of all creeds. It contained a civil and criminal code, and established the dynasty of George the Third. It contained some curious provisions, one being a fine of 200 francs for a member of parliament neglecting to attend the session when duly summoned, and also fixed the quorum for Government business at the very high percentage of one-half of a house of 200 members.¹

The Constitution was read three times in the General Assembly, and passed on the 21st of June, 1794. Paoli was hailed the father of his country, and a marble bust was voted to him. The crown was offered to Elliot, who accepted it in the king's name, and the Assembly then broke up until the first election.

¹ *Costituzione del Regno di Corsica*, Tit. iv., Art. 2.

Under the Constitution the king's power was to be exercised by a viceroy, resident in Corsica, and the question every Corsican was now asking himself and his neighbour was, who would the viceroy be? Paoli was eager to get the appointment for himself, and was plotting to secure his nomination in direct breach of his pledged word to Elliot. Although he had made several attempts to re-enter public life, he had hitherto been thwarted by Elliot's intimation that if he persisted, the English troops should be at once withdrawn. There does not appear to be any excuse for Paoli's conduct. There was nothing in the pledge that Elliot exacted that was dishonourable, and it had been given as the consideration for help that saved Paoli from the necessity of choosing between a dishonourable flight and the guillotine. But his restless, grasping spirit could not endure that anyone but himself should wield power in the land where he had so long been supreme. In six months he had forgotten the straits from which he had been delivered and was deep in the plot to overturn Elliot.

He had not a great following at first. The Corsicans, though not conspicuous among nations for steadfastness, were not as yet capable of such agile perfidy as their leader. But Paoli's influence was considerable, and when the General Assembly broke up and Paoli went to the hills to take the waters Elliot thought it as well to follow him.

They stayed together in the convent of Orezza. It was quite impossible to concert any plans with Paoli, whose ideas of business, even when he was honest, were loose and wandering; but Elliot and he had many long and outwardly friendly talks in the long, cool corridors of the convent, while the last shells were bursting in Calvi.

Corsica was further from London then than India is now, and the appointment of viceroy was not a matter to be hurried, so Paoli's suspense lasted a long time. In October it was at last put an end to: Elliot was appointed.

The post of Viceroy of Corsica was a great one, being at that time certainly the most considerable in the British Empire after Ireland and Bengal, and the salary was fixed at 8,000*l.* a year. Elliot had recommended that it should be bestowed on some great English noble: the Duke of Northumberland being suggested. The only course that he had strenuously deprecated was the appointment of any Corsican; inasmuch as, after the first term had expired, every Corsican gentleman who was not appointed in succession would consider himself personally affronted. Paoli's services were, at the same time, recognised in the most flattering manner. A pension of 1,000*l.* a year was bestowed on him, and the king sent him his portrait set in brilliants and hung on a gold chain, as a mark of his personal regard. This was the first time that George the Third had shown so great a mark of his favour to any one not royal, and if anything

could have soothed Paoli's wounded vanity it should have been these great attentions. They were conveyed by the viceroy himself, with that prompt courtesy and geniality from which not even the certain conviction of Paoli's treachery could persuade him to depart.

But Paoli was mad with jealousy and spite. He now threw off the mask completely. He retired to Rostino, his birthplace, a small town to the north of Bastia, and founded a cave of Adullam there. He entered into correspondence with the French, so lately his bitterest enemies, and dubbed himself 'citoyen.'

The viceroy of Corsica had his hands full. The island had only 200,000 inhabitants, and was surrounded by enemies. France, of course, was hostile, Genoa claimed the island, and so did the Pope. The furious hatred of the Barbary States, who were at that time all-powerful in the Mediterranean, nearly ruined the Corsican fisheries, and sometimes threatened to culminate in an invasion. This was on account of the national flag, a Moor's head on a silver field; and Elliot thought it politic to change the flag and add a motto from Dante, symbolic of the British alliance. But this was an unfortunate miscalculation. The Corsicans had no particular reverence for their national flag, and knew nothing of Dante, but they cordially detested their enemies. Their coral trade, which the Barbary corsairs half ruined, was certainly very lucrative, but they preferred that it should pay them less, and bring them the chance of a fight now and then. The change of the flag, therefore, produced an unfortunate effect of weakness. Moreover, it entirely failed in its object, for the British Treasury had to find 40,000*l.* as ransom for the Corsicans taken captive during the brief period of our rule.

A similar blunder was made when Parliament was summoned at Bastia instead of Corte. Bastia was a large and important town, with 14,000 inhabitants, and was far more convenient than Corte; but the inconvenience of close quarters was not of the kind likely to be much felt by Corsican members of Parliament.

On the other hand, Corte was the ancient capital; and for the Corsicans, a pastoral and half-civilised people, impatient of change, that was everything.

The pretensions of Genoa to the sovereignty of Corsica might be considered as merged in those of France; for the Serene Republic was already occupied by the French. The Papal claims were more serious; not because they had more foundation, but because Elliot wanted Pius the Sixth to help in re-establishing the Corsican Church—a delicate task for a Protestant viceroy. The claim seems to have been put forward chiefly with the object of opening diplomatic relations with St. James's. However, the difficulties were all surmounted, and the Primate of Corsica presided in the second Corsican Parliament.

In the meantime the army and navy, after the great exertions they had gone through, were in an unpleasant state of depression.

Of the army, only 1,000 men were fit for duty, and Elliot congratulated himself that there were so many. But the fleet, which had taken the lion's share of the fighting, was even worse off. The crews were 2,000 men short. They were positively using condemned sails and cordage, and the vessels were unfit to fight or even to leave harbour. A naval engagement or a gale would have left Corsica defenceless. It was in vain that Elliot asked for more ships and men; he could get none; nor could he even get gunpowder; but had to procure it in dribblets from Leghorn or Naples, as best he could.

Perhaps in their entire ignorance of continental politics the home authorities might be excused for thinking that Nelson and Moore with fourteen sail of the line and 1,000 regulars were fit to cope with any army or navy likely to be sent against them. Such a force could not be thought contemptible, though certainly inadequate. At the same time, Elliot's errors of administration were not in themselves mistakes of a fatal kind, and could have been easily remedied. They were amiable mistakes of the kind often made by the English in like cases—giving the people improvements that we think they ought to want rather than those they really do want.

What ruined the English rule in Corsica was not the weakness of the army, not the faults of the administration, but the persistent malignity of Pasquale de Paoli. After having, in the most solemn manner, pledged his word to Elliot to support his administration, he no sooner learnt that he was not to be viceroy, than he sought our ruin by every means in his power—not stopping short of the foulest.

No man was too lowly for him to win, no man too lofty for his matchless powers of intrigue to corrupt. He promised every man his heart's desire could he but get back to power. Every corporal was to be a colonel, every shepherd a privy councillor; but nothing could be done until Elliot was got rid of. Every day, therefore, he sent forth a fresh crop of libels from Rostino. When parliament was summoned to meet at Bastia, this was an insult to the noble old capital Corte. The king's portrait, through whose fault it never transpired, was lost on the journey. Forthwith Paoli proclaimed that the grasping viceroy had pocketed it for the sake of the diamonds. No slander was too foul or too ridiculous for him to repeat, and his agents industriously whispered them in London; but there they only got laughed at for their pains. In Corsica, however, it was no laughing matter, as Elliot soon found. In six months the Adullamites numbered half the population; in a year Pozzo di Borgo could not venture forth unguarded, the king's writ could not run, and acts of parliament were publicly burned. The climax was reached in August 1795. At Ajaccio the viceroy gave a ball, the preparations for which were left in the hands of Simon Colonna, a young Corsican

noble and aide-de-camp to the viceroy. It passed off successfully, but a few days later a petition was put into the viceroy's hands which, besides the usual seditious nonsense manufactured at Rostino by Paoli's own hands, contained the remarkable statement that 'the wicked Simon Colonna has had the audaciousness to lay his parricidal hands on the most respectable statue of the common father of the country.'²

The viceroy's camp was hardly safe from insult; the whole country-side rang with the news that Simon Colonna, some said Pozzo di Borgo, some even said the viceroy himself, had publicly dashed Paoli's statue to the ground. As Elliot had recently, with great pomp and ceremony, unveiled the marble bust to Paoli that the General Assembly had voted him, he felt this to be a particularly unhandsome slander. He returned to Ajaccio, and proceeded to the ball-room where, sure enough, there was a bust of Paoli; not, however, dashed to the ground, but on a pedestal, and showing no signs of violence. The microscope disclosed no injuries to the bust except a piece gone from the back of the head about the size of a sixpenny-bit, and one, rather smaller, from the nose. It was true that Simon Colonna had put his hands on the bust; he had moved it from the ball-room, where it was not safe, to a room behind, where it was. All this the patient viceroy detailed at great length to the Duke of Portland, and then he sat down to think.

It had come to this in twelve short months, that the peace of the nation hung on Paoli's words, and it was in his power to disturb it by such trifles. The viceroy must needs spend his days in corresponding with the minister over malicious absurdities that would not disturb a well-ordered nursery for five minutes. Elliot had borne much. He had endured the most cruel slanders on himself, he had endured to see his most trusty officers seduced, and even the army tampered with. As he sat down to write his resignation, Colonel Moore was actually staying at Rostino, a guest of the exulting Paoli. Elliot had laughed as long as it was possible, but now that the whole country was convulsed with a silly falsehood, it was plain that a people capable of being so moved were not only false and riotous, they must also have lost all sense of humour. Elliot therefore wrote and said that under his Majesty's command he would stay in Corsica until his successor was appointed, but he prayed to be delivered as soon as might be from 'this country of shabby politics.' However, if his Majesty approved of his work, Paoli must go, and so must Colonel Moore. Moore was the chief of the Paolist party among the English. An inquisitive and wrongheaded man, he had been foremost among the sneerers at Nelson and Hood. He carried Stuart over with him into Paoli's camp, so much so that the commander-in-chief was

² 'Lo scelerato Simone Colonna ha avuto l'ardire di porre le mani parricide nella rispettabilissima Statua del commune Padre della Patria.'

induced to dispute Elliot's right to appoint his own aides-de-camp. The letter written, Elliot let its contents be known, and, quitting his genial publicity, withdrew into a silent and haughty retirement. The effect was magical. All disturbances subsided, the flow of seditious petitions stopped, the fountain of slander ran dry. The men who had betrayed Elliot to Paoli now betrayed Paoli to Elliot, and protested they had been well-affected all along. One by one stragglers dropped off from Adullam. Even Paoli grew anxious and redoubled his attentions to the French at Genoa.

For two months this state of things lasted. The viceroy took no steps to put down the virtual insurrection of several villages; and on their part the malcontents and insurgents remained inactive. Late in September the Duke of Portland's answer reached Corsica. After what had passed it would have been painful, and perhaps hardly possible, for Elliot to meet Paoli. Frederick North, the viceroy's right-hand man, therefore invited him to the inn of Porte Novo, a few miles from Rostino. They met at nine o'clock in the morning on the 5th of October, and for six hours Paoli endeavoured to find out what was the purport of the despatch. He declaimed and gesticulated while he paced the inn, now tirading on liberty in general, and now on Corsican politics in particular. The impassive North confined himself to such trenchant questions as how Paoli justified his attempt to seduce the British troops, or his orders to the villagers of Farniola not to allow a judge appointed by Elliot to enter their village. Otherwise he did not interrupt except when Paoli referred to Elliot's government as a nest of traitors, which was a surprising comment, coming as it did from a man outlawed for treason by France and notoriously a traitor to England. At three in the afternoon Paoli took his leave, convinced that Elliot was not empowered further than to invite him to return to England.

He was joined outside by his panic-stricken suite, who had passed the long hours breakfasting in an inner room. They had cause for alarm. As the old man rode slowly home under the olive-trees they told him a story that filled him with consternation. They had been joined at breakfast by Colonel Moore. He, too, had been invited to England, but his invitation came in rougher terms than Paoli's. He was ordered to leave in twenty-four hours, the materials for his court-martial to be collected by Elliot in his absence. This was a heavy blow to Paoli, and caused a sensation throughout the island. Moore had succeeded Sir Charles Stuart as the head of the English party (the new commander-in-chief, General Trigge, not having a turn for intrigue). If he was thus publicly disgraced, what measures might not Elliot be empowered to take against Paoli? As a matter of fact, Elliot was not empowered to take any, or to do more than invite him to go to England; but North had been mysterious and silent, and on the whole he thought it best not to let the day of

grace pass by. His letter, accepting the king's invitation, reached the viceroy just as he and North had written the orders to the troops to advance on the disturbed districts. These orders would now happily be unnecessary. In one of the viceroy's own carriages, and attended by the viceroy's aide-de-camp, Pasquale de Paoli travelled to S. Fiorenzo and embarked with full military honours. True to the last to his habits, he made a speech from the plank joining boat and shore. He was going, he said, to lay the grievances of the Corsican people at the foot of the throne. Elliot would be removed, and he himself would return in the spring with Stuart, who had been so long working for Corsica in London. The last sentence was a pure fabrication. Stuart, though a good soldier, was narrow and prejudiced. He disliked Elliot and showed his dislike unwisely; but he was a gentleman and not a spy.

Elliot wrote of Paoli: 'He is more regardless of truth than any man I ever met with. He seems totally incapable of truth, honour, or good sense, even in those actions which are useful.' Pasquale de Paoli was treated most indulgently. His pension was continued to him, and he lived a retired life till 1807. He was buried in St. Pancras cemetery, whence his remains were removed to Corsica with some ceremony in the summer of 1889. A bust by Flaxman was put up to his memory in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey.

Moore, on the other hand, was refused his travelling allowance, which amounted to 113*l.*, but he was too good an officer to be spared long. Soon after his disgrace he was made Governor of Jamaica. He commanded a division in the Peninsula, and earned by his one battle of Corunna a fame second in most English ears to the Duke of Wellington's only. An elaborate monument, representing his burial, was erected to his memory by the south door of St. Paul's Cathedral.

In Corsica matters were improved by the removal of the two conspirators. Parliament met for the second and last time, and passed, among other useful measures, an Act abolishing Trial by Jury, with the following frank preamble: '*Considerando che l'istituzione del Giurato ha favorita fin' ora l'impunità dei delitti.*' The fable of the broken bust died a natural death, and though secret sedition was rife, the land was outwardly at peace with its rulers. If the Ministry had at this juncture realised the potential importance of this stronghold placed between France and Italy, the history of the next twenty years might have been changed. A small army in the island, and a strong fleet under Nelson commanding the open sea, would have been formidable obstacles to the conquest of Italy. But it was not to be.

Elliot stood despairingly to his post, but on this expedition, while the civil arm was directed by a firm and sagacious statesman, and the fleet was commanded by such as Hood and Nelson, it was the fate of

the army to be led first by Dundas, who would not fight; then by D'Aubant, who would not fight; then by Stuart, who fought well, it is true, but did his best to rob England of the fruits of his victory; and finally by Trigge, who also would not fight. In March 1796 there were disturbances in the south of the island. The troops sent to deal with them were too few; the insurrection spread, and when Trigge was ordered to suppress it he refused to march; when urged, he resigned the command. A substitute was found in Colonel Villettes, who at Elliot's urgent summons hurried home from Venice, where he was on sick leave. On the 20th of May the viceroy took the field and camped the first night at Vivario, fifteen miles out of Corte. With the first streak of dawn came a messenger bearing the news that hardly had the King's troops left the capital when the convent bell of Orezza rang to arms. All that day it rang, and all the night; the messenger had with difficulty found his way through the bands of insurgents who were pouring down from the hills and had invested the capital. Villettes pushed on, keeping ahead of the news of the revolt, reduced the rebels at Bogognano, and then turned back to Corte. He relieved the blockade, and the rebels, 700 or 800 strong, took up a position at Bistuglio. They demanded that all taxes should be repealed, and that Pozzo di Borgo and the other ministers who remained faithful to the English should be dismissed. To accept such terms was to reduce the English rule to an absurdity. But to refuse them would only have brought about useless bloodshed; and, as Elliot was now sure that the Ministry did not mean to support him, he accepted.

It was indeed high time for us to go if we did not mean to hold our own by force of arms. In July, 1796, the Duke of Portland wrote: 'In the present state of Europe there is not a possibility of adding a single man to the strength of your army,' and by the next mail the 100th Regiment, still 800 strong, was ordered from Corsica to Gibraltar, a measure which left the viceroy almost defenceless. For a month past he had had to send his letters to England by Barcelona, the route by Ancona being closed by the French troops. Naples was the only port friendly to us in the Mediterranean. Spain was on the brink of declaring war, and the Spanish and French fleets united would number forty sail to our fourteen. Genoa fired on our flag, and the Holy See, having secured the re-establishment of the Corsican hierarchy, now looked coldly on the English. It must have been with a sense of relief from a hopeless and thankless task that Elliot received, late in September, his orders to evacuate Corsica. Within a month the English were gone. By a cruel irony of fate it was Nelson who was directed to superintend the evacuation.

To the Corsicans who remained to the last, true to King George an asylum was offered either in Canada or the Bermudas, but the suggestion was coldly received. For Pozzo di Borgo, whose private

means were only 30*l.* or 40*l.* a year, and who had carried his life in his hands for years in our service, Elliot tried, unsuccessfully, to get a pension of 300*l.* a year.

After many years, passed in vain but ceaseless plotting against Napoleon, he at length struck a blow at his power which avenged him for the day when Napoleon had him pulled off the hustings by his legs. The defection of Bernadotte was solely the work of Pozzo di Borgo. He entered Paris with the allies, and was afterwards made French Ambassador at St. James's. He died at Paris in 1842.

Elliot was granted a peerage for his services. He died in 1814, and was buried in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey.

WALIER FREWEN LORD.

THE INDUSTRIES OF ANCIENT INDIA

It is an admitted fact that in this world there is no such thing as an unmixed evil. The caste system of India may be cited as an illustration. Orientalists and Sanskrit scholars, imbued with Occidental ideas and culture, have deplored the hard-and-fast lines drawn by relentless caste, and the adamant wall of separation it has created between the Brahmans and Kshatriyas on the one hand, and the multifarious castes practising the numerous professions of a civilised nation. It is no doubt true that genius was impossible; that no great names like Michael Angelo and Raphael sprang from among the middle classes of people and having attained to the highest distinction in the land, have been handed down to us in the history of the Hindu nation. The artisan classes being held in servitude and bondage by the monopolists of learning and honour, they did not care to conceive a bold idea or to transgress the fixed rules of their art.

The high standard of excellence the Hindus had reached in the arts and manufactures, centuries before other nations on the earth had awaked to the call of civilisation, still excites the admiration of the world. The products of their skill were appreciated in the court of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid in Bagdad, and the rich silks, brocades, and jewellery of the far East amazed the great Charlemagne and his rude barons. If, it is argued, the Hindus had greater stimulus to exertion in the attainment of distinction and fame—which, however, was impossible to any but the priestly and kingly castes—the arts and manufactures would have been carried to a still higher state of excellence by the conception of grander ideals, by mechanical inventions, and maritime discoveries, and progress in the arts, sculpture, and architecture.

It must not be forgotten, on the other hand, that it is the self-same caste system that has given the best scope for the hereditary development of faculties and organs necessary for the performance of such delicate operations as are essential in many of the highly praised Indian manufactures. It is the experience of centuries that has caused the artisan classes of India to acquire that wonderful skill and facility of workmanship which characterises every branch of Indian industry. It must not be forgotten that centuries of priestly supremacy, and

uninquiring obedience to the dictates of that class, have reconciled the artisans to their degraded lot. In Hindu society, as it was constituted, it was impossible for an artisan to try to better his social position, and this impossibility gradually came to be looked upon as Divine law—an idea which prevails largely even to the present day.

It is my aim in the short space of this paper to attempt to show the progress the ancient Hindus had made in the industrial arts. In these days, when the cry of technical education is heard everywhere, and when technical education is considered a proper remedy for the growing over-population of India, it might not be uninteresting to institute an inquiry into the past history of the Indian arts and manufactures.

It is well known that India is especially an agricultural country. Four thousand years ago, when the Aryans first invaded India and occupied it, their chief industry, as it has been of every race emerging into civilisation, was agriculture. With the growth of the opulent kingdoms of Magadha, Kosala, Videha, &c., on the fertile banks of the Ganges, and the spread of civilisation and wealth, a taste for the comforts and luxuries of life arose, which, following the broad rule of supply and demand, gave an impetus to the industrial arts. This state of things continued down to the appearance of Gautama Buddha, who revolutionised society with his principles of liberty, equality and fraternity.

The period of the Buddhist supremacy in India, and the few centuries following it down to the Mahomedan conquest, were fruitful of various improvements in the several arts. In fact, it was at this period that the industrial arts reached their highest state of excellence.

The Mahomedan conquest of India, the absence of any security of life and property in those troublous times, the constant internecine wars and foreign invasions by bold and unscrupulous adventurers and marauders, threw a gloom over the country and paralysed all industry. The trodden-down Hindus never thought of regaining their pristine glory, and the Indian industries came to be neglected. Agriculture again became their chief occupation.

A century previous there were numerous checks to over-population, which no longer, thanks to the British Government, exist. Famine, pestilence, war, robbers and dacoits, wild beasts, fierce invaders, internal jealousy, all combined together to keep population under proper check. These causes have now long since ceased to act. Population has gone on increasing. But in the case of a people living solely by agriculture, the progress of the latter ought to have gone on hand in hand with that of the former. A century of beneficent British rule has already created a large class of people—according to Sir W. W. Hunter, 'about 24,000,000, including women and children—who go through their lives in a state of chronic hunger.'

The problem of providing sufficient food supply for the growing population of India is therefore a very serious one, and deserving of the early attention of the rulers and the ruled.

Numerous remedies have been proposed for alleviating this growing danger, emigration into less densely peopled tracts and technical education being the most important. The first of these cannot be a permanent remedy, as the same problem will arise a few years hence.

Technical education presupposes a flourishing condition of the industrial classes. As the Government of India, in its resolution on technical education, remarks, 'It would be premature to establish technical schools on such a scale as in European countries, and thereby aggravate the present difficulties by adding to the educated unemployed a new class of professional men for whom there is no commercial demand.' It is therefore evident that the progress of industrialism in India, the revival of those ancient industries the products of which have been, and still are, the admiration of the world, and the working up of the material resources of India—a land famous for its fabulous mineral treasures from the earliest times, appear to be the only permanent solution of the over-population problem.

As already noted, agriculture was the main industry of the ancient Aryans. In fact the word 'Arya' itself means 'to cultivate.' Professor Max Muller is of opinion that 'this word was invented in the primeval home of the Aryans in Central Asia, to indicate their partiality to cultivation, as distinguished from the nomadic habits of the Turanians, whose name indicates their rapid journeys or the fleetness of their horses.' Another remarkable fact that has to be noted in connection with the cultivation of those ancient days is that horses were used for drawing the plough—a custom still common in Europe, though not in India, at the present day.

From numerous passages in the 'Rig Veda' it would appear that many arts were carried to a high state of excellence. The art of weaving was practised by deft female fingers. From numerous allusions to the construction of carts and chariots, boats and ships, it can be concluded that carpentry had made considerable progress. The use of gold, silver, iron, and other metals appears to have been not unknown in the Vedic times.

The description of the arms and accoutrements used in war, of various gold ornaments and iron utensils, which is dispersed throughout the 'Rig Veda,' gives a high idea of working in metals, as practised in those days. We read of the golden helmets, of armour for the shoulders and arms, of swords and battle-axes, of bows, quivers and arrows, and of mailed armour worn by the warriors. Horses with golden caparisons, necklaces, golden breastplates, bracelets and anklets, and golden crowns are also mentioned. These argue a

considerable degree of excellence in the manufactures. We also read of iron towers, of stone-built towers, and of mansions with a thousand pillars, from which it would appear that the art of building had long since passed the initial stage of rude huts and cottages.

In the 'Yajur Veda,' the composition of a later period, depicting the society that flourished about twelve centuries B.C., we meet with the names of various professions, such as chariot-makers, carpenters, potters, jewellers, cultivators, arrow-makers, bow-makers, painters, engravers, dyers, tanners, wig-makers, goldsmiths, &c. When we remember that at this period powerful civilised kingdoms flourished at *Hastinapura* and *Azodhya*, and the various wants of a civilised society had to be supplied, we can easily understand to what degree of excellence the various classes of manufactures were carried in those days.

Coming nearer to the commencement of the Christian era, we have the impartial and unimpeachable testimony of the Greek ambassador *Megasthenes*, at the court of *Chandragupta* in *Pataliputra*, the ancient *Patna*, in the fourth century B.C. Residing in the royal court of the greatest sovereign of India at that time, between 317 and 312 B.C., *Megasthenes* had splendid opportunities of acquainting himself with the civilisation of the Hindus. From the writings of this intelligent and observant foreigner we learn that the arts and manufactures had been carried to a high state of excellence. Speaking of the Indians, *Megasthenes* says that they 'were skilled in the arts, as might be expected of men who inhale a pure air and drink the very finest water.' Again, regarding the soil, he says it has 'under ground numerous veins of all sorts of metals, for it contains much gold and silver, and copper and iron in no small quantity, and even tin and other metals, which are employed in making articles of use and ornaments, as well as the implements of war.' The Hindus have always been notorious for their love of finery and ornament, and the ingenuity of the silversmiths, goldsmiths, &c., was called into requisition to produce robes 'worked in gold and ornamented with precious stones,' and 'flowered garments made of the finest muslin.' We also read of adornments of silver and gold for horses and elephants, of vessels of gold, silver and copper, of large basins and goblets, of tables, chairs of state, of drinking cups and lavers of Indian copper, 'most of which are set with precious stones, as emeralds, beryls, and Indian carbuncles.'

Artisans, according to *Megasthenes*, were specially protected by the legislature, and this accounts for the excellent manufactures. 'Of the artisans, some are armourers, while others make the implements which husbandmen and others find useful in their different callings. This class is not only exempted from paying taxes, but even receives maintenance from the royal exchequer.' We are also told, by the same authority, 'that he who caused an artisan to lose his eye or hand was punished with death.' The supervision of the manu-

factures of the country was a sufficiently important factor of the administration to require the appointment of a separate body of officials.

The next foreigners to whom we shall turn for information on the subject of the industries of ancient India are the Chinese pilgrims, whom reverence for their religion, a spirit of adventure, and a desire to obtain copies of the sacred book of Buddhism, stimulated to undertake a journey to the home of the religion of 'mercy and charity, truth and purity, kindness and goodness.' Fa Hian came to India about 400 A.D. The palaces, *viharas* or monasteries, temples and other edifices, which luxury and a love of show or religion had called into existence during the time of the Buddhistic supremacy in India, excited the admiration of the Chinese pilgrim, who is inclined to attribute some of them to superhuman exertion. 'In the city (Pataliputra) is the royal palace, the different parts of which he (Asoka) commissioned the genii to construct by piling up the stones. The walls, doorways, and the sculptured designs are no human work.' His descriptions of the pomp and circumstance of processions contain mention of various manufactures similar to those that flourished in the time of Megasthenes, seven centuries previous.

The next Chinese pilgrim was Hsuen Tsang. He also mentions *sangharamas*, temples, &c., 'the towers and halls of which were of sculptured stone and carved wood.' He mentions a copper statue of Maheswara, 100 feet high. 'Its appearance is grave and majestic, and appears as though living.' 'A stone pillar, bright and shining as a mirror, its surface glistening and smooth as ice' is also mentioned. Speaking of a Buddhist sangharama near Gaya, the traveller says: 'The utmost skill of the artist has been employed; the ornamentation is in the richest colours. The statue of Buddha is cast of gold and silver, decorated with gems and precious stones.'

Architectural edifices of any note first came into existence in India at the time of the appearance and spread of Buddha's religion. The rock-cut caves and *Viharas* of Orissa and Behar are among the first attempts. About the commencement of the Christian era, between 200 B.C. and 100 A.D., the noblest works in architecture and in sculpture, such as the Ruins of Budha Gaya and Bharhut, and the Karti Vihara, appear to have been constructed. Dr. Fergusson's remarks on the subject throw great light on the state of Indian sculpture at this period. He writes:—

When Hindu sculpture first dawns upon us in the Ruin of Budha Gaya and Bharhut, B.C. 200 to 250, it is thoroughly original, absolutely without a trace of foreign influence, but quite capable of expressing its ideas, and of telling its story with a distinctness that was never surpassed—at least, in India. Some animals, such as elephants, deer, and monkeys, are better represented there than are any sculptures known in any part of the world. So, too, are some trees, and the architectural details are cut with an elegance and precision which are very admirable. The human figures, too, though very different from our standard of beauty and grace, are truthful to nature, and where grouped together combine to

express the action intended with singular felicity. For an honest, purpose-like, pre-Raphaelite kind of art, there is probably nothing much better to be found anywhere.

Later on, the Ruils surrounding the great tope of Sanchi in Bhopal, and of Amaravute, the ancient capital of the Andhra empire of Southern India, situated on the southern bank of the river Kristna, near its mouth, with their elaborate workmanship, further testify to the excellence of the architecture of the later Buddhistic period. The Viharas of Ajanta only confirm this view.

Hindu architecture, strictly so called, first makes its appearance about the fifth century A.D., at the time when Buddhism had begun to decline and Brahmanism was beginning to take its place. The original purity of the Buddhistic architecture was beginning to be lost about this time by the absence of the many higher aesthetic qualities, though very considerable vigour is evinced by these works, and a rich effect is produced by the elaborate and profuse ornamentation. The earliest types of Hindu temples are to be met with in Orissa, the most celebrated of which is the great temple of Bhuvaneswura, which is supposed to have been built in the seventh century A.D. Of the elaborate carving and splendid sculpture work of these earlier temples, Dr. Fergusson speaks very highly:—

Most people would be of opinion that a building four times as large would produce a greater and more imposing effect; but this is not the way a Hindu ever looked at the matter. Infinite labour bestowed on every detail was the mode in which he thought he could render his temple most worthy of the Deity, and, whether he was right or wrong, the effect of the whole is certainly marvellously beautiful. . . . The sculpture is of a very high order.

Next, there are some excellent specimens of architecture to be met with in Bundelcund, Rajputana, the Maratha country, and Southern India. Temple building in the south did not commence till very late, at a time when the north was under Mahomedan rule. The earliest temple—that of Tanjore—was built so late as the fourteenth century A.D. Nevertheless, during these five centuries, numerous structures, bewildering in their richness, grandeur and beauty, have sprung up. Among these may be mentioned the elegant and graceful pagoda of Tanjore. The ancient and venerated temple of Chidamburam, with its *gopuras* or gateways; the elegant temple of Parvati, and the magnificent hall of 1,000 columns; the magnificent temple of Sierangam, with its fifteen elaborately carved and ornamented gateways; the great temple of Madura, with its nine *gopuras* and an elaborately sculptured hall of 1,000 columns; the celebrated shrine of Rameswaram, with its four great (though unfinished except one) *gopuras*, the glory of which consists in its corridors, which extend to a total length of 4,000 feet; and the great temple of great Conjeveram, with its large *gopuras*, a hall of 1,000 columns, some fine mantapas, and large tanks.

Speaking of the corridors of the Rameswaram temple, Dr. Fergusson says :—

No engraving can convey the impression produced by such a display of labour, when extended to an uninterrupted length of 700 feet. None of our cathedrals are more than 500 feet, and even the nave of St. Peter's is only 600 feet from the door to the apse. Here the side corridors are 700 feet long, and open into transverse galleries as rich in detail as themselves. These, with the varied devices and mode of lighting, produce an effect that is not equalled certainly anywhere in India. . . . Here we have corridors extending to 4,000 feet, carved on both sides, and in the hardest granite. It is the immensity of the labour here displayed that impresses us, much more than its quality, and that, combined with a certain picturesqueness and mystery, produce an effect which is not surpassed by any other temple in India, and by very few elsewhere.

Turning next to sculpture, testimony is not wanting to show that the Hindus had cultivated this art to a very high standard. Dr. Fergusson's opinion on the early stage of sculpture has already been quoted. The same authority speaks highly of the carving and sculpture work as exhibited in the various architectural structures in India. Regarding the Black Pagoda of Kanarak in Orissa, he says that the exterior is carved

with infinite beauty and variety on all their twelve faces, and the antefixæ at the angles and bricks are used with an elegance and judgment a true Yavana could hardly have surpassed.

Again, speaking of the gopurās of the temple at Taipatry, the same authority writes :—

The perpendicular part is covered with the most elaborate sculpture, cut with exquisite sharpness and precision in a fine, close-grained hornblende stone, and produces an effect richer on the whole, perhaps, in better taste—than anywhere else in this style.

Regarding the Kact Iswara temple in Mysore, he writes :—

From the basement to the summit it is covered with sculptures of the very best class of Indian arts, and these so arranged as not materially to interfere with the outlines of the building, while they impart to it an amount of richness only to be found among specimens of Indian art. If it were possible to illustrate this temple in anything like completeness, there is probably nothing in India which would convey a better idea of what its architects were capable of accomplishing.

Referring to some of the figures of gods and other objects of Hindu mythology depicted in the temple of Hullabid, not far from the Kact Iswara temple, he says that

some of these are carved with a minute elaboration of detail which can only be reproduced by photography, and may probably be considered as one of the most marvellous exhibitions of human labour to be found even in the patient East.

These few extracts from the work of one who has devoted his lifetime to the subject, and is ranked as a high authority, amply

show that architecture and sculpture had reached a high state of excellence among the Hindus. With the fall of the Hindu kingdoms of India the taste for temple building died out, and the art has come to be nearly forgotten.

Painting and statuary, too, were not unknown in ancient India. Though the beginning of the art of painting is lost in oblivion, it appears to have reached a state of excellence about the time of the construction of the Ajanta caves—in the fifth century A.D. The fresco painting of the Ajanta *Viharas*, particularly of No. 16, representing scenes from Gautama Buddha's life, &c., are among the best specimens of the art. 'The figures are natural and elegant, the human faces are pleasant and expressive, and convey the feelings which they are meant to convey; and the female figures are supple, light, and elegant, and have an air of softness and mild grace which mark them peculiarly Indian in style.'

The Southern Jainas have erected some colossal statues, supposed to be of one of their Rajahs. Of one of these, at Sravana Belgula, which attracted the attention of the Duke of Wellington when, as Sir Arthur Wellesley, he commanded a division at the siege of Seringapatam, a statue of 70 feet 3 inches in height, Dr. Fergusson writes: 'Nothing grander or more imposing exists anywhere out of Egypt, and even there no known statue surpasses it in height.' There are two other similar statues, 41 feet 5 inches, and 35 feet, in height, at Karkala and Yannar respectively.

From the brief survey of the industries of India which has just been taken, it will be evident that industry and enterprise were not wanting. The history of this unfortunate country shows that various causes were at work for their deterioration and downfall. When the political conditions of the people were far from safe, how could they be expected to devote any attention to the cultivation of the arts, or the development of the resources of the country? Now that the British Government has firmly established its supremacy in this land of proverbial 'wealth and importance,' and a century of British rule has conferred security of property and person to the inhabitants of this vast empire, it is time enough that the people exerted themselves a little in this direction. But every such attempt means an amount of capital which Indian capitalists are either unable or unwilling to bring into the field. The only alternative, therefore, is State aid. When the Indians are unable to help themselves even in the matter of social reform, and hundreds of memorials are being addressed to Government to interfere in the matter, it is idle to expect them to inaugurate schemes which, unaided by the State, under existing circumstances in India, must end in total failure.

MURLI MANOHAR.

Hyderabad : March 1891.

THE WILD WOMEN

No. I

AS POLITICIANS

ALL women are not always lovely, and the wild women never are. As political firebrands and moral insurgents they are specially distasteful, warring as they do against the best traditions, the holiest functions, and the sweetest qualities of their sex. Like certain 'sports' which develop hybrid characteristics, these insurgent wild women are in a sense unnatural. They have not 'bred true'—not according to the general lines on which the normal woman is constructed. There is in them a curious inversion of sex, which does not necessarily appear in the body, but is evident enough in the mind. Quite as disagreeable as the bearded chin, the bass voice, flat chest, and lean hips of a woman who has physically failed in her rightful development, the unfeminine ways and works of the wild women of politics and morals are even worse for the world in which they live. Their disdain is for the duties and limitations imposed on them by nature, their desire as impossible as that of the moth for the star. Marriage, in its old-fashioned aspect as the union of two lives, they repudiate as a one-sided tyranny; and maternity, for which, after all, women primarily exist, they regard as degradation. Their idea of freedom is their own preponderance, so that they shall do all they wish to do without let or hindrance from outside regulations or the restraints of self-discipline; their idea of morality, that men shall do nothing they choose to disallow. Their grand aim is to directly influence imperial politics, while they, and those men who uphold them, desire to shake off their own peculiar responsibilities.

Such as they are, they attract more attention than perhaps they deserve, for we believe that the great bulk of Englishwomen are absolutely sound at heart, and in no wise tainted with this pernicious craze. Yet, as young people are apt to be caught by declamation, and as false principles know how to present themselves in specious paraphrases, it is not waste of time to treat the preposterous claims put forth by the wild women as if they were really serious—as if this little knot of noisy Mænads did really threaten the stability of society and the well-being of the race.

Be it pleasant or unpleasant, it is none the less an absolute truth—the *raison d'être* of a woman is maternity. For this and this alone nature has differentiated her from man, and built her up cell by cell and organ by organ. The continuance of the race in healthy reproduction, together with the fit nourishment and care of the young after birth, is the ultimate end of woman as such; and whatever tells against these functions, and reduces either her power or her perfectness, is an offence against nature and a wrong done to society. If she chooses to decline her natural office altogether, and to dedicate to other services a life which has no sympathy with the sex of humanity, that comes into her lawful list of preferences and discords. But neither then nor while she is one with the rest, a wife and mother like others, is she free to blaspheme her assigned functions; nor to teach the young to blaspheme them; nor yet to set afoot such undertakings as shall militate against the healthy performance of her first great natural duty and her first great social obligation.

The cradle lies across the door of the polling-booth and bars the way to the senate. We can conceive nothing more disastrous to a woman in any stage of maternity, expectant or accomplished, than the heated passions and turmoil of a political contest; for we may put out of court three fallacies—that the vote, if obtained at all, is to be confined to widows and spinsters only; that enfranchised women will content themselves with the vote and not seek after active office; and that they will bring into the world of politics the sweetness and light claimed for them by their adherents, and not, on the contrary, add their own shriller excitement to the men's deeper passions. Nor must we forget that the franchise for women would not simply allow a few well-conducted, well-educated, self-respecting gentlewomen to quietly record their predilection for Liberalism or Conservatism, but would let in the far wider flood of the uneducated, the unrestrained, the irrational and emotional—those who know nothing and imagine all—those whose presence and partisanship on all public questions madden already excited men. We have no right to suppose that human nature is to be changed for our benefit, and that the influence of sex is to become a dead letter because certain among us wish it so. What has been will be again. In the mirror of the prophet, which hangs behind him, the Parisian woman of the Revolution will be repeated wherever analogous conditions exist; and to admit women into active participation in politics will certainly be to increase disorder and add fuel to the fire of strife.

We live by our ideals. Individually they may fall into the dust of disappointment, and the flower of poetic fancy may wither away into the dry grass of disillusion. Nevertheless the race goes on cherishing its ideals, without which, indeed, life would become too hard and sordid for us all. And one of these ideals in all Western

countries is the home. Home means peace. It means, too, love. Perhaps the two are synonymous. In the normal division of labour the man has the outside work to do, from governing the country to tilling the soil; the woman takes the inside, managing the family and regulating society. The more highly civilised a community is the more completely differentiated are these two functions. In the lower strata of society the women work in the fields with the men; but as yet we have not had handsome young lady cornets in the army, nor stalwart gentlemen occupied with the week's wash and Mary-maid's demands for Turk's heads and house-flannels.

Part of this ideal of home is the rest it gives the man when he returns to it after a hard day's work in the open—a hard day's struggle in the arena. Here his thoughts drift into a smoother channel, his affections have their full outlet, and to his wife and children he brings as much happiness as he receives. The darker passions which the contests of life arouse are shut out; the sweeter influences of the family, the calmer interests of the intellect, the pleasures of art and society remain. We are speaking of the ideal, to which we all in some sort aspire, and in which we believe—for others if not for ourselves. When we have come to think of it as mere moonshine we have achieved our own spiritual death; when we have acted and legislated as if it were moonshine we have decreed our national degradation.

But where will be the peace of home when women, like men, plunge into the troubled sea of active political life? Causes of disunion enough and to spare exist in modern marriage. We need not add to them. More especially we need not add to them by introducing a new and quite unnecessary wedge into brittle material of which highly strained nerves and highly developed tastes, with complexity of personal interests, have already destroyed the old cohesive quality. Imagine the home to which a weary man of business, and an ardent politician to boot, will return when his wife has promised her vote to the other side, and the house is divided against itself in very truth. Not all husbands and wives wear the same badge, and we all know miserable cases where the wife has gone directly and publicly counter to the husband. If these things are done in the green tree of restricted political action, what would happen in the dry of active political power? Women are both more extreme and more impressible than men, and the spirit which made weak girls into heroines and martyrs, honest women into the yelling *tricoteuses* of those blood-stained saturnalia of '92, still exists in the sex; and among ourselves as elsewhere.

The dissension that the exercise of this political right would bring into the home is as certain as to-morrow's sunrise. Those who refuse to see this are of the race of the wilfully blind, or of that smaller sect of enthusiasts who believe in a problematical better rather

than an established good. It is also part and parcel of the temper which desires looseness of family ties and extreme facility for divorce.

Of the wild women who make this disordering propaganda many are still Christians in some form or another—some believing that Christ was the actual living God Incarnate, others that He was a messenger from God, divinely inspired and directly appointed to teach men the way of holy living. And of His (the Master's) utterances none is more emphatic than this on marriage: 'He which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said for this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh.' Of His doctrine, nothing is more strenuously insisted on than the sweet and patient self-control which in non-essentials we call courtesy and in higher matters humility, patience, unselfishness, love. How do the women who still call themselves Christians reconcile the two positions? How can they in one breath exalt the character and the mission of Christ, and in the next deride the essential meaning of His teaching? The frank agnostic may prefer to begin from the beginning, and to examine the whole structure of society as a simple matter of evolution and experience; but these wild women are not all frank agnostics; they are rather of that curious family which thinks to hold with the hare and hunt with the hounds, changing sides according to fancy and the exigencies of the moment. But the demand for these political rights, which would prove true dragons' teeth granted, is, of all modern things, the most anti-Christian that can be named—the most destructive of home peace and conjugal union, of family solidarity and personal love.

In this last word lies the core and kernel of the whole question. This clamour for political rights is woman's confession of sexual enmity. Gloss over it as we may, it comes to this in the end. No woman who loves her husband would wish to usurp his province. It is only those whose instincts are inverted, or whose anti-sexual vanity is insatiable, who would take the political reins from the strong hands which have always held them to give them to others—weaker, less capable, and wholly unaccustomed. To women who love, their 'desire is to their husbands'; and the feeling remains as an echo in the soul when even the master voice is silent. Amongst our most renowned women are some who say with their whole heart, 'I would rather have been the wife of a great man, or the mother of a hero, than what I am—famous in my own person.' A woman's own fame is barren. It begins and ends with herself. Reflected from her husband or her son, it has in it the glory of immortality—of continuance. Sex is in circumstance as well as in body and in mind. We date from our fathers, not our mothers; and the shield they won by valour counts to us still for honour. But the miserable little mannikin who creeps to obscurity, overshadowed by his wife's glory, is as pitiful in

history as contemptible in fact. 'The husband of his wife' is no title to honour; and the best and dearest of our famous women take care that this shall not be said of them and theirs. The wild women, on the contrary, burke their husbands altogether; and even when they are not widows act as if they were.

The young who are wavering between the rampant individualism taught by the insurgent sect and the sweeter, dearer, tenderer emotions of the true woman would do well to ponder on this position. They cannot be on both sides at once. Politics or peace, the platform or the home, individualism or love, moral sterility or the rich and full and precious life of the nature we call womanly—married or single, still essentially womanly—they must take their choice which it shall be. They cannot have both. Nor can they have the ruder, rougher 'privileges' they desire in this identity of condition with man, and retain the chivalrous devotion, the admiration, and the respect of men. These are born of the very differences between the sexes. If men want the support of equality in friendship, they find that in each other; if they want the spiritual purification which goes with true and lofty love, they look for that in women. When women have become minor men they will have lost their own holding and not have gained that other.

It may be said that certain men support this movement, of whom some may be poor creatures, but others are manly and chivalrous enough. But where was the movement yet that had not its apostles together with its camp followers? Among the small section of men who uphold this new heresy many have that large carelessness of good-nature, that indifference of self-confidence, which makes the giant submit to the dwarf. 'It pleases them and does not hurt us,' they say. 'If women want the suffrage give it to them in Heaven's name. We shall always be the stronger, whether or no.' Others go in for the unworkable theory of abstract justice, independent of general expediency; and the third lot consists of those effeminated worshippers who wrap themselves round in the trailing skirts of the idol and shout for her rights, because they are not virile enough to respect their own. These are specially the men who uphold the imposture of the New Morality, which may be translated into prurience for the one part, and jealousy for the other.

The one unanswerable objection to the direct political power of woman is that grim blood-tax which they cannot pay and men must. The State can call on any man to serve under arms if need be, and that need might easily be brought about by a war voted by those who are themselves exempt from its personal consequences. It is mere 'havers,' as the Scotch say, to hold that women would necessarily be on the side of peace. Some of the worst wars with which Europe has been afflicted have been brought about by women. Was Madame de Maintenon the advocate for peace? Had the Empress Eugénie

no part in that delirious cry 'À Berlin!' which cost so much blood and treasure? Are there no Nihilists, preaching assassination and wholesale murder, to be found among young and beautiful Russian women? From the days of Judith onwards to our own has the world ever wanted for women with hearts of fire and wrists of steel, burning to avenge and self-consecrated to strike? More hysterical and still more easily excited than the mob proper, a crowd of women can be stirred by passionate appeals as willow leaves are stirred by the wind. True *moutons de Panurge*, they will follow their leader, foreseeing no consequences, conscious of no danger; and peace would be no more assured under the monstrous regimen of women than it is now. The men, however, would have to do the work which the women had cut out, and the blood-tax would be voted by those who had naught to contribute. For we put aside the childish argument, 'We send our husbands and sons,' as unworthy of serious consideration. Nor is that other answer which is meant to be parallel, 'We run as much risk in childbed as you do in battle,' of more validity. It is not women only who have family ties and personal affections. The men who fall leave men as well as women to mourn them; and women need not, if they do not wish, bear children at all. Each individual man is obliged to fight if called on by the State; no individual woman need be a wife or mother if she does not like.

Such political women as the world has seen have not all been desirable. Some have earned the blue riband of renown; but these have been women who have influenced, not ruled. The charm and grandeur of Aspasia still illumine the historic past and vivify the dead pages; but *en revanche* the silly pretensions of those Athenian woman's rights women who, under Praxagora, were going to make a new law and a new human nature, are in a manner archetypal of all that has come after. In France, where women have always had supreme influence, so that the very blood and marrow of the nation are feminine—not effeminate—the political woman has been for the most part disastrous. Some bright exceptions shine out on the other side. Agnes Sorel, like Aspasia, was one of the rare instances in history where failure in chastity did not include moral degradation nor unpatriotic self-consideration; and Joan of Arc is still a symbol for all to reverence. But of the crowd of queens and mistresses and *grandes dames* who held the strings and made kings and statesmen dance as they listed, there is scarcely one whose work was beneficent. Even Madame Roland did more harm than good when she undertook the manipulation of forces too strong for her control, too vast for her comprehension. Had there been less of the feminine element in those cataclysmic days perhaps things would not have reached the extremes they did. Had Louis had Marie Antoinette's energy, and Marie Antoinette Louis's supineness, the whole story of the Reign of Terror, Marat, Charlotte Corday, and Napoleon might never have been written.

By the very nature of things, by the inherent qualities of their sex—its virtues, defects, necessities—women are at once tyrannical and individual. In America, when they get the upper hand, they wreck the grog-shops and forbid the sale of all liquor whatever. And these women who thus destroy a man's property and ruin his fortunes in their zeal for sobriety may saturate themselves with tea, ether, or chloral, to the destruction of their health and nerves. They may resort to all sorts of perilous experiments to prevent unwelcome results;—but these are their own affairs and the men have no right to interfere.

This tyrannous temper is part of the maternal instinct which women have inherited for such countless generations. No authority in the world is so absolute, so irresponsible, as that of a mother over her young children. She can make or mar them, physically and morally, as she will—as she thinks best. Even in the most highly civilised communities, where the laws are strictest and most vigilant, she can, if she so chooses, doom them to death by her bad management, or educate them on such false lines as lead to moral depravity. By the depth and strength of the maternal instinct is the race preserved, and by this alone; and the absolute authority of the mother is the child's safest shield.

But this very characteristic is fatal to political life, to generalised justice, to the suppression of sections for the good of the whole. The political woman repudiates all this as so much paltering with the Evil One. The general good is nowhere when compared with partial inconveniences. We have seen this notably exemplified in our own generation, when excited partisanship put its hand to the plough, rooting out wise legislation on the one hand and sowing poisonous immunities on the other. And so it will ever be with women while they retain their distinctive womanly qualities.

If we imagine for a moment what the woman's vote would give, and what it would do, we shall see the inherent absurdity of the proposal. To begin with, the confining of the vote to the husbandless is, as we have said, an impossibility. If it is a right conferred by citizenship, property, and taxation, why should marriage carry with it the penalty of disfranchisement? The Married Woman's Property Act and the fact that a wife is the mistress of her own property, however acquired or conditioned, reduces this disfranchisement to an injustice as well as an absurdity. Nor, as was said, can the vote be confined to the capable and educated. All the little country shopkeepers and work-women who know nothing beyond the curate, the church, the school feast, and the last new local baby; the laundress who cannot manage her unruly half-dozen hands; the rollicking landlady, who would give her vote dead sure to the jolly candidate who drank his bottle like a man and paid for it like a prince; the widow with no more knowledge of men and life than to keep her boy like a little girl tied to

her apron-string; the 'lodger,' with her doubtful antecedents and less than doubtful profession; all the good, weak, innocent women who know no more of politics than so many doves in a cage; all the wild, excited, unreasoning women who think that vice and virtue, misery and prosperity, a new human nature and a new political economy can be made by Act of Parliament—all these sending the majority to decide on taxes, wars, treaties, international questions of difficulty and delicacy!—all these directly influencing the imperial policy of our grand old country! And the men who stand by, tongue in cheek, laughing at the sorry farce they do not take the trouble to check, or who, woman-lovers to the point of self-absorption and sexual idolatry, believe, with the women themselves, that this preponderance will really be the beginning of a new era in national virtue! And all the while these wild women and their backers shut their eyes to the contempt with which other nations would regard us. Even France, for all her feminine qualities, has not done so mad a thing as this. Even France has not proposed to enfranchise her *lionnes* and *lorettes*—to admit into the Senate the direct personal power of the courtesan. It is reserved for England—the sad-ridden England of these later days—to hear in her Parliament this proposal to be hagridden; for that is simply what it would come to. The womanly women would retire or be pushed aside by the wild women, the small but noisy section which there is yet time to ignore or to suppress.

Doubtless there are few women of anything like energy or brain power who have not felt in their own souls the ardent longing for a freer hand in life. Men as a race are the stronger and the more capable, but every man is not every woman's superior; and women of character do not find their masters at all street corners. But if they have common sense and are able to judge of general questions, and not only of individuals, they know that to upset present political conditions for the admission of a few exceptions would be as disastrous to the well-being of society as to obliterate all other distinctions of sex.

This question of woman's political power is from beginning to end a question of sex, and all that depends on sex—its moral and intellectual limitations, its emotional excesses, its personal disabilities, its social conditions. It is a question of science, as purely as the best hygienic conditions or the accurate understanding of physiology. And science is dead against it. Science knows that to admit women—that is, mothers—into the heated arena of political life would be as destructive to the physical well-being of the future generation as it would be disastrous to the good conduct of affairs in the present. And social science echoes the same thing in all that regards wives and mistresses of honest families. As for the self-complacent argument that women would moralise politics, can anyone point out

anywhere a race of women who are superior to their conditions? What is it that gives women their peculiar moral power over men but the greater purity born of their greater ignorance—their daintier refinement, because of their more restricted lives? Frankly, do young men respect most the young women who have read Juvenal and Petronius and those other classics of which their mothers, God bless them! did not know even the names, or those others whose innocent eyes have never yet been darkened or hardened by a knowledge of the shameful sins of life? When women have all in common with men will they retain aught of their distinctive beauty? Where do we find that they do? Are the women at the gin-shop bar better than the men at the gin-shop door—the field hands in sun-bonnets more satisfactory than those in brimless hats? If women are intruded into the political world with all its angry partisanship and eagerness for victory, how can they retain the ideal qualities which they have gained by a certain amount of sequestration from the madding crowd's ignoble strife? Are they alone, of all created things, uninfluenced by their environment, incapable of reversion to the lower original type? We may be sure that the world has done well for itself in the distinctions of habit that it has made in all ways between the sexes, and that those who would throw down the barriers are letting in the flood. But '*après nous le déluge!*' The wild women who would scramble for the sceptre of political sovereignty have no great regard for the future or anything else but themselves. 'Let us enjoy, no matter who suffers; crucify the old ideal, and let our children run the risk.'

These words lead us back to the centre of the moral objections against the active political woman. It may be that the Christian ideal, the Christian doctrine, is a myth and a dream from start to finish. Be it so; but if so, let it be acknowledged. If indeed those sweet and lovely virtues of patience and unselfishness are follies, let the world confess it and make no more pretence to the contrary. If, however, they still have any significance, and are held by many as of divine authority, it seems rather self-contradictory that the half of the race which can best practise them refuses to do so, and would lay the burden on the shoulders of those to whom they are not always either righteous or possible. A fighter cannot be non-resisting; but we need not all be fighters, men and women indiscriminately. The gentle response of the Jewish women to the men's prouder boast of their material advantages has always seemed to us to carry in it the very soul of womanly sweetness. 'We thank Thee, O Lord God, that Thou hast made us according to Thy will.'

Well! whether it be according to the directly spoken will of God, or according to the mysterious law of evolution, working we know not whence, tending we know not whither—let it be by religion or by nature, society or science—there stands the fact four-

square, the grand fundamental fact of humanity, difference of sex, and consequent difference of functions, virtues, qualities, and qualifications. As little as it is fitting for a man to look after the parrot and the house linen, so is it for women to assume the political power of the State. Our men are not yet at such a low ebb in brains or morals as to need dispossession; nor, *pace* our platform orators, are the wild women, though undeniably smart, of such commanding intelligence as to create a new epoch and justify a new social ordering.

By the grace of good luck the question has been shelved for the present session, but the future is ahead. And as, unfortunately, certain of the Conservative party coquet with the woman's vote, believing that they shall thus tap a large Conservative reservoir, we are by no means clear of the danger. What we would wish to do is to convince the young and undetermined that political work is both unwomanly and unnatural; self-destructive and socially hurtful; the sure precursor to the loss of men's personal consideration and to the letting loose the waters of strife; and—what egotism will not regard—the sure precursor to a future régime of redoubled coercion and suppression.

For, after all, the strong right arm is the *ultima ratio*, and God will have it so; and when men found, as they would, that they were outnumbered, outvoted, and politically nullified, they would soon have recourse to that ultimate appeal—and the last state of women would be worse than their first.

E. LYNN LINTON.

A LABOUR INQUIRY

SEVERAL months elapsed before Trevor could find an opportunity of reassembling the guests whose discussions upon the labour question are recorded in the issues of this Review for April and October, 1890. Mr. Borrodaile Higgs had repeatedly pressed upon his host that it would be only fair to allow him, as a capable representative of the Conservative middle-class business man, an opportunity of routing Blake's Socialist arguments. But Clifford had been far too seriously occupied by the developments which had left him almost the only Gladstonian Liberal who still honestly cherished the hope of winning the General Election upon the Home Rule cry, to find time to accept Trevor's invitations, though he invariably replied that he was sure that Blake had much the hardest part of his task to come, and must fail to make good his assault upon the position of Manchester Radicalism. Lord Beaulieu, on the contrary, was eager to attend, and seemed to have the same unquenchable thirst for information on these topics and especially on the, to him insoluble, problem of the conclusion to which his enthusiasm for the New Radicalism would finally lead him. He still pinned his exuberant faith on 'the great heart of the people,' and the sagacity of 'the political instinct of the working class'—a faith no whit diminished by his total ignorance or the goal to which his steps were tending.

Meanwhile Trevor had made the acquaintance of a Mr. Wentworth, who had had, during a recent tour in Australasia, many opportunities of observing the actual results of placing great political and economical power in the hands of British-bred workmen, and whose conclusions, if in the main they supported Blake's contentions, shewed that some developments might be expected that had not entered into the calculations of the disputants in Trevor's smoking-room during the previous summer.

Mr. Wentworth was, therefore, invited to assist when the next gathering took place. To it, with the rest, came Lord Trammere, in high feather, but betraying the more serious interest in the subject befitting a democratic Conservative, burdened with the doom of having to contemplate the necessity of formulating a definite opinion on the labour question and acting up to it. Trevor had hardly time to

make Mr. Wentworth known to his four other guests, when Blake's arrival let loose the floods of long pent-up eloquence in Mr. Borrodaile Higgs, who was evidently primed to the teeth with arguments to prove that the one thing required to reduce Great Britain to the level of Spain or Holland was any reduction of the hours of labour.

Higgs. I will commence by admitting frankly that Mr. Blake made a very favourable impression on me during our previous discussions. It is obvious to us all that, since we met, events have fully borne out much that he said. It is now evident that there is more than a possibility of a determined attempt on the part of the working class to abuse their political power for the purpose of bettering their position at the expense of the brains and wealth of the country. It is equally evident that the failure of numerous strikes has strengthened that determination, and driven the dupes and victims of the agitators to rely on their voting strength, rather than on the methods which have so often been defeated by the stout resistance of employers to absurd demands, and the firmness of the authorities in putting down lawlessness. But admitting that his forecasts were so far correct, what does all this prove, but that demands much less formidable than his for an eight hours' day, are futile in face of such opposition, not only from owners of property who do not mean quietly to submit to be ruined, but from the majority of workmen, who are not going to be ridden rough-shod over by Mr. Blake's minority? We have seen, Sir, I say, that Mr. Blake's views, however ably and temperately—I may add, since I have met him, and sincerely—he may argue them here, lead in practice to sheer anarchy, from which no class of the community can suffer more than his clients, the working men. These, we have seen, have no legitimate grievances——

Blake. For which reason your own party has appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into those grievances, and you yourself have exulted in public over this proof that the Conservatives are quite willing, even anxious, to redress them?

Clifford. It is perfectly obvious that the whole thing is the flimsiest electioneering dodge, and Mr. Blake must know it. The terms of reference are so wide that no adequate report covering the whole ground can be issued much before the Election. Then we shall witness the degrading spectacle of Conservative candidates all over the country trying to catch votes with splendidly mendacious promises of what their party will do for Labour if it is only returned to power.

Tranmere. Are we to take Mr. Clifford's disgust as proof that the Liberals never shelved a pressing question by the expedient of a Royal Commission, never condescended to go to the country with 'a cry,' never——

Trevor. Come, we sha'n't get much further on the line of mutual

recrimination. That's all very well on the platform, but we here know well enough that the party system compels the leader of the 'ins' to try to dish the 'outs,' or to go as far in that direction as he can without splitting up his party. Here the Conservative side always has the advantage that, though its reactionary section may desert, it cannot go over to the enemy; while the Liberals dare not offend their reactionary section, which may at any moment go over to the opposite camp. But however that may be, and whatever the motive for the appointment of the Royal Commission, that circumstance brings things to a crisis.

Beaulieu. Of course, we shall get a great quantity of very interesting facts and figures. That's what we want: more information on these matters—'more light,' you know.

Wentworth. There have been some inquiries on much the same lines in the Australasian colonies since the great strike. I don't fancy you'll learn much more here than they have done, and that is that strikes take place because the men are discontented, and will cease when they are contented, with their wages and the conditions under which they work.

Beaulieu. Oh! but surely we may hope that some feasible plan of arbitration or conciliation, don't you know, may be hit upon—some way of making the side that is wrong give in at once, without all the waste and suffering and ill-feeling involved in these terrible conflicts?

Blake. Let's see, now. Every strike or lock-out is in essence just some variation on one theme. The men want more—no, they always do that—they ask for more wages or less work, or both. The employers refuse, invariably saying the profits of the trade won't admit of it, and declaring that there are lots of men willing to take the job if their old hands throw it up. Then one of two things happens—either they do get the fresh men and win, or fail to get them and are beaten.

Beaulieu. But that's just the fearful part of it. The disputes are not settled on the merits of the case at all. What we look for is some machinery which will settle them in accordance with justice and reason. If the Commission got us a proper Conciliation Court, I'd disagree with Clifford that its appointment was a political dodge.

Blake. But you see, my friend, such a court must necessarily be armed with powers, not only to compel the master to pay an increased rate of wage or to reduce hours, but also to compel the men to go on working at the old low rate or for the old long hours.

Clifford. I am quite sure that the British workman would much sooner take his chance of getting better terms by striking than leave his industrial fate entirely in the hands of any such court.

Wentworth. And I am convinced that the Australian workman is of the same mind. On a decision adverse to the men, the cry

would be raised that the tribunal was packed in the interests of capital, and the verdict would not be obeyed. How could you compel respect for it? How could you, in these days, force a man to work for a certain employer at a wage he thought too low?

Blake. Further, Lord Beaulieu, your court would have to interfere with industry in a way I don't think you quite anticipate. If I know the British workman at all, he, having little to lose by so doing, would apply for a rise in wages with great frequency. The number of applications to the Irish Land Courts would be a joke to it. How are you going to decide whether or not to grant the demand?

Tranmere. The other day when some crofters on one of my father's estates applied, the rents were *raised*—thirty per cent. in some cases.

Beaulieu. Well, you see, I don't pretend to understand these things—not the technicalities, you know; only the general principles.

Blake. Then let's have your general principle. Imagine yourself a member of such a Conciliation Court. The principle that fixes these matters now is the rough-and-ready one of 'the higgling of the market.' If Bill Smith does not think he is well enough paid, he is free to go. His employer is free to get Jack Jones at the same figure, and, if no Jack Jones is forthcoming, he must meet Bill Smith's wishes.

Higgs. And I maintain that in almost every instance, from the Dock Strike onwards, there were plenty of men ready to do the work on the terms refused by the strikers, if they had not been terrorised and intimidated. Whenever the protection of the law was forthcoming, the men have been soundly beaten.

Blake. Just so. When trade is bad and, Labour not being required by Capital, the unemployed are numerous, you and your friends say, 'Every honest and willing man can get work. The unemployed are the drunken and lazy and incapable. If they are wretched, it's their own fault.' Trade revives, and half-a-million or so of the unemployed disprove the slander by actually seizing the first opportunity of earning a living. The employed, emboldened by the improvement in the labour market, venture to ask for a small share of the prosperity. Then Capital suddenly finds out that those who are still unemployed—on Capital's own theory, the very residuum of the refuse of the labour market—are quite anxious to work if the strikers would only let them. So much depends on the point of view, you see.

Clifford. The inconsistency is not all on one side. The strike leaders who now boisterously deny that the 'black-leg' has no right to take work, are the very men who a few years ago were shouting for work for the unemployed.

Trevor. More recrimination! Let's get back to Beaulieu's principle for regulating wages, which he is going to substitute for 'the higgling of the market,' and for free competition.

Beaulieu. I don't say, mind you, that we can do without competition altogether, only that it is monstrous that men should make fortunes by underpaying people in the shameful way that now goes on. When a firm can afford to pay higher wages it ought to be made to do so, if the current wage is insufficient to provide a decent standard of comfort for the worker. That's my general principle.

Blake. That means your court has got to learn the circumstances of the firm, check its accounts, decide whether the profits are, really small, and, if they are, whether that is due to bad management, over-competition, insufficient capital, unfortunate speculation, or, finally, to paying too much for its labour. It's what the Americans call 'a large contract,' and seems a longish step towards the collective control of industry. Anyhow it's a much more serious step than my modest demand for fixing the maximum length of the working day by legislation.

Beaulieu. I dare say that it necessitates some complicated machinery to arrange the details, but you must see that the general principle is sound. The first duty of the State is to see that its poorest and most helpless members are fairly dealt with in the matters that concern their daily welfare.

Wentworth. That is much more the theory of the old High Tory than of Liberalism; but I must say it closely corresponds to the view of politics and the sphere of the State's function that is popular in the young English-speaking democracies. I wonder if you are prepared to act up to it logically?

Higgs. If your Conciliation Court is going to 'conciliate' me into paying more for my labour than I can get for it when in my turn I sell it in the manufactured article—and that's what it amounts to—I can't keep out of the bankruptcy court.

Beaulieu. Ah, that's what employers always say, but they manage to give rises in wages when they are pressed enough, and yet die pretty well off.

Clifford. But, beyond all cavil or question, there are many trades in which a rise in wages sufficient to maintain the workmen employed in them at anything like what we are now accustomed to consider a decent standard of comfort, would leave an actual loss upon the year's working. There's no denying it.

Beaulieu. Well, in those cases I'd—I don't know what I should do.

Blake. I can tell you, Lord Beaulieu. You'd have to fall back on Protection.

Beaulieu. You are joking! That's a superstition which has been exploded these forty years.

Blake. You believe in it all the same, and I'll convict you out of your own mouth. Wasn't it you who declared a few weeks ago at a midnight meeting of tramway men, that since the company manifestly

could not pay higher wages or work its men shorter hours, the London County Council should take over the lines, maintain the low fares which are such a boon to the working-class passengers, pay fair wages, and make up any loss out of the rates? Yes, it must have been you, for I remember you went on to declare that 'cheapness is dearly bought at the price of tears and blood, and if based on the oppression of them that have no helper, is accursed in heaven, and must be prohibited on earth.'

Beaulieu. I did say it. I stick to it. This fifteen and sixteen hours a day is most monstrous. It must be stopped, and union rates for union hours must be paid. I quite agree now with Mr. Blake that this is what the workmen want and mean to have.

Tranmere. I see. Old style—the first condition is that capital must have five per cent. New style—workmen must have trade-union wages—amount not specified. It's simplicity itself.

Higgs. And where is this going to stop? Do you know that there are workmen out on strike at this moment in London for a forty-seven hour week, at tenpence an hour and fifteenpence for overtime, and when they got that they'd strike again for a forty hour week, at a shilling an hour, if they thought they had the slightest chance of getting it? Look at Queensland! The whole place on the verge of civil war because the shearers were on strike, though there were eighteen shillings a day of eight hours awaiting any competent man! That's what you call 'divine discontent,' I suppose?

Beaulieu. Are you really quite sure of your facts? Well, I could never have believed it. I am not prepared to go so far as *that*, you know.

Clifford. I have a friend on the London County Council who views with undisguised alarm the tendency showing itself there. He is a good Liberal and a sound economist, and a true friend of the working classes; but he assures me that the employés of the Council have learnt how to put pressure on the members, so as to obtain rates of wages and conditions of employment far superior to those ruling in the general labour market. He says that some of the members will never vote against any claim made on behalf of labour, no matter how absurd it may be. I ask with Mr. Higgs—where is it going to stop?

Wentworth. I can't tell you, I am sure, but I can give you some idea of how far it will go from what I saw of State management in the Victorian Railway Department that's run on Lord Beaulieu's new principles. When any politician wants a little popularity, he proposes a rise of 6d. a day on the wages of some section of the employés. No one cares to risk unpopularity by opposing the suggestion. Deputations from his constituency press each member to get lines constructed through their district, so as to send up the value of the

land, or, if a line exists, to obtain a reduction of freights and fares. What with increase of working expenditure, and decrease in charges, added to the admitted incompetency of State administration, as compared with private enterprise, you get a charming condition of affairs, partially concealed by delusive book-keeping and deceptive reports. I can't give you details now, but the real result in the year 1889-1890 was that 2,330 miles of railway were open for traffic, and, including the interest paid on the capital sunk in them, the expenses were 365,482*l.* more than the income. You may put it that there was really a loss of 1,000*l.* a day.

Beaulieu. But that's not a fair way to put it, any more than it would be to say that there's a loss of so many thousand a year on keeping the streets of London in repair. It simply means that the people of Victoria prefer to pay the necessary amount in taxation rather than in higher fares.

Wentworth. Giving full weight to argument, and admitting that many new lines have been constructed to open up new country with the foreknowledge that they could not pay for years, there's no doubt that a large number of such lines have been constructed in the interests of a small number of individuals, and against the interests of the community as a whole. Besides, even if the money has been well spent, which it is not, the colony could not afford it. Now, you'll hardly believe it, but the late Victorian Ministry proposed to undertake further railway construction to the tune of twenty millions of money, and it is no exaggeration to say that nearly all the projected lines were merely bribes to the constituencies through which they passed. Luckily the proposal was defeated, but the scheme was very nearly being carried.

Tranmere. And from all this you argue that Beaulieu's simple remedy of turning over industries to Government clerks is not likely to be successful?

Wentworth. I'll say this much, that I believe that if the Victorian Government were to hand over their railways to Mr. Jay Gould, with instructions to pay the same wages and charge the same freights and fares as last year, and to keep any profit for himself, he would soon convert that big loss into a surplus.

Beaulieu. Without raising fares or lowering wages? You astonish me.

Wentworth. Simply by better management, stopping waste, abolishing sinecures—in fact, by business methods.

Higgs. So, after all, the manual labourer is not the only producer of wealth! How do you like that, Lord Beaulieu? And you, Mr. Blake?

Blake. Oh, I have never been so simple as some of my friends who think that 'all worldly wrong would be repaired' by putting our industries under State control—that is to say, under existing circum-

stances, under Mr. Henry Matthews and Mr. Cecil Raikes, relieved at intervals by Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre; and underneath the great guns a whole hierarchy of smaller bores. But it does not seem to me impossible to retain the advantages of the energy and enterprise of individual employers and yet prevent their ill-using their workpeople. To put it shortly, pending the spread of education and intelligence among the workpeople themselves, they should 'sweat the sweaters.' I beg Mr. Higgs's pardon. I propose that, as his men are clearly not clever enough yet to organise their own industry, and must have Mr. Higgs to do it for them, that they should pay him as little as possible. What do you suppose the Royal Commission will discover that workmen want?

Tranmere. More money, more leisure, more comfort, more independence.

Higgs. More everything! Why not say it at once?

Blake. Why don't they now get more everything? No man with plenty of money in his pocket need beg the State to give him leisure; or education, or a decent house, or anything else.

Beaulieu. But they have not got plenty of money.

Blake. Exactly. Their wages are low. Compared with the increased wants of the mass of the population, their means of gratifying them are less than ever they were. I don't care how many tomes of evidence the Commission collects, it may be summed up in the statement that the workmen want more everything. Can Mr. Wentworth tell us how the Australian workman manages to get his greater share of the good things of this world, in a country so much poorer than Great Britain?

Wentworth. Oh, that's easily understood. It is merely the natural action of supply and demand. Under normal conditions, labour is relatively scarce throughout Australasia, and consequently it practically fixes its own terms. Hence the desire of the Australian workman for the 'protection of native industry,' and his horror of immigration. He does not want his labour-market flooded, because he has the wits to see that in that case no amount of political democracy nor the strongest federation of trade-unions could save him in the least.

Blake. And if labour were relatively scarce here, the same results would follow?

Wentworth. Very likely; but how can you guarantee that workmen would not ruin the labour-market by greed or stupidity, even if it was 'rigged' to suit them?

Higgs. And how are you going to make it worth my while to employ labour here at still higher wages when I only get my 10 per cent. as it is?

Clifford. How are you going to convert the mass of Radical workmen to throw over Free Trade?

Tranmere. And how on earth can labour ever become relatively scarce in an old and thickly populated country?

Blake. Come, gentlemen, one at a time, please. You know my remedy, or, if you don't, I'll restate it—such a legal limitation of the hours of labour as shall absorb the surplus labour in the market, and therefore so reverse the conditions under which supply and demand act that, instead of labour competing for employment, employers shall be competing for workmen. Would not wages be higher then?

Tranmere. No doubt. But that would only be additional attraction to foreigners to come over and replace native workmen.

Blake. In other words, you assume, I suppose from the hospitable reception native 'blacklegs' get from British workmen, that wholesale immigration of foreign 'blacklegs' would be received with open arms.

Wentworth. Australian experience settles that point. If the workmen had an effective voice in the legislature they would not let a single one land.

Higgs. Then I'd transfer my workshops to Saxony inside of six months and get my labour 50 per cent. cheaper, and——

Wentworth. And find your articles met with a 50 per cent. import duty on arriving here. That device would convert your ex-workmen into protectionists pretty quickly.

Blake. Are not trade-unionists doing their best to 'boycott' the products of non-union labour as it is, and what would a duty on Mr. Higgs's articles 'made in Germany' be but an effective 'boycott'?

Wentworth. That is all possible enough, as I am sure anyone who has seen the result of democracy in Australia will agree. But I assure you, Mr. Blake, very seriously, that the enormous power of a labour electorate, aided by the unscrupulous and ignorant men for whom payment of members makes politics a profitable trade, is liable to great abuses, which actually do check the progress of the colonies, and certainly might ruin an old country with no undeveloped resources, and hemmed in by eager competitors.

Blake. I quite agree with you that mistakes have been made by the working class in Australia. I anticipate the same thing here. It is not very wise to expect that a class which has been kept for generations in ignorance and subjection should suddenly develop the ability to use power very sagaciously. But though I am not blind to their faults, I don't think so badly of workmen as to suppose that they will run their heads against brick walls time after time and learn no wisdom in the process.

Clifford. Ah! now you are as optimistic as Lord Beaulieu.

Blake. If to believe that mankind learns slowly and painfully from experience is to be an optimist, I admit the soft impeachment. There are other safeguards. In every community there are some men who are neither ignorant nor selfish, who point out the dangers ahead before they are seen by the common herd.

Tranmere. Which has a trick of stoning such prophets, eh?

Blake. That goes without saying, nor does it much matter so long as the danger they point out is averted. Then in every community in which men of British blood preponderate, there is a large proportion of persons who chiefly mind their own business and do not talk much. These let demagogues and office-seekers gabble for a good long time, but assert themselves very quickly when there is any real danger, and brush the gabblers away with scanty ceremony.

Wentworth. It was certainly very extraordinary to see even in Victoria at the crisis of the strike how much 'latent conservatism' there was which did not mean to stand any nonsense when it came to the pinch.

Tranmere. You would see the same sort of thing here, I fancy, when any crisis arose. Parties may be pretty equally divided on minor matters, but the people who don't want to see Great Britain ruined outnumber those who do by a hundred to one. But does not payment of members give an immense advantage to the mere professional politician?

Blake. No, what gives him the advantage is the criminal neglect of their political duties by the educated class. There may be some excuse in new countries where there is practically no leisured class in our sense of the term. It is not that the workman chooses bad leaders so much as that his choice is too often confined to the unscrupulous and the self-seekers. If our country does go to the dogs the responsibility will rest almost entirely on the men who have not had the courage and industry to take their share in the guidance and education of the working class.

Tranmere. There's a last question I want to put. You seem to have a very just and proper appreciation of the meanness and hypocrisy of the Gladstonian party, and some notion of the blessings that workmen owe to Tories. Why should not the Tories and workmen, the aristocracy and the democracy, co-operate to carry, not of course all that you have been talking about, but that considerable portion of it which will stand the test of practical politics? Is there anything in the nature of things to prevent it?

Blake. Nothing in the nature of things. Take the only case where the extremes meet—in the army. I think you'll find that Tommy Atkins can get along very well with his officers if they take the slightest pains to understand him and his ways, and show that they care for his real interests. The question is—does the average man of birth and breeding care for the workman as much as—shall we say Mr. H. B.? If he does, and will take a little trouble over it, he can beat that sort of person pretty easily. But then comes another question equally important and harder to answer. Will those who ought to be the best men in the country take the necessary trouble?

Higgs. While you pause for a reply, Mr. Blake, let me assure you that this conversation has given me genuine pleasure. Naturally I can't agree with you in most things; but I am glad to find you entertain so sound, practical, and just a view of the enterprising and successful manufacturer or employer. It reflects great credit, in my opinion, on your intelligence that you should have the perspicacity to see, and on your honour, if you will allow me to say so, that you should have the courage to speak, the truth on the matter.

Blake. Praise (and on matters of intelligence and points of honour) from Mr. Borrodaile Higgs is praise indeed. You are really too good.

Higgs. Not at all, not at all. And so you think our position is fairly secure. Tell me frankly.

Blake. If I were to give you my frank and full opinion of the class of which you are so eminent a representative, Mr. Higgs, I am afraid I should say more than you would at this time of night (and probably at any time) care to hear. It is not long since you bought from the mortgagees of one of the finest old places in England the castle you are having restored—in the style of the Tottenham Court Road. Two years ago an inquest was held on the body of a woman who, up to a day or two before her death, had been maintaining existence on the wages paid by your firm, for work she did for you in her miserable home. The jury certified that she died from lack of sufficient nourishment. I happen to know the son of that woman, and also the young fellow who would have inherited the noble estate his forefathers have held for twenty generations if the industrial changes which made *you* possible had not ruined his family. I do not suppose you have enough imagination to understand how those two young men feel towards you and your class. I have. Moreover, I had the misfortune to be born with a loathing for the hypocrisy into which your subsidies have turned religion, and a love of my country which moves me to talk foolishly when I see our national honour prostituted for the profit of polyglot financiers and market-hunters. I wish to use no strong language, Mr. Higgs, nor to be personal, so I merely say I have no love for the typical capitalist of our day. But it is of no avail to hate him and all his works. He is a necessary evil. The position he fills in society has been abdicated by Lord Tranmere's friends, who have forfeited by want of ability the title that might have been theirs by right of birth. The very condition of life for the armies of industry is that they be ably captained, even 'if the captain takes half the spoils. And so, Mr. Higgs, we can't do without you just yet—but we can make you bearable.

. H. H. CHAMPION, '

1799

A RUSTIC RETROSPECT

I HAVE long intended to write the annals of my country parish. 'Good intentions,' however, as Dr. South puts it, 'are no warrant for good actions,' and 'one of these days' never comes. The difficulty lies in determining at what point to begin. I could not start at an epoch less than ten thousand years ago at the very latest, and to bring the history down to our own time would occupy me—according to a calculation which I recently elaborated—during a period of at least a century and a-half. I shrink from this protracted labour. Most men desire to be at rest a little after they have attained their ninetieth year. Accordingly, my projected *opus magnum* seems to be vanishing from my hopes of execution. I am losing

—the dream of doing, and the other dream of done.

What if I take a single year, and see how it will look?

I was asking myself this question the other day, when a lady-friend of mine put into my hands a lock of hair. It was a thick, straight lock; the hair was very fine, not now silky; indeed, it was very dry, very straight, about nine inches long, and auburn in colour. It was wrapped up in a bit of brown paper of ancient manufacture, probably quite a century old. The hair was much older. On the paper there was an inscription dated 1799. I will tell you more about it, by-and-by.

As I meditated, a desire came strongly upon me to know what was going on in this Arcadian paradise when this lock of hair was found, and I could find no rest till I had gone some way towards reconstructing the little community and bringing it to life again. But it is idle and foolish to give the reins to Imagination unless Fact acts as charioteer and holds the ribbons. So I went to my documents, and the past came back at my call, gradually peopled with living forms that rose about me, the dry bones stirring, 'bone to his bone,' and the flesh mysteriously growing round the skeletons, and men and women standing up and staring at me, 'a very great army.'

In Skeorn's Inga in the year 1799 there were just 434 inhabitants. Yes, that was the exact number. There was a census held in 1801,

as everyone knows, and this is the return : 'We find four hundred and thirty-nine Persons, including children of every age, of whom two hundred and twenty are Males, and two hundred and nineteen are females. Most of our males, except children, are employed in Agriculture ; but we have, one Blacksmith, one Wheelwright, and one tailor. We have *fifty-five inhabited houses, occupied by seventy-five families*, and two houses uninhabited.' To this there ought to have been added, as there was added ten years later : 'There, is one School Master, who employs one Usher to teach the Parish Children Gratis, one Publican, and one Bricklayer [who keeps a beerhouse].'

But during the two previous years there had been fourteen births and nine deaths, leaving the actual population 434 in the year 1799.

Before we go on, let us pause to notice the ghastly fact that there were in the whole parish no more than fifty-five houses all told, and that in those fifty-five houses there were living *seventy-five families*. Exclude from these fifty-five houses those that were occupied by the farmers and others who were above the labouring-class, of whom I could tell you more than you would care to listen to, and the conviction is forced upon me that in the year 1799 there was an average of at least two families living in every labourer's dwelling in the parish, and the consequent average of illegitimate births was at least three a year, as shown by the registers. I for one have been loud in denouncing the shameful condition of our cottages in Arcady, and in lifting up my voice against the abominable hovels in which our peasantry are allowed to bring up their families. But it is fair to say that the state of things disclosed by this dreadful return for the year 1799 has passed away. We have no such shocking record as this against us. The world does move on, for all our grumbling. Here things are not as they ought to be, but they are immensely better than they were, and, with a population increased in a century by more than one-half, we have three times as many houses as we had ; and as for two families occupying one house, the thing is hardly tolerated.

The return quoted above is by no means a satisfactory one, for it tells us nothing about the *aristocracy* of the parish, among whom I happen to know that there were in the year 1799 no fewer than three clergymen, of whom the schoolmaster was one, and his 'usher' another. But let us descend to particulars.

In the first place, there was Christopher Andrews Girling, Esq., J.P., who took up his residence in the parish in this year—1799. That of itself was an event ; for it had been a long time since any one of his degree had lived at Skeorn's Inga, and he stood alone. He lived in what is still sometimes called the 'Gentleman's House' ; and such as it was, so it has remained, substantially unaltered for a century. It had only recently been erected, and I think it must have been built for Mr. Girling, as it certainly was upon his small property, and was within a stone's-throw of a farmhouse which his

posterity own at the present moment. 'A mansion,' do you ask? That depends upon what your notion of a mansion is. It was and is an eight-roomed house, with an appendix consisting of a larder and a dairy, and two small chambers over them. There was a dining-room and a drawing-room on the ground-floor. Behind the drawing-room there was the study and business-room of the worthy magistrate; behind the dining-room, the kitchen; and there was only a single staircase.

Please to note that our grandfathers of the gentry class in our country villages, as late as 100 years ago, were not all spoiled by the march of luxury; they stood upon their rank and recognised position; they did not think that gentility is nothing without a princely income. They had still the foolish superstition, now almost extinct among us, that 'gentle is as gentle does.' We had *grades* in those days, and distinctions in social grade were acknowledged as realities; they stood for something that was behind, but they implied something that would display itself in the outward bearing too. When a man has some deference shown him by his neighbours who are as rich or richer than himself, it may increase his arrogance and conceit if he is at bottom a vulgarian, but it will tend infallibly to increase his self-respect if he is not only of gentle birth, but of gentle nature too. Mr. Girling was a gentleman, and it came quite easy to him to live in an eight-roomed house with no back staircase and no back kitchen. You, Mr. Gigadibbs, would resent being invited to eat your mutton in such a mean domicile; and yet, it may be, it may be, that the door of our gentleman's house would not have been thrown open to such as you a century back; and if you had had the audacity to slap the J.P. upon the back, and address him as 'Old Fellow!' you would have suffered rather surprisingly and very promptly for your presumption and impertinence.

There was another gentleman's house in Skeorn's Inga in the year 1799, to wit, the Rectory; but that was a more pretentious edifice. To begin with, it had once been surrounded by a wide and deep moat, over which a drawbridge led from the rectory to the church, which stood to the north of it. The moat had, however, been filled up long before this time, though it is easy to see the traces of it to this day; and the high-road, which in old times had gone curling and meandering round the little fields hereabout in the most fantastic fashion, had at some time or other been tyrannically carried straight across the northern side of the parson's moat, and the carriers' waggons had been saved a long *détour*, and the parson's house had been thereby separated from his church by the aforesaid high-road. A grievance, doubtless, to the reverend gentleman, who peradventure had grumbled not a little, and fretted and fumed, and said to his neighbours, 'It's always the way! The parson is always made the scapegoat, and if someone's land has

to be taken, it's 'always the parson who has to suffer!' All which is perfectly true, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be! And yet, why should I not take the other view? Is not it just as probable that when the road wanted altering—and wanted it badly—it was the parson who suggested the improvement; and that it was he who took the initiative, and offered to give up his old moat, and gave it to the parish, and took all the trouble, and bore the chief burden of it, and was worried by the people for his proposal, and yet somehow managed to carry it through at last? For that, too, is 'always the way,' and if in our country parishes someone has to make a sacrifice for the public convenience, it really is always the parson who shows the example; and I am happy to know it is almost always the case that he is the last man who is 'backward in coming forward.'

Be it as it may, in the year 1799 there stood the old rectory, with its garden and its meadow, as it had stood for centuries, in the very centre of the parish. Six or seven roads from all the points of the compass seemed to start from this spot, where the church and the rectory stood side by side; and, now that the moat was gone, the parson's house and bit of glebe were surrounded on all sides by a road from which the others branched off. All the little world of Skeorn's Inga wanted the parson in those days, couldn't do without him, knocked at his door day and night, and found him at home; for it so happens that during the last seven or eight hundred years a non-resident rector of this parish has hardly been heard of. Here they have lived, as a rule; here they have died. If we have not been among the best of the clerical order, we have not been the worst—in fact, we have been a very fair average lot on the whole. I am not ashamed of my predecessors, though I am bound to confess that the best of them was not he who was the last occupant of the old rectory. Alas! of that old rectory there is not a stone left except the wall that protects the mouth of the old well, which is still a dangerous abyss for calves and colts and lambkins; and the old meadow no longer belongs to the benefice, and several of the old roads have been thrown into the adjoining fields—and things are not as they were.

In the year 1799 the rector of Skeorn's Inga was a personage still: he had another living, which he served by a curate. A man can't be in two places at once, you know, and if a man has two houses and two estates, he makes his choice for the most part, and he lives in one and he puts a housekeeper in the other; unless, indeed, he can let it to a tenant who will pay him rent for the convenience. That was the way in which our grandfathers looked at the matter, whether the estates in question were ecclesiastical or lay; and I am not so very certain that the day may not come when the noble army of the have-nots will begin to denounce pluralities among the laity in the same way that they denounced pluralities among the

clergy a generation back. But I shall be dead before that comes to pass, and I do not think that by the time such gabble begins to be riotous

My dust will hear it, and beat,
When I've lain for a century dead!

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Those stars mean that I have left out an immense mass of the most delightful and deeply interesting information, which our editor would not admit into the pages of this Review. These editors have a great deal to answer for! I may, however, at this point tell you who the rector was, even though I tell you as yet nothing more than his name. He was the Rev. John Beevor, and he had been rector here ten years in 1799. His curate at Scarning was the schoolmaster mentioned in the Census return. Do not make the mistake of supposing that this schoolmaster was one of your certificated elementary gentleman, employed in screwing up small boys and girls to pass their standards in the three R's. The dignified personage who acted as schoolmaster here left that work to the usher, whom he paid a pittance 'to teach Parish Children Gratis.' He himself flew at higher game. Mr. Priest was the Senior Wrangler of his year in 1780, and was elected master of Scarning School in 1789. His predecessor was the Rev. Robert Potter, the first translator of Æschylus and of Euripides into English verse; and if you superciliously assume that they were but indifferent performances, it is only because you don't know what you are talking about. Scarning School was a famous school under Mr. Potter; and under Mr. Priest it was not likely to go down in public estimation. Mr. Priest had a good house, warranted to hold twenty-four boarders, and he enlarged it after a fashion, and took a great many more than the twenty-four. They say that he was the real author of 'Valpy's Greek Grammar,' and I believe the fact is so. At any rate, he published a great deal else; and he was a leading agriculturist too, and a man of various accomplishments; and he held two or three livings while he kept on his school; nevertheless he continued to reside in the school-house, and to act as curate of the parish, which had for him a strange attraction, till his death. He was a man of *tastes*, and therefore of expensive habits; but there was 'a rift in the lute,' which, as this is not a Scandalous Chronicle, I am not going to tell you about. One thing is certain, that he died insolvent, though his wife bore him no children, and though he must, all his life, have enjoyed a much larger income than his neighbour, Mr. Girling, who lived within his means and made a liberal provision for his family.

I cannot refrain at this point from putting on record certain traditions that were still handed about, only a few years ago, regarding the once famous school at Skeorn's Inga; they have almost faded

from memory now, and some of them will die out altogether when I pass out of remembrance. The school was founded by a certain William Seckar, a thriving yeoman, who lived all his life in the parish, and died there at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The good man left the bulk of his property, consisting of a house and an estate in land now extending to about one hundred acres, to his wife Alice for life, and after her death 'for the maintenance of one free school, to be kept for ever in the said house, while the world endure, in Scarning.' Mistress Alice was a prize, and a prize not hard to win neither. Her first husband died on the 1st of November, 1604, and Alice married her second on the 3rd of December following. This second husband was buried on the 6th of December, 1608, and Alice married her third husband on the 7th of January following. A month and a day was regarded by this buxom widow as a reasonable interval to elapse between 'the funeral baked meats' and 'the marriage-tables.' When, however, she was left a widow for the third time in 1622, no fourth aspirant for her hand came forward, and she died, lonely and neglected, in 1638, and our school was forthwith started. Then followed seven or eight years of abominable jobbery and robbery and litigation as the natural consequence, and the school was only brought into actual working order about forty years after the founder's death, and ten or twelve years after his relict had joined the majority. At last, however, it did begin to work in earnest, and the usual precedent was followed: The sons of the labourers were by no means allowed to contaminate the children of the yeomanry and the farmers. These latter were taught by the master himself. And they were taught well and carefully and successfully too. The school for more than a century had a surprisingly good record at the University of Cambridge. The labourers' children were taught by an 'usher,' whose time was given to teach the three R's, while in the evenings his business was with the master's boarders, who came from all parts of Norfolk and Suffolk, and were the sons of the gentry great and small. Two grandsons of Roger North of Rougham were educated at Scarning, and I have a note somewhere which says that one of these boys twice—actually twice!—set the school-house on fire, and was *not* tried for arson; because, I suppose, the fire was put out in time, and because his father was an important person in the county. Later on the future Lord Thurlow was at the school; and the tone of the place was not likely to have been raised by the influence of that coarse and boisterous Lord Chancellor *in posse*. Peter Routh, the father of the venerable Master of Magdalen College, Oxford, was one of Thurlow's schoolfellows, and many another who need not be named. Lord Thurlow seems to have had some sort of sneaking regard for his old school; for when he became Lord Chancellor he promoted Mr. Potter to a prebendal stall in Norwich; though that was but a poor recognition of the literary labours of a

scholar who was the first translator of the Greek dramatists into the English language.

But consider how things have changed. Note that we have found a county magistrate living, in a little out-of-the-way village, in an eight-roomed house with a lean-to. A school which had a high academic reputation, though it never could have had fifty boys in it, with a Senior Wrangler as its master—he, too, a beneficed clergyman, and yet acting as curate of the parish for the resident rector; and a third clergyman, usher of the school, itinerating through a rather large circuit of adjoining parishes, where there were no parsons to look after the poor sheep, and no parsonage houses for the vicars or rectors to live in, if they had been so inclined. Another noticeable indication of the frugal manner of life which prevailed among the lesser gentry in Norfolk, and elsewhere too, a hundred years ago, is afforded by one tradition that has often been repeated to me. Here it is. ‘I’ve heard grandfather say that when Mr. Priest was at his best there was scores o’ young gents as used to come to school as day-boys, ’cause there was no room for ’em to board; and they used to come on dickies [donkeys], and some on ’em used to have a dickie for two—ride and tie like. I’ve heard grandfather say he’s seen a good dozen of ’em turned out on Podmoor—that wasn’t inclosed in those days—and the *mischievous* boys as didn’t like the young gents, and used to fight ’em pretty hard when they got a chance, would take and hunt them dickies a mile or two off on to Daffy Green, so as the young gents when they came out o’ school had a rare dance to get their dickies!’ Poor little weary urchins! ‘But why didn’t they come in donkey-carts?’ My benevolent and commiserating friend, what an innocent you must be to think that there was a spring donkey-cart in Norfolk a hundred years ago, or a parish road in Norfolk over which a donkey could drag a cart with a couple of lads in it for, say, a couple of miles, when the ruts were three feet deep!

Mr. Priest had a comfortable house enough, but I gather that his boarders did not live with him, but in a range of squalid, rickety buildings, of which some portion still remains. They must have been wretched places, for the best part of them are now turned into four miserable and disgraceful hovels, where four families still continue to ‘pig’ after a fashion, and where no human beings ought to be allowed to live. I suspect that young North’s soul revolted at the accommodation provided for him and his schoolfellows, and that in righteous indignation he applied the torch; or it may be that he only wanted to burn that luckless usher in his bed, and to roast him alive for acting his part as gaoler over ‘the young gents.’ But this outbreak of virtuous indignation (assuming it to be such—and you know we ought to make the best of our fellow-creatures’ little peccadilloes) happened long before 1799, though of course at that time it was one of the well-worn traditions of the school.

Among the 'young gents' who were Mr. Priest's boarders at Skeorn's Inga a few years later than the time I am writing of, was a small boy named Edward Hall Alderson. His father was recorder of Norwich, and the son was an infant prodigy. Unlike many another infant prodigy, he lived to justify, and more than justify, all the great expectations that were formed of him in his childhood; for at Cambridge he was the last man who ever won the Chancellor's Medal for classical scholarship after being declared Senior Wrangler, not to mention other distinctions, which make his academical career the most brilliant on record; and he ended by being raised to the Exchequer Court, as Baron Alderson, in 1834, retaining that high position till his death in 1857. I assume that it was Mr. Priest's reputation as an eminent mathematician which led the Recorder of Norwich to send his promising son to be *grounded* at our school. The boy remained here some two or three years, and then he was removed to Bury St. Edmunds. But Mr. Priest ought in justice to have some credit for the great lawyer's early training; and if the pupil was Senior Wrangler of his year, it should be remembered that the master was Senior Wrangler of *his*. I have known one of his schoolfellows who remembered little Alderson here; but my aged friend was a big boy when young Alderson was a little one, and between the big boys and the little boys in a school, except in cases where the younger is the elder's fag, there is a very broad distinction, whatever the difference may be.

I think you have had enough about our school, though not nearly as much as my inveterate garrulity would give you, if you were worthy of it. I must get back to the rector of Skeorn's Inga in 1799. The Rev. John Beevor was presented to this rectory by Sir John Lombe, the patron, in 1789, and he held the living for nineteen years. He had not been many years in residence before the good folk in Norwich all went wild about a young painter who had become the fashion, and who was now rising in estimation every day. He managed to win a very beautiful and accomplished bride in the person of Amelia Alderson—a cousin, I think, of the future Baron of the Exchequer; and among other people who gave Mr. Opie a commission was the rector of Skeorn's Inga. When the present writer first took root in this neighbourhood, this picture of the Rev. John Beevor was still hanging up in the little dining-room. It was very far from being a good specimen of the artist's workmanship, and so when, ten or eleven years ago, somebody laid claim to it as his property, I let him have it without weeping, though for old tradition's sake it might better have been left where it was. I like to think that young Alderson saw that picture painted here—going in and out while his beautiful and gifted cousin watched the lad, not without many curious speculations as to whether he would turn out all she and other of his kindred hoped and expected he would develope into. As to the Rev. John, the

best thing I know about him is that he gave Opie one of his earliest commissions.

He was a big, burly, sloppy sort of a man. They tell how he had an enormous appetite, and could never get enough to eat at home. There was, and still is, a second-rate inn at the adjoining town of Dereham, where some of the coaches used to change horses and the carriers put up their vans. Here a good deal of eating and drinking went on. The people say that when the parson had devoured all he could find at the rectory—and in those days people used rarely to dine later than four—he would be driven down to the 'George'; and, as one of my old people put it, 'there Parson Beevor'd *George hisself*—leastwise, that was what I've heard 'em say!' He had married a lady of some fortune, and the rustics had a strong regard for her; but their affection seems to have been mixed with pity. 'I've heard my mother say as she used to come and call in sometimes, and talk won'ful quick-like and kindly, for five minutes at a time; and then she'd sit still and say nothing for ever so long, only look wistful-like at the children, and take and pat 'em, and say nothing, only pat 'em and pat 'em. Sometimes the little 'uns'd get scared, and she'd get up and go away, and say nothing, only look wistful like.' It was just as well the poor woman had no family, as things turned out.

The Rev. John was a masterful sort of a person. There were oak benches in the nave of the church in those days—they were all 'restored' off the face of the earth some thirty years ago; but I cannot hear that there were any in the chancel. So the Rev. John took it into his head that he would put up two pews in the chancel; one for himself and the *wistful* lady and his family, whoever they might be, and one for his servants. But Sir John Lombe was a masterful man too, and, moreover, he too was Rector of Scarning. For this benefice consists of two medieties; one is of necessity held by the clergyman of the parish, the other may be held by anybody, male or female. When the Rev. John took it into his head to put up two pews in the chancel, Sir John Lombe, as lay-rector, intervened, and reminded his clerical better-half that he too owned the chancel, and was rector of the benefice, and inasmuch as Mr. Beevor had thought fit to erect two pews without consulting his colleague in the preferment, he, Sir John, claimed one of the pews as his—and he appropriated it accordingly. What happened I cannot tell. But that the masterful baronet ever actually did come and take his seat in the rectorial pew, and thereby assert his right, I never heard, though there are strong reasons for suspecting that he did come to Skeorn's Inga now and then. But thereby hangs a tale, and a romance too, which I am not going to tell, though I am prepared to sell it at a price to any distinguished and competent novelist who wants a plot and cannot invent one.

Now it came to pass that on the 28th of April, 1799, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. John Beevor, died aged forty-five years, and she was

buried on the 5th of May. The wistful lady laid her down and slept. At last her earthly yearnings and dreams and regrets were all over. In those days, it must be remembered that the place of dignity for the parson and his belongings to be buried in was the chancel, and in the chancel accordingly they prepared to find a place for all that was left of the wistful lady. But the chancel was very very full of the mortal remains of Skeorn Inga's rectors, not to speak of all the small gentry who had been laid there in large number for centuries. It would never have done to disturb the grave of any man whose representatives were still living in the parish. That would have resulted in such a revolt from authority as would have been frightful to contemplate. But about a hundred years before this time there had been a certain Mr. Blackhall living in Skeorn's Inga, who was one of the gentry of the place; the family had long ago been extinct, and the name almost forgotten in the parish. It would have been altogether forgotten but for certain rather handsome ledgerstones that were lying in the chancel. One of these covered the mortal remains of a little daughter who had survived her two sisters, and who, just as she had entered on her thirteenth year, had been taken away from the grieving parents. There were no Blackhalls now to enter a protest, and so, when the Rev. John Beevor wanted to find a place for the wistful lady, he bethought him of the little damsel's place of burial, and he resolved that there his late partner should be laid. So the great stone was raised and the old grave was opened, and there lay the little damsel, or all that was left of her. The coffin fell to pieces, and in it, lo! there was the skeleton of a little girl, all shrouded in long auburn hair, which had grown in great profusion apparently for years after she had been entombed; and as they looked there was a change, and the muddy vesture of decay crumbled, but the long hair remained; and first one and then another cut off a lock, and I had one of those long locks in my hand not many weeks ago. I know there are many authorities who stoutly deny that the thing is possible. I know that an accomplished friend of mine, who is one of the aristocrats of the world of science, smiled the chilling smile of incredulity when I told him what I had heard, and what I had seen, and how I had held that lock of hair in my hand. But I know, too, that facts are stubborn things, though we all do resolutely accept such facts as square with our pet theories, and bravely reject such facts as go against our views of what the laws of the universe are. Also, I know of one eminent man of science, who was a burning and shining light in his day, who had one magnificent saying, which stood him in good stead many a time and oft, which I seriously commend to the notice of all sceptics and Philistines of every sort and degree. They are welcome to it. 'Give me theories, sir! I can understand them; but confound facts! I don't believe them!'

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There is a sequel to this my account of the year 1799 in Skeorn's Inga. The Rev. John laid his wife in her grave, and he went home from that funeral a lonely widower on the 5th of May, and he found absolutely nothing to eat in his house. There is a ghastly tradition that he was seized with fierce spasms of hunger, and that he found the kitchen-fire out, and nothing but dry bread upon the premises. Decency would have suggested that he should fast; the dreadful sense of emptiness drove him to the 'George.' When the sun arose on the next May morning his appetite had returned; to his dismay, he found nothing to satisfy his cravings but the driest of dry bread. It was terrible! Then his cook demanded an interview, and, in reply to his complaints and inquiries, she announced that she was going to go. Why people should ever declare that they are going to go, instead of simply going, it is difficult to understand; but this is the way that some people have when they signify their resolve to proceed on a certain course of action. The Rev. John was at his wits' end. Starvation stared him in the face. He had never engaged a servant in his life; if this woman should desert him he was a lost man. To die of starvation in his own house was a fate too tragical to contemplate. There was only one way out of it. Would that cook be induced to stay? Wages should not part them. What would secure her services? She smiled contemptuously, but only too significantly. Slowly came the *ultimatum*. On one condition, and one only, would she continue to act as the provider for that unhappy widower, and that condition was—marriage! The bargain was struck, and on the 6th of July, *two* months and a day after the wistful lady was laid in her grave, 'John Beever of this Parish, Clerk, Widower,' says the Register, 'and Bridget Lee of this Parish, *likewise Widow*, were married in this Church by License . . . by me, Samuel Horsfall, Minister,' and the book was signed by John Beever and by Bridget Lee, *x her mark*. The woman could not write her name!

Did the happy pair start upon their honeymoon? Did they stay where they were? What did the neighbours say? How did such a disgraceful and disgusting *mésalliance* turn out? Only this much I know, that the reverend gentleman from this day simply dropped out. He appears never again to have officiated in the church. The rectory was soon let to a gentleman of independent means, of whom nothing is known, and who possibly may have settled in the parish for the sake of such advantages as the school in those days afforded. The church was served, and the pastoral visitation of the people, such as it was, was carried on by Mr. Priest and his usher; and the Rev. John took up his abode at Norwich, in the principal street of the city, and made himself conspicuous there by affixing to his front door an enormous brass plate, on which was inscribed in huge letters his name and title, 'Rector of Scarning.'

There is one tradition, however, or there was one a very few years

ago, which reflects some credit upon the rank-and-file of the peasantry here a hundred years ago. However much the neighbouring clergy and others of their rank might have been willing to condone this indecent marriage, and however much the farmers might be ready to hold their tongues and say nothing when there was nothing to gain and something to lose by protesting, the labouring class were indignant, and did not hold their peace. In their rough way they retained some regard and affection for the wistful lady who had patted their little ones, talked with their wives, sat down in their poor hovels, and somewhat shyly and awkwardly had done them many a kind service. They resented the wrong done and the disrespect shown to their only gentle friend. The lady was gone, and in her place had come a common woman, to whom they gave such names as suited their humour—and they did not spare her. Then they hooted the Rev. John if he showed himself outside his own gate. They watched for him on his way to and from the little inn, where he still would go 'to George hisself,' and the place became too hot for the rector and his mate. In fact, the people hunted him out of the parish, and he went his way, and was heard of no more.

And thus it was that this year 1799 proved to be the *annus mirabilis* of Skeorn's Inga—now ninety-two years ago. There is only one among us now who was alive when all this happened—our dear old Biddy; she was four years old then, but she did not come and live here till many years after.

All whose fathers had any stories to tell about that time have gone from us. Now we live a mere humdrum life; though, who knows but that, a century hence, some gossiping antiquarian chronicler may fish up here and there a scrap of old-world scandal, and hold it up to the light for our posterity to smile or wonder at when distance lends enchantment to the view. Who can tell what that line of beauty is which separates the sublime from the ridiculous, or how infinitely subtle are the distinctions which make almost the very same incidents mean and vulgar or tender and heroic as they emerge from the mists of the past?

I sometimes wonder what the chronicler of the future will have to say of me and my concerns if, by some queer chance, he finds a fragment of my personality intruding itself upon his notice in ages to come—say in the year 3000 A.D. What a huge accumulation of *mythus* will have grown up by that time concerning the habits and status and belief and character of the country parsons of England! By that time, will there be anything picturesque in the world? Who shall say?

HOW TO UTILISE THE NAVAL VOLUNTEERS

THE Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers are to be abolished. That is the plain meaning of the report of the committee appointed to inquire into the condition and efficiency of the force.

Nominally the report takes the form of a recommendation that the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers should be transformed into a force of Royal Marine Artillery. In other words that, instead of being blue-jackets, they should become 'Blue Marines.'

Now, it has been well said that what a Blue Marine cannot do is not worth doing, and there can certainly be no discredit in being affiliated to the finest corps of soldiers in her Majesty's service. But as a matter of fact the Naval Volunteers, when they undertook their present duties, meant to be seamen, and not soldiers, not even marines. To insist that they should don belts and helmets is practically to insist upon the dissolution of the corps; and this the committee must have known perfectly well when they made their report. At the same time it is impossible to dispute the general finding of the committee. The main conclusion at which they arrive cannot be controverted, although it might have been couched in much more considerate language. The Naval Volunteers, as at present constituted, are not an effective force. Some of them do their work very well indeed, others do it indifferently, but there is no reason to believe that any of them do it much better than the ordinary blue-jackets with whom they are associated, and to whose numbers they form an infinitesimal supplement.

A eulogist of the corps has recently written a glowing description of the good conduct and zeal of the volunteers during one of their brief cruises. He dwells with much unction upon the spectacle of a stockbroker peeling potatoes, of a lawyer making 'duff,' and of a number of other zealous young gentlemen swabbing decks barefooted at five o'clock in the morning. It is pleasant to know that these gentlemen were willing to undertake what must have been an unusual if not an uncongenial duty with so much readiness and good temper; but apart from this reflection the performance is

not one calculated to cause much gratification. It is bad policy to cut firewood with a razor, or to harness a thoroughbred to a canal boat: there is an obvious loss on both sides. At present we drill the Naval Volunteers for a short time on board the 'Frolic' or some similar vessel, and then send them to sea for a fortnight as part of the crew of a coastguard ship, or on the most decrepit gunboat which the Admiralty can furnish from its boundless store of cripples. The volunteers do their work, and, on the whole, do it very well; but when all is said and done the practical addition to the defensive power of the country is inappreciable.

I understand that some members of the corps believe that they can so far influence public opinion as to upset the report of the committee. It will be a misfortune if such an opinion prevails. The report is based on hard facts, and will not be shaken, however closely it be examined.

But the report as to the condition of the corps as it exists is a different matter from the recommendations of the committee, as to what it should be in the future. On the latter point there is room for prompt and effective action by all well-wishers of the corps. I have reason to believe that many members of the corps, both officers and men, realise the situation, and know that a change is inevitable, and, indeed, desirable. All they ask is that they may be allowed to transfer their energies to a service which is not incompatible with their original purpose on enlistment.

Two questions, therefore, arise. In the first place, 'Is it desirable,' and in the second place, 'Is it possible' to find a new and profitable occupation for the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers? To the first question there can be but one answer—it is eminently desirable. At this moment the corps contains 2,000 men, active, energetic, devoted to their work; most of them good sailors, some of them admirable sailors. These men represent, inadequately it may be, but not unworthily, the enormous reserve of amateur seamanship and maritime enterprise in which this country is so rich. They are of the class from which the gentlemen adventurers—the Drakes, the Raleighs, and the Frobishers—of the past were drawn. Nor is the term 'amateur' in this connection one of reproach. An amateur seaman is not like an amateur soldier—the sea admits of no carpet knights. In matters of seamanship—boat handling, sailing, and navigation—there are hundreds, probably thousands, of amateurs along our coasts who can beat the professionals at their own trade.

But if the maintenance of the corps be *desirable*, there still remains the further question, Is it possible? I believe that not only is it possible, but that at this moment a golden opportunity presents itself for utilising the services of the volunteers in an almost ideal manner. Under present conditions the corps has been a comparative failure. Why? Because throughout those responsible for it

have ignored the true principle of volunteering. The true use of volunteering is to obtain for nothing what cannot be obtained by payment—to utilise courage, energy, and intelligence in the service of the country by appealing to motives other than that of the mere desire to make a livelihood. By using the Naval Volunteers as so many additional blue-jackets, the Admiralty obtains the services of a small number of men who, for the work to be done, are certainly no better, and in many cases probably considerably worse, than the ordinary seamen whom we take from the training ships, and to whose numbers we can add without any serious difficulty.

The problem will never be solved until work has been found for the volunteers which will give an opportunity for their special qualities and their special excellences. These qualities may be briefly summed up thus: intelligence and bold initiative, good-will, courage, knowledge of boat handling, acquaintance with territorial waters, a love of adventure, and a love of the sea.

On an 800-ton gunboat, steaming six knots, armed with obsolete guns, and engaged in no service which can ever be of the least profit to the country, the volunteers have the worst possible opportunity of displaying their good qualities.

I venture to believe, however, that there lies ready to our hand a plan simple, complete, and economical, whereby we can employ the corps with the maximum amount of efficiency to the immense advantage of the country, and entirely to the satisfaction of the volunteers themselves. Here is the suggestion:—

At the present moment there are stored up at our principal dockyards nearly one hundred torpedo boats. These are known as 'first-class torpedo boats'—they are from ninety to one hundred feet in length, and have a speed of from sixteen to twenty knots. It so happens that by the changes in naval construction they have become practically obsolete for the purpose for which they were originally intended. Too small to keep the sea, they have been replaced by larger boats of 180 feet and upwards. Too large to be hoisted on board ship, they have been supplemented by large numbers of sixty-foot boats. At present they lie smothered in tallow and white lead in the dockyards, an embarrassment to the dockyard officials and an incubus to the navy. On the rare occasions when they are sent to sea special crews have to be found for them, and to furnish such crews calls are made on the sea-going ships. As a rule, the best officers and the best seamen, and very often also the best engineers, are called away for the purpose. The ship's company from which they are taken is obviously rendered less efficient, nor is the scratch crew, despite the excellent materials it is composed of, a good one. Officers and men are unaccustomed to the boat and its peculiarities; its machinery is often novel; by the time they have learnt to make the best use of the craft they are taken out of it. As a rule the

boat's crew is totally unacquainted with the intricacies of our home waters; moreover, be it said with respect, the blue-jacket is almost always a very inferior boatman. What I would suggest, therefore, is that the Admiralty should be prepared to hand over the whole of these boats to local volunteer crews. The conditions on which the allotment should be made might be as follows:—

1. The locality must be responsible for providing at least two full crews for the boat.

2. It must be responsible for the housing of the boat, and for all repairs due to negligence.

3. The boats must be inspected at regular intervals, and their crews must satisfy certain requirements as to efficiency.

The conditions as to efficiency should be made as simple as possible. Ability to manœuvre the boat for a given time at full speed, good practice with the quick-firing gun at a moving mark, a smart handling of the torpedo, are the only essentials.¹

No conditions need be imposed with regard to the use of the boat when not actually on service. The oftener the crew are in her, for any legitimate purpose whatever, the better. A boat and her crew are like a horse and its rider—the rider should have a perfect acquaintance with the horse's peculiarities; and so with the boat.

No two boats, even if they be built inch by inch on the same pattern, have exactly the same tricks. Having got the boats distributed round the coast after the manner of the lifeboats, having crews to man them, and responsible persons to provide for their maintenance, it would only remain to make use of their powers in time of war.

A year or two ago I was with the blockading squadron off Lough Swilly during the manœuvres. I then learnt a lesson which I believe no sailor will dispute, namely—that no ship can remain at night off a coast protected by torpedo boats.

If my plan be carried out, a single telegram will send to sea 100 torpedo boats manned by some of the best seamen in the United Kingdom, men who know the territorial waters perfectly, who are capable, daring, longing for distinction, and gifted with the initiative which is essential to success in naval operations.

Various objections may be raised to the plan, but on examination they do not appear to be formidable. In the first place, it may be said that it would be imprudent to entrust such a delicate weapon as the Whitehead torpedo to inexperienced hands. As a matter of fact, the thing is done in the case of nearly every torpedo boat that is sent away fully equipped during the manœuvres. A man may be a first-rate shot at a partridge without being a good gunsmith, and it is not necessary that those who use a Whitehead

¹ A couple of boats might be tried experimentally on the Thames, to prove whether or not the volunteers can be relied upon for the work.

torpedo should be acquainted with the intricacies of its internal machinery. This can at all times be inspected and kept in order by competent inspectors and artificers appointed by the Admiralty. A more serious difficulty arises in connection with the engine-room department. The mere repair and maintenance of the engines and their proper working by skilled engineers need not be an insuperable obstacle; on the contrary, there are many stations round the coast which are ideal head-quarters for an engineering staff. At the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway works at Brighton, at the agricultural machine works at Colchester, on the Thames, at Hull, and at other places there are scores of men who are experts in machine fitting, and, what is more important, accustomed to working locomotive and other boilers at high pressure. But whether such men could be expected to render service as Naval Volunteers is very doubtful. A man does not, as a rule, volunteer to work out of hours at his own trade. Besides, many men who are quite willing to put their hands into the tar-bucket will positively refuse to handle the oil-can or the coal-shovel.

But the difficulty could probably be got over in a very simple fashion. Let the Government include in the capitation grant a sum sufficient to pay good wages to engineers and stokers for each boat during one fortnight in the year, or during whatever period of mobilisation may be decided upon. The members of the local force would have the whole year before them in which to arrange for the engagement of the special complements. In some corps payment, especially in the case of the engineers, may be found unnecessary. In that case let the boat take the benefit of the saving effected. At all times other than the official occasions the corps should provide its engine-room staff out of its own funds.

Lastly, there remains one other objection which must be met because it will certainly be raised.

It will be said that to place a torpedo boat at an undefended seaport is to make that port a belligerent town, and consequently open to bombardment.

There are three answers to the objection, any one of them conclusive. In the first place, if the Admiralty begin with such places as are already fortified they will have solved the problem before the difficulty has arisen.

Bristol, Falmouth, Plymouth, Exmouth, Portland, Portsmouth, the Thames, the Medway, Harwich, Hull, Shields, the Tyne, Leith, and many other places have already got batteries of some kind or other. They are quite enough to enable us to make a beginning.

In the second place it can hardly be doubted that were a hostile cruiser to attempt to land a party on the beach at Brighton, the Brighton volunteer corps would open fire on them. It is plain, therefore, that a volunteer corps may be as dangerous as a torpedo boat.

And lastly, there is no reason to believe that the conduct of a belligerent in any war in which we may be engaged will be regulated by any paper rules.* He will bombard open towns if he finds it pays, and if he dares. If he finds that he loses far more than he gains, he will leave them alone. The belligerent town objection is not a serious one.

Such is my plan, and I venture respectfully to commend it to the attention of the Naval Volunteers.

I believe that by adopting it we may solve a difficult problem to the satisfaction of all parties concerned: that we may utilise in an almost ideal fashion the material which exists ready to our hand. I look forward to seeing London, Brighton, Portsmouth, all our great seaports and watering-places, provided with a thoroughly efficient torpedo boat, and to the growth of a healthy rivalry among them in the race for perfection. With such a force our coasts will be secure against the possibility of a hostile raid, and our fleets will be free to devote themselves to aggressive warfare on the high seas, or on the enemy's coasts.

One more word in conclusion. In the graceless and ungenerous report issued by Admiral Tryon's committee, much stress is laid upon the fact that the majority of the Naval Volunteers are returned as having a profession other than that of 'seaman,' and an attempt is made to win public approval by a sneer which might well have been spared. For in truth the criticism has no intrinsic value whatever. It may be that individually the members of the corps are unfit to go to sea, though I believe there is not the slightest foundation for such a suggestion. But the fact that the volunteers earn their living in some other calling than that of a sailor is absolutely irrelevant. I venture to assert that between London Bridge and the Lower Hope there may be found on any Saturday afternoon at least a thousand young fellows who come within the category of incapables as defined by the committee, who will out-sail, out-row, out-pilot (in their own waters), and in every respect show themselves more at home on the water than, nine out of ten blue-jackets in the navy. I myself know barristers, solicitors, stockbrokers, and others who have been familiar with the sea ever since they could walk. And that there are thousands of such men round our coasts is a matter of common knowledge. To reject their services because they earn their living ashore, seems to me a most extraordinary mistake. There may be good reasons for breaking up the Royal Naval Volunteers, but most assuredly the fact that these volunteers are not all professional sailors is not one of them.

THE CONGREGATIONALIST COUNCIL

THE International Council of Congregational Churches, which is to hold its sittings in London during the present month, will necessarily be lacking in some of the features which have given picturesqueness to ecclesiastical gatherings in whose wake it follows. To the pomp and circumstance which surround the Lambeth Conference it can make no pretension. Nor is there behind it a compact organisation, over which it will exercise more or less control, such as that on which a Pan-Presbyterian Assembly could lean, or such as will be represented in the great Methodist Congress to be held at Chicago this year. It will be, indeed, an Œcumenical Council or world's parliament of Congregationalism, just as these others were of Anglicanism, or Presbyterianism, or Methodism. But it will be with a marked difference. Like them it may serve as a demonstration of strength and its meetings will afford invaluable opportunities for the interchange of opinions based on the observations and experiences of men whose work is done under conditions so diverse as to make such friendly conference peculiarly instructive and stimulating. But there the resemblance ceases. The Council will have no authority. It may help to form opinion, or, what is of not less importance, to create an intellectual and moral atmosphere: but it can make no changes of creed; it can lay down no regulations for the government of the Churches; and it may be doubted whether it will make any attempt to formulate in resolutions the result of its own deliberations. Its moral influence must be widespread, and probably it will be all the more profound and far-reaching because it does not aspire to legislative power.

Still the fact remains, it will not be an ecclesiastical legislature, will be nothing more than a convention of men possessing few, if any, of the attributes to which the world is accustomed to do honour, brought together to discuss subjects of common interest to them in their work as ministers and leaders of Christian Churches. There will not even be the excitement of an aggressive movement against some other religious community. There is no trace of the polemic element in the programme of the proceedings. It may,

indeed, be hardly possible to avoid controversy altogether. The representatives of any powerful ecclesiastical system do not meet to spend time in talking frothy sentiment or indulging in colourless platitudes and vapid expressions of universal good-will which suggest that they have no distinctive principles worth contending for. In that Council will be gathered representatives of all sections of the English-speaking family, some of whom must travel thousands of miles in order to be present. They certainly would not put themselves to such trouble in order to swell a chorus of amiable, but somewhat feeble professions of kindly feeling, very sincere but extremely unpractical, towards all Christian people. This Catholic sentiment will be sufficiently expressed, but it were folly, or something worse, to expect that the members of the Council will suppress the utterance of those distinctive principles without which their Churches have no right to exist. There are, indeed, circumstances which render a distinct and forcible deliverance on some points absolutely incumbent. On Congregationalists, more than any others, has fallen the responsibility of opposing the exclusive arrogance of the 'historic episcopate,' and never was there a time when it was less possible to shrink from this obligation than the present. But the manly assertion and defence of principle is one thing; a crusade against some adverse system is a very different one. Of the latter there will be nothing in the Council. Its aim will be to develop more fully the efficiency of Congregationalism as one of the great Christian forces of the world, and the subjects proposed for the different meetings are all related to the central thought. They deal with the internal life of Congregational Churches, the drift of theological thought, the education of the ministry, the relation of Christian Churches to social questions, the possibilities of closer fellowship between different sections of the Christian world.

In all this there is nothing sensational, hardly anything which from the journalist's point of view can be regarded even as interesting. The earnest talk of a number of Christian men, however thoughtful and independent they may be, is not likely to have much attraction for those who, in their secret mind, esteem them the victims of an invincible fanaticism. The movements in which the Council is most deeply interested appear to these observers to be purely visionary, and even its views on questions of a more mundane character are thought to be tinged by that 'other-worldliness' which vitiates the judgments of men who would else be entitled to respect. Even to others disposed to regard such an assembly in more friendly temper its discussions may appear a needless multiplication of palaver already too abundant. They might not unreasonably say that if the Church can be quickened and the world influenced by means of Congresses and Conferences considerable advance ought to have been made in that direction long before this. There certainly has been no

lack of these gatherings, and the necessity or advantage of an addition to them is not very obvious. This criticism may be somewhat cynical, but its justice it would not be easy to dispute. Even to those who are most deeply interested in these Conferences the thought must sometimes have suggested itself that the objects they are intended to promote would probably suffer no material injury if there were occasional periods of silence. These are suggestions of weariness not likely to be appreciated by the young and ardent spirits who are the strength of all communities. But those not immediately interested in the work of Congregationalism may so far sympathise with them as to wonder why its leaders should have thought it wise to convene such a Council, and be disposed to treat its deliberations as interesting at most to its own adherents only, about matters which outsiders regard as belonging to the infinitely little.

But there is surely another side to this. The societies whose delegates are to meet in this assembly represent a distinct and suggestive type of Christianity. They have grown up in the shade in defiance not only of the ecclesiastical but the social and (in this country at least) the political forces of the world. If Congregationalism could have been strangled in its cradle by the strong hand of power it would have been done; if it escaped from that cruel persecution by which it was harried in its early days, and has grown to be a mighty force in the world, it has not been by the support of princes or of armies. Out of weakness it has been made strong, but it has been by faith only. The Council will exhibit the result of three centuries of consistent testimony, diligent and persevering work, and, during a long period of its history, of patient suffering for conscience's sake. That suffering has not altogether ceased. The Congregationalist of this country has by protracted struggle won for himself, and helped to win for others also, liberty of conscience and political right. But even now loyalty to his principles means sacrifices which it requires both faith and courage to accept. To-day the grievance may be sentimental rather than practical, but in spiritual things sentiment counts for much. But it is not all sentiment; Congregationalism still does its work under discouragements and difficulties, and the success which it has achieved is a standing evidence of its inherent vitality and force. Those who assume that Christian faith has spent itself may wisely study such a phenomenon as this assembly will present. It will be composed of men who are free from any restraints of authority or obligations to creeds, who have not by acts of formal subscription compromised their liberty, and whose position has not been determined by worldly considerations. The discussions are sure to show that they have considered the great theological questions of the day with care, while the variety of opinion elicited will prove their independence. Had they been moved by ambition or self-interest, they would have sought a home in Churches with

higher social position; but they have shown themselves as indifferent to the prizes of society as to the authority of tradition. They have dared to think for themselves and to brave the consequences of their independence. I may venture to say still further that, so far from betraying any jealousy of modern thought, they will confess themselves grateful for light, from whatever quarter it may come, ready for searching discussion, and eager only to follow the guidance of truth wherever it may lead, resting nothing on appeals to antiquity or prejudice, to fashion or authority, but fully recognising the supremacy of the individual conscience and appealing to it by fair argument. To any who have quietly assumed that the intelligence of the age has abandoned the Christian standard such a gathering may seem a strange survival of a less enlightened age. But it is at least as deserving of study as many of the subjects on which science employs itself. Intelligent and independent men who have given such proofs of their sincerity have a right to fair hearing.

The historic interest attaching to Congregationalism may not be at once apparent to those who fancy that the great drama of the world has all been played in courts and cabinets, by princes and potentates. But men are beginning at last to understand that the people have had their work to do, that they have never been mere ciphers, as historians have been too apt to regard them, and that the great movements of the world can only be understood aright as we study them in the workshop or the cottage as well as in the palace or the mansion. In this point the history of the Church is even more significant than that of the State. If we are to appreciate the work of Christianity in the world, to know the conditions under which it has been done, to measure the forces by which it has been advanced or hindered, to estimate aright the influence it has exerted in fashioning the character or the moulding of human lives, we must not satisfy ourselves with studying the careers of ecclesiastical statesmen or following the fortunes of rival Church parties. To speak frankly, the *haute politique* of Church history is not edifying, and yet it is that with which the historian is chiefly, if not exclusively, concerned.

Hence it is that Congregationalism is assumed to have no history. It is only a heresy, a kind of English Donatism; and what interest can attach to the fortunes of heretics, especially those who have not even a rival hierarchy and are only the vulgar democrats of the Church? True they have done one or two notable things in their day, but these have not rendered them more attractive to the defenders of autocracy, whether in Church or State. Yet surely the story of Churches of that free and popular character must have much that is instructive. They have, at all events, taught the world that it is possible to maintain and propagate Christian truths by the living force that is in itself. Without prelate, without priest, without a gorgeous ritual, appealing to the senses of the people, warring against

the strongest tendencies of popular religion, they have not only continued to exist, but they have steadily advanced. Their enemies sometimes taunt them with their weakness, but the only marvel is that they are so strong. Statistics prove nothing so long as they are a parade of figures of which no explanation is given. A bare comparison of the numerical strength of Anglicanism and Congregationalism as they are to-day would suggest very misleading inferences. It is necessary to look back—say to the times when the Pilgrims went forth to seek a home and laid the foundation of a powerful republic—and compare the Congregationalism of that time with its successor of to-day in order to realise what its strength is.

This kind of comparison is indirectly suggested by some of the arrangements connected with the forthcoming Council, though not actually included in its business programme. Nearly three centuries ago Congregationalism sent forth a little company of men who have made the name of Plymouth Rock immortal. Their descendants are coming back to the land of their fathers to exchange greetings with those who on their part have succeeded in securing a local habitation for their common principles and institutions, and winning for themselves the rights of citizenship in the England which was then so inhospitable. What more natural than that they should together visit the lowly home of their ancestors? It is therefore proposed that the day after the sittings of the Council shall be devoted to an excursion to Scrooby.

'Scrooby, Scrooby!' some perplexed reader may say: but where is Scrooby, and what special attraction does it possess? The question is an extremely natural one, and the ignorance it confesses is not uncommon. The name has no place on the rolls of English history. It is but a small village—scarcely more than a hamlet—on the borders of Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, and Yorkshire, a quiet haunt, 'far from the madding crowd,' which has scarcely been touched by the many changes of the centuries, and remains much what it was in the days when its old manor-house sheltered the conventicle whose humble members were to fill so conspicuous a place in the annals, not of Congregationalism only, but of the American Republic. Scrooby was the cradle of the forces that made New England, and New England was the cradle of American freedom and American greatness. There is many a place which has a high name in the annals of fame which can boast no such record of true greatness and enduring power.

Before referring further to the heroic story of the Church at Scrooby and its sister Church at the neighbouring village of Ansterfield—the one associated with the name of Brewster, the other with that of Bradford, both of them distinguished workers in the making of New England—it is desirable to define the exact ecclesiastical position of these two societies, the prototypes of the Congregational

Churches of to-day. The name is somewhat misleading, as suggesting that their contention was solely for a particular form of Church government. This is only partially, indeed, only superficially, true. It was doubtless a revolt against prelacy, but even this meant much more than opposition to the episcopal office, and, if it is to be fairly judged, must be considered in connection with the state of things out of which the struggle arose. To-day it is possible to discuss in that dispassionate temper which a time of peace may produce, and with the advantage of a fuller experience, the rightfulness and expediency of a system of episcopal or presbyterial supervision which may check the errors or caprices of the Christian demos. Whether in Church or State, it seems very hard for a certain class of thinkers to understand that the best way of correcting the mistakes of the people is to leave them to correct themselves. For such men, a very estimable though somewhat timid class, a moderate Episcopacy or a well-balanced Presbyterianism will always be attractive. If the question had been, as many suppose, between either of these systems and Congregationalism, it might have been reasonably doubted whether it would be consistent with wisdom or Christian charity to divide the Church on what, after all, must be regarded as a mere point of arrangement. But in truth, when the subject comes to be looked at in that light, there is no further room for the unhappy separation that has arisen. Christian societies constitute themselves according to their different conceptions of what is best calculated to advance the great end they have in view, and work side by side as members of the one Christian family.

This unity is, of course, impossible so long as the representatives of either system claim for it a divine right and deny the very name of Christian Churches to all who do not conform to its model. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this was the common fault of all. Congregationalism was afflicted with the common inability to perceive that there may be unity in variety. The idea was contrary to that which had prevailed in the world, and it is hardly surprising that it should not have been grasped by a generation which was still dominated by the impressive spectacle of the Holy Catholic Church. The Anglican conception of that Church differed from the Papal mainly in asserting the independence of the national branch. Prelacy was supreme in both, and against it with all that it involved Congregationalism was a protest on the ground that it trampled on the rights of the Christian people and outraged the fundamental idea of a Church.

Congregationalism has frequently been confounded with Puritanism; but they were not only distinct, but often directly antagonistic. Some High Church writers fancy that they have made some extraordinary discovery, and by it are able to score some points against Congregationalism, by showing that it is not a lineal descendant of

the old Puritanism. It is an example of love's labour lost. We were not so ignorant of our true lineage and of the story of our fathers, as to need the instruction. Of course, as advanced Protestants—reformers of reformers—there are points common to us with the Puritans. But the difference between the two parties is sufficiently marked. Like Anglicanism, Puritanism believed in a National Church, the struggle between them having relation only to the character which that Church should assume. In that struggle the sympathies of the Independents (the name by which Congregationalists were at first known) were with the Puritans, and, as a matter of fact, numbers of them passed through Puritanism as a stage on the way to their complete emancipation from ecclesiasticism. But the course our fathers took was a more daring one. They maintained the idea of a 'gathered' Church, that is, a Church composed of those who voluntarily united themselves in Christian fellowship, in opposition to that of a National Church. They were the Separatists of the day, their essential principle being that a Church of Christ cannot be constituted by king or parliament, but solely by the free and independent action of believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.

It is hardly necessary to point out how such a view traversed the entire theory of the Anglican Church, alike in its ecclesiastical and political character. That the first Independents should have dared to assume such an attitude is surprising. They were not a strong party disposed to try conclusions with the mighty forces arrayed on behalf of the established system, but a few obscure men whose one desire was to work out their idea of a Church in quietness. But this they were not allowed to do. The pathetic story of the first Congregational Church in London has only recently been rescued from the oblivion into which it had fallen by the discovery of some musty documents in the State Paper Office. This Society, calling itself the 'Privye Church in London,' was in existence as early as 1567, and the neglected documents, which had not even been calendared, but had been heedlessly thrown away as of no value, and are endorsed 'Bishop of London, Puretanes,' give an instructive view of its principles and practice. The close resemblance, even in minute particulars, between their usages and those which obtained among Congregationalists to a very recent date, and some of which are current still, is very curious. But the most suggestive paper is a memorial to the queen, signed by these witnesses for Christ and liberty, in protest against that Canon law by which queen and bishops were seeking to coerce the conscience of England:—

This secrete and disguised antechrist, to wit, this Cannon Law with the branches and their mainteyners, thoughte not so openly, have by longe imprisonment pined and killed the lord's sarvants (as our minister Richard Fitz, Thomas Rowland, deacon, one Partryche and Gyles Foulser) and besydes these a great multitude . . . whose good cause and faythfull testimony, though we sh^d cease to grone and crye unto

our God to redresse such wronges and cruel handelynges of his pore members, the very wallis of the prisons about this Citie, as the Gatehouse, Brydewell, the Counters, the Kyngsbenche, the Marcialty, the White Lyon, w^{ch} testifie God's anger kyndlyed against this land for such iniustice and subtyll persecucion.

These humble men, holding their conventicle in Plumbers' Hall, might have been thought too obscure to attract the notice of the Queen, who had no more loyal subjects albeit they refused to acknowledge her ecclesiastical supremacy. But the bishops had the resources of that canon law which these confessors regarded as a 'secret and disguised antichrist' at their disposal, and the touching document which has so strangely been recovered testifies that they had not been slow to use them. After all, the bishops were wise in their generation. The story of the intervening centuries has shown that in the principles taught by these poor men Clericalism was to find its most powerful foe. The International Council will be constituted of the representatives of Churches holding the very principles for which Richard Fritz and his deacon were left to rot in gaol—Churches which are not only powerful factors in the religious and political life of England, but have been largely instrumental in building up a greater England in a continent which was then a *terra incognita*, and are doing a similar work in those colonies in which the English race is renewing the enterprise and repeating the triumphs of its youth.

How the principles of this new sect disseminated themselves it would not be easy to follow. Of necessity the work had to be done in secret, for, obscure as the teachers of the new doctrine might be, no effort was spared to suppress them and it. The bishops hated and persecuted it as heresy; the Queen, always jealous of her ecclesiastical prerogative, regarded it as sedition, and there was no scruple as to using the strong arm of the law for its suppression. Its apostles were simple-minded and devout men—some of them pure idealists, many of them scholars of the University, none of them men of whom a Government would have entertained any fear. But none the less was their rebellion against authority to be put down, at whatever cost. The story of the persecution belongs to the short and simple annals of the poor, and is a sufficiently pitiable one. The very names of such martyrs as Copping and Thacker, Barrowe and Greenwood, hardly appear on the page of history, and there are few, indeed, who care to follow the course of the blind and cruel tyranny to which they fell victims. They dared to believe that a Church of Christ might be established in England in the sixteenth century on the same lines and by the same kind of instruments as the Church at Antioch in the first century, and their offence was one which the Queen and her bishops could not pardon.

It was under such conditions that Congregationalism grew up in England. It found no favour among the powerful; of it, as of the

Christianity of the first days, it could be truly said 'not many mighty, not many noble were called'; it had not the support of a strong political party behind it; there was none of the excitement of public controversy to animate and sustain its confessors. They were dragged before ecclesiastical courts, were browbeaten and bullied by bishops and their agents, were thrust into loathsome dungeons from which they were occasionally dragged forth to be insulted with fresh abuse and mocked with promises of pardon. To those who cannot appreciate the value of the principle for which they were contending they must appear a set, if not of deluded fanatics at all events of excited enthusiasts, possessed by an idea which had disturbed their conception of things. Let them, at all events, have credit for their loyalty to truth, and truth which affected something far deeper than a question as to matters so external, and therefore so subordinate, as forms and methods of Church polity. They believed that the world was being drawn away from the simplicity of Christ by the errors against which they protested, and that to falter in their testimony would be an act of treason to their Master.

Persecution might silence such men, but it failed to destroy their power. Unpopular as their teaching was, it spread not by public agitation, for none of the methods of propagandism which make the diffusion of new opinions so easy to-day were available, but by processes as quiet as that of the growing seed. To the little villages of Scrooby and Austerfield had come some who had accepted these new ideas. Brewster, who occupied the old manor-house at Scrooby, and was the postmaster of the village, was the centre of the little group who were attracted to this rallying-place. In Austerfield lived Bradford, afterwards to be the Governor of New England. To these men and their associates England could not be a home of safety, and ardent as was their love for their country—a sentiment, be it observed, which has been transmitted to their descendants in New England, who to this day preserve an affection for the old country—they resolved to abandon it in order that they might find freedom to worship God.

It is not necessary that the story of the Pilgrim Fathers be retold here. The world has been made to recognise the power they exerted; comparatively few are familiar with the record of trials and sorrows by which it was obtained. Through much tribulation they entered into their kingdom. On them were the marks of a true Apostolical succession, for they were 'in labours more abundantly, in prisons more abundantly, in stripes above measure, in deaths oft . . . in journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils from their countrymen, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in labour and travail, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.' Space would

fail us to show how literally these words summarise the thrilling narrative of the fathers and founders of New England Congregationalism. It was a daring venture that of theirs, one which would appeal many a stout heart to-day. We live in an age of 'half-beliefs,' as Matthew Arnold called them, and of an easy-going tolerance, and it is hard for numbers to understand men who could abandon their all for the sake of religious beliefs. But these humble Separatists were heroes of faith. Even the annals of British courage record no tale of resolution more daring, or courage more patient and enduring, than theirs. Holland was their first resting-place, but even there they could not find a home. They settled for a time at Amsterdam, but stress of circumstances forced them to Leyden. Another interesting ceremony following on the Council will be a visit to the old Dutch city to do honour to the memory of John Robinson, the large-hearted leader of the Pilgrims. The pastor of the little church of exiles won the favour of the city by his character, of the university by his learning. But the voice of duty called the little company to the distant and then unknown West, where God had greater work for them to do. For the first time its representatives come back to the country from which their fathers were driven by a constraining love of truth, of liberty, of righteousness, and of God. Behind them is a record to which they can point with thankfulness and with commendable pride. Through the whole of American history there has been no force which has worked more steadily and constantly for righteousness than that which found its first resting-place on Plymouth Rock.

The Congregationalism of America is specially instructive because its growth has not been checked and dwarfed as in the old country by a State Church overshadowing it at every point. It has enjoyed the free and bracing air of liberty, and has thus been able to develop its true character. Like all other Protestants of that time, the Pilgrim Fathers failed to grasp at once the true principle of Protestantism with all the consequences it involved. It needed time and experience to perfect them in the law of Christian liberty. But they did learn, and in the United States to-day we have a great object-lesson in the practice of religious equality. Looking to the results in the case of Congregationalists, what is the judgment to be pronounced? The first and most obvious conclusion is that the Churches themselves have nothing to fear from absolute liberty. There is no sign of the decay of faith among the people. America has its faults, and there are not wanting critics to remind the world of them, but it would not be easy to find a point on which it cannot sustain a comparison with our own country. The provision for Christian teaching and ordinances is as abundant, and, remembering the marvellous growth of population and the capricious changes to which it is subject, is singularly well distributed. The attendance at places of worship

and the number of adherents to the different Churches show no signs of diminution, and the relations of the various religious bodies to each other are much more happy than in this country. If any have dreamed that in a state of freedom there would be entire agreement in religious opinion, or that any one ecclesiastical system would swallow up all the rest, the experience of America is decisive to the contrary. The several Churches are flourishing, though in different degrees of prosperity, because men of diverse temperaments and grades of culture gravitate naturally to different centres. Congregationalism makes no claim to supremacy, is content to take its place and do its work earnestly and quietly by the side of other and friendly rivals. Its actual strength is hardly understood by outside observers because of the division of its family into two separate branches of Baptists and Pædo-Baptists. The former are much the more numerous, and, because they are known by a name which emphasises the differentiating point between them and Pædo-Baptists, it is often forgotten that they hold every principle for which the Plymouth Fathers contended; that, in fact, they are not less Congregationalists because they have distinctive views on the subject of baptism. When the numbers of its two sections are added together it will be seen how mighty a power is the system which the little company of exiles planted on that New England shore. Congregationalism has trained not a few of the men of leading and light in the great Western Republic. It has enriched its literature, has played no unworthy part in its great philanthropic movements, has been foremost among those great missionary agencies which have made provision for the religious wants of the vast continent over which the sway of the Republic extends. Not the least of its achievements has been its remarkable work in those regions of the West whose rapid development has so severely taxed the resources of Christian faith and love.

There is one point in which American experience must be peculiarly valuable for any who share an opinion on which Mr. Matthew Arnold was very fond of insisting. His continual complaint of Non-conformists was because of their unblessed mixture of politics and religion by which both politics and religion are spoiled. It is not necessary to argue here how far he was right, but the condition of things in the United States suggests that for the kind of mixture which was so offensive in his eyes, the existence of a State Church was mainly responsible. According to Mr. Bryce, the political influence of the clergy of all sects is a thing of the past. As a rule, ministers take no part in politics, and in the exceptional cases of those who do, their influence depends entirely on their own personality, and not on their official position. Still further, what is an even more unquestionable gain, the lines of cleavage in political parties do not coincide with those that separate Christians. It is

hardly necessary to insist upon the advantage to religion from its questions being kept altogether out of the world of political controversy. It is one of the happy consequences of the state of absolute freedom and perfect religious equality for which Congregationalism has from the beginning been struggling; at first, indeed, it had but an imperfect apprehension of the right, only groping after the truth and seeing men as trees walking, but gradually, as it came more fully into the light, asserting the great principle that in matters of conscience should be free from human interference of whatever kind.

For that truth, often mistaken and perverted, and confessedly difficult for men to carry out in its entirety, Congregationalism has to struggle in England to-day. It is a conflict forced upon it by principle, and from which it cannot escape, although it necessarily exposes it to keen antagonism and frequent misrepresentation. But conflict is not its sole or principal work, and in that which it has to wage it may at least claim that it is not contending for selfish objects. It is compelled in self-defence to maintain its own right to a place in the great Christian commonwealth; but in doing that it is simply upholding the rights of the Christian conscience everywhere. On its own side it pretends to no monopoly of truth or piety. Its members believe that there is a great work to be done by a Christianity as free and unfettered as that which Congregationalism seeks to develop, and the great object of the Council is to stimulate the zeal of its members and call forth all its resources for service. There always have been numbers of critics to point out its faults, and of late they have been specially active. There is one point, however, which they would do well to remember. It is idle to object that it has not the compactness and efficiency of a great organisation, but it cannot secure these qualities without abandoning its distinctive principles. It has the faults and defects which belong to the working of free institutions everywhere; but those who are not prepared to face the difficulties inseparable from liberty have not yet obtained the right to be free.

Its very successes have created for it a class of new difficulties. It has obtained for itself a recognised place in the nation, and that has brought with it a sense of national responsibility which entails fresh obligations and compels the revision of its plans and methods. It is earnestly seeking to meet these fresh demands, is entertaining new ideas with a free and generous hospitality, and will not suffer tradition or conventionalism to hinder it in the prosecution of its great work. In this it may receive important help from the men who have worked the system in the freer life of America and the Australian Colonies.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

*THE POET OF THE KLEPHTS**ARISTOTELES VALAORITIS*

THE poets of modern Greece, from Rhigas and Solomos to the present day—and they are not few in number—have for the most part been essentially national in character, and none more so than those unnamed rhapsodists who embodied the martial deeds and heroic spirit of her mountaineers throughout their long and desperate struggle for independence in those terse and graphic snatches of song, handed down from mouth to mouth among the people, and now happily rescued from oblivion by the laborious compilations of Fauriel, Marcellus, Passow, Legrand, and others. But it is just this spirit of those nameless singers, this enthusiasm for their country's struggle, wedded to an unusual gift of the highest poetical expression, which entitles Aristoteles Valaoritis above all others to the distinctive position of the national poet of Greece. His published work, which is but small in volume, deals almost exclusively with the story of Suli and the stirring incidents of the insurrection; and the freedom of the mountains, the living sense of a grand and rugged nature, the spirit of liberty and defiance, breathe through every line of his poems.

By ancestral descent no less than at heart he was a true Epirote, a son of that stern and rocky land which contributed so many of its bravest heroes to the national cause, in the struggle for an emancipation she was not destined to share. The name is derived from a small Epirote town, of which now only the site exists, but the martial services of early members of the family in the struggle against the Crescent had been rewarded by the republic of Venice with territories in the neighbourhood of the modern Santa Maura, and there they were finally established and inscribed as nobles in the golden book of *Leucas*. The poet's father represented the people of Santa Maura in the Ionian Assembly under the English protectorate, and afterwards obtained the rank of senator.

Aristoteles Valaoritis was born in 1824, during the Greek struggle for independence. He was educated first in the Ionian Islands, and subsequently at a school in Geneva. Later he went on to Paris, but the northern climate proved too severe for his delicate constitution, and he completed his studies at the University of Pisa. In 1850 he

returned to Santa Maura to settle down, and married shortly afterwards the daughter of the well-known Emilio Tipaldo of Venice. His fortune was sufficiently considerable to make him independent of worldly considerations, and he devoted his time to literature and the public service of his country. In person he was of a tall and athletic figure, the countertype of those mountaineers whose poet he elected to become. An ardent and active Hellene, he was among those deputies in the Ionian Chamber who never ceased to combat the British Protectorate; it was he who drew up and presented, in 1862, to the Lord High Commissioner the declaration in which the representatives of the Ionian Islands petitioned for their union with Greece, and he was shortly afterwards elected a representative in the National Chamber at Athens. Eight years earlier, his identification with a rising in Epirus had brought upon him a temporary exile from the Ionian Islands, and there was no movement in which the Hellenistic idea came to the fore in which he did not actively co-operate and contribute material assistance. During the Cretan revolution of 1867 he despatched volunteers at his own expense, and maintained on his estate many exiles and victims of this bloody struggle. After taking part in the deliberations of the Greek Chamber for several years, he finally quitted political life in 1869, and settled down on the little island of Madouri, which formed part of his property in the vicinity of Santa Maura, where he died in 1879, too soon to have seen realised one of the dearest wishes of his life, the emancipation of Thessaly.

The island of Santa Matra, or Leucas, lies so near the Akarnanian coast that when the sea is low it is just possible to reach the mainland on foot. Beyond the Gulf of Arta, hollowing out the rocky coast to the north-east, the outlines of the range that held the mountain fastnesses of famous Suli might almost be visible, and away to the dim east a clear day would reveal the higher crests of Pindus and the spurs that bound the plains of Thessaly, the immemorial haunts of klepht and armatole.¹ It was especially to the Ionian Islands that the mountain warriors came down for refuge under the Venetian flag, through their long wars with the Pachas of Janina, during the winter season, when the rocky defiles became untenable; and in the youth of Valaoritis, nurtured during the heat and struggle of the

¹ The Greek peasantry who had submitted readily to the Mussulman invader were allowed considerable liberty of government, and permitted to form a sort of irregular militia for the defence of the privileges originally conceded. These irregulars were known as *armatoli*. Others, who rejected all overtures of the conqueror, and, taking to the mountains, kept up an incessant desultory warfare, supporting themselves by raids on the Turkish settlers, and sometimes also on the subject Greeks, were known by the appellation of *klephts*; a name which, signifying etymologically *robber*, came to be regarded as a title of distinction. Later, when the *armatoli* came into frequent collision with the Mussulman militia, they were scarcely distinguishable from the *klephts*.

Greek war of independence, the isles were ringing with the songs of the popular heroes, cast into form by unlettered rhapsodists and repeated to eager hearers at every village fair by blind beggars, the wandering Homers of a later day. It was from these folk-songs that the sources of his inspiration were drawn; it was these men, the heroic struggle of whose forlorn hope, never slumbering throughout a century of ceaseless warfare, had won the tardy sympathy of Europe, whose poet and biographer he elected to become. The sagas of Suli, the self-immolation of Samuel the prophet of Kiapha, the heroic death of a Vlachavas, an Astropojannis, the crimes of Ali of Tebelen, the murder of Phrosyne, and the martyrdom of Diakos, were to be sung by him in poems which will live as long as the Greek language survives.

Drawing his inspiration from the fount of popular song, he chose the popular language for his muse, and—setting himself in direct antagonism to a movement which, at the very time when he was writing, had been initiated with the moral support of the Athens University and leading contemporary men of letters, for the purification of the language and the re-assimilation of the older classical idiom—he threw the weight of his genius into the opposite scale, and made the spoken tongue his vehicle of song. There is in the present day in Greece a great gulf fixed between the spoken language and that of literature, even as revealed in the daily press; and in the spoken language itself there are many shades of difference, from that employed with an almost pedantic effort at purity by the representatives of the extreme school of classicists, through the everyday vocabulary of those who merely speak it as tradition has taught them in the more cultivated classes, down to the ruder speech of the shepherds and the country folk. But it was precisely this last development of the Hellenic tongue which Valaoritis went out of his way to practise and perfect, seeking out the society of the shepherd and the mountaineer, and sojourning in the cottage of the peasant in order to acquire more completely the tongue which he admitted he found ‘more plastic and more poetic, the only envelopment which is truly suited to our national poetry, and which supplies a mysterious link in our historical development.’ To quote again his own words from a letter in which he deals with the question, he writes: ‘To collect the scanty materials of a language so original and so poetic, to give it the polish of an artistic form, and to mould it in conformity with certain indispensable rules of composition, I have worked hard during thirty years without regarding the furious attacks of our learned folk, who, having excluded it from all poetic competitions, were bent upon making it disappear entirely from the memory of men and the lips of the people.’ The language which these last are endeavouring to substitute for it he describes as ‘an abortive child of the ancient language, destined to remain without influence on the

heart of a nation that can only appreciate a poetry which it can feel, can sing, can understand.' On the other hand, it has been urged that the result obtained by the poet is a somewhat hybrid diction, not one simple dialect but a combination of dialects, with a not wholly consistent intermixture of language which the writer is inevitably bound to graft upon the peasant's speech. However, the battle of language is still being fought in Greece, and it would be unsafe to hazard a conjecture as to where victory may ultimately rest. But it may safely be said that the vehicle selected by Valaoritis will prevent his poems from being ever widely read outside the narrow circle of Greek-speaking people, as their matter fully entitles them to be, owing to the extreme difficulty of following their spirit in what is practically a different language from that which it is most useful to acquire, while even to those Greeks who speak the cultivated language they are not quite easy reading.

It is curious to observe that in spite of his zealous partisanship in this cause, the notes and introductions to his poems, which are filled with historical details and research, are written in language of that extreme purity and correctness the application of which to poetry he protests against. It is also remarkable, and it was a source of the liveliest satisfaction to the poet himself, that in spite of the persistent hostility of the Athens University to the line he had adopted, it was Valaoritis who was selected by the Council of that University to recite his poem at the inauguration of the statue of the Patriarch Gregory, one of the most illustrious victims of the Revolution, which now stands in front of the University building. It was the last and greatest triumph of his life as a poet and a patriot, and he could have wished no higher acknowledgment of his genius.

Valaoritis wrote a number of poems in early youth, but a published collection, which indicated certain promise, was not followed by any further volume until he had reached the age of thirty-two. After a long period of silence the grief occasioned by the death of a child roused him to take up the pen once more. Then appeared the famous volume known as the *Mnemosyna*. Even after this he allowed long intervals to pass without committing anything to paper, and when he did write he wrote quickly and without much subsequent correction. His manuscripts show but little re-writing. He has left a considerable quantity of unpublished work, and it is believed that his son, M. Jean A. Valaoritis, contemplates issuing a complete volume of his posthumous work. His later poems are said to assimilate even more closely than his early ones to those popular songs which were his chief inspiration.

The construction of the language in the poems of Valaoritis is absolutely, even naïvely, simple. Short, direct, and even abrupt at times, he gains in vigour and loses nothing of suggestiveness, and within his self-imposed limits exhibits a high dramatic quality, a

richness of imagery, and a certain boldness of conception and contrast which reminds one at times of Victor Hugo, whose influence on his style he is said to have admitted. His descriptions of nature are drawn directly from the mountains of the land he loved so well, and produce their immediate effect on those who are familiar with the individual character of Greek landscape. There are passages where the spirit of spring and the glow of summer seem to have passed directly into his soul; indeed, there is far more feeling for nature in the small sum-total of his poetic writing, a truer appreciation of the facts of the open air, than we are accustomed to meet with in the poets of southern latitudes, and if the chord of passion has seldom swept across his lyre, though there are passages in the *Kyra Phrosyne* which suggest his latent power, it responds to a fervour of enthusiasm and a thrill of patriotic fire which is a rarer and perhaps higher quality. Above all, there is in every poem that subtle and indefinable essence, so impossible to analyse and yet so immediately appreciated, which distinguishes the poet from the versé-writer. Of his manner one cannot hope to convey any adequate idea; it is only the matter and the method of dealing with his subject in enveloping recent or contemporary historical episodes with the ideal atmosphere, which it will be attempted to expose in one or two specimens here.

The volume of early poems above alluded to was published in 1845. The date of the first edition of his famous *Mnemosyna* is 1857. It is not easy to find an exact equivalent for this title in English, as the commemorative services for the dead which it is used to indicate in Greek are unknown in our country; the nearest translation would perhaps be 'Memorial Poems,' and as such the collection includes one or two elegies recording personal losses as well as the odes commemorating the heroes and forerunners of Greek independence. The striking series of dramatic lyrics which set in a grim and graphic picture the reappearance of the hunted ghost of Thanáse Vaghia, the agent of Ali Pacha in the massacre of Gardiki, to the blind and homeless beggar woman who had been his wife,² are too long for quotation, and tempting as it is to illustrate the influence of the popular song upon his muse by a rendering of the piece which describes the death of the veteran klepht, Dimos, and how his trusty gun burst as the farewell shot was fired and the echo of its last discharge mingled on the mountain side with the warrior's passing soul, we must confine ourselves to two selections, both belonging to the cycle of the songs of Suli.

The romantic story of the heroic defence of the little mountain commonwealth of Suli, which for so many years defied the authority and the armies of Ali of Janina, was still a familiar memory in the days of the poet's youth. Originally a small band of shepherds from

² A translation of this poem appeared many years ago in the *Saturday Review*.

Gardiki, who had fled from the oppression of their masters, the Suliotes had developed in their seven villages of the plain and four of the mountain a small patriarchal commonwealth without written law or law courts, in which the family formed the political element of the state, while the heads of families acted as the arbiters of disputes and united in a sort of general council, the matter for whose deliberations was almost exclusively war. At the head of this little republic at the time of the final crisis in their struggle for existence was the ascetic priest or monk Samuel, who believed himself to be, and was regarded by the mountaineers as, an inspired prophet, and whose heroic death in the abandoned stronghold of Kounghi forms the subject of one of Valaoritis' most remarkable poems. The total number of the Suliotes never exceeded 5,000 souls, and they could never put more than 1,500 fighting men in the field, but with this little force they kept the armies of Ali Pacha at bay for a number of years, and inflicted several signal defeats on his trained Albanian troops.

First, however, in historical order comes the poem which commemorates the flight of Ali after the defeat inflicted on his army of 15,000 picked Albanians who were drawn on into the rocky defiles of Suli, where they were attacked in front by the women led by the wife of Lambros Tsavellas—an episode which forms the subject of a number of popular songs—and in flank and rear by an ambush of the Suliote men under Tsavellas himself, who had recently got away from the prisons of Janina under pretence of inducing his clansmen to submit. It is, of course, not possible in a prose translation to convey any idea of the vigour and spirit of this poem, the metre of which by its rapid double rhyme carries the reader along with a rush and swing, while it would be equally impossible to preserve its simplicity in an attempt to render it in verse.

A horse, a horse, Omer Vrioni !
 Suli is on us and overwhelms us ;
 A horse, a horse ! Canst hear all round us
 Their bullets whistle, hot and menacing !

 Haste, haste, Vrioni ! a little nearer
 And I shall never 'scape their talons ;
 A horse ! I know him by the kilt he wears,
 My mortal foe, Lambros Tsavellas.
 Seest thou him not ? Like the Death-angel,* on
 He comes, whirling on high his yatagha
 I can feel the clutching of his fingers
 Struggling to tear my heart out ;—
 A horse, a horse ! Omer Vrioni !
 The sun is down, the night draws on.

* The name of the ancient ferryman of Styx survives in modern Greek superstition as Charos, whose allotted task it is to convey the dead from this world to the next.

They fly, they fly—the doom is just,
And pale fear follows in their wake;
The black of night and the night mist,
These are their only company.

They dash through forest and ravine,
The spurs drip drops of blood;
The horse flings spume-flakes like the sea—
Ali is afraid—he is but just in time.

As he goes by, it needs but a wind's breath,
A creaking branch, a falling leaf,
A bird that flies, a roebuck scared away,
A little stream that murmurs in the gorge,

And Ali trembles at them all!
A cold sweat bathes his forehead;
His horse pricks up his ears, holds breath,
And draws up sharp—it was a wolf went by!

The horseman grips his saddle tight,
His eyes behold Tsavellas everywhere;
On every side he seems to see
The gleam of naked sabres.

His white beard, white like snow,
Is caught by the wind, blown across his mouth
And back, divided round his throat
As though it meant to strangle him;

And as the sea waves, blown on by the south wind,
Are lost running on into the darkness,
And only visible to sight
By the foam that blanches their crests,

So on this night the horse flew past
As a wave runs up into the gloom—
A sable wave round rolling
With Ali Pacha's beard for foam.

His horse drops dying, and as it paws the ground in the death agony Ali cannot hear if his pursuers are still upon his track, and puts a bullet through the animal's brain. Has the shot betrayed him? A voice cries, 'Vizir Ali!'

And still the cries!—the din grows nearer;
With eyes wide open on the void
Ali cries out aloud for aid,
'Help, help! Omer Vricni!'

Ali Pacha, thus pursued,
Got back half dead to Janina,
And all the afterdays he lived on earth
He seemed to see the white kilt of Tsavellas.

After this defeat the Suliotes were left at peace for eight years. The closing scenes of their tragic story, when Ali found time in 1803 to complete the extermination of his most dangerous enemies, present some of the most stirring scenes in history. Isolating their various villages and strongholds, the troops of Ali took them one by one after a desperate resistance. The mountain fortresses of Kounghi, the storehouse and arsenal of the community, was abandoned by the mass of the survivors who, when attacked by Veli Pacha in spite of their capitulation, retired to take up a stronger position on the heights of Zalongos. It was here that the Suliote women, stationed on a rocky edge overhanging a sheer precipice, when they saw the whole mountain surrounded and the enemy steadily advancing in spite of the havoc in his ranks, took their infant children and, kissing them for the last time, flung them down the abyss, and then joining hands in the syrtos, danced the graceful old-world dance among the falling shot round and round the little platform, one of the dancers breaking off from the line each time the winding chain approached the edge, and leaping down into annihilation. The priest Samuel had refused to leave the fort of Kounghi, and remained with five wounded pallikars to await the advance of Veli. They gathered all the remaining powder together in the chapel, and as the soldiers advanced, Samuel administered the communion to his five comrades; then, when the strokes of the invaders fell upon the door, he fired the magazine and immolated himself with them in the ruins of Kounghi.

In the poem of Valaoritis, the cries of the advancing Albanians are heard without; Samuel is alone at prayer behind the screen in the inner sanctuary. He has no water to complete the contents of the holy vessel,⁴ a tear for the lost Suli falls from his eyes upon the wine, and as he kisses the rim he feels the miraculous throb of life pass through the holy cup. The curtain of the inner sanctuary opens, and the five warriors kneel. Samuel places the chalice on a powder barrel reverently, as though upon an altar, and fires the slow fuse. Then he kneels too, and offers up his last prayer for himself and his companions, and records the solemn vow that never shall the foot of the infidel cross the holy threshold nor tread the soil of Kounghi; the keys that he holds in trust he will surrender neither on earth nor in heaven, for there his Creator will suffer him to wear them at his girdle. Then he imparts to each the contents of the sacred cup.

The first has partaken, the second has partaken,
He has given it to the third, the fourth one has received it,
He stands before the last one, and offers it to him;

⁴ In the orthodox celebration the admixture of water is indispensable.

And as the priest's melodious voice intoned the
 'Of thy mysterious banquet
 To-day, O Son of God ——'

Voices broke in, blows on the door, loud tumult;
 The infidels press round: 'Now, monk, what dost thou here?'
 Samuel lifted his eyes up at the sound,
 And from the spoon poised high above the barrel
 Let fall thereon an awful drop of consecrated blood:
 Then broke the lightning shock, the great world thundered,
 The church showed one red flash upon the clouds, one red flash, dusky Kounghi!
 Ah, what a funeral fire on this her day of doom
 Had ill-starred Suli, what smoke of what frankincense!

Then seemed to mount up skyward the monk's dark cassock,
 And spread and ever spread like an awful cloud of gloom,
 Like a great black cloud it spread and blotted out the sun:
 And as the smoke kept rising that bore it in its train
 The robe went sailing on and swept by like the shadow of death:
 And wherever its terrible shadow passed on its way,
 Like a mysterious fire it set the woods aflame.
 Yet with the first few thunderstorms, and after the new rains,
 A green grass sprang again there, laurel and olive and myrtle,
 Hopes, victories and battles, and liberty and joy.

The two longest and most important poems of Valaoritis are the *Kyra Phrosyne* or 'Mistress Euphrosyne' and *Thanáse Diakos*. The former, first published in 1859, is the story of the drowning by Ali Pacha in the lake at Janina of the mistress of his son Moukhtar, with sixteen other young Greek ladies, because she had repelled his passionate advances and not, as it was pretended, in order to appease the indignation of the slighted wife of Moukhtar. The subject is lyrically treated, partly in a narrative and partly in dramatic form, and may well be compared, as it has been, with Byron's eastern romances. Throughout the poem is filled with exquisite imagery, a critic might even find it overcharged with simile and the weaving of poetic thought; its power is incontestable. There is a terrible force of passion and resistance in the grim scene enacted at the dead of night where Phrosyne kneels at prayer and the demon Ali breaks in upon her solitude. The horrible conflict is described with all those realistic touches which lend peculiar intensity—the little caged bird that scared flutters against the bars of his cage, the light that sparkled in the lamp before the holy picture put out as the picture falls in the struggle, with its last flicker revealing the dagger in Ali's girdle, which the frightened girl snatches and keeps him at bay with—'Hold back thy breath, Ali! for if it touch me, I will slay thee!' The last scene is the work of a master-hand; Phrosyne in prison receives absolution for all her sins on condition that she accepts her martyrdom, and the seventeen white figures are marched down to the lake through the silence of the starry night. The voice of the tempter still whispers in her ear through the mouth of Tahir, the minister of the crimes of

Ali—Will she let all the others die, when but a word will save their lives; their children are calling for them from the cradle, will she let them die? On the way through the fields in the shadow of the trees the Vizir himself is waiting with the two children of Phrosyne; he holds their hands; he points out their mother to them; the fairies are taking her away, and he bids them call her back. The strain is too great; Phrosyne does not live to reach the water's edge, but the demon's vengeance still is wreaked. The boat puts out into the lake with its burden of the living and the dead, the lake on which these girl-like figures had floated through many a summer day, dipping their white arms in the water ripples and watching the peaks of Pindus across the waters which are to be their shroud. At the margin the monster waits and holds his breath to hear the splashing of the bodies as they are dropped into the dark lake. The widening water-rings seem to come chasing one another to his feet, and then the cold shudder of fear overcomes him.

'And thou, Ali, thou that hast sated thy rage and fury,
When on thee the hour of doom shall come, shut in there on thine isle,
This night which thou hast spent here, thou shalt remember then!
And when thou leanest down thy lips to cool them
Thou shalt but drink the scorching bitterness of fire unquenchable:
For salt are tears to drink, with poison for the after-taste.
Salt are they, mark it well! Thou shalt see how they shall wake from slumber,
Shall mount up in the night and beat upon thy rock,
Great waves round rolling, crested with crowns of foam,
With murmuring sound and roaring, cruel and hungry.
Around thee they shall rise, rise high and grow to mountains,
They shall cut off thy flight and bar thee from retreating,
Thou wilt cry aloud for help and none will hearken,
The lake shall drink thee down.'

Two incidents marked the outbreak of the Greek Revolution: the massacre at Peta, and the defeat of the small body of *armatoles* who attempted the defence of Thermopylæ under Thanáse Diakos. The second of these forms the subject of a poem which is selected for longer analysis, as being perhaps the most characteristic and original of all the poems of Valaoritis, or at any rate the one in which the fire of his patriotic enthusiasm is revealed with its brightest glow around the figure of his favourite hero. It appeared in 1867, eight years after the *Kyra Phrosyne*, and only one published poem from his pen bears a later date, the memorial ode for the unveiling of the Patriarch's statue alluded to already. The young hero of this epical tragedy, born in 1792, was descended from one of those families of fighting men who had been companions in arms of Costantaras and Androutzos, and had kept up a constant guerilla war with their Turkish masters throughout the latter part of the last century. At an early age he was placed by his father in the orthodox monastery of St. John the Baptist at Erineos, and received the rank of Diakos or deacon by

which appellation he was ever after known. His singular beauty of person, which became proverbial through the country side, had attracted the attention of the neighbouring Aga, and a disgraceful fate awaited him; but Thanáse, receiving timely warning, fled, and exchanged the cassock of the monk for the kilt of the armatole in the mountains of Doris. His would-be persecutor was shortly afterwards named Governor of Salona, and, Thanáse having failed to make his appearance with the customary gifts and congratulations, Pherkat Bey appealed to Ali Pacha to bring him to submission. In obedience to the representations of the latter, Thanáse agreed to present himself on a given day before the governor, and the latter on his part, it is alleged, duly prepared a band of a hundred satellites to assassinate the young chief; but Thanáse appeared surrounded by eighty chosen companions, and, all attempts to isolate him having proved ineffectual, was enabled to return in security to his mountains.

In 1816 he took service at the Court of Ali, who, from having been the eager persecutor of the Greeks, was then looked upon as one of the pillars of the cause of Hellenism. The impressions of his early life, the gentle demeanour of the monk, and a touch of poetry and imagination peculiar to his character, were uneffaced by the rough scenes and subjects with whom he was thrown into contact, and he remained an anomalous figure in this strange surrounding like that of some mediæval soldier of the Cross, some knight on a mysterious quest fallen among a strange company. It is even said that Ali, in whom his pure and blameless life excited a feeling of mistrust and suspicion, endeavoured to procure his assassination, but that Odysseus, son of Androuzos, the hero of the famous retreat through the Morea in 1770, who received his orders, took pains to see that they were not carried out. In 1816 Odysseus became chief captain of the armatoles of Livadia, and chose Thanáse as his lieutenant or *Protospallikar*, and not long afterwards he succeeded his friend as chief captain.

This is no place to enter upon a history of the Greek revolution. Suffice it to say that at the latest battle of Thermopylæ there was the same hesitation and uncertainty on the part of various chieftains as the Greek States had shown in ancient days, and that when the army of Kiose Mehemet Pacha and Omer Vryoni reached the famous pass they were encountered by a mere handful of determined men under Panourias at Chalcommata and Diakos at Thermopylæ, who sold their lives as gallantly as ever Spartan or Thespian of old. Among the slain was Mitros, the brother of Diakos. Diakos himself, when his little force was almost annihilated, disdained to fly, and, holding the firm conviction that he was destined to be one of the martyrs of Greek liberty, accepted his fate and went unfaltering to the awful death which is recorded in Valaoritis's masterpiece.

The poem opens on the eve of the battle, the eve of St. George's

day, April 23; Diakos sends his brother Mitros to the highest vantage-ground to watch the enemy's movements. If they come in their thousands with Kiosse Mehemet at their head, he is to remain and fight them single-handed, but if in the front the horse of Omer Vryoni be seen he is to return and wake his captain. Then all the warriors kneel, and night is silent to hearken to the prayer of Diakos: 'Lord, strengthen us, that they may learn to the farthest limits of the west that this enslaved land is never dead, but that now with the spring she will take heart to flower again. Thy blessing on this hour!' Then they lie down to sleep. The stars come out to take delight in his youth and his beauty. The spring breathes all her odours round him and caresses him as though he were her child, the flowers nod to kiss his head;—day will redawn ere long and the eagles sharpen their talons and brace their wings as they mark down their prey. With daybreak the two chieftains Panourias and Dyovouniotis find him still calmly sleeping. They are come to try and persuade him to relinquish his project of self-devotion, and to preserve lives so valuable to the cause for a less forlorn hope. But their words are vain; Omer Vryoni shall not pass the gate of Greece without dyeing his horse's feet in blood, and if Diakos must hold the road alone, he will stretch his arms out like a cross and plant his feet into the soil and the foe shall never see his heels. He assigns their posts to each and chooses Damasta for his own;—a shadow crosses; it is Mitros;—Omer Vryoni is on the march!

The third canto opens with one of those pieces of description which mark the true poet:

The partridges are calling sweetly, and the sun for very joy
Sends forth a furtive ray, caressing lightly
Their speckled breasts until they throb with gladness.⁵
Right in the highest heaven the falcon wings his way—
The eagle's right hand pallikar, bathing his pinions
In the clear air of dawn, before he hies him forth to plunder.
With joy the heather laves its blooms in dew,
And in the light motion of the wind upon its way
The mint and the sage are mingled as it breathes,
The laurel and the myrtle mix lovingly together.
The virgin snows are weeping under the sun's rays;
The roaring of the waters is plain to hear, as from the hanging rock
They hasten on their restless road, you would say the murmuring voices
Were calling to the Klephts and speeding on to seek them.
A ripple stirs the cornfields, the ploughman's joy,
And here and there one tall ear rising higher
Bends hither and bends thither a yielding neck,
As though on tip-toe, too, to see Diakos pass.

Three hundred pallikari are encamped about Damasta. A group sit round the ancient Diamanti, who is reading on the shoulder-bone

⁵ The partridge, so common in the Greek mountains and islands, figures as frequently in the popular songs as the robin in English poetry.

of the lamb slain for the Easter feast the signs of the future, and all are of evil omen. Mitros comes rushing in grazed by a bullet. Dyo-vouniotis is in flight; the Turks are close upon them. Every man to his place, behind rocks and trees and stones, and tufts of thyme or heather, wherever a little cover is available; and through the leaves fierce eyes look down the pass. Mitros has nothing but bad news to tell, and with a few graphic touches he describes how the battle has gone at the outposts. The Turks advance; a dervish marches in front with a head in either hand, the heads of the bishop Isaias and the pallikar Pappajannis. A voice rings out above the clamour, and a herald offers Diakos wealth and honours if he will give Vryoni free passage. The answer comes: 'Accursed be you, who speak our tongue and dare to frame such blasphemy in such a sacred spot; accursed!' And the echoes of the rocks poison the air with the malediction. The livid lips of the decapitated bishop quiver and hoarsely answer 'Accursed,' and the mouth of Pappajannis spits blood and repeats 'Amen, accursed!' The fight begins; a shot from Diakos kills the horse of Omer Vryoni under him, and old Diamanti lays the dervish low. 'Thou hast split his skull in the true place, Diamanti, hast opened him a third eye that he may find his way without misgiving in hell.' The battle is conveyed with tremendous spirit; the rapid interchange of question and answer in dramatic *stichomythia* brings each shifting incident of the fight graphically before the reader. The Turks come on in thousands; a little band alone remains round Diakos, they make their last stand in the ruins of a monastery; Mitros and Diamanti are dead at his side; with his last shot he kills the traitor herald, and, leaning against the altar, fights on with the stump of his sword. But a hundred hands have bound him fast, and as they drag him away, the last survivors, Kalyvas and Vakojannis, rushing to aid him from the ruined khan they have been defending, are struck down before his eyes.

The fourth canto commences with a repulsive picture of the aged gipsy, who was to serve as the executioner of Diakos, in his den under a gloomy oak, which, like a hollow mockery of earth's ambitions, 'had struck its branches into the heaven, its roots deep down to hell, while time had nested in its heart, and cleaved a deep furrow there which, gnawing, slowly consumed it.' The gipsy in Greece followed ever close on the heels of calamity, like the shark behind a doomed ship; ready for all dirty work, the scavenger of society, the willing minister of the rack, the scaffold. Perhaps in no land are more abandoned specimens of humanity to be found than the remnants of this ill-fated race in Greece; without home or heritage, without law or creed, they haunt the outskirts of civilisation, living from hand to mouth in filth and disease and leprosy, shunning the light of day and the faces of their fellow men. Such a creature is painted here in vivid and repellent colours, as the gaoler and executioner of Diakos, and in the

gipsy's den he spends his last night on earth. Then follows what is in many respects the grandest passage of the poem, the vision of Diakos. There, in that hideous spot,

The eye of God that never shuts kept vigil also;
 And suddenly there came in their thousands round Thanáse
 The mighty spirits from another world,
 With the symbols of their ancient martyrdom, their manliness of old,
 And they kissed him on the forehead and breathed new vigour through him;
 And o'er his gloomy prison they, in their azure stoles,
 Spread wide their wings abroad, and opened round above him
 The deeps of heaven infinite, and starred them o'er
 With memories immortal and sweet perfumes from the grave.

So all the heroes of the long unequal struggle appear before him, each glorified by the story of his life and bearing like a martyr the symbols of his sacrifice. Kitsoz Millionis, Boukavalas are there, Androntzos and Katzantonis, Samuel the prophet of Kiapha with the keys of Kounghi at his girdle, the mothers and their babes from the fatal rocks of Zalongos, and all the soldiers of Suli. Last, a dark-robed phantom takes him by the hand, a phantom with a thin red line drawn round his throat, the murdered bishop Isaías. 'Diakos, Christ is risen! Come!' But he cannot move, his chains hold him fast bound. 'Thanáse, let thy faith not fail; no hand restrains thee, come!' Then he is lifted up in spirit and passes with his ghostly guide over the rocky wall, higher, higher, and on and on, over old familiar haunts.—They meet the migratory birds;—they pass the mountains and the seas;—they pause over the roofs and towers of a vast city. The bishop shows him the dome of St. Sophia;—the crescent shall yield to the Cross, and the emblem of the Crucified shall rise again above its churches. 'This city shall be ours!' But the road must be paved with sacrifice. Thanáse, behold, they are hanging the Patriarch! Under their eyes the murder is enacted; the gipsy scum are there with cord and gallows; the revered body is cast out into the sea; the martyr's feet are tossed against a passing ship and the relics of the saint are gathered in. 'Thanáse, we are saved, his agony is our communion.'—'My Father, take me back, let not my cup pass from me!'—Then the cock crows and the vision fades away.

In the fifth canto the poet has painted a noble enemy, Omer Vryoni, a descendant of the old Palæologi of Byzantium, who had won his spurs in Egypt in the service of Mehemet Ali, thrown in his lot subsequently with the Pacha of Jannina, and at the time of the latter's breach with Turkey had found a field for his ambition in the service of the Sultan. Thanáse is brought before him; he tries to save him;—a secret understanding exists between Omer and Odysseus; the Vizir is in his hands;—once before he has saved Thanáse's life at the hands of Ali Pacha. How would it be if he too threw in his lot with the insurrection and kept Albania as the price? Diakos has

but one request: his ring, his trusted talisman, was taken from him after the fight; Omer wears it on his finger; he asks it back to die with, it bears the symbols of hope, an eagle and the cross;—for the rest, no word of concession, no barter of one palm's breadth of the soil of Greece. Suddenly the Vizir arrives, and Omer has but barely time to restore the coveted ring which Diakos slips into his mouth. The Vizir too is clement and respects a brave man,—but at his side is Khalil Bey, the Aga, who reminds him that the army has been checked by a mere handful of klephts, let their dust be scattered to the winds lest they should find their strength again and multiply. A final offer is made to Thanáse to submit and accept the Moslem faith; he answers, never. 'Then I will roast you alive.'—'We klephts of the old school are very hard to cook.'—'Khalil Bey, he is yours.'

And so the last scene follows, the young captain, the monk turned soldier, still in the glory of his youth and strength, is dragged to the place of execution. His eyes are set in one last look on his beloved country as though they strove to drink in all her sorrows to bear them away with him to eternity, and from his lips there breaks the pathetic cry which it is recorded were the only words that escaped from the young hero through all the torment of his martyrdom:

Oh, see what time has Charos chosen to take me hence in,
When all the branches are in bloom and earth grows green again!

And as this last regret for his murdered youth breaks from him they hale him through the ranks of the mocking soldiers. Is there not one in all those lines to lodge a bullet in his brain and save him the final humiliation!—A gun-lock is heard to click. Khalil Bey trembles with rage, 'Dog, whoever you may be, know that this man is mine,—ground arms!' And he clutches his victim by the hair; the gipsy follows with the instruments of death. Two stout forked sticks are fastened in the ground, the fuel lies ready. The doomed man is stripped and chained to the spit, and silently he prays the smoke to hide his nakedness. The gipsy turns the ghastly spit and a cloud of black smoke rises; a circle of flame burns round, but in the midst the dark smoke veils the body of Diakos. When the fire dies down no trace of flesh or bone is found, only as they rake the embers out a spark escapes, flies upward,—and the eyes that follow see a golden ring with wings that mount towards the sky.

Ah, when, Thanáse, when
Wilt thou return to find,—and who will wear it?—
The talisman so cherished, ah, when, Thanáse, when?
The wild beasts howl and go their way, the gipsy
Slinks back to hide in his hollow den; and nought remains
But the sun's rays, which fall in a kiss on the grave.

THE 'COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA'

THE 'National Australasian Convention' concluded its sittings in Sydney last week, and as one of the representatives of that city in the Parliament of New South Wales I have naturally been an attentive observer of its proceedings.

The following is a brief review of those proceedings, containing also a condensed version of the Constitution drafted for the proposed 'Commonwealth of Australia.'

The Convention began its work on Monday, the 2nd of March, with a roll of forty-five delegates, representing the whole of the Australasian colonies. Sir Henry Parkes, the well-known Premier of New South Wales, submitted, as a basis for discussion, the following propositions :—

That in order to establish and secure an enduring foundation for the structure of a federal government, the principles embodied in the resolutions following be agreed to :—

- (1) That the powers and privileges and territorial rights of the several existing colonies shall remain intact, except in respect to such surrenders as may be agreed upon as necessary and incidental to the power and authority of the National Federal Government.
- (2) That the trade and intercourse between the federated colonies, whether by means of land carriage or coastal navigation, shall be absolutely free.
- (3) That the power and authority to impose customs duties shall be absolutely lodged in the federal government and parliament, subject to such disposal of the revenues thence derived as shall be agreed upon.
- (4) That the military and naval defence of Australia shall be intrusted to federal forces, under one command.

Subject to these and other necessary provisions, this Convention approves of the framing of a federal constitution which shall establish—

- (1) A parliament, to consist of a senate and a house of representatives, the former consisting of an equal number of members from each province, to be elected by a system which shall provide for the retirement of one-third of the members every years, so securing to the body itself a perpetual existence combined with definite responsibility to the electors, the latter to be elected by districts formed on a population basis, and to possess the sole power of originating and amending all bills appropriating revenue or imposing taxation.

- (3) A judiciary, consisting of a federal supreme court, which shall constitute a high court of appeal for Australia, under the direct authority of the Sovereign, whose decisions as such shall be final.
- (3) An executive, consisting of a governor-general, and such persons as may from time to time be appointed as his advisers, such persons sitting in parliament, and whose term of office shall depend upon their possessing the confidence of the house of representatives expressed by the support of the majority.

It was expected from the first that the chief obstacle, or 'lion in the path,' would be the issue between Protection and Free Trade, but it was soon made clear that the Free Trade delegates would be content to leave the decision to the Federal Parliament, and that the Protectionists felt quite satisfied with their prospects upon that understanding. So, very little was said on the subject. As the discussion proceeded it became evident that the points of serious difference would be few. Indeed, the only points of actual collision were two in number—one, as to the powers the Senate representing the states as such, each 'state' having an equal number of votes in the House, should have over money bills. The second point involved the question of 'responsible government,' that is, the position in which ministers were to stand with reference to the popular branch of the legislature. On these two important matters debate deepened into deadlock, the great majority of the delegates favouring what may be called an American view of the powers of the Senate, whilst the Premiers of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, fought most resolutely for British ideas—in other words, for a house of representatives fashioned after the pattern, and with the predominating power, of the House of Commons. The importance to the larger states of the latter view, and to the smaller states of the former, will appear from the following table:—

	Population, December 1890	Area, square miles	Annual revenue from Customs	Proposed representation	
				In House of Representatives	In the Senate
			£		
New South Wales	1,170,000	309,175	1,905,883		8
Victoria	1,148,000	87,884	2,890,719	38	8
Queensland	422,000	668,224	1,346,768	14	8
South Australia	327,000	903,425	569,469	11	8
Western Australia	45,500	975,920	171,990	4	8
Tasmania	156,000	26,375	307,352	5	8
New Zealand	690,000	104,027	1,467,316	21	8
Totals	3,898,500	3,075,030	8,659,497	132	56

Of the twenty-eight delegates who spoke on the vexed question of 'State rights,' twenty-one favoured the equal powers of the Senate over money bills, every delegate for the most populous colony of

all, except Sir Henry Parkes, backing up the claims of the smaller colonies. After quite a pitched battle, the resolutions were amended by the omission of words obnoxious to the majority representing the rights of the minority, a situation rare in political affairs. So far, the proceedings had suggested a series of wonderful coincidences to those familiar with the struggles in the American Convention of 1787; and, as in that case, secret sittings in committee were necessary. Three committees were appointed: (1) on Constitutional Machinery; (2) on Finance and Trade; (3) on the Federal Judiciary; and to these bodies the task of solving all difficulties and bringing up a draft bill was referred. The first and second committees wisely gave no record of divisions, the third did give such a record, which revealed the fact that every division resulted in a tie.

On the 31st of March, thirteen days after his appointment, Sir Samuel Griffiths, as Chairman of the Constitutional Machinery Committee, presented the draft constitution to the Convention. Upon all hands the first impression, which may have to be corrected, was that the bill is exceedingly well drawn. One merit it must always have, that of clear diction. For this it is indebted in a great measure to the able hands that drew the American Constitution, the British North America Act of 1867, the South Africa Act of 1877, and local acts, for their labours have been skilfully appropriated in almost every clause, for the benefit of the new 'Commonwealth.'

The Convention at once set to work upon the draft bill in committee, sitting with open doors. From first to last, and this will yet be regretted, there was scarcely any disposition to give the bill a thorough sifting. One or two amendments were entertained, but questions which will yet endanger the whole fabric in the constituencies were allowed to pass without dispute. The only real struggle turned upon the old difficulty as to the powers of the Senate. The committee, having to bring together those who wanted an upper house, as to money bills, of the House of Lords pattern, and those who wanted an upper house with the powers of the Senate of the United States, had arrived at the following compromise:—

Appropriation and Tax Bills

(1) The Senate shall have equal power with the House of Representatives in respect of all proposed laws, except laws imposing taxation and laws appropriating the necessary supplies for the ordinary annual services of the Government, which the Senate may affirm or reject, but may not amend. But the Senate may not amend any proposed law in such a manner as to increase any proposed charge or burden on the people.

(2) Laws imposing taxation shall deal with the imposition of taxation only.

(3) Laws imposing taxation except laws imposing duties of Customs on imports shall deal with one subject of taxation only.

(4) The expenditure for services other than the ordinary annual services of the Government shall not be authorised by the same law as that which appropriates

the supplies for such ordinary annual services, but shall be authorised by a separate law or laws.

(5) In the case of a proposed law which the Senate may not amend, the Senate may at any stage return it to the House of Representatives with a message requesting the omission or amendment of any items or provisions therein. And the House of Representatives may, if it thinks fit, make such omissions or amendments, or any of them, with or without modifications.

Apparently the 'popular rights' party had accepted this compromise. Not so the more ardent advocates of the powerful Senate. The battle was again renewed, and, after all, the compromise was only adopted by a majority of six votes; although Mr. Munro, the Premier of Victoria, declared: 'The compromise submitted on the present occasion is one which, if I were only to consider my personal view, I would at once reject as unworthy of a free people to accept. I say the claim as it stands does not accord with my views at all. The clause as it stands is a restriction upon public liberty, upon the right of the people to tax themselves.'

The other difficulty was disposed of very ingeniously. The bill is worded so as to admit of a rigid adherence to the doctrine of responsible government, or a practice at variance with it. The ministers of the commonwealth may be tied to the chariot-wheel of the democracy, or 'aid and advise' the governor-general in the sense in which a great council of state aids and advises the Czar of Russia. None of the advocates of popular rights in the Convention demanded that in this 'paper constitution' the practice of the mother country should be put in black and white, and that the 'governor-general' should, in all cases of executive action, mean 'with the advice of his responsible ministers.' I do not think that this complaisance will be shown in the less exalted arena of the poll.

The bill, as finally adopted by the Convention with a recommendation that it should be accepted or rejected as a whole, is contained in 129 clauses, divided into eight chapters.

Chapter I. The Legislature.	Chapter V. The States.
„ II. The Executive Government.	„ VI. New States.
„ III. The Federal Judiciary.	„ VII. Miscellaneous.
„ IV. Finance and Trade.	„ VIII. Powers of Amendment.

I give the following as a brief statement of its leading provisions. Her Majesty is to be represented by a governor-general, with powers similar to those of the Governor-General of Canada, with one remarkable innovation, borrowed from the South Africa Act of 1877, which was designed for a federation not yet accomplished. The Governor-General of Australia is empowered to send back any bill presented for the royal assent 'with any amendments which he may desire to be made in such law.' The command in chief of all the military

and naval forces is, of course, vested in his excellency, as the Queen's representative.

The several 'States,' as such, are to be represented in a 'Senate,' composed of eight members from each State, 'directly chosen by the Houses of Parliament of the several States for a term of six years.

The people of the commonwealth are to be represented by one member for every 30,000 in a 'House of Representatives,' chosen every three years; electoral divisions to be determined by each colony for itself, and the qualification of the electors to be that in force, in each case with respect to the lower chambers of the States.

The general scope of the legislative powers of the commonwealth is defined in Part V., chap. ii., § 52. This section resembles a similar provision as to subjects of legislation in the Canadian Act. With this important difference, in the latter the power to legislate on the subjects specified is exclusive, while in this bill it is only concurrent with the powers of the several States to legislate, except as to one class of subjects, customs, duties and excise, which are to be collected by the Federal Government entirely and at once, under the several tariffs existing, until a federal uniform tariff is adopted, when the customs laws of the several States and their power to enact such laws will cease. I may mention here that the commonwealth is to have, in addition to the exclusive power of tariff taxation, a concurrent power to levy taxes of every other description, but so that 'all such taxation shall be uniform throughout the Commonwealth.' Amongst the few exclusive powers asserted are included matters relating to departments to be taken over at once from the States—namely (ch. ii. 10), in addition to the customs and excise, posts and telegraphs, military and naval defence, ocean beacons and light-houses, and quarantine.

The executive government is vested in the governor-general, who is empowered to summon and dismiss at his pleasure officers who are 'to administer such departments of state as the governor-general in council may establish,' and such officers are to be members of the executive council which is to aid and advise him in the government. These officers are described as 'Queen's Ministers of State for the Commonwealth.'

Under the head of 'Finance and Trade,' until uniform duties of customs are imposed, the surplus revenue, after defraying the federal expenditure, is to be returned to the several colonies in proportion to the amount raised in each, after deducting the expenditure referred to, on the basis of population. When the federal tariff is settled, the federal parliament may alter that arrangement. The present total customary revenue is about 8,500,000*l.* a year. The trade and intercourse of the several parts of the commonwealth will remain subject to the present barriers, or new laws of the same kind,

until the uniform tariff is enacted, when that trade and intercourse will become absolutely free, the federal parliament having the power to annul any State law or regulation derogating therefrom.

The chapter on 'Federal Judiciary' makes provision for a 'Supreme Court of Australia,' the judges to be appointed to hold office on good behaviour; and the court to be the final court of appeal in all cases referred to it. There is also a provision that the federal parliament may by law compel all appeals to be so referred, with a proviso that in any case of a public nature the Queen may grant an appeal to herself in council against any judgment of the supreme court.

The chapter headed 'The States' begins with a declaration saving all their powers except those exclusively vested in the Commonwealth. On the other hand, it is laid down that when any State law is inconsistent with a federal law, the latter shall prevail. Although the colonies are to be allowed to remain under governors commissioned by her Majesty as before, it is nevertheless declared that all referents and communications from the State governors to the Queen are to go through the governor-general, through whom also the provincial governors are to learn the royal pleasure. The existing boundaries of States may be altered, with the consent of the colonies affected; and there is a clause enabling a cession of territory for the purposes of federal government.

Under 'New States' provision is made for the formation of new States in existing territorial divisions, with the like consent.

Under 'Miscellaneous' the seat of government is left to the determination of the federal parliament, and the first parliament is to be summoned to meet at such place as may be selected by a majority of the State governors, or, in the event of an equal division, by the governor-general.

Finally, this constitution can be amended from time to time, but only with the approval, first, of an absolute majority of both houses, and then of a majority of State conventions, representing also a majority of the whole people.

English readers, judging from the ease and rapidity of the preliminary stages, may look upon the Constitution as one within reach of early enactment. I venture to doubt it. Ministers have been more or less enthusiastic, but the federal movement is not the result of any popular agitation or interest. During the sittings of the Convention, the lack of public interest in this matter, even in the metropolis honoured by the presence of the delegates, was simply astonishing. And now that the draft Constitution is before the public, three, if not four, of the five daily newspapers of Sydney have condemned it. The people of the mother colony, with three of the other colonies striving for her internal trade, have most to fear as she has most to lose by federal combination. It has become apparent

that federal union will sound the death-knell of her free trade policy, and add at least a million a year to her burdens, to be appropriated and distributed by others. Then the tone of the debates, and the terms of the Constitution in several vital points, have entirely failed to win popular approval. The delegates railed at 'responsible government' to an astounding degree. One spoke of the powers of the proposed senate as a useful 'bit for the mouth of the people's representatives.' Another claimed that the British House of Commons was a usurper and 'a devouring monster,' and that the phrase 'responsible government' ought to be, and must be, abolished in Australia. The bulk of the people of New South Wales and Victoria look upon responsible government as the corner-stone of the public liberties. I believe that the people of New South Wales will never accept a federal constitution less democratic in its character than the unwritten rule of their own practice which gives our legislative assembly the powers of the House of Commons over money bills. That must be in black and white in the new Constitution, probably, before they will accept it. But, on the other hand, Queensland, Tasmania, South Australia, and Western Australia will have nothing less than the Convention compromise. Federation is so pressing a necessity to Victoria that she may take the draft Constitution if she can get nothing better. If I were asked to sum up, in a few words, the features of the bill which will probably wreck it in the two larger colonies, almost certainly in New South Wales, I would describe them to be the following: (1) the vesting of the executive power of the commonwealth in the governor-general instead of the 'governor-general with the advice of the executive council,' a phrase which exactly defines the manner of exercising that power in the several colonies at present; (2) the power conferred on the governor-general of returning bills for amendment; (3) the power given to the Senate in dealing with money bills, especially taxation and appropriation bills, a power vastly greater in fact than in appearance; (4) the absence of any provision for terminating disputes between the two houses; (5) the absence of any stipulation that ministers shall sit in parliament, and be responsible to the house of representatives; (6) the refusal to the electors of the States of the right to elect the senators, instead of the State Houses of Parliament, some of which have nominee chambers; and (7) the uncertainty as to the seat of government. In addition to these criticisms of the bill, I may add, there is a widespread fear of creating a new taxing and governing power which may be extravagant. The democratic leaders have already, if unfairly, denounced the whole movement as designed to foster Imperialism at the expense of the masses of the people. Those who require that the essentials of the federal compact should be set forth and safeguarded by express terms are on truer ground. We all know the momentous disputes in the United States

over words, and the enormous part which the 'elastic clause' in their Constitution has played in the government, and taxation of the people. Sir Samuel Griffiths has openly declared that all he claims as an advocate of State rights he can get under the 'compromise'; and he has made no secret of his design in forming the Constitution to make it as easy to destroy as to uphold the principles of responsible government, without an amendment of the Constitution.

The vast progress of these colonies will not be seriously retarded by the failure for a time of the federal movement. The emulations and rivalries of the individual colonies have led to some evils, but, animating each, they have vastly stimulated the progress of all. Far removed from serious danger without, and safe from anarchy within, they are not called on, happily, to legislate in a panic. Extensive vistas of pioneer work still meet the eye on every side. There is ample virtue still in the movement which decentralised government in Australia. These colonies can exist separately with less inconvenience than any other group of communities. Each has a seaboard hundreds of miles long, and, excepting Victoria, the smallest is larger than England and France combined. There is not a single land boundary to defend against a foreign neighbour, and their chief ports, far from the central region of hostile demonstrations, can easily be made impregnable.

Whatever may be said of the advantages of union in the future, there can be no doubt of the progress of the colonies without it. Within this generation, the coast line of Australia—and a truly gigantic circle it is—back to its very heart has been brought within the reach of industrial enterprise. Systems of government which surpass in some respects those of the great nations have been extended over the face of the continent. All these triumphs of development have been achieved under separate government. Men gifted with high intelligence and soaring aspirations may be impatient for the dawn of greater things. In their eyes the prospect of a united Australia is invested with a grandeur beside which pioneer progress may seem mean. They can realise so vividly the importance, the strength and dignity, that spring from national life. Ordinary men feel more at home in the present, when they have a fair share of comfort and happiness, than in visions of the future. They travel slowly towards ideals. When a ministerial or parliamentary grandee dilates upon schemes for a 'commonwealth of Australia' taking an equal place in 'the family of nations,' and yearns for a flag, an army, and a fleet, the average Australian taxpayer, who in spite of his weakness for platform oratory has a wonderfully keen eye for his own interests, is apt to speculate as to the cost of all this greatness, and the fresh burdens he may have to bear in order to keep up appearances in such distinguished company.

The student of history, who knows of the freedom, the light

taxes, the happy unconsciousness, of our present provincial State, and who knows how easily the greatest of all democratic confederations has degenerated into a vast organisation of political 'bossdom' and 'party spoils,' with enormous revenues drawn from the mass of the people to be squandered, may be forgiven if he face the grand and inevitable destiny of nationhood—of 'one people and one destiny'—with some misgiving, and hope that, at least in these out-of-the-way southern seas, a great people may be formed, within whose borders there may be real freedom and good government, none being able to level at our newborn greatness the reproach that 'our rich are becoming richer, and our poor poorer.'

G. H. REID.

Sydney 11th April 1891

SIR JOHN MACDONALD
ON IMPERIAL FEDERATION

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

IN the autumn of 1881, accompanied by my eldest son, I took a journey through part of the United States and Canada. Upon visiting Ottawa, I made the acquaintance of Sir John Macdonald, through the introduction of one of his personal friends and political supporters. The interview which then took place made so strong an impression upon my mind that I took copious notes of our conversation. Upon recent reference to my diary, I was much struck with the remarkable clearness of foresight and vigour of expression with which my distinguished interlocutor described and foretold ten years ago the difficulties which at present impede the progress of that Imperial Federation which he strongly desired. I have therefore felt it a duty to place the principal points of our conversation upon record.

Ten years ago Ottawa itself, the youngest of all the capitals of civilised empire, appeared to me as a city built in the wilderness slowly struggling into a position of importance, and owing what it possessed of grace and dignity to the group of buildings picturesquely situated on a high rocky eminence which dominated the town. These were the newly built Houses of Parliament, the symbol and embodiment of that new and vigorous idea of Federation which had created the Dominion of Canada out of a number of sparsely inhabited settlements scattered over the immense territories extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific; the idea of Imperial unity being suggested by the fact that the site of the capital itself was chosen by her Majesty the Queen. 'Practical men' had at first scouted the idea of Canadian Federation as altogether visionary; the energy of Sir John Macdonald had mainly contributed to the realisation of the vision as a practical reality. But as a practical reality it could hardly have endured and solidified without the realisation of that other 'visionary project,' the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to which the Canadian

Premier was also devoting his incomparable energies at the time of my visit.

On arriving at the pretty and unpretentious villa in the suburbs of Ottawa, in which the premier resided during the session of the Dominion Parliament, I was welcomed by Sir John with a genial smile and a cordial grasp of the hand. I at once noticed the resemblance to Lord Beaconsfield which has been so often remarked; but it was a resemblance with a difference. The resemblance was in the countenance only; the figure was that of a fine-looking man, tall, erect, and well preserved (I quote from my notes); the hair turning grey, the look keen and animated. He at once placed himself at my disposal for any information which might be of service to me, and as the conversation warmed he volunteered many details of a most interesting character.

The first topic which engaged us was that of the Canadian Pacific Railway then in course of construction, and, calling to his secretary to bring in a number of plans and maps, he entered with much animation into a description of the various routes which had been discussed and decided upon. Starting from Ottawa in a W.N.W. direction, the line was to tap Nipigon Bay on Lake Superior (which he at that time considered would turn out to be a better port than Thunder Bay), and thence it was to proceed to Winnipeg. He also pointed out the alternative routes from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Rockies to the Pacific (some points in which routes were still under discussion), giving his reasons for preferring one to the other, from advantages in point of cost, or as tapping various sources of natural wealth, or as passing through regions abounding in lumber, which would supply the timber deficiencies of parts of Manitoba. And, as he spoke of the future prospects of the great North-West Territory, of its capabilities and resources, agricultural and metallurgical, and of its destiny as the home of a great and flourishing population, his face glowed and his eye fired with the enthusiasm of a prophet of old. I am told that such moods, or at all events their outer manifestations, were with him exceedingly rare. I can conceive it to have been the outpouring of a mind worn with a struggle of which the success was then apparently within grasp, and of which, owing to my expressions of sympathy, I became the accidental recipient. For he regarded the great railway, not only from the point of view of enhancing the material prosperity of the Dominion, but as the necessary agent for consolidating that Dominion itself; and not only so, but, as he expressed it, as a means for promoting the unity and security of the British Empire.

From a description of the Canadian Pacific Railway he proceeded to give an account of the manner in which the Hudson's Bay Territory had passed under the control of the Dominion; of the first

formation of the Hudson's Bay Company, and of its struggle with a company of French origin, the North-West Company, until the two had finally amalgamated.

The joint company had gradually spread its authority from Prince Rupert's Land, its first acquisition, over the whole of the western part of what is now the Dominion, and all such territorial rights as the company possessed had been finally purchased by the Dominion for a lump sum, and a title in fee-simple for certain limited portions of land. Upon my asking him how far northwards he considered the territories of the Dominion to extend, he replied with a smile, 'Right up to the North Pole, and inclusive of the North Pole.'

I was then, as now, an ardent sympathiser with the cause of Imperial Federation, and, emboldened by his kindness, I ventured to ask for his opinion on that important topic. Upon my putting it to him whether he thought that the idea could ever be more than a poet's dream, he at once said that he believed in the possibility of its becoming a practical reality, and so far as Canada was concerned he expressed the strong desire that her union with the mother country might be continued and drawn closer. I asked him whether he thought that some form of imperial Zollverein might not be extremely desirable in itself, and whether it might not perhaps prove to be the first step towards the desired confederation, as had been the case with the recently reconstructed German Empire. He said yes, but there were difficulties in the way, and that any measure which might be proposed for this closer commercial union must be considered not merely from the point of view of the old country, but also with due regard to the circumstances and feelings of young and sparsely populated colonies. As regarded Canada, he pointed to the fact that in the past her manufacturing industries had been crushed by the importation of the surplus commodities of the United States, and that they had also been subjected to the manœuvres of syndicates, corners, and other manipulations on the part of their neighbours across the border, whereas they were at present flourishing under the provisions of the actual tariff. The conversation then turned upon the possibility of some system either of free trade or of low tariff being established, as between the various sections of a federated empire, for all products grown or manufactured in any part thereof, leaving to each section of the empire the liberty of making any tariff arrangements it pleased as against any foreign countries. Sir John thought that some form of customs union might be devised, and he stated that already in its tariffs Canada had shown its desire to favour the products of the mother country by placing lighter duties upon such classes of goods as came principally from Great Britain. But he explained that for Canada import duties were a matter of necessity, even as regarded revenue. Like all young communities,

Canada disliked direct taxation, and whatever could be raised by direct taxes had a heavy first charge upon it for the expenses of the various provincial governments, so that few sources of revenue were left for the Central Government of the Dominion except the customs and excise duties. And in the present stage of its existence the expenditure for public works of actual necessity for knitting together and developing the immense territories of the Dominion was exceedingly heavy in proportion to the population.

Again, the boundary of the Dominion was conterminous with that of the United States throughout the whole length of its territory. So long as the United States elected to raise its revenue more by customs duties than by direct taxation, the action of Canada would be influenced in the same direction. For settlers would be inclined to select the southern side of the border rather than the northern, if they found the direct taxation cheaper on the United States side than on the Canadian. Sir John also alluded to the point, that a very small duty on the importation of foreign grain into England, whilst admitting colonial grain free, would be of immense importance to the agricultural interests of Canada.

Throughout the whole of the conversation Sir John showed himself to be a sincere and consistent believer in Imperial Federation; never losing sight, however, of the many difficulties which would have to be overcome in the attainment of the desired consummation. As regarded the military and naval considerations involved in a system of federation, he fully appreciated the great advantages of mutual and organised defence, and he believed that under a well-considered arrangement the colonies would be willing to contribute towards the expenses incurred for joint protection. He alluded with some feeling to the manner in which colonial aspirations and advice had at times been unnecessarily 'snubbed' by certain administrations in the old country. And by a subsequent conversation with one of his colleagues in the Government, I was induced to suppose that the allusion may have had some reference to the fact that the Canadian Government had desired the retention of at least a couple of regiments of British troops as a symbol of united empire, and as a garrison for Quebec, the strongest *place d'armes* on the American continent. But although the Dominion had been willing to bear the whole expense, the request had been refused by the Home Government, and the troops finally removed.

Upon my speaking to Sir John of the objections which are so commonly raised against any scheme of federation, on account of the distance between the mother country and her colonies, he replied with animation: 'Do you speak of the ocean which unites us? I have the honour,' he continued, 'of sitting in the Dominion Parliament as member for Victoria, Vancouver's Island. I am kindly taken upon trust by my constituents, for owing to the length of the

journey I have never once been able to visit them, but I find it necessary in the interests of the Dominion to visit London almost every year.' We then spoke of the ocean as being the great connecting link between the different parts of the Empire; as the best of military roads, because we had, or could and ought to have, undisputed command of it; and as the cheapest and best of all commercial routes, over which, as the great carriers of the world, our mercantile marine possessed undoubted supremacy.

So ended my conversation with the most remarkable statesman and patriot that constitutional government in our colonies has yet produced. During the ten years that have since elapsed, his public action has been entirely consistent with the ideas which he so warmly expounded in 1881. The last political struggle in which he was engaged ended in a victory over opponents who were proposing measures which were calculated, in his opinion, to weaken and eventually to destroy the connection between Canada and the Empire. We are now deploring his death, but surely 'he being dead yet speaketh.' For those who earnestly desire the unity of the Empire, it is encouraging to reflect that Sir John Macdonald, who achieved Canadian federation in spite of the croaking of the 'highest and most respectable authorities,' was also a staunch and steadfast believer in the future success of imperial federation. Surely the opinion of one such man outweighs the utterances of a whole host of croakers! The unification of Italy and the formation of the German Empire were both pronounced to be absolutely impossible until the events belied the prophecies. It is true, however, that the Cavour or the Bismarck of British imperial federation is yet to be found, or to announce himself!

There are two germ ideas, from either of which the actual organism of imperial federation may proceed; they are, respectively, commercial union and military union. A conference for the consideration of subjects of mutual interest concerning the great self-governing colonies and the mother country was held in London in the year 1887. No well-wisher to the interests of our race can doubt that great and abiding good has resulted from this first attempt at the convocation of an Imperial deliberative assembly. If the question of closer commercial union was only tentatively discussed, the principle of co-operation between the colonies and the mother country for mutual naval and military defence was certainly advanced more than one stage by the arrangements decided upon at this conference. Not the least important of the proceedings of the conference was the initiation of the principle of consulting an assembly of representatives of the colonies upon matters of an international character which affected colonial interests. This was actually done at five of the sittings reported as confidential.¹ On the other important questions which were discussed at this conference, I will not now enter.

¹ For a very able report by the Rev. Canon Dalton upon this Conference, I would refer to vol. xix. of the *Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute*.

The Imperial Federation League is now seeking to bring about another conference of a similar character, but with the object, if possible, of learning the views of the colonies as to some scheme of federation. The London Chamber of Commerce has appointed a committee for the purpose of eliciting information and promoting discussion as to the possibilities of a closer commercial union between Great Britain and her colonies, and this subject will also be brought forward for discussion at a conference of the chambers of commerce of the Empire to be held in London next year, and for which the London chamber has forwarded invitations. Undoubtedly the crux in this problem consists in the divergence in thought and practice between the mother country and the colonies as regards free trade and protection, and the question, to be successfully treated, must be approached in no mere doctrinaire spirit. Commercial relations between the old country and the colonies are becoming of more and more importance as compared with foreign trade, and free trader as I am I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that in one respect the protectionist United States has outstripped free trade England. For the United States has at least established perfect free trade between all portions of her own vast territory.

Without venturing in these pages to prophesy, as to the form which the federation of the British Empire may take if it be ever accomplished, I may remark that in most cases where kindred tribes have formed themselves into a nation, the idea of mutual protection for military defence has been the prevailing motive. It may be assumed, and in fact it is already beginning to be realised, that the great colonies if they are to remain united to us will be able and willing to contribute in varying proportions towards the expenses of a system of common defence naval and military. In this event, the contributing sections of the Empire must necessarily have some voice in the expenditure of the funds so contributed. They will have to send representatives to some central consultative body, whatever it may be called. Such a body might contain within itself the germ of the future representative assembly, the truly Imperial Parliament. To this assembly may be relegated such functions for the good of all sections of the Empire as the separate sections may from time to time deem it advisable to entrust to it without in any way interfering with the individual self-government of the various colonies and of the mother country itself.

Should not the achievements and opinions of such a man as the statesman who has departed from us incite us to eschew in regard to the politics of the Empire the 'craven fear of being great?' If it may not be given to us to realise that grand idea, the confederation of *all* the nations which have sprung from the race nurtured in these isles, should we not at least use all our energies to promote the union and political consolidation of that Greater Britain which still owns one flag

and acknowledges one sovereign? So that, closely joined together for the purposes of mutual defence, and connected to our mutual advantage by all the ties of growing commercial intercourse, we may be so strong in our unity that none would venture to attack us, so peaceful in our aspirations that we should neither attempt nor desire to be aggressive towards other nations. .

S. B. BOULTON.

POSTSCRIPT

Since the foregoing article has been in type some weighty words have been uttered by Lord Salisbury in reply to the deputation from the Imperial Federation League which waited upon him at the Foreign Office on the 17th of June. His Lordship's emphatic declaration that the subject was 'of profound importance,' involving 'neither more nor less than the future of the British Empire,' and his indication that the time was come for some definite scheme of Federation to be formulated, furnish evidence that the question is approaching the range of practical politics. His definition of the two bases upon which a confederation should be established—the Zollverein and the Kriegverein—is clear and precise, and whilst the Zollverein would be of incalculable benefit to the empire, the Kriegverein appears to be absolutely essential to the maintenance of its integrity.—S. B. B.



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OUR DEALINGS WITH THE POOR

WE have found ourselves of late years face to face with doubt as to the effect our dealings with the poor have had upon them. A great wave of thought has swept over England, bringing with it in many places a change with regard to old systems of district visiting; a change bringing, in my opinion, not unmixed good. It is certainly far from my desire to restore the old plan of district visiting with a shilling or half-crown ticket in one hand and a tract in the other; but I ask myself again and again whether it is not a pity that our younger and would-be wiser workers are attaching themselves in the main to systems which bring them very little into contact with the homes of their poorer friends. Our new workers discard, as a rule, both the tract and the coal ticket; they enrol themselves in organisations which have for their object either the provision of amusement, or the endeavour to check imposition and demoralisation by the substitution of substantial and well-considered relief for haphazard and inadequate almsgiving; or the dealing with individuals, singly or in masses, but of one kind only, as, for example, in classes for factory girls or clubs for men or boys, necessarily, therefore, more or less without reference to them as members of families.

I am not inclined, I hope, to depreciate any of these undertakings; but, visiting so much as I have done for now so many years in the homes of the people, I cannot help wishing to link the special work more with family life.

I feel as if there were a danger in amusements that does not grow out of common work, or learning, or other serious business.

They are healthy and happy when they form additional links between those bound together in other ways. But there is something just a little painful in the sight of ladies giving entertainments and organising parties to the Zoological Gardens, as their main work in a district where, however fatal free dinners and scattered coal tickets may be, still the problems of how to keep the rent paid, the children fed, and the house tidy, are engrossing the main thought of hundreds of families in every court and street around.

Again, the work of the Charity Organisation Society, to which we all owe so much for its heroic stand, for the sake of the poor themselves, against ill-considered almsgiving, and its institution of well-considered schemes of substantial and far-reaching help, which assume, and so develop, the dignity and independence of the poor, has suffered much from the way in which the visitors who were in daily touch with the poor in their homes, and who had known them in their time of comparative prosperity, have too often stood aloof from a body which should be the representative and centre of all such visitors.

There are volunteers who have special gifts for dealing with boys, with girls, with men in clubs, or with groups of people of one kind or another. All honour to their work and hearty thanks for it, but it may be both superficial and mistaken unless the individuals for whom it is carried on are seen also as members of families, and their home ties are known, recognised and respected.

All these thoughts have haunted me for years, and have gained force by my noticing how very greatly my workers, almost without exception, prefer work in our houses to any other sphere whatever. There is never a year that we do not increase the number of houses under our charge, but there are reasons which limit the still swifter extension of this work.

First, the amount of uncertainty which has grown up as to whether a fair moderate percentage can be safely reckoned on for any money invested in such houses. This uncertainty arises partly from the enormous increase of good building for working people, which produces a large proportion of unlet rooms in nearly every district I know. Moreover, the investment of money in such house property has begun to assume a speculative character, owing to the threatened promotion of rate, state, or charity subsidised schemes of building. The talk of County Council building naturally paralyses sounder ventures. The gradual increase of rates also adds a great element of uncertainty as to the financial success of houses in London. Secondly, we are limited in swift extension of the work because, though nearly all my fellow-workers plead to be entrusted with the

collection of rents in houses, with which are associated necessarily the minor questions of management, few succeed in efficient government, even as to these minor questions, and fewer still qualify themselves for the *real* management; so that a very large amount of supervision is required from those few of us who are able and content to accept the burden of continuous responsibility, and who can decide the larger questions as to management, and for a course of years efficiently govern for good a court or block of dwellings.

The larger area we have under our control the larger number of collectors we can enrol, and the more of them we enrol, the larger the percentage of leaders we find and train; but, whatever may be the possibilities of development in this direction in the future; it has occurred to me to consider whether we might not, side by side with it, arrange for scope for those who, while imbued with what I believe to be the wiser views as to relief, yet want to devote what time they can spare for the poor to work in their homes, and for whom at the moment we have no opening in the houses.

There is another reason why such work is needed: we have had of late in England a quite stupendous mass of legislation having for its object the amelioration of the condition of the people. We are always being threatened with more.

It is much of it based on a system of paid inspection; and if the inspection breaks down it is worse than useless, it is mockery. Rightly or wrongly, there the legislation is. To my mind there is little hope that paid inspection alone can ever make it a reality. Intermittent work of the kind is unjust and unsuccessful.

If those who love or care for the poor are to make such of the legislation as is wise a reality and living permeating power, if they are to learn and spread abroad knowledge as to whether similar legislation is wise in the future, ought they not so to put themselves in touch with the homes of the people on the one hand, and the official bodies on the other, as to become an ever-present, all-pervading, informal, but most active body of volunteer inspectors, instinctively noticing, truly recording, and regularly communicating through recognised centres with the officials? And should they not also perform this office for organised volunteer agencies, as well as for those established by law? So that at once the Poor Law and the School Board, the Sanitary Aid and the M.A.B. Y.S., the Invalid Children's Society, and many others, should have visitors attached to every small district in the parish.

Great advantages such visitors would have over those appointed to special work. There would be much economy of time, as various duties would be performed by one visitor in a small given area. Great light would be thrown on all questions by facts which came

out with regard to one class of work being known and bearing distinctly on another.

And last, but certainly not least, visitors would have no motive for unduly stimulating any one form of work? Naturally, as she went about definite duties, in and out among the families, a visitor would get to know and love them; if in any direction one work diminished another would grow probably; at any rate the visitor, a friend of long standing, would remain the friend, the watchful and kind one, not caring for special duties any more to introduce her, but ready for them if they arose, and so if, please God, in any district need for inspection and reporting, almsgiving or special aid died away, or in proportion as it diminished, the relation, without any sense of loss or regret, would insensibly subside into the natural neighbourly one of friend with friend.

The establishment in Southwark of the Women's University Settlement seemed to me to point to this year as the time for me to attempt to establish some system of organised visiting in the homes, by those imbued with thoughts as to wiser principles of work, and who should arrange to do many things for a few families in a limited area, rather than one thing for scattered individuals in a larger area.

The Women's University Settlement is supported by an association numbering 685 members. It is governed by a committee elected by the present and past students of Newnham, Girton, Somerville, Lady Margaret Hall, and London. This committee has the power of co-opting four members, among whom they have done me the honour to nominate me. The Settlement is established in Southwark, where I have been some years at work, and in a district which appears on Mr. Charles Booth's recently published map, showing the relative proportion of poverty, as one of the very largest dark masses in London.

I am not a great believer in Settlements on any large scale myself, and look always rather to the happy, healthy, natural influence of those coming from and returning to their own homes; but while the distances are so great which separate the homes of rich and poor, there is doubtless need of a centre to keep the scattered workers together; of a foothold for rest and refreshment for those coming from a distance to a poor district; of a home for those few older workers and leaders whose main duty and first business is with the poor; and of a place where all may meet and encourage one another; where new workers may be initiated and common work discussed. Such a centre the Settlement seemed to be, such a body of workers as would be needed for the scheme I had in view I thought might be provided by the association which supported the Settlement. The Trustees of Red Cross Hall and Garden lent the hall for the annual meeting of the Women's University Settlement Association,

and I was then deeply impressed with the opportunity for developing important work in the people's homes; in fact, it flashed upon me suddenly that now was the time I had watched for, when I looked down at the great company and felt that there were gathered together a very large number of those highly educated and earnest women who, scattered over England, are to give its homes, and therefore its cities and national life, their main character in the near future; and as I gazed at the young faces so full of power, and of a kind of cultivation we did not have in our youth, I seemed to see that, if we could enrol some of them under leaders, side by side with existing visitors who have more knowledge of the poor than they, if we could bring the associates scattered over England into touch with those working in London, we might do a great deal for Southwark, and perhaps for England.

By the request of the Women's University Settlement Committee I drew up a slight sketch of such district visiting as would meet the modern want. The paper was read at a meeting at our house, and the scheme is now being set on foot.

The committee were anxious to begin the system on a very small scale, and to add to its area gradually as visitors volunteered, and to the duties of the visitors as various organised bodies decided to co-operate.

A secretary was needed who should hand on to the visitors all inquiries and information, should receive back from them such reports as they might wish to bring before the constituted authorities, who should arrange for others to carry on such duties as ought to be continuous during temporary absence of regular visitors, and initiate and advise new visitors; in fact, one who should form a recognised centre. Such a secretary has been appointed. Our second desideratum was to find an area where we might feel sure of the hearty and intelligent support of those responsible for the parish, and the welcome and advice of existing visitors of long standing, where there might be already existing such organisations as our visitors would do well to co-operate with, which should not depend on our visitors for their machinery, but with which they might link the families they visited. In short, what we hoped to find ready to our hand in some part of Southwark was the direction and advice of one in charge of a district, the co-operation of local district visitors, good schools, clubs, library, &c. &c.

For we desired to be no separate mushroom growth, nor new body unconnected with the past and the existing order; we wanted to meet, help, and be helped by the life that now is in any parish where we might work. We wanted to secure a link with the past history of many in the parish, and of the parish itself. We newcomers wanted to help and supplement those already in the field.

We knew that the existing workers would, as a rule, have a more intimate knowledge of the poor in their life and homes than our new workers, but we hoped that they would in all cases gladly receive, in such districts as were not already covered, the co-operation of the younger, keen, bright spirits who, fresh from country or university, and full of the high hope and ideal of their age, and of this age, might come to offer their services and a portion of their life. I was not without hope, too, that from among my own fellow-workers or elsewhere there might be found some of those older and graver women, ennobled by life and thought, who, though they cannot bring the bright sense of gay youth and happy cheer into the dull courts or alleys, are fitter to enter into the care and thought of parents, to counsel and comfort in difficulty or sorrow, to stand beside the dying bed, and to give strength in the day of need.

Whether our work will, as a matter of fact, open out most readily in such parishes as I have described above, or not, is doubtful; it may be we shall commence in newer ground. We are beginning as quietly and unpretendingly as possible, we want to go gradually and prevent mistakes, to get our visitors to learn and grow to their work gradually, and we wish to secure those who desire unambitious, rather out-of-sight work. We are just placing our visitors one by one as opportunity offers.

I have said our plan is for a visitor to do many kinds of things for a few people, not one thing for many people.

Our first business, then, is to give her the few people who shall be continuously under her charge, and we appoint her to a small district.

Our next duty is to select for her some one piece of work which shall introduce her to her people, and give her a means of being of use to them.

As a rule, we begin by asking her to collect their savings from door to door. We have thought the best plan to adopt for this is the plan, successfully carried on in the East End, of carrying post-office slips and stamps, which the people can buy and themselves affix. This plan has the great advantage of requiring no account-keeping, involving no responsibility, and being suitable to a migratory population. As the habits of saving increase and accounts become larger, each depositor should be encouraged and helped to secure a post-office savings book, and the slips can be continued as feeders of the larger account. This collection of savings supplies a real want among the poor. Even where the husband belongs to clubs, the wife has no ready way of amassing the sums needed for clothes, for coal, for blankets, for holidays. The poor subscribe much more largely to burial clubs than to other things, in great measure because their pence are called for by the burial club collector. If our visitors can assist the poor to provide a little store of money such as our own

current account at a banker's provides for us they will be doing a great service to them.

But, besides helping them, the collection of savings forms a natural, easy means of introduction for the visitor, something like our own collection of rent. She learns to know them, and is ready for the various other work which we hope will gradually grow up round her.

The secretary, whose headquarters is the Settlement, has a list of visitors and their districts. She is acquainted with the various organisations of the district and with their managers, so that to whatever degree and at whatever time it seems advisable, as visitors wish to avail themselves of the opportunity, and are found capable of doing so, they can co-operate with the work of the neighbourhood so far as it concerns the families resident in their respective districts.

For instance, there are a large number of recipients of outdoor relief in Southwark. Any report as to the condition of the home, the sufficiency of the income, the advisability of stopping relief, can be communicated through the secretary to some one of the Guardians or to the relieving officer; or a visitor can inquire as to any point on which she is doubtful. The report of a lady who is a friend of an old pensioner, and who visits constantly, might form a valuable supplement to the relieving officer's official report.

Or take the School Board work. A school board visitor with immense labour from time to time schedules his district; he cannot keep a schedule up to date. Think what a help it would be to him if there were in each court a visitor who, when a new tenant came to a court, would know the names and ages of the children, and be ready to give information to him through a central secretary. Think how it would thwart drunken parents who, moving from court to court to avoid the consequences of their many delinquencies, evade the Education Act for weeks and months together, during which time the habits of attendance at school are lost to the already unruly children.

Then the visitors should communicate through their secretary with the Sanitary Aid Committee and with the Vestry, and might, being much more permanent in their influence, secure attention to the continuous requirements of sanitary law, such as the frequent removal of dust, in a way that no committee and no small staff of paid inspectors can do in a large parish. And, besides this, such sanitary work would gather up the advantages of teaching and reminding the people of the thousand ways in which they themselves can secure conditions of health, by their own care of what they possess, and by continual cleanliness. All the punctual collection of

dust in the world won't do so much for the house as the habit of burning the pea-pods and cabbage-stalks.

It would be a great advantage to such societies as that for visiting invalid children, for arranging for country holidays, for befriending young servants if they found ready to their hand, in each court, a visitor who, though she might not have the special knowledge of their own visitors, would possess such intimate and continuous knowledge of the family as would be, if not a substitute for, at least a valuable addition to such special visiting. Zoological tickets, excursions, invitations to carving class or club would come much better from the visitor who knew the family as a whole.

I have not spoken of the vexed question of relief, because, as a rule, I believe the people will get on far better the less of it there be in any parish or place. It is never one-hundredth part the help to them that self-reliance is. But we may be sure that questions as to whether it is, or is not, to be given will come before both visitors and visited, and they will have to be considered. More than this cannot, without certainty of evil, be granted to visitors. If they want to give alms without consideration, on their own impressions of character and urgency, not only will they do more harm than good, but they will destroy all possibility of healthy human intercourse between themselves and their poorer friends. Once for all they must make up their minds to let the Poor Law do what it alone can, and what it is meant to do; that is, to deal with sudden destitution if it arise, and they must confine themselves to the supply of carefully thought-out, radically helpful measures of relief. For this purpose the visitors must ask the Charity Organisation Society to investigate for them *every* alleged case of want, and to report on it. They must secure the attendance of one of the most experienced members of the Charity Organisation Society, preferably the secretary, to meet them in committee wherever there is a local committee, to decide what action to take on the report furnished by the Society. Visitors must ask to be present if there is no parochial committee where the case is dealt with at the Charity Organisation Committee. Finally, visitors must loyally abide by, and trust to, decisions by those qualified to judge, so soon as they have brought before them all the personal facts respecting the people to be helped. They must resolve to do this if they do not wish to bring destitution instead of blessing on their paths.

Such is our scheme in its bare outline, now just initiated in Southwark. Perhaps after a time other good things may grow out of it. We may obtain, whether from the present owners or by purchase, the management of the houses themselves. So visitors may enter into the duty of exercising such control as may enable them to eradicate evil, instead of only bringing influence to bear upon it. Or visitors may

be able to stir up, in a given locality, so much enthusiasm for an ideal, and such knowledge of one another among the inhabitants of a given district, as may secure fellow-work, and so establish what are called 'neighbourhood guilds,' wherein the inhabitants of a given locality arrange together to try to raise the standard of physical, and moral, and artistic conditions of streets and houses. Or the people might be led to improve their temporal prosperity by schemes of what is called *par excellence* co-operation. Best of all, real deep lasting friendships may be formed that will link the visitor to her people for long years of joy and sorrow, through good and evil days, the rich with the poor, the young with the old, the educated with the less trained. We cannot have harmony with the same notes, we can only have unison. Might not the very variety of training, of experience, even of nature, be a source of strength, a cause of joy and bond of union, giving special value and charm to the friendships formed between the visitor and her people? . . .

I fear, after all, however, the plan in its outline reads like one more of the many schemes which are offered to the public in-cv r disappointed hope that they will meet the crying need for radical improvement of the condition of the people. Let me disclaim any such hope from it myself. I am year by year more and more deeply convinced that we shall find no panacea, no organisation which will serve this object. Do I then yield to any in amount of hope for the improvement and the blessing of those for whom I have so long loved, and whom I believe to be so much more deeply loved by their Father? No; but my hope is not in change of circumstances, not in schemes or systems. In as far as this is a *scheme* or a *system*, it may break and change, for what I care or for what I anticipate, in all or any of its arrangements. It is but a feeble effort to bring, according to the special need of the moment, one human being into near touch with others in their homes; to lead the new and wiser thinkers of to-day to occupy themselves not with the problems pondered on in the study, but with individuals in their homes and daily life. What the result of such intercourse will be must depend wholly on what our visitors are and what their flocks are, and this must vary infinitely. Only, when face meets face, and heart meets heart; only, in the settled link with those who are old friends; only, in attachment to small districts that increase as the years roll on; only, in meeting people in their houses, and for regular work, and with mutual duties, there is more opportunity for whatever there may be in us of loving, of true, of faithful, of serviceable, of brave, to grow and to shine. The gentle and the noble alone can carry blessing or cast out evil; they alone can, and they surely must. It is in proportion as we are faithful, humble, industrious, single-hearted, and gentle that we can do good; no system much

helps us, no circumstances much change us, but before the might of the will to serve, so strongly growing year by year in England, the dark places shall surely grow lighter when spirit meets spirit in natural human intercourse, and men and women and children are met and known as members of families, in the houses where duties have to be fulfilled, and where the effect of all laws and regulations and systems is seen, not in theory, but as they bear on real life

OCTAVIA HILL.

THE NEXT PARLIAMENT

IN the life of corporate bodies as well as of individuals, the lapse of years necessarily brings about an epoch when the near future, in which *ex hypothesi* they are destined to take no part, becomes more important to themselves and others than the actual present in which they live and move and have their being. A man may be hale and strong and hearty at the age of threescore and ten ; yet, when he has outlived the space allotted by the Psalmist to human life, he ceases, as a rule, to count for much. Of course, there are exceptions : to one of the most signal of them I shall have to refer shortly. But exceptions prove the rule ; and, in the vast majority of instances, men past seventy are pretty well out of the running. For good or bad, they have done their work and left their mark. Nobody expects much further of them ; and their neighbours begin to speculate not on what they will do during the fag-end of their lives, but on what testamentary dispositions they may make, and on who after their death will succeed to their inheritances. Now, with the close of this session the present Parliament enters upon what may be called the pre-mortuary period of life. Its life cannot by any possibility be prolonged beyond August 1893 ; and according to common expectation—an expectation which is very apt to bring about its own fulfilment—Parliament will be dissolved in the course of next year. Personally, I think the Unionist party are unwise in committing themselves definitely in any way to an early dissolution. It is obvious that, if a general election were to be held to-morrow, it would turn not upon any broad issue of principle, but upon the question of Mr. Gladstone's personality. If by the chapter of accidents Mr. Gladstone ceased to take an active part in politics, the Liberal party would be left not only without a leader, but without a policy and without a cry. All Englishmen, therefore, who hold with me that the maintenance of the Union is a matter of life or death to England, and who hold also that the return of the Liberal party to office under Mr. Gladstone must involve the repeal of the Union, are justified in desiring that the next election should not, if possible, take place while Mr. Gladstone remains an active force in the political world. Time, to quote a well-known saying, is on our side. It needs

no argument to show that in the summer of 1893 Mr. Gladstone is less likely to take a prominent part in any electoral contest than he can be in the spring or autumn of 1892. I fail, therefore, to see why, considering the magnitude of the stake at issue, we Unionists should throw away any advantage we might hope to gain by postponing the dissolution of Parliament to the latest period possible. It is paying the highest compliment in our power to Mr. Gladstone's influence to admit that we would far sooner appeal to the constituencies without having to contend against the disturbing element of his great personal popularity and authority. And it would be sheer affectation to ignore the fact that every year which passes renders the veteran leader's retirement from active politics a more and more probable contingency.

Still, whether the dissolution takes place in 1892 or in 1893, the next session of Parliament will in all likelihood be its last. It is utterly improbable that after the prorogation of 1892 the present Parliament will ever meet again at St. Stephen's. We may therefore take it for granted that next year's session will be the last of the series which commenced in 1886.

Under these circumstances, the question of what the next Parliament will be commands far greater public interest than the question what the present Parliament will do. There is still time for it to do a great deal, and by so doing the Government would, as I hold, materially strengthen their chances of re-election. But, as a matter of fact, I doubt much more being done. Energy is not the characteristic of moribund Parliaments any more than of men whose span of life is drawing to its close; and, with certain additions which I shall point out presently, the existing Parliament has, I think, about completed its work. The record it has to show is a fair—in many respects a brilliant—one. Under the present Ministry the reign of law and order has been re-established in Ireland. The prophecies of those who declared Ireland could never be pacified by coercion have been falsified by the event. Abroad, peace has been preserved; and the influence of the British Empire has under Lord Salisbury's able statesmanship been restored to its pristine position. At home there has been an abundant—in my judgment, possibly a superabundant—amount of constructive legislation. The old system of county administration has been reorganised, if not re-formed, and the management of local affairs has been taken out of the hands of the country gentlemen and entrusted to those of elected councils. The interest on the National Debt has been materially reduced by Mr. Goschen's Conversion Scheme. The land question in Ireland has been settled, or at any rate thought to be settled, by an Act enabling the tenants to become owners of the lands they occupy on singularly easy terms; this easiness being due to the fact that the interest on the loans by which the purchase of the lands is affected is virtually guaranteed

by the Imperial Exchequer. Finally, the Education Act of 1870 has been completed by the practical abolition of school fees, thus providing a system of gratuitous national education at the cost of the country. All this, and a mass of minor though not less important legislation, has been carried through by the Ministry in the face of the most determined and persistent obstruction on the part of the Opposition.

Thus, if the business of the State were conducted on the same principles as those which regulate the conduct of private affairs, there could be little question as to the issue of the coming election. No body of sane shareholders would ever dream of turning out a board which could show so satisfactory a report of work done during their tenure of office. But it is by no means certain that the electors, who are, so to speak, shareholders in the British commonwealth, will employ the same principles of action as they would in dealing with their private business affairs. Under democratic institutions, sentiment and self-interest have much more to do with the outcome of elections than common-sense or a regard for the public welfare. There is little in the record of the Ministry to excite public enthusiasm. Under ordinary circumstances, the extraordinary success which has attended the ministerial policy in Ireland might have taken firm hold upon popular imagination. No doubt this is the case to some extent, and Mr. Balfour, under whose rule the reign of order and tranquillity has been restored in the sister kingdom, has become an object of admiration to the British public. It has, however, been the policy of the Opposition to represent the restoration of order in Ireland as due not to coercion or to Mr. Balfour's administration, but to the belief prevalent amidst the Irish that Home Rule will be granted them as soon as the Liberals return to power, and that the according of this boon can only be retarded by acts of lawlessness and violence. The theory is manifestly absurd to any one at all acquainted with the state of Ireland. But the ordinary British elector knows little and cares less about Irish affairs, and is ready enough to accept the assertion that the pacification of Ireland is the doing not of the Government and Mr. Balfour, but of Mr. Gladstone and the union of hearts.

If the general election, therefore, were to take place at the close of the present session, I fail to see how the Ministerialists could make out a case for the Government which would carry much weight with the masses. To the vast majority of educated and thinking men, no justification is needed for the continuance of the present Ministry in office beyond the plain fact that their tenure of power is essential to the maintenance of the Union. Unfortunately, the fact that Home Rule means the repeal of the Union, and that the repeal of the Union means the dismemberment of the British Empire, has never been brought home to the mind of the masses. For my

own part, I hold now, as I have always held and as I have repeated time after time in these pages, that the best chance of upholding the Union was thrown away when, on the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Government on the Home Rule Bill, the Liberal secessionists, by whose votes that defeat was brought about, declined to unite with the Conservatives, and elected to form a distinct party under the name of Liberal Unionists. Be this as it may, it is certain that the mass of the electorate still look upon the Home Rule controversy as one of the ordinary issues of political conflict, about which they interest themselves very little and have no distinct opinion of their own. Electioneering agents, whether Liberal or Conservative, are agreed that, except in the constituencies where the Irish vote is important, the Home Rule question has very little bearing one way or the other. On the one hand, protests against coercion meet with no popular response; on the other, appeals for the maintenance of the parliamentary union between Great Britain and Ireland fall upon deaf ears. If you could diagnose the mind of the ordinary British elector, I believe you would find that his opinion on the Home Rule question comes very much to this: that the Irish are a bad lot, and that the less one has to do with them the better. This opinion, it is obvious, may be worked upon so as to tell for as well as against the concession of Home Rule. The real danger to the Union lies not in the electors having any strong desire for Home Rule being conceded to Ireland, but in their indifference as to whether it is conceded or not.

If, therefore, the Unionist party go to the country simply and solely on the necessity of resisting Home Rule, they will have an uphill battle to fight. Nor can I see much in the recital of their past achievements to enlist any very powerful sympathy on their behalf. Their strongest card is the Free Education Act, but somehow the remission of the school fees has not excited as much enthusiasm as was anticipated. The benefit to each individual voter is small, though the aggregate of benefactions is large; and in any case the effect of the bonus accorded to the working classes will be discounted long before the general election can take place. I trust that in this, as in what I may have to say further, I shall not be thought desirous to disparage in any way the solid sterling claims of the Ministry and the Unionist party to popular support. I am only anxious to point out that it is not sufficient for the Conservatives to deserve success: they have got, in as far as lies within their power, to command it also.

Now my own view is that during the coming year a great deal might be done to strengthen the platform on which the appeal to the constituencies will have to be made either next autumn or in the ensuing spring. In the first place, in order to fulfil their own pledges, the Unionists have got to pass some sort of local government bill for Ireland. It is perfectly idle to suppose that any measure for

assigning the administration of purely local affairs to local and elected councils could ever meet the Irish demand for Home Rule. Still, the Irish have a grievance in the fact that certain local matters, which in England and Scotland would be managed by local authorities, are not treated on the same principle in Ireland. The grievance is one for which the Irish themselves are in the main responsible, and it is by no means so grave a one as Liberal agitators are wont to represent. Still, there is a grievance, and its removal would do much to destroy the force of the only serious argument in favour of Home Rule which has any weight with an English electorate. Moreover, so long as nothing is done to establish county councils in Ireland, a large and important section of the Unionist party are open to the charge, however unreasonable or exaggerated, that they owe their seats to promises which they have failed to keep.

There are two other measures which the Government might pass to advantage during the last session of the present Parliament. Nobody can doubt that one of the chief, if not the chief, consideration which induced the Ministry to bring in the Free Education Act was the conviction that, if the measure in question were passed while the Conservative party is in power, the voluntary schools, which are mainly Church of England schools, would receive far more just and kindly treatment than they could expect if the reform were carried on the proposal of a Liberal Government and by the vote of a Radical majority. A similar consideration suggests that the reform of the House of Lords and the modification of our system of representation are subjects which have a far better chance of being treated on a sound and satisfactory principle by the present Parliament than by any Legislature that is likely to succeed to its inheritance. It is, to say the least, on the cards that the general election may replace the Liberals in office, and there is no use in blinking the fact that the Liberal Governments of the future will represent a shade of Radicalism of which hitherto this country has had no official experience. Common prudence, therefore, would dictate that, while there is a Conservative majority in both Houses, no opportunity should be lost of carrying out two great reforms whose passing cannot in any case be long delayed. It is all-important for the interests which Conservatives and constitutional Liberals have in common that the House of Lords should be reformed, and redistribution effected from a Conservative in lieu of a Radical point of view.

The experience of all countries possessing democratic institutions has shown the absolute necessity of having a powerful Second Chamber as a safeguard against spasmodic and violent legislation. In the old days, when the House of Commons was elected by a middle-class constituency, and when Members of Parliament were, as a rule, closely connected by family and social ties with the peerage, the House of Lords served the purpose of a drag on hasty legislation

indifferently well. For good or bad, we have changed all that. It is idle to suppose that a House of Commons, elected by household suffrage, and composed more and more of members whose paths in life place them outside the social influence of the aristocracy, can ever seriously be kept in check by a Chamber, membership of which is based solely upon the accident of birth. Moreover, the House of Lords itself is no longer what it was. Up to the middle of the present century it was practically an assembly of great landowners, representing what was then the most powerful interest in the country. Times have altered. The ownership of land no longer confers upon its owner the same political and social influence that it used to do. Amongst the peers themselves the landowning qualification has ceased to be regarded as an essential condition of membership. Of late years, and especially during Mr. Gladstone's tenure of office, any number of peers have been created, whose sole claim to a peerage lay in the fact that they had obtained distinction in their professional or official careers. There is much to be said for making the Upper House a Chamber of Notables; though exception may be taken as to the eligibility of some of the men of note who have within our time been raised to the peerage. But there is nothing to be said for a Chamber of the sons and grandsons of notables, possessing neither land nor wealth, and whose hereditary right to legislate is derived from the fact that their ancestor was in his day a meritorious public servant. The Marquis of Carabas, though he may be the greatest booby that ever existed, is still a power in the State as owner of the Carabas estates. Lord Redtape, the impecunious descendant of a former head of a Government department, is nothing and nobody. As life-peers the men of note in their day are, or may be, of real service to the State; as peers whose titles devolve upon their heirs in perpetuity they are an anachronism and an absurdity. Nobody who wishes to have our constitution preserved intact desires to see the principles of heredity excluded from the composition of the House of Lords. Respect for high rank, old names, and large fortunes is a characteristic of the British nation; and any Upper Chamber whose authority would command the respect of the country must of necessity be largely composed of the representatives of our great families, holding their seats not by election, but by right of birth. But if under democratic institutions we are to retain an Upper Chamber based on a principle inconsistent with the ideas of democracy, the House of Lords must have a large infusion of life-peers nominated as the reward of public service or high repute; and it must also have the power of excluding from its deliberations the black sheep of the peerage. It may be said that the offenders in question are deterred by social opinion from exercising their privileges as hereditary legislators. But still, the mere fact that, if they so chose, they might exercise these privileges affects the esteem in which the House of

Lords is popularly held. No man is better fitted than the present Prime Minister to devise a scheme under which the House of Lords might be made a truly representative assembly not only of the aristocracy, but of the great intellectual, social, and industrial interests of the community. No period can be imagined at which such a scheme could be brought forward with a better chance of success; and if Lord Salisbury could signalise his Premiership by increasing the authority of the House of Lords as a Second Chamber he would have rendered a signal service to the constitutional cause.

Again, it is absolutely certain that at no distant date the question of Parliamentary representation will have to be dealt with afresh. It seems to me that here also the Ministry have an exceptional opportunity of settling a question—whose settlement cannot long be deferred in any case—in accordance with Conservative interests. One man, one vote, is, we are given to understand, to be one of the main articles of the Radical programme. That property has a right to representation as well as numbers is no doubt a Conservative theory. But in practice the theory was abandoned when household suffrage was made the basis of our electoral system. The number of plural votes is utterly insignificant as compared with the aggregate of single votes; while the fact of a man of wealth having here and there votes in a score of constituencies affords a telling cry to the opponents of privilege. Practically the adoption of the one man, one vote, principle would make no appreciable difference in the result of the polls, and if the Conservatives decline to accept the proposed change on the ground of abstract principle they are only fighting for the shadow after they have surrendered the substance. If, on the other hand, they agree that every elector shall only vote for the constituency in which he is domiciled, they have a right to insist that no locality shall be favoured in preference to another. In other words, the Conservatives would, in my opinion, do wisely in going in for equal electoral districts and numerical representation. The Radicals would dislike the proposal, but they could not resist it without sacrificing the fundamental principle of democracy, the right of the majority to rule. I know very well that this principle is not an article of the Conservative creed. But as the Conservatives have committed themselves irretrievably to its adoption in practice, I fail to see why they should not insist on its being carried out to its logical results, especially when these results are likely to promote the welfare of the party. The subject is too large a one to discuss here at any length. It is enough for my present purpose to say that, if Parliamentary representation were made to correspond with population, the result would be to materially diminish the representation of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and to greatly increase the electoral power of the urban, as distinguished from the rural, constituencies. Under existing conditions the real strength of the Conservative party is to

he found in England, and, above all, in the great English towns. Formerly it was different. But of late years the whole tenor of our legislation has been destructive of the power of the county families, and has thereby rendered the rural electorate more amenable to Radical influences. On the other hand, the social tendency of the day has been to strengthen the influences which tell in favour of Conservatism in the cities. All sound statesmanship consists in recognising accomplished facts; and if the Conservatives are wise they will modify their policy so as to suit the action of the various causes which are daily rendering the agricultural population more Radical, and the urban population more Conservative.

If, therefore, the Ministry should employ the coming session in re-organising the House of Lords and in reconstructing our electoral system on the principle of making population the sole test of representation, they will have done much to strengthen the permanent interests of the cause they represent. But I am free to admit that, even if they were to carry both the reforms above referred to, they would still stand in need of a popular electoral programme. With the merits or demerits of democracy as a working system I am not concerned. For good or for evil, we have accepted the system, and, after once accepting, there is no going backward. We must deal with things as they are. And as things are with us the power of electing the supreme power in the State has been handed over to the working classes—that is, to the classes who have to earn their daily living by manual labour. In the great majority of our constituencies the artisan and labourer vote outnumbers all the others. It is obvious, therefore, that the working classes, if they choose to combine together, can decide the result of any general election. This is the fact—pleasant or unpleasant—with which our politicians have to deal. If we hope to enlist the support of the working classes, we must have a programme which appeals to their interests, or, at any rate, to their imagination. The various measures, either past or prospective, which I have enumerated, affect issues in which the mass of the electorate take little or no interest. To look ahead is one of the privileges of easy circumstances. How, in the name of common sense, can you expect a man to look ahead whose first, if not whose sole, thought is to provide food and shelter from week to week for himself and his family? To understand the merits of the Home Rule controversy, to appreciate the advantages of a Second Chamber, to have views on the theory of representation, to recognise the value of a wise foreign policy—are all things which are inconsistent with the conditions under which the mass of our new electorate live and have their being. Other things being equal, the artisan and the labourer have a natural tendency to vote for the Liberal candidate. They have been taught to believe that the Liberals are their friends, and not the Conservatives. After all, for the classes

to whom any change cannot well but be for the better, a party which promises change even without the remotest chance of realising their promises possesses a natural attraction. The story of the ass, which was induced to jog along by the rider's holding over his ears a stick with a bunch of carrots fastened to its end conveys a political moral. The carrots may never be reached, but the donkey will run after them notwithstanding.

If, therefore, the Conservatives wish to counteract the influences which tend to drive the working-class electors into the Liberal camp, they must make a direct bid for their support. Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for State insurance against poverty caused by old age comes within the category of measures which really interest the working class. Its defect is, that it is too complicated, too remote, and too uncertain in its operation to take much hold on the popular mind. The same causes which render our working classes more energetic and more thriftless than their fellows in other European countries render them also indifferent to provision against a remote and uncertain danger. To them—as indeed to most of us—a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Now, the point on which the working class feels most strongly is the length of their hours of labour. In itself the Eight Hours Movement is not unreasonable, and the principle that men should not as a rule be expected to work more than eight hours out of every four-and-twenty is one that can only be established by legislation. No party considerations are involved in the issue whether a legal restriction of the hours of labour is or is not desirable. Sooner or later an Eight Hours Bill is certain to form part and parcel of the programme of one party or the other, and the party which first shows itself disposed to take such a measure under its favourable consideration may rely on popular support. To put the matter plainly, if we want to secure the working-class vote we shall have to pay for it, and I doubt whether we could pay a cheaper price than that of undertaking to pass a Bill in the next Parliament, limiting by legislation the hours of labour. What the precise limits should be, must of course be a subject for further and fuller consideration. All I contend for is that we should accept the principle which underlies the Eight Hours agitation.

Unless some item of this character is added to the Unionist programme, I think our candidates will find they are fighting with the odds against them. No doubt, as I have observed already, the Conservatives have a good record to show; and if judgment had to be given by the constituencies as they existed before we introduced household suffrage, the verdict would infallibly have been in their favour. With the present electorate the result is by no means equally certain. Indeed, though by-elections are an uncertain test, the indications furnished by the recent electoral contests would seem to

show that the Liberals are gaining ground with the masses while the Conservatives are losing it. Still, the influences which operate on behalf of Conservatism in England are so numerous and so strong that, whether they command a majority or not, the Conservatives will unquestionably form the most powerful single party in the next Parliament as they do in the present.

I wish I could feel a like confidence with regard to my friends the Liberal Unionists. They have failed to bring home to the country at large the conviction that the maintenance of the Union is a matter of such paramount importance as to override all other considerations. Whether they might have succeeded in so doing if they had followed the advice I have so often given in these columns must remain a matter of speculation. My own opinion has indeed been confirmed by the course of events. But, be this as it may, the fact is certain that the next election will not turn as according to the Liberal Unionist theory it ought to do on the case for or against Home Rule. Yet except upon this theory they, as a separate party, have no reason of existence. They will have to come before the constituencies either as Liberals who are determined to vote against the return of the Liberals to power or as Conservatives who are not prepared to identify themselves with the Conservative party. Our people never did and never will understand superfine distinctions, and unless I am mistaken, the same fate will befall the Liberal Unionists at the next election as befell the Peelite party. To the process of sitting between two stools there is one ending and one ending only.

If, however, the Unionist party should come to the conclusion that they must close up their ranks and appeal to the constituencies on some such platform as that which I have indicated it is clear a new departure will call for new men. In all democracies men count for more than measures. In the Conservative ranks there is no single personality who can be compared with the Liberal leader. I am certainly no admirer of Mr Gladstone. Indeed, I feel convinced that when our time becomes history one of the problems of the Victorian era will be to account for the extraordinary influence wielded by a statesman who has left behind him in his life's record—in his speeches and in his writings—so little evidence of any exceptional ability. But it would be idle to dispute the fact that he is, and has long been, the leading political personage of our day. Both Lord Palmerston and Lord Beaconsfield enjoyed the same sort of prestige in the later years of their lives; but in respect of popular admiration Mr Gladstone stands first and foremost. I, and those who think with me, may deem this admiration exaggerated or misplaced, but it would be idle for us to question its existence, or even its sincerity. The 'old man eloquent' has become the favourite of the public, and with our public the older a favourite grows the greater becomes the favour in which he is held. Against

the leader of the Opposition whom have the Unionists to set in rivalry as a candidate for popular support? Lord Salisbury, with all his exceptional ability, is not, and never has been, a *persona grata* to the British public. His speeches are an intellectual treat, but the great public cares more for sentiment than for intellect; and Lord Salisbury labours under the double defect of having little sympathy with popular sentiment and of being unable to feign a sympathy he does not feel. Lord Hartington is an instance of what a position a statesman can happily still earn in England by high character, great honesty, and absolute singleness of purpose; but still even his most ardent partisans would never dream of suggesting that he could stump the country as a competitor with Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Balfour has many advantages on his side: he has youth, breeding, good looks, and eloquence. He belongs to the class by which Englishmen in their hearts all like to be led, and he has shown by his successful administration of Ireland that he knows both how to lead and how to rule. But as yet there is no evidence of his having that sort of popular instinct which is essential to make a man a great actor either on the dramatic or the political stage. The instinct is one which is born, not acquired; and though Mr. Balfour may possess it, he has had as yet no opportunity of proving its possession. Mr. Goschen and Mr. Smith have both earned the respect and esteem of their fellow-countrymen; but neither of them belongs to the category from whom the leaders of men are chosen. New times and new circumstances require new policies, and in the period on which we are now entering it is certain that party contests will turn more and more on social and less on political issues.

To put it plainly, the Labour question will be the one on which in all likelihood the general election will turn. If the Unionist party wish to carry the day, they must not allow the Opposition to pose in the character of the real friends of the working classes; and if they intend to come forward as the champions of the reasonable requirements of the working classes, they must have as a spokesman some one who has the ear of the public. I myself fail to see any present member of the Ministry who can be relied upon to play the part with advantage. The one politician who could lead a Conservative movement in the interests of labour is Lord Randolph Churchill. Whatever else may be urged against him, he commands public attention, he knows how to speak to a popular audience, and he understands, better perhaps than any other statesman of his party, how the great world outside of Parliament thinks and feels. If, therefore, the Government intend to fight the next election on the platform on which success is most likely to be obtained they will be ill-advised unless they enlist on their behalf the active services of their late colleague.

It may probably be urged that it would be dishonest for the Conservative party to take up a cry with which, as a body, they have but little sympathy. Personally, I am a believer in the discredited policy of the *laissez-faire* school; and in virtue of my belief or want of belief I have the utmost doubts as to the success of any attempt to alter the relations of labour and capital by means of legislation. On the other hand, I am bound to admit that the whole course of legislation in recent years, no matter what party was in power, has been one series of violations of the fundamental principles of my old-fashioned creed. In several instances these violations have been attended with success—whether permanent or temporary, time alone can show. Amongst the labouring classes there is an almost universal consensus of opinion that the experiment of limiting the hours of labour by legislation is one which ought to be tried; and I for one am of opinion that when once, rightly or wrongly, you have given supreme power to the working classes, you are bound as a logical corollary to try any experiment on whose utility the mass of the electorate are agreed.

There is nothing in the eight hours movement inconsistent with Conservative or Unionist principles; and if by admitting that the subject is one for investigation and, if necessary, for legislation, you can secure the return of a Unionist majority in the next Parliament, the game is well worth the candle. According to my views, the maintenance of the Union is, I repeat again, a matter of life or death to England; and if the Liberals fail to obtain a majority at the next election, the safety of the Union is assured for many a long day to come. No thinking man, whatever his views, can doubt that the fact of Home Rule having come within the domain of practical politics is due to a fortuitous combination of circumstances which are never likely to occur again. It will be a long time before we have another Mr. Gladstone—a still longer time before any future Mr. Gladstone, in the last days of a protracted life, is placed in a position in which his only chance of returning to office is to be found in purchasing the support of the Irish vote by granting a separate Parliament to Ireland. If the Unionists retain their majority at the next election Home Rule is adjourned to the Greek Calends.

The fact, is we are passing politically through a transition period. Whenever Mr. Gladstone ceases to be an active factor in politics, there must be a fresh deal of the political pack. What the result of that deal may be it is impossible to foresee. The one thing certain is that every hand dealt out will be fundamentally different. As things stand, Sir William Harcourt is marked out as Mr. Gladstone's immediate successor as Leader of the Opposition. Neither Sir George Trevelyan nor Mr. Morley looms big enough in the public eye

to fill the post. But Sir William Harcourt himself can at the best be only considered as a stopgap. In any future Liberal Administration the Radical element will necessarily be supreme; and the Radical party will require leaders of a very different calibre from the member for Derby. In the Conservative ranks, the choice of a future leader in the event of the present Premier's retirement would lie practically between Mr. Balfour and Lord Randolph Churchill. As to the Liberal Unionists, even if their political existence should prove far more long lived than I myself deem probable, the question of their leadership is even more open to doubt. According to the probabilities of human life, the date cannot well be distant at which Lord Hartington will have to quit the House of Commons; and, whenever this event comes to pass, the Liberal Unionists will be as sheep without a shepherd. Mr. Chamberlain would be his lordship's natural successor; but I am by no means confident how far he would be available for the purpose. If Mr. Gladstone were to go, a reconciliation between the Gladstonian Liberals and a section of the Liberal Unionists would inevitably be attempted, and probably with success, on the basis of adjourning the Home Rule controversy for an indefinite period. Of the party thus reconciled Mr. Chamberlain would be the head and front. Indeed, my own idea has always been that Mr. Chamberlain, in default of Mr. Gladstone, is destined to be the next Liberal Premier. As to the Nationalist party, its future is equally uncertain. The Home Rule movement, whatever his former colleagues may think or say, is the creation of Mr. Parnell; and, without him, the structure of the Irish Parliamentary party falls to the ground. Without Parnell as leader, the Nationalists are no longer formidable from a Parliamentary point of view. With Parnell as leader, the alliance between the Gladstonian Liberals and the Irish Separatists becomes a practical impossibility. From this dilemma there is no escape.

Thus all things point to the paramount necessity of gaining the next election. If the Unionist party can secure the return of a new Parliament committed to the maintenance of the Union, the safety and welfare of England are secured. To achieve this end no sacrifice is too great, provided it be not inconsistent with honesty and honour. On most questions which divide Liberals and Conservatives a settlement may be arrived at in one sense or the other without imperilling the vital interests of the country. But if legislative independence is granted to Ireland, the death-warrant of Great Britain, as she has hitherto been known to the world, is signed and sealed. Such, at least, is the conviction of the Unionist party; and, if it is held sincerely, this conviction justifies any measure or any action or any alliance to which honest men can give their support. I have endeavoured to show how, in my opinion, the Liberals can best be

kept out of office. As long as this is done, I care little how it is done. All I wish is to impress the plain truth that it is not enough for the Unionists to have sense and argument and logic on their side : they have got to have votes as well. And if they have votes, they have got, under our present institutions, to pay for them either in meal or malt.

EDWARD DICEY.

*A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S
REMINISCENCES*

It was down by the Danube side, in the earlier days of the Russo-Turkish war. Skobelev and myself were squatting in a hole in the ground, to escape the rain of bullets and shells which the Turks were pouring across the river on the detachment which the young general commanded.

‘Here you and I are,’ said Skobelev with a laugh, ‘like Uriah the Hittite, right in the forefront of the battle; and how strange it is that quiet stay-at-home folks all over the world, who take their morning papers just as they do their breakfasts, know ever so much more about this war as a whole than we fellows do, who are actually listening to the whistle of the bullets and the crash of the shells!’

Skobelev did not pursue the subject further, because just then a shell exploded right in front of us, and of the mud which it threw up, a splash hit him in the face and changed the current of his ideas; but nevertheless his remark was a very true one. War correspondence and the electric telegraph have given the peaceful citizen the advantage, in the matter of quick and wide war-news, over the soldier who is looking the enemy in the face in the actual battlefield. But this intelligence, although peaceful readers take little account of the manner of getting it, and have come to look upon it as a thing of course—as a mere matter of everyday routine—yet reaches their breakfast-tables as the outcome only of long thoughtful planning, of stupendous physical and mental exertion, of hair-breadth risks encountered. It is my purpose in the following pages to tell something of the manner of the war correspondent’s working life, something of the character of his exertions to satisfy the world’s crave for the ‘latest intelligence from the seat of war,’ and something of the dangers that encompass the path of his duty. If the recital of some personal experiences in this field may strike the reader as involving the imputation of egotism, I would beg of him to entertain the excuse that it is not easy for a man to avoid egotism when he is speaking mainly of himself.

'In my day dreams'—I am quoting from a lecture I delivered some ten years ago—in my day dreams, indulged in mostly when smarting under the consciousness of my own deficiencies, I have tried to think out the attributes that ought to be concentrated in the ideal war-correspondent. He ought to possess the gift of tongues—to be conversant with all European languages, a selection of the Asiatic languages, and a few of the African tongues, such as Abyssinian, Ashantee, Zulu, and Soudanese. He should have the sweet angelic temper of a woman, be as affable as if he were a politician canvassing for a vote, and at the same time be big and ugly enough to impress the conviction that it would be highly unwise to take any liberties with him. The paragon war correspondent should be able to ride anything that chance may send him, from a giraffe to a rat; be able to ride a hundred miles at a stretch; to go without food for a week, if needful, and without sleep for as long; never to get tired—never to feel the sensation of a 'slight sinking, you know;' and be able at the end of a ride—of a journey however long, arduous, and sleepless—to write round-hand for a foreign telegraph clerk, ignorant of the correspondent's language, at the rate of a column an hour for six or eight consecutive hours; after which he should, as a matter of course, gallop back to the scene of action without a moment's delay. He should be a competent judge of warfare; conversant with all military operations, from the mounting of a corporal's guard to the disposition of an army in the field. He ought to have supreme disregard for hostile fire when real duty calls upon him to expose himself to it; and his pulse should be as calm when shells are bursting around him as if he were watching his bosom-friend undergoing the ordeal of the marriage service. He must have a genuine instinct for the place and day of an impending combat; he must be able to scent the coming battle from afar, and allow nothing to hinder him from getting up in time to be a spectator of it. He should be so constituted as to have an intuitive perception how the day hath gone; to be able to discern victory or defeat, while as yet to the spectator not so gifted the field of strife seems confusion worse confounded; and so to rely on his own judgment as to venture, ere the turmoil has died away, to turn his back upon it, and ride off, the earliest bearer of the momentous tidings. To potter about waiting till the last shot is fired; to linger for returns of killed and wounded, and for the measured reports of the generals; to be the *chiffonnier* of the rags of the battlefield; that is work he must leave to his helpers. Alas! there never was such a man, and there never will be such a man. I think Julius Cæsar would have been an exceptionally brilliant war-correspondent, if the profession had been invented in his time, and if he could have weaned himself from the meaner avocations of commanding armies, conquering countries, and ruling nations. But the first Napoleon, if only he could have been a little truthful occasion-

ally, would have eclipsed Julius Cæsar, and knocked William Howard Russell into a cocked hat.

Before the Franco-German war there had been war-correspondents, and one at least of those had made for himself a reputation to vie with which no representative of a newer school has any claim. But their work, being in the pre-telegraphic period, was carried on under less arduous conditions than those which confront the war-correspondent of to-day. Nor was it so incumbent on them to carry their lives in their hands. Before far-reaching rifled firearms came into use, it was quite easy to see a battle without getting within the range of fire. But this is no longer possible. With siege guns that carry shells ten miles, with field artillery having a range of four miles, and with rifles that kill without benefit of clergy at two miles, the war-correspondent may as well stay at home with his mother, unless he has hardened his heart to take his full share of the risks of the battlefield. Indeed, if he has determined to look narrowly into the turbulent heart of each successive spasm of the bloody struggle—and it is only, now, by doing this that he can make for himself a genuine and abiding reputation, he must lay his account with adventuring more risk than falls to the lot of the average soldier. The percentage of casualties among war-correspondents is greater than that among the actual fighting men. In the petty Servian campaign of 1876, for instance, there were twelve correspondents who kept the field and went under fire. Of those, three were killed and four were wounded. Certainly not more than thirty correspondents and artists, all told, were in the Soudan from the earliest troubles to the final failure of the Nile expedition, but on or under its cruel sand lie the corpses of at least six of my comrades. O'Donovan, the adventurous pioneer of Merv, perished with Hicks. The last hope has long faded that Vizetelly, endowed though he was with more lives than the proverbial cat, has still a life in hand. Power lived to be Gordon's loyal, valiant, and trusted lieutenant, but fell on the errand of attempting to bring to us the full details of that noble soldier's heroism. Cameron and St. Leger were struck down on the same bloody day, and rest together in their shallow grave in the hot Bayuda sand. Poor Gordon, who had been a soldier before he became a war-correspondent, died a lone death of thirst in the heart of the desert, while pushing urgently on to where his duty lay. Time would fail me to tell of those who have perished of fevers and other maladies, who have been wounded, shipwrecked, and encountered strange hairbreadth escapes; of others again who have come home so broken by hardship and vicissitude that what remains of life to them is nought but weariness and pain. And it is such men who have been classed with the camp followers, and denounced as 'drones who eat the rations of fighting men and do no work at all.'

It was the Franco-German war of 1870 which brought about the

revolution in the methods of war-correspondence, although at Saarbrücken in the earliest days of that great contest, there was as yet no perception of the opportunities that lay to our hands. But if at Saarbrücken the correspondents thus early on the war-path were still unregenerate in this respect, we had some experiences in which the comic and the tragic were curiously blended. Within two miles of the little town lay a whole French army corps, which any day might overwhelm Saarbrücken and its slender garrison of a single German battalion. So we lived, quite a little detachment of us, in an hotel on the outskirts, ready for a judicious bolt. At this hotel there arrived one morning a young German girl who was engaged, we learned, to a sergeant in the regiment garrisoning Saarbrücken. She had come to say farewell to her sweetheart before the fighting should begin, and he should march away, mayhap never to return. Some of the livelier spirits among us conceived the idea that the pair should get married before the parting should be said. Both were willing. The bridegroom's officer gave him leave, on condition that should the alarm sound, he was to join his battalion without a moment's delay. All was in readiness, and the clergyman was just about to join the pair in holy matrimony, when the sound of a bugle suddenly broke in on the stillness. It was the alarm. The bridegroom hurriedly embraced the bride, buckled on his accoutrements, and darted off to the alarm-platz. In ten minutes more the combat was in full swing; the French had carried the heights overhanging the town, and were pouring down upon it their artillery and mitrailleuse fire. Our hotel was right in the line of fire, and soon became exceedingly disagreeable quarters. We got the women down into the cellar and waited for events. A shell crashed into the kitchen, burst inside the cooking stove, and blew the wedding breakfast, which was still being kept hot, into what an American colleague called 'everlasting smash.' It was too hot to stay there, and everybody strategically manœuvred to the rear, including the German battalion which had constituted the garrison. A few days later was fought, close to Saarbrücken, the desperate battle of the Spicheren, in which the bridegroom's regiment took a leading part. The day after the battle I was wandering about the battlefield helping to relieve the wounded, and gazing shudderingly on the heaps of dead. Suddenly I came on our bridegroom, his back resting against a stump. He was stone dead, with a bullet through his throat.

Perhaps the most thrilling episode of all that colossal struggle was the singularly dramatic climax of the battle of Gravelotte. All day long, from noon until the going down of the sun, the roar of the cannon and the roll of the musketry had been incessant. The deep ravine between Gravelotte and St. Hubert was a horrible pandemonium wherein seethed struggling masses of German soldiery, torn by the shell-fire of the French batteries, writhing under the stings of the

mitrailleuse, bewildered between inevitable death in front, and no less inevitable disgrace behind. Again and again frantic efforts were being made to force up out of the hell in the ravine and gain foothold in the edge of the plateau beyond; and ever the cruel sleet of lead beat them back and crushed them down. The long summer day was waning into dusk, and the fortunes of the battle still trembled in the balance, when the last reserve of the Germans—the second army corps—came hurrying up toward the brink of the abyss. In the lurid glare of the blazing village, the German king stood by the wayside and greeted his stalwart Pomeranians as they passed him. High over the roll of the drums, the blare of the bugles, and the crash of the cannon, rose the eager burst of cheering, as the soldiers answered their sovereign's greeting, and then followed their chiefs down into the fell depths of the terrible chasm. The strain of the crisis was sickening as we waited for the issue, in a sort of spasm of sombre silence. The old king sat, with his back against a wall, on a ladder, one end of which rested on a broken gun-carriage, the other on a dead horse. Bismarck, with an elaborate assumption of coolness which his restlessness belied, made pretence to be reading letters. The roar of the close battle swelled and deepened till the very ground trembled beneath us. The night fell like a pall, but the blaze of the adjacent conflagration lit up the anxious group here by the churchyard wall. From out the medley of broken troops littering the slope in front, rose suddenly a great shout, that grew in volume as it rolled nearer. The hoofs of a galloping horse rattled on the causeway. A moment later, Moltke, his face for once quivering with emotion, sprang from the saddle, and, running toward the king, cried out—'It is good for us; we have carried the position, and the victory is with your Majesty!' The king started to his feet with a fervent 'God be thanked!' and then burst into tears. Bismarck, with a great sigh of relief, crushed his letters in the hollow of his hand; and a simultaneous hurrah welcomed the good tidings.

The Franco-German war, with its bloody battles, with its sudden ruin of the French imperial régime, with its astounding wreck of the French military prestige, culminated in that stupendous event, the capitulation of Paris to the besieging German army. Paris, in Bismarck's blunt phrase, had been 'stewing in her own juice,' till at last there was no juice left in her; and the pangs of sheer starvation forced the proud city, with passionate rage in her heart, to bow her arrogant head, and succumb to the ring of blood and iron that had girdled her about, and cut the nutriment from her vitals. It will be readily understood how, when the capitulation was imminent, the correspondents with the besieging forces, stimulated by the ardour of competition, were on the alert each to be the first to enter the beleaguered city, and tell the outside world of its plight. The good fortune happened to me to anticipate my rivals. I threw myself

into a hurried investigation of the misery and the heroism of Paris. There needed no acuteness to discern to what a plight of hungry misery she had been reduced before she had brought herself to endure the humiliation of surrender. That night she was alone with her grief and her hunger: not until the morrow came the relief and consolation which the sympathy of Britain so promptly forwarded to the capital of the ally with whom had been endured the hardships and earned the successes of the Crimean war. Wan, starved citizens crept by on the unlit boulevards, before and since the parade of luxury and sleek affluence. No cafés invited the promenader with brilliant splendour of illumination and garish lavishness of decoration, for there were no promenaders to entice, no fuel to furnish gas, no dainty viands wherewith to trick out the plateglass windows. The gaiety, the profusion, and the sinfulness of the Paris which one had known in the Second Empire days had given place to quiet uncomplaining dejection, to utter depletion, to a decorum at once beautiful, startling, and sad. The hotels were all hospitals. The Red Cross flag floated from almost every house, indicative of sick or wounded inmates, bandaged cripples limped along the streets, and the only traffic was furnished by the interminable procession of funerals. I had brought in, stowed in a wallet on my back, some five pounds of ham. The servants of the place where I stayed put the meat on a dish with a cover over it, and showed it up and down the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré as a curiosity, charging a sou for lifting the cover.

In a dingy eating-house I found at supper several of my journalistic comrades, who had remained inside Paris during the long siege. They were eating steaks of horseflesh, followed by ragout of dog; and the few scraps of bread on the table consisted of a sort of dingy paste about one half of which was sand. Horseflesh is far from bad eating, only you require to get a little accustomed to it before you can quite relish it. It has a curious sweetish taste, and the fat is scarce and not quite satisfactory. The Parisians during the siege had become great connoisseurs in horseflesh. It was discovered that the tenderest joints were furnished by a young grey filly, and that the toughest meat was that of a chestnut stallion. I did not try the dog; anyone who is curious as to the flavour of this viand can easily kill a dog and make the experiment for himself. Some people averred it went best with mushrooms; others praised it eaten cold in a pie with truffles.

On the 1st of March 1871, the day of the entry of the German troops into Paris, rather a curious experience befell me. While as yet within the German cordon in the Place de la Concorde, I observed that I was being dogged. I had no sooner passed out of that cordon than I was vehemently assailed by an angry mob, who insisted that I was a Prussian spy. A detachment of National Guards

holding a police post rescued me at the bayonet point from the genial enthusiasts who were dragging me along the street on my back, with the expressed intention of drowning me in the basin of an adjacent fountain. A good deal of my clothing had been torn off me, but that was a trifle. Overhauling myself in the police-station, I discovered that along with half of my greatcoat had disappeared my notebook, which was in the pocket of the missing section of the garment. This was a most serious misfortune. In those times I had accustomed myself to write out at full length in my notebook the description of scenes or events of which I was a witness, detailing in form ready for the printer the accounts of incident after incident as the incidents successively evolved themselves. From the summit of the tower of Longchamps I had looked down that morning on Kaiser Wilhelm's great review of his army on the racecourse, and my description of that remarkable scene, at least two columns long, was in the lost note-book. One result of this concurrent writing out is that the writer's memory does not charge itself with the recollection of what has been committed to paper; and thus I had not only lost the actual 'copy' already indited and out of hand, but was destitute of the power to reproduce the lost matter. While I was internally bewailing myself, a citizen in a fine glow of triumph rushed into the police-station. 'Voilà!' he shouted, as he waved aloft my note-book in one hand and my coat tail in the other: 'Here is damning evidence that the prisoner is a wicked spy! Here are the villain's notes, the lies he has been writing down concerning our unhappy Paris!' I could have embraced the excited *ouvrier*, frowsy as he was; he had done me an incalculable benefit in his effort to seal my doom. His face was a study when, in the gladness of my heart, I offered him a five-franc piece. The implacable patriot accepted it.

Presently, under an escort of National Guards with fixed bayonets—for the mob was still dangerous—I was marched through a couple of streets to the bureau of a sitting magistrate. My companions were a gentleman in a blouse who was accused of having stolen an ink-bottle; a tatterdemalion detected in selling a couple of cigars to a Bavarian cavalryman, and a woman whom the Paris mob had stripped and painted divers colours, because she had been caught parleying with a Prussian drummer. The magistrate was so good as to deal with me first. Fortunately I was able to produce to him my British passport and my journalistic credentials. He called in his sister, who had lived in England, to assist him in deciding on the authenticity of those documents. She promptly pronounced in their favour, and his worship became immediately gracious. He told me I was free, and was good enough to lend me an old coat in which to walk to my hotel; at the same time gracefully begging me to

excuse what he termed 'the little inconvenience I had experienced, on account of the not unnatural excitement of the Paris populace.'

The magistrate's good sister sent me to a bedroom, where I washed off the most flagrant stains of the recent unpleasantness. Outside the mob were still howling fiercely. Time was very precious to me: I could not endure to wait indefinitely, yet I did not care to offer myself to the tender mercies of the gentlemen of the pavement. The sister in this strait proved herself a ministering angel. She said there was a door opening in a quiet side-alley, and actually offered to escort me to my hotel, which was close by. As we walked, I told the good soul I did not know how to thank her; had it been her servant I could have found no difficulty in requiting the good office, but a lady—'Oh,' she broke in, 'that is not so difficult, I will put my pride in my pocket. My brother has a fair salary; but he has not seen a franc of it for six months. We are gentlefolk; we cannot join the *queue* outside the baker's shop, and, and *O mon Dieu!* we are actually starving,' and the poor woman burst into tears. 'We could not take charity,' she continued, sobbing, 'but I have heard of that kind *don anglais* which, they say, is now being distributed freely; if only one could get a little aid from its bounty?' We had a sub-*dépôt* in my hotel; I myself was one of the accredited sub-almoners; some of the Commissioners were living with me. I hurried the lady into a room where there was no one to notice her emotion; then found John Furley and told him the little story. Furley is a man of energy. In five minutes a big hamper had been packed full of comestibles, and a porter had it on his back, waiting for the lady's commands. With the chivalry of a fine gentleman Furley respectfully announced to her that one of his men was at her disposition. She came out into the passage, looked down at the great basket, whose open mouth disclosed *inter alia* a leg of mutton, a couple of fowls, a great honest loaf, and sundry vegetables; she gave a great gasp, and I thought she was going to faint. She was anæmic from sheer want, but she rallied, tears helping her; and then she went silently away with her veil down over her face, and the stalwart porter tramping behind her. It was such people as those, with pride and fixed salaries which were not paid, who suffered worst during the siege; and they too it was who were the most difficult to relieve when the siege was over, but without as yet any alleviation of their misery. The women were the most stubborn. The *concierge* would assure the almoner that the two old ladies on such an *étage* were literally starving. The two old ladies, when you pushed their button, would appear, stately gracious. Yes, they would say—yes, the English were a kind people, and the good God would reward them. There were some poor creatures in the roof who were in pressing need. For themselves, thanks, but no, they could not accept charity;

and then the door would close on the wan eyes and hollow cheeks. Ah me ! it was melancholy work.

It is impossible to go into detail about the fell days of the Commune's close, and that was the only phase of it of which I was a witness. All that I can here say is that in the lurid chaos which marked the ruthless stamping out of the Commune by the Versaillist army under Marshal MacMahon, the conditions under which correspondents tried to fulfil their duties were more full of peril than one can incur in any battle of which I have had experience. In a battle you know your danger. The enemy is for the most part in front ; and you can either stand up and take your chance of his fire, or take cover to protect yourself from it. But in the seething turmoil of the last days of the Commune, bullets were flying from front, flanks, and rear. There was an universal raving lust for blood. As Mr. Labouchere cheerfully wrote, 'They shot you first, and apologised to your corpse afterwards.' The brightest feature of the grim drama which I can recall after so long a lapse of time, was the imperturbable coolness of Mr. Malet, now Sir Edward Malet, our Minister at Berlin. He was left in charge of the Embassy in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré when Lord Lyons and the rest of the *personnel* migrated to Versailles. For two long days it seemed that Malet, or at all events the Embassy he inhabited, was the target for the artillery alike of Versaillists and Communists. Shells bedevilled the ball-room, knocked great holes miscellaneously all over the building, and explosion after explosion blew up the walls of the Embassy garden, through which the Versaillists were sapping their way to outflank the Communists. Malet, bland and cheery as his wont, quietly and methodically performed his duties, the shell fire apparently a matter concerning him not at all. In no conceivable circumstances could Malet look absurd : and that surely is a great gift. Just before the German siege began, he came out from Paris to Meaux with a communication to Bismarck. I happened to meet him near the German fore-post line. His *franc-tireur* escort had compelled him on the previous night to sleep 'under the beautiful stars ;' when I met him he was riding between two Uhlans. He was attired in a tall hat which the beautiful stars had deprived of its gloss, a cutaway coat, and strapless trousers disclosing considerable white sock. He was seated in a great military saddle, the shabracque of which rose about him before and behind ; the stirrups were about ten holes too long, and the big troop horse he bestrode plainly evinced disgust for his civilian mount. No concatenation of conditions could have tended more to give a man an aspect of grotesque absurdity. But Malet did not in the least look like a guy. He had no consciousness of being ludicrous, and even at the first blush he was not ludicrous. On the contrary he was self-possessed, easily dignified, and gave the

impression that this was precisely the mode of progression which he deliberately preferred over all other modes.

I imagine that people at home took but^a faint interest in the little war which in the summer and autumn of 1876 the petty principality of Servia was waging against its Turkish suzerain. It was nevertheless an interesting struggle, both in itself and as virtually the prelude to the great Russo-Turkish war of the following year. Up at Deligrad, about 140 miles from Belgrade, the capital of Servia, General Tcherniaeff, with his Russian volunteers and rough Servian levies, for three months confronted the Turkish army commanded by that venal old impostor Abdul Kerim Pasha. Our life with Tcherniaeff was almost comically squalid. His headquarters were in a ruined school-house; and his staff lived in holes dug out in the ground and thatched over with reeds. We lay on straw all round a great fire which was maintained in the centre, and which occasionally set a light to the roof and burnt us temporarily out of house and home. One morning the Turks woke up from their lethargy, and carried with a rush the defences of the hill of Djunis, which Tcherniaeff had been holding so long on the swagger. I have a shrewd suspicion that Abdul Kerim and Tcherniaeff understood each other extremely well that the former for a price contentedly allowed himself to be amused by the latter during the summer months, and that when the order came from the Seraskierate that the immobility so long allowed to last must at length peremptorily be ended, Tcherniaeff was complaisant enough to make not much more than a brisk show of resistance. The scheme, however, was in a measure thwarted by the honest and zealous fighting of Dochtoureff and the Russian volunteers, who died very freely in their trenches, and who had sent many Turkish souls to Hades before they accepted defeat. The Servians behaved badly; their resistance fell to pieces in half a dozen hours; and in the end Dochtoureff and myself had to ride through a belt of Turkish skirmishers to escape being cut off.

Anyhow the game was up, and Servia lay at the mercy of the Turks. I was the only correspondent on the spot, and it behoved me to make the most of this advantage. At five in the afternoon, when I rode away from the blazing huts of Deligrad, more than 140 miles lay between me and my point, the telegraph office at Semlin, the Hungarian town on the other side of the Save from Belgrade; telegraphing was not permitted from the latter place. I had an order for post-horses along the road, and galloped hard for Paratchin, the nearest post-station. When I got there the postmaster had horses, but no vehicle. Now, if I had sent a messenger, this obstacle would have effectually stopped him. But it was apparent to me, being my own messenger, that although I could not drive I might ride. True, the Servian post-nags were not saddle-horses, but sharp spurs and the handling of an old dragoon might be relied on to make

them travel somehow. All night long I rode that weary journey, changing horses every fifteen miles, and forcing the vile brutes along at the best of their speed. Soon after noon of the following day, sore from head to foot, I was clattering over the stones of the Belgrade main street. The field telegraph wires had conveyed but a curt, fragmentary intimation of disaster; and all Belgrade, feverish for further news, rushed out into the street as I powdered along. But I had ridden hard all night, not to gossip in Belgrade, but to get to the Semlin telegraph wire, and I never drew rein till I reached the ferry. At Semlin, one long drink of beer, and then to the task of writing hour after hour against time the tidings which I had carried down country. After I had written my story and put it on the wires, I lay down in my clothes and slept twenty hours without so much as turning. I had meant to start back for Deligrad on the evening of the day of my arrival at Belgrade, but fatigue caused me to lose twenty-four hours. It seemed to me when I recovered from my chagrin at this delay, that perhaps, after all, I was entitled to a good long sleep; for I had seen a battle that lasted six hours, ridden a hundred and forty miles, and written to the *Daily News* a telegraphic message four columns long—all in the space of thirty hours.

At the beginning of the Russo-Turkish war, in the spring of 1877, the first great desideratum with the correspondents who were detailed to follow the Russian fortunes was to obtain an authorisation to accompany the armies in the field. Without such an authorisation the correspondent, if he gets forward at all, is liable to be treated as a spy, and soon finds himself in trouble. I suppose there is no war correspondent of any considerable general experience who has not been in custody over and over again on suspicion of being a spy. I have been a prisoner myself in France (made so both by Germans and by French), Spain, Servia, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Russia, Roumania, and Bulgaria; and I cannot conscientiously recommend any of those countries from this point of view. The authorities of the Russian army were very fair and courteous about the authorisations of correspondents. On principle they accepted all who presented themselves accredited by respectable papers, and bringing a recommendation from any Russian ambassador. There was to be no field-censorship; you gave your word of honour not to reveal impending movements, concentrations, and intentions. You might, with this exception, write and despatch just what you chose; only a file of your paper had to be sent to the headquarters, and a polyglot officer—Colonel Hausenkampf by name—was appointed to read all those newspapers, and to be down upon you if you transgressed what he considered fair comment. Then you got a warning, or if you were held to have gravely and spitefully transgressed, you were expelled.

I always pitied the unfortunate Colonel Hausenkampf from the

very bottom of my heart. He had to read all the letters published in all the newspapers of all the correspondents, and I predicted for him either speedy suicide or hopeless madness! But he remained alive and moderately sane, spite of this arduous duty, and of the task which at the outset devolved upon him of listening to every correspondent who made application for a permission. He was fearfully badgered. One day I called on him at the headquarters in Ploesti, and found him seated in a bower in a garden, resolutely confronted by a gaunt man in a red beard and a tweed suit. 'Mon Dieu!' exclaimed the Colonel, 'will you oblige me by taking that man away and killing him? He is a Scotsman and I don't understand the Scottish language: he knows none other than his native tongue. He comes here daily, and looms over me obstinately for an hour at a time, firing off at intervals the single word "Permission!" and tendering me, as if he would hold a pistol at my head, a letter in English from a person whom he calls the Duke of Argyll—a noble, I suppose, of this wild man's country!' It is needless to say, since the 'wild man' was a Scot, that he achieved his permission and did very good work as a correspondent.

We were all numbered like so many ticket porters, and at first carried on the arm a huge brass badge, which heightened our resemblance to members of that respectable avocation. The French correspondents' sense of the beautiful was, however, outraged by this neat and ornamental distinguishing mark; so at their instance there was substituted a more dainty style of brassard, with the 'double-headed eagle in silver lace on a yellow silk ground. The permission was written on the back of a photograph of the correspondent to whom it was granted, which photograph was duly stamped on the breast of the subject with the great seal of the headquarters. A duplicate of this photograph was stuck in a 'Correspondents' Album' kept by the commandant of the headquarters. When I last saw this book, there were some eighty-two portraits in it; and I am bound to admit that it was not an overwhelming testimony to the good looks of the profession. I got, I remember, into several messes through having incautiously shaved off some hair from my chin which was there when the photograph was taken. In vain I argued that it is not the beard that makes the man; the sentries were stiff-necked on the point of identity, and I had to cultivate a new imperial with all speed.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

THE FUTURE OF LANDSCAPE ART

SINCE Guido of Siena, far away in the thirteenth century, broke with the traditions of the Byzantine school, to be followed by brave Cimabue and his pupil Giotto, the history of art in Europe has been, broadly considered, a history of steady progress, a record of determined and successful effort, periodically put forth, to shake off the trammels of worn-out conventions, and of the endeavour to come back to first principles—in other words, to nature.

Of any art-convention it may be truly said, that it is the sole property of him who invented it; and so it may be said of any school which founds itself upon a great master, that it is piratical. But in the end the pirate, having exhausted the area of his sources of supply, must return to honest labour; he must dig in the earth and find gold for himself if he would not starve. So with the artist; he too must return to nature, and until he does so art, although it may appear to progress, will in reality retrograde.

Every time art is thus driven back upon the first source of its inspiration it returns re-enforced; it has learned something, but it has also come to know how small is the sum of its knowledge. Returning to its great foster-mother in no irreverent spirit, but not wanting in the confidence born of experience gained and triumphs achieved, it asks more knowledge. In this sense art is progressive. It stands still of course; it goes back; but throughout the ages it does visibly progress. To say this is not to attempt to undervalue the work of a past age. A perfect work of art, taking it in relationship to the age in which it was produced, is perfect for all time. And in this connection it may be premised, *pace* Mr. Whistler, that it is absolutely impossible to dissociate a work of art from its environment; it is an outcome of the time which gave birth to it, and it is indicative of the spirit of that time; for art has been, and always will be, symptomatic of the tendencies, moral and intellectual, of the people who exist contemporaneously with it. The crucial point in regard to any work of art is contained in the question, 'Is it the highest expression of the particular age to which it belongs?' If the answer

be in the affirmative, its value as a work of art is so pre-eminent that nothing which came before it, or that has gone or is to go after it, can excel it. It is the silent record of the æsthetic impulses of an age never to return. It is assumed, of course, that this age is an artistic age. It is not to be asked whether the rude drawings of the cave-men have this value, because these were produced in pre-æsthetic times; it must also be granted that the contention lacks significance if it be made to apply to those periods of decadence and darkness through which art has, at various epochs of the world's history, passed. It does hold good, though, of those harvesting times of art, be the age or the people what it may, since art first took its place as the sister of language, and the Fine Arts assumed concrete shape. In going back to nature, again and again, art has simply gone back in order to get a better leap forward, and in so doing she has never wanted of her reward. Every time art returns to nature with the simple-minded determination to look her in the face fearlessly and lovingly, frankly determined to meet her frowns unflinchingly and to smile them down, bold and confident to seize and embrace her so soon as she shows herself in all her loveliness, something is added to the sum of the beautiful.

Hans Holbein, Albert Dürer, and other great masters of the German school who flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries lifted art on to a higher plane, in bringing her many steps nearer to nature. It was reserved for the painters of the Flemish and Dutch schools—Teniers the younger, Terburgh, Van Ostdade, Metz, and their contemporaries—to strike the first true note in the portrayal of interiors; and to such Dutchmen as Cuyp, J. Ruysdael, Hobbema, Paul Potter, Van de Velde, Van Goyen, Jan Both, and Berghem to treat out-of-door nature with some regard for the fact that the mission of the landscape painter is to extract from the earth and sky the very essence of their beauty. All these men, some in a larger measure than others, understood that the landscape painter must compensate in his pictures for those arbitrary conditions and limitations from which in hard dry truth there is no escape. On canvas the painter can only suggest sunlight, only suggest movement. From nature he must take the various ingredients which go to make its beauty, in such a way that in re-mixing them, the sun in his picture shall shine, the water sparkle, the clouds travel, the mists creep upward over the land, the leaves on the trees rustle in the wind, the ploughman and his team slowly climb the hill, and the swallows flit along the ground and dart with zigzag flight into the sky. This is the cunning alchemy demanded of him.

The beginning of these things—of how to convey them, that is to say—we find in the works of these old Hollanders and Flemings; we find, too, on their canvases something deeper and more subtle—the beauty which is alone visible to the poet, and which can only be en-

forced by the trained skill of the craftsman. Cuyp, Paul Potter, and Wouvermans knew the artistic value of grouping and placing their cattle and their horses in such a manner that the animals and vista fall into their proper places, the one balancing the other—the beasts big and impressive against the great dome of sky and lessening distance; the vista, grand and majestic, encompassing the beasts. Millet afterwards enlarged upon this convention in his ‘Sower’ and in the ‘Angelus.’ Hobbema, Berghem, and Ruysdael were among the earliest to reveal to us on canvas the exquisite beauty and solemn dignity of woodland scenes—the dewy glades of the forest, the cleared spaces where stands the homestead, and the pond reflecting summer skies. France had to wait until the advent of Rousseau, Diaz, and Dupré; in them she had painters fully in touch with such things, but throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a stilted and an unreal convention yet reigned supreme in that country. Claude was ruined by it, great painter though he was; for his landscapes are subservient to his classical temples and to his tiresome marionnettes. The Franco-Roman, Gaspard Poussin, came a little nearer to a purer form of landscape art; but the like inherent vulgarity of thought, the desire to manufacture something grand rather than to register the simple unaffected grandeur of nature, held him back. Claude Vernet struck a truer note; and even Watteau in some of his pictures caught fitfully at the skirts of the coming emancipation. There is a *fête champêtre* of his extant which clearly indicates that he was groping his way to something better. The evening is falling, and the light is concentrated on a central figure, that of a woman, over whom a gallant is leaning endearingly; this scheme is repeated in several subordinate couples, but we come back always to the woman's face, wonderfully coloured and lighted, and forming a natural centre to the picture. Nevertheless down to the days of David a forced and an inartistic classicism reigned supreme; and in David, who actually used Greek statuary in place of living models in painting his figures, it reached its climax. The darkest hour comes before the dawn, and the present century had scarcely begun before the smothered discontent of those artists who had long inwardly rebelled against ‘the grand style’ bore fruit. The time was propitious. The French revolution had proved to men that institutions, civil and religious, which had come to be regarded as immovable were by no means so securely grounded; why, then, should the traditions of art be unassailable? But it was not until Géricault and Michallon had openly declared war against the classicism of David, and Delaroche, Georges Michel, Roqueplan, and Delacroix had followed, that the great battle of romantic art, as opposed to classic art, began in real earnest, although, as we have seen, there were Frenchmen in the previous century who had tried to evolve a kind of hotchpotch between moribund and nascent art. These men had clung to classi-

cism with the desperation of timidity, perceiving all too nervously that a happier chance awaited them.

In England the current had already set strongly in the direction of a freer and more natural convention. Gainsborough, Richard Wilson, and Crome had made their choice, soon to be followed by Constable and Bonington, and by Constable's contemporaries, Barker, Ward, Nasmyth, Stark, Danby, and Glover, individual men and strong, whom in these days we are in some danger of forgetting. What Bonington, and above all Constable, did for the new-fledged school of French *romantiques*, all the world knows; but that Constable actually created the so-called Barbizon school is not borne out by fact. This statement has been emphatically made and re-made, but it has no solid foundation; M. Albert Woolf is justified in calling it in question. But that Constable administered to these romantic painters a powerful tonic, a stimulant which tided them over a critical period—that he was, to use a homely expression, as good as a father to them—who can deny? That such a picture as the 'Hay Wain' should have a most invigorating influence on men struggling toward the light, facing much opposition, and manfully rising again and again, despite repeated discouragements, who can wonder? And it may be questioned whether the school of 1830, as it has come to be called—Corot, Millet, Rousseau, Diaz, Daubigny, Dupré, Troyon, and the correlatives of these painters, Monticelli, Courbet, Jacque, Mauve, Hervier, Israels, Mesdag, Breton, Van Marcke, the brothers Maris, Boudin, Servin, Innosenti, to quote names at hazard—would or could have been to us what they have had there never been a John Constable, and had not his 'Hay Wain' been hung at the Salon of 1824.

While emancipated art was making such bold headway in France we were forging ahead here at home. Of Turner, who stands alone, mention need only be made; there were Cotman, Cox, Copley Fielding, and George Barret; and then came the great pre-Raphaelite movement, richer in words than in deeds, more remarkable as the earnest of great things to come than by reason of the great things then given. It was, however, a mighty voice proceeding in unison from some of the strongest men in art this century has produced. It demanded for the artist that he should be permitted to go to his own fount of inspiration, to study nature in his own way, untrammelled by schools and by pedants. Then for a while came a lull, and art in England seemed to be settling back again, keel, stern, hulk and all, into the quicksands of a mawkish convention which consisted of mere prettinesses and the crudest kind of literary interest. But when Fred Walker appeared, soon to be followed by Cecil Lawson, a ray of hope illumined English art, which was, however, for the moment dispelled by the early death of these sons of genius.

Before returning to the French painters of 1830, in view of attempting to determine what they have done for landscape art, how

big and how strong may be the links they have forged in the great chain which binds them on the one hand to the Dutch naturalists of the past, on the other to the landscape art of the future, it may be well to pause to consider those parallel movements toward poetic naturalism which some at least of the sister arts have made. In poetry, at all events, the parallel is clearly marked enough. Since Rousseau pointed the way to nature-worship, poetry has shown an ever-increasing tendency to achieve its triumphs by means of simple unstrained effects. The poets of to-day study nature in the busy haunts of men and in the fields; their poems are actually written there, although, as heretofore, they may be put on paper in their studies. And at first sight it might appear that the modern novel is a complex affair as compared with the simple narratives of Boccaccio; still it may at least be said that everyday readers of the cultivated kind make a greater and greater demand on authors to be true in every detail, and to impart an air of verisimilitude to their work. Unfortunately—for every virtue is in danger of being exaggerated into a vice—the writers of romances, impossible tales pure and simple, are scarcely, under this rule, permitted the licence which the very nature of their art demands. But this is inevitable, for it is only too likely that the dull we shall have always with us.

As to the drama, the progress toward a more natural convention has been of late years very rapid—a condition of things which has done more than is generally acknowledged to elevate the actor himself. He is encouraged in modern plays to be natural, to think for himself; he is no longer a mere mouthing mummer, the chief demands made of him to repeat his lines to the accompaniment of gestures and movements determined for him by tradition; he has to get inside his character; he is given the framework, but he has to cover it with flesh and to clothe it.

But this by the way. However it has been with the other arts, it needs little boldness to affirm that all the great triumphs of modern landscape art stand on the solid basis of a reverent study of nature, and the knowledge which has rewarded that study. Of the Barbizon school as a school this is eminently true. Within the last twelve months two important works on this school have made their appearance. It is curious that the authors of both these works—Mr. John M. Mollett, who gives us the *Painters of Barbizon*, and Mr. D. Croal Thomson, the *Barbizon School of Painters*—seem inclined to put Corot at the head of the school. In one sense Corot was the more advanced of the men with whom his name is generally associated. Whereas nine landscape men in ten before the advent of Corot had rushed to sunlight as the one thing to paint, and when not to sunlight to storm and tempest—to something bright and shining or something agitated and dramatic—for even Constable in his more definitive style always chose those moving moments before the storm

when the sun is battling with great banks of cumulous cloud—Corot sought out the quiet and unobtrusive intervals when the mists are rising and curling over the meadows, and the birds are twittering low as they prepare themselves for sleep, and the whirl of the bat and quaint cry of the night-hawk mingle with the dying-away buzz of tired insect life. The breath that whispers through his trees is a balmy breath; the vapours are warm as they rise from the hot ground into the cold-growing air; the song his pictures sing is oftentimes a languorous song; but whether languorous or sprightly—sprightly when the nymphs and dryads come out to dance and prank about in the great open spaces around his woods—his pictures always sing, as the great brave soul of their painter always sang, despite his quarter of a century of neglect, despite the misconceptions and the ill-concealed doubts as to his genius of those he held so dear. And we know from that commentary of his on the changes of nature from early morn to eve what he thought of the midday landscape. When the sun grew hot the fields were no place for him. Here are his own words:—‘Boum! Boum! the sun grows hot—the flowers droop—the birds are silent. Let us go home! we can see *too much* now. There is nothing in it.’

There is nothing in it—that was Corot’s creed; and he preached it manfully and persistently where none before him had the courage to preach it; and he got neglect, and even derision, for his pains, until at last Thoré spoke for him the first meaningful and emphatic word, and one by one others followed.

Corot went to nature, and with his own eyes saw her in fresh guise. Like every great painter, he created his own *technique*, and, like every great painter, he had to create, quite as laboriously, his own *clientèle*; he had a wholesome contempt for tradition in art, and for fashion in art his disdain was equally lofty. He did more than any painter before or since to antidote and destroy that malady incident to painters, the ‘finish’ malady; his picture was finished when the idea which he had laboured to produce was as fully set forth as to detail as it might be; if detail subserved the central idea there it was, if it did not he let it go. Rousseau, who finished his pictures, in the conventional sense of the word finished, with far more attention to *minutiae* than Corot, had an equally wholesome abhorrence of the Philistine outcry for finish. He was wont to insist that a picture should have an absolute and unmistakable central point of interest, and he very properly explained that if every part of the picture were brought up to one state of finish, a chart, not a picture, would be the result. But in one regard Corot clung to old conventions: he loved to people his glades with dancing nymphs; his works were not tainted—they were delicately flavoured with classicism. He has been called the Schubert of art; he might with equal propriety be called the Chopin; but whether one or the other, he was certainly a *musical painter*. His

pictures are hybrids between naturalism and idealism; it is true to say this of many of them—of his 'In Arcady,' for instance. Of Diaz in many of his works the like remark would hold good; his exquisite moonlight 'Le Sommeil des Nymphes' is a case in point. Still Diaz in his more typical work, his forest scenes, was more of a naturalist than Corot, whom, by the way, he excelled greatly in technical excellence.

Millet, who was unquestionably the poorest technician of the quintet, was the most naturalistic of them all. His pictures of forest life and labour are the work of a man who knew what he was painting, not merely as an outside student, but as an actual worker; there was not one of these employments—sowing, ploughing, wood-cutting, sheep-shearing—at which Jean François Millet was not himself an adept. He was born a peasant, and worked in the fields until he grew to manhood; and there can be no doubt that his art was a purposeful art; he wanted to show the life of the peasant as it actually was, and not, as one of his critics observes, the *endimanché* view which had hitherto been put forward; with this, of course, the egoism of the artist was mixed—the desire to record his own life and labours in paint. And, with all its limitations, about which it will be time enough to speak presently, what a magnificent result rewarded his efforts!—a result of incalculable value to the world, apart from its artistic value; for while we remember that Millet was first, and foremost a great painter, it is as an essayist in paint, as an unconscious revolutionary, that he appeals to the greater number of his present-day admirers. But 'when the hurly-burly's done, when the battle's lost and won,' and democracy is triumphant and gone the way of all other triumphant things, Millet will remain; his art has a deeper value than any ephemeral politico-social significance can give. It is not the religious sentiment in the 'Angelus,' not the sublimation of labour in the 'Sower,' which gives lasting value to those works. The value lies deeper than this. Millet had the courage to treat his men and women as the accidents of his landscapes, as he treated his landscapes as the accidents of his men and women. There was a slight bias, undoubtedly, which, while it enhances the present value of his work in a popular sense, will tell against it ultimately. Still, in the main, here we have an honest and a partly successful attempt to treat human beings merely as parts of nature, in the sense that the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the leaves of the trees, are parts of nature. When men stood out big and important as decorative symbols, Millet painted them. In Millet's hands they were not only so many 'poor people'; they were portions of 'La Terre,' not merely in the sense M. Yriarte implied when he appropriately said of Millet's life-work that it was 'a vast poem which may be called "La Terre"'—in a wider sense than this.

As to the rest, the whole of Millet's life was a protest against the

wanton interference of pedants and conventions. He went his own way, with nature as his mistress, as did Rousseau and Daubigny. Rousseau in his earlier work shows that Hobbema influenced him; but he soon learnt to walk alone; he had more regard for the orthodox notions of composition than the other painters of the Barbizon school, and the effective angry sunsets, 'explosions of colour,' which Corot despised as vulgar, Rousseau proved to all the world were not vulgar. And here temperament explains the difference—Corot, happy, contented, patient under neglect; Rousseau, angry, violent, defiant. Alas! he had plenty to make him so. His life was full of bitterness; a great artist, perhaps as great as any of these painters, 'the insolence of office' dogged his footsteps throughout life, and the supersensitive man only found relief for his torture in death. '*Notre maître oublié.*' These were the words with which Diaz pledged his friend at the dinner given to the newly appointed officers of the Legion of Honour. Happily, there can be no question now of this great master ever being forgotten.

Mr. D. Croal Thomson has characterised Daubigny as a comfortable artist; and this in a sense is true of him; and yet he painted in bold defiance of those who demanded mere prettiness and tidiness in a picture, for Daubigny was proudly assured that to assert himself naturally was all that was required of him. He painted up and down his beloved Oise and Loire, and no doubt the constant repetition of the same general scheme of composition—the little villages on the banks of the river—give to his pictures, when many of them are seen together, a certain monotony. Still, as Diaz stepped out of his narrower self, his constant repetition of sylvan effects, in his famous painting '*L'Orage*,' so did Daubigny when he conceived his two large moonlight pictures. In the one the expanse and dignity of cloudland are painted with a power and an insight rarely vouchsafed to the artist; and in the other the glow of the moon's rays upon the backs of the flock of sheep and the tremulous beauty of the moonlight are rendered in a manner both poetic and masterly. All the Barbizon painters were pre-eminent as painters of atmosphere; they all understood how to make their skies move; they all knew, as Cuyp knew before them, that there is nothing in nature which can appeal with such all-compelling force to the sensibilities of the poet as atmosphere and sky; and there is a sense of illimitation—of illimitedness rather—about Daubigny's more important pictures; a marvellous depth, a boundlessness, a through-and-throughness. Whatever he touched he invested with the poetry and sensibility of his own nature. And, in truth, of all the men of whom mention has been made in connection with the Barbizon school the like may be said—of Dupré, who painted sea and sky with the passionate tenderness of one who loved them; of Anton Mauve, who idealises field labour with the fine frenzy of the poet; of Maris, who realises the facts of nature with a greater actuality

than Corot or Monticelli, but nevertheless registers at the critical moment the uncertain disposition and pulsation of light; of Troyon, who sat at the feet of Cyp, and saw Van Marcke at his own footstool; of Jacque, Hervier, Boudin, Servin, and Breton. These men, all of them, have painted nature with knowledge infused with sentiment—nature as it appeals to the mind of the poet, not merely as the photographer, surveyor, or scientist knows it to be. For this reason they are classified, because of any close assimilation in regard to the machinery of their work.

To say of these romantic painters that they were impressionists would, in the present unreasoning attitude of the masses toward the impressionistic artist, do them an injustice. Much of this antagonism is due to the false friends of impressionist art—the sickly critics who rave over a blur, and contort language into paralytic convulsions over a meaningless smudge, until men of robust minds and wholesome sympathies turn away in disgust. Nevertheless these Barbizon painters were impressionists in the best sense of that term. They recognised that the greatest realities of nature are seemings after all; that, to put it broadly, if a field full of dead tares looks in the distance like a chalk cliff, the only concern of the painter is to paint what he sees—neither the tares which he knows to be there, nor the chalk cliff which he knows not to be there; what he can see, that is all. He is not to paint what science, deduction, or analogy, imagination if you will, tells him is there; it is his business to suggest to the onlooker what was suggested to him—the appearance of the thing, always providing that the appearance is worth registering. Fidelity to what one sees is the great desideratum; this is the only true realism, the only true naturalism. That it is essential to be certain in a picture whether a given object is a gate or a house is an artistic fallacy of the most monstrous description; that because there are many hundreds of thousands of leaves on a tree, it is necessary to paint them all, is as utterly false; as well in painting a portrait paint each eyelash, each tiny hair or mark, each little bit of broken colour—a feat clearly impossible of attainment, while, if it were not, its accomplishment would be manifestly opposed to every artistic canon. The Barbizon painters threw down the gauntlet to a lying realism, while they flouted an impossible idealism. They understood in the main, grievously falling away as they did at times, the interdependence of the figure to the landscape and *vice versa*—that the figures were not to be patched on to the landscape, nor the landscape on to the figures. This they learned and a hundred things besides, by going out to nature. They returned to nature for their inspiration. And as they broke away from the chains which would have bound them, so must those who come after them break away from them, or the Barbizon painters will prove as great a stumbling-block to the young and uprising painter as ever the schools of Claude,

Poussin, and David proved to the romanticists. For, apart from the degradation of following in the wake of any school, however great, there is insanity, if greatness be aimed at, in copying the virtues and faults of a school impartially—and that these Barbizon men had plenty of faults, and that their limitations were conspicuous in many directions, needs no demonstration—there is this great fact, of which sight must not be lost: the painters of to-day have to face fresh conditions. We live in an age when the average of the knowledge of the appearance and nature of things is higher than at any past period. Science—one branch of it especially—is responsible for this. The painter of to-day cannot ignore this fact. It is not that it is his duty to register the conclusions of science; but it is his duty to profit by the new facts science has taught him. Coming back, then, to the contention that art must be not only tinctured by the age in which it is produced, but that it must be an actual reflex of the mental bias of that age, it is but to follow that contention to its legitimate conclusion to argue from it, that art will have something further to offer to us during our own day and generation. This may be deemed an ambitious hope by those who accept what has been advanced in regard to the old masters; such may be tempted to think that the Dutch naturalists, the French romanticists, our English Wilson, (rome, Turner, Constable and Lawson, have given the fullest expression to landscape art of which that art is capable.

But there is another view for which a patient hearing is humbly asked; a view which is not wholly based on the theory that a general advance means an artistic advance. In regard to each of these painters, there is an unsatisfied want, not born of mere discontent, for it exists concurrently with feelings of intense, not to say passionate admiration. The existence of this craving for something more, which surely must be widespread, is in itself little short of proof positive that the want will be supplied. That being supplied, we shall be nearer satisfaction, or that the pictures one imagines will be presently vouchsafed will be in any sense final, is not what is intended. But it is maintained that all that has gone before points to something that is to come after. What that something will be is the matter which concerns us.

One admires Wilson's translucency, but does not forgive his figures or his classic villas; Constable's joyous interpretations of rural England, their magnificent colouring and composition, but one is not blind to the ruggedness of his *technique* nor to the poverty of his vocabulary. Turner's superlative genius, his marvellous range, does not close one's eyes to his panoramic extravagancies, his vulgar and unreal trivialities; nor can the most complete correspondence with Lawson's genius prompt one to deny that his pictures are even greater in promise than in performance—that, in fact, the instinct

which told him that he had not many years in which to do his work urged him to hurry onward to the painting of those enormous pictures which he had neither the physical strength nor the technical skill to compass with complete success.

Then as to the men of Barbizon. Of the town-bred men it may be said safely that although they gained everything Mr. D. C. Thomson claims for them from this fact—the power to view nature with the enthusiastic attachment of a fresh eye—still they wanted something of accurate knowledge; for the painter should be, with the man of letters, ‘wise wordly rather than wordly wise;’ it is not for him to display his knowledge, not for him to superimpose all sorts of facts upon his *motif*, just because he knows those facts; it is for him to hold fast this knowledge, lest haply he may need it. Oft-times these Barbizon men did need it and were found wanting. It is curious that this school supplies instances of the disadvantage of too little as it does of too much knowledge. Millet, peasant born and bred, saw nature too exclusively from the peasant’s standing-point. It is not forgotten that he was not wanting in a certain culture—such culture in his early life as books can give—excellent books too; the Bible and Virgil for instance—and in later life the culture which comes of association with men of fight and leading. Still Millet was a peasant by breed and by habitude; he married a peasant, and the peasant’s outlook on life is seen in Millet’s work. That this gave it superlative value is not denied; that his individual temperament enabled him to give us great works of art is of course, allowed; but that his bias, another thing from temperament, took somewhat from the æsthetic value of his art, is the contention advanced. While Millet was never quite able to realise the highest interpretation possible for his *motifs*, Corot was similarly handicapped. Coming of the essentially joyous lower *bourgeoisie* of Paris, his view of nature was tintured with the view of the typical Parisian, and, despite his keen appreciation of nature’s simple beauty, he could not quite persuade himself that something, the slightest suspicion doubtless, of the lights that hover round the casino and theatre were not essential to give accent to his art. Diaz developed the like fault; for notwithstanding the general success of his Oriental scenes, there was something unhealthy in an artistic sense in their very inception which shows itself in the work.

In hoping for something from landscape art which has not yet been vouchsafed us, it may be asked, Wherein does this sanguine hope lie? All praise has been bestowed on the Dutch masters, on the Barbizon men, on certain painters of the English school: why cannot one rest and be thankful? But these men have not spoken the last word. A further word will come, if it come at all, from the painter or painters who are able to look at nature free from the prejudices and banalities of caste or occupation, from the vulgarities and

ignorances common to the masses, and the lisping half-refinements of the *bourgeoisie*. That birth, education, and the particular refinements and associations which are the property common to the 'classes' can produce a great painter standing alone, it is absurd to suppose; neither is such a source the source from which a great painter can by any chance, short of a miracle, come. True, it is only occasionally that men of such class have condescended to engage in a profession which is first and foremost a craft; for fine craftsmanship is the first essential of it. When fine craftsmanship is directed by fine thinking and fine feeling we get fine art. Fine craftsmanship will condone much; it is the first essential; without it thought and feeling are of little value; indeed they are inarticulate, they speak in a broken tongue. But the few men of this class who have so engaged have, with rare exceptions, given us little of value; and this is not so much due to the fact that they have half despised the manual labour entailed—it is due to the fact that men belonging to a territorial class or to a lettered class are unable to look at nature in the spirit proper to a poet-painter. The land represents so many families seated upon it; the labourer is a person to receive wages while his working days continue, to be supported by the ratepayers when his strength fails; the beasts are potential prize-takers at agricultural shows; the birds of the air generally are things to be shot, not to be loved. This is the bias which nothing will wholly eradicate in persons belonging to this class.

To go from one extreme, in the social sense, to the other, painters who have come direct from the people—as in point of fact nearly all the great painters have—suffer under disabilities peculiarly incident to their condition. They paint too much from the inside of things as they know them to be. Sordid actuality mars their highest flights. Morland is a case in point, and so is Jean François Millet. Art is concerned with reflecting the temperament of a painter; but the finest and highest artistic temperament is that which has divorced itself from any bias which may be due to the particular status of the artist. The art of Morland and of Millet—and the present writer yields to none in his admiration of the genius of these painters—suffered by reason of an over-accentuation, apart altogether from the over-accentuation traceable to a strongly individual temperament; the slight element of exaggeration, in fact, which is inseparable from and must be granted in the case of all fine-art work—an over-accentuation which was due to the chance circumstances of their individual life. So, again, with Corot and Turner, typical middle-class men. We get a tincture which is clearly indicative of the accident of their placement—something distinctly reminiscent of the youth of these painters, of those early days when their genius may be said to have been submerged. The conclusion is forced irresistibly upon the present writer that, as art divorced from nature loses its vitality and

can only renew it by returning to the first source of its inspiration, so may we look to artists to give us something transcending all that has gone before, when man himself becomes more natural. Artificial class distinctions, the stigma attached to manual work, the vulgar excesses of wealth, the debasing condition of poverty, the nervous trepidation of those who link the chain of riches and indigence—all these things are inimical to the production of a superlatively great artist. So it is that in the work of the very greatest painters we detect a false quantity here, a wrong accent there; and, without entering into politico-social questions, it may be stoutly affirmed that, until a painter arises whose training has been such as to make him wholly insensible to feelings of caste, trade, or occupation—who shall know as much as the artisan or field labourer on the one hand, being equally at home in Courts or with books on the other—a man whose education has been so wide (and the word education is used in its more legitimate sense) that he can regard all men and pursuits as things to understand and to see, not things to extenuate or to extol, each as low as each, each above each while below and equal with each, no matter from which end the consideration of them may proceed—until such impartiality as to artificial things be possible in man, we shall not have the greatest painter possible for us to have. That neither to-day nor to-morrow such a man is to be looked for, is merely to say that the condition of society is not near at hand which would make the evolution of such a man, save as an accident, within the range of possibilities. But what of the day after to-morrow?

JAS. STANLEY LITTLE.

DEMOGRAPHY .

On the 10th of August the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography will assemble in London under the patronage of the Queen.

The Congress will be presided over by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, whose long experience and great interest in all matters relating to the health and well-being of the people render his presence one of practical value, and not merely an honorary appointment.

This is the age of international congresses. Their existence is possible because the rapid means of locomotion, created by railways and steamboats, place St. Petersburg, Constantinople, New York, and we might almost say Bombay and San Francisco, in as close proximity to London as York, Edinburgh, Inverness, and Dingwall were rather more than a hundred years ago.

The International Congress with which we are now concerned is the seventh of a series, which was inaugurated in 1877 by the King of the Belgians at Brussels.

He was led to the idea of inviting the assembly of that congress in consequence of the sanitary difficulties which the war of 1870-71 had forced upon Belgium by the unexpected overflow into that country of a numerous civil and military French population, which was endeavouring to escape from the hardships of the invasion of their own country. That congress was largely concerned with the question of the application of hygiene to military campaigns, and its proceedings would have been probably nearly covered by the subjects allotted for discussion in the section in the approaching Congress which is devoted to naval and military hygiene.

The Brussels Congress was accompanied by a sanitary exhibition, at which the requirements for sick and wounded in the field were largely represented, and the National Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War contributed, with the assistance of Mr. Furley, a complete British ambulance.

The Brussels Congress was followed, after an interval of two years, by a second congress held in Paris; the third congress was held in Turin, and at this congress it was arranged to associate with

the Hygienic Congress one on the cognate subject of Demography, which may be defined as the science of statistics applied to questions concerning the social well-being of the people.

The fourth congress was held at Geneva, the fifth at the Hague; and the sixth was held at Vienna, under the auspices of the Crown Prince Rudolf, in 1887. It was then settled that the next congress was to be held in London, and the year 1891 was selected because the organisers of the French Exhibition had already announced congresses on cognate subjects to be held in 1889 in Paris.

The present Congress is, consequently, the seventh on Hygiene, and the fifth on Demography.

The Congress is thus divided into the two general divisions—viz. first Hygiene, and secondly Demography.

The first division will include nine sections: viz.:—

1. Preventive medicine. 2. Bacteriology. 3. Relations of the Diseases of Animals to those of Man. 4. Hygiene of Infancy, Childhood, and School-life. 5. Chemistry, Physics, and Meteorology in relation to Hygiene. 6. Architecture in relation to Hygiene. 7. Engineering in relation to Hygiene. 8. Naval and Military Hygiene. 9. State Hygiene.

The second division—viz. Demography—includes Vital and Health Statistics, and Industrial Hygiene.

It will, perhaps, help to form a general idea of the work which the Congress will be called upon to perform, to enumerate a few of the special subjects upon which papers have been already supplied.

In the section of Preventive Medicine, presided over by Sir Joseph Fayrer, and assisted by Dr. Buchanan, as well as by several eminent well-known foreigners, such as Pettenkofer, Virchow, Brouardel, Moleschott, Jourdain, and many others, the opening subject to be discussed will be on preventing the spread of epidemic diseases from one country to another, including the hygiene of ships, the efficiency of quarantine, and the isolation of infectious disease. It will also discuss the causes of diphtheria, as well as the prevention and spread of tubercular disease; and it will consider the relation of alcoholism to public health, besides numerous other analogous subjects.

The section of Bacteriology, presided over by Sir Joseph Lister, with Koch and Pasteur as foreign honorary presidents, and Dr. Burdon Sanderson and Dr. Klein as vice-presidents, has numerous papers on this intricate question, which it would be useless to the general reader to recapitulate; but a special feature of the section will be a museum and laboratory to demonstrate methods of culture of these minute organisms.

The section on the Relation of the Diseases of Animals to those of Man is presided over by Sir Nigel Kingscote, with Professor Brown and others as vice-presidents. This section will hold a joint discus-

sion with the last section on tuberculosis in man and animals, in all its bearings. It will discuss the subject of the spread and prevention of rabies; and it will treat of the dangers from, and methods of prevention of, infection of animal food, among numerous other matters.

The section of Infancy, Childhood, and School-life is presided over by Mr. Diggle, chairman of the London School Board, assisted by Dr. Cheadle, physician to the Children's Hospital in Ormond Street, Sir Philip Magnus, and Dr. Gladstone as vice-presidents.

The subjects will include the scientific study and observation of the effects of education on children in schools, and details as to school-diseases and epidemics; the value of physical education and manual training, in connection with other causes which regulate the growth of a child; the advantages and disadvantages of orphanages; the methods of dealing with juvenile delinquency; the effect of education on crime and mental diseases; the hygiene of speech and the detection of defects in vision and hearing in children; as well as the education of the blind and of deaf-mutes.

The section of Chemistry, Physics, and Meteorology in relation to Hygiene, over which Sir Henry Roscoe presides, assisted by Sir Charles Cameron, will include discussions on town fogs and on the prevention of smoke, and the relation of fogs and smoke to health; the relation of weather to the spread of influenza; the treatment of London sewage; and the effect of the soil on the distribution of disease-germs, and other questions relating to the disposal of sewage.

The section of Architecture in relation to Hygiene, presided over by Sir Arthur Blomfield, assisted by Messrs. A. Choisy and Hermant of Paris, Herr Ende of Berlin, Professor Fenger of Copenhagen, and others, will deal with the hygienic principles to be observed in laying out towns and forming streets, and in the grouping of dwellings so as to preserve open spaces and adequate aëration.

It will also consider the advantages and disadvantages of different plans of construction of workmen's dwellings, the sanitary points to be observed in building, and, finally, the principles of construction for isolation hospitals.

The section of Engineering in relation to Hygiene is presided over by Sir John Coode, the late president of the Institute of Civil Engineers, assisted by M. Bechmann of Paris, and Professors V. Gruber of Vienna and Pacchiotti of Turin. This section will receive much information as to foreign cities, and will deal largely with the sewerage of towns in relation to the pollution of the soil and water; sewer ventilation, methods of sewage-disposal by irrigation or otherwise, and the self-purification of rivers. It will deal also with the supply and distribution of water to cities, and will include papers on the various methods for the disposal of town refuse.

The section of Naval and Military Hygiene is presided over by

Lord Wantage, chairman of the National Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War, assisted by the Directors-General of the Army Medical Department, and of the Medical Department of the Navy.

It will deal with questions affecting medical inspection of ships and of the mercantile marine, especially in relation to quarantine. It will treat of the diseases of soldiers in India, and of the special diseases of camps and barracks, and will also consider the ambulance arrangements for the sick and wounded in the field.

The section of State Hygiene, presided over by Lord Basing, assisted by a strong list of Foreign Honorary Presidents and British Vice-Presidents, will deal with the duty of the State in regard to the public health—(a) in regard to dwellings of various classes of the community; (b) in regard to adulteration of food and of drugs, and of air by the discharge of noxious gases; (c) in regard to propagation of infectious disease and the extent of isolation necessary; (d) the duty of the State in regard to contagious diseases.

This section will also deal with the different methods of disposal of the dead, by cremation or by what have been termed rational processes. The education and position of persons engaged in sanitary administration will be considered, as well as the need for popular instruction in hygiene.

The division of the Congress concerned with Demography is presided over by Mr. Francis Galton, and has as vice-presidents Dr. Ogle, Mr. Giffen, Mr. Leonard Courtney, Dr. Mouat, and others.

The subjects to be treated are diseases and mortality in relation to occupation, and the consequent economic advantages of industrial hygiene; various methods of insurance of and benefit to, workers; the immigration of labour, and the suitability of various climates and soils for habitation and emigration; the methods of conducting a census, and the results of the census in various countries; the results of physical training, especially in relation to the physical condition of children in schools, and the various methods which have been devised for ascertaining the physical characteristics of different individuals by the new science of anthropometry, as well as the plans adopted in France, the United States of North America, and elsewhere, for the personal identification of individuals, especially in the criminal classes.

There will also be two general discussions to be held on certain specified afternoons—one on the education and registration of plumbers in relation to public health, under the auspices of the Worshipful Company of Plumbers; and the other, at which a valuable account of sanitary progress in India in recent years, written by Sir William Moore, will be read, and will be followed by discussion, which will be of especial interest to all who are connected with our Indian Empire.

This brief summary of the subjects which have been arranged for

discussion at the Congress will explain the extent of ground which it covers; the interest which the Congress has elicited will be gauged by the fact that universities, colleges, municipalities, corporations, and societies in this country to the number of over two hundred have sent between seven and eight hundred delegates.

Ten of our principal colonies, and every important foreign country, and many institutions in those countries and in our colonies, have also named delegates.

The Government of India, and most of the Indian Chambers of Commerce, as well as various universities and municipalities in that country; have named delegates; and we would draw special attention to the fact that the more powerful and important of the native princes in India have evinced the greatest interest in the Congress by forwarding subscriptions to its funds, as well as by naming delegates to represent them at the Congress.

It is worth while to reflect for a moment upon the reason why influential bodies have been ready to send delegates to this Congress.

In this country, the efforts which were originated at the beginning of the Queen's reign to promote the public health by such men as Southwood Smith, Chadwick, John Simon, Robert Rawlinson, and, in the army, John Sutherland, Edmund Parkes, and many others, have succeeded in educating the community by degrees to the necessity of observing the laws of health; and the systematic sanitary administration which has now been carried on in all parts of this country for many years has developed improved health, as well as an increasing interest in the subject, amongst all classes of the community.

Sanitary regulations, both imperial and local, are coming more and more to be based on the results of accurate scientific research into the causes of disease; philanthropists are working on the lines of sanitary reform; and, behind it all, there is the invaluable stimulus of the intelligent public, who have learned that there is at least a substratum of truth in the old adage that 'health is wealth.' And what is the result? Take this metropolis alone. In the ten years ending 1869 the inhabitants of London died at an average annual rate of twenty-four for every thousand living; in the ten years ending 1889 that rate was only twenty. In other words, over 17,000 lives were being annually saved in that decade in London; and this mortality is still far too great. The saving effected has been largely from the preventable diseases—a class of disease so especially fatal to men and women during the wage-earning period of life, a period when death casts upon the surviving public the onerous burden of supporting those whom it was the pride and happiness of the bread-winner himself to support. Besides which, prevention of these diseases means a diminution of preventable sickness, and this carries with it a lessening of domestic misery and an increase of individual vigour and happiness. It is no mere vain insular boast, when we say that Great

Britain stands first among the nations in this matter. The palm of pre-eminence has thus far been generally conceded to us, and we wish, if we can, to retain it. But we are being hardly pressed, and by none more closely than by our fellows, the English-speaking nations of both hemispheres.

But in these days of rapid transit the sanitary condition of any one nation is more than ever a matter of concern to its neighbours. This is especially exemplified in the matter of quarantine. It was long the universally recognised custom, in the case of epidemics of cholera and plagues, to pretend to protect people from the incursion of the disease by throwing imaginary lines round the populations—in fact, so-called cordons and quarantines—instead of taking steps to provide a complete system of sanitary administration.

We in this country have discovered that, if we give our seaports and our country generally an efficient sanitary administration and keep our towns clean, it is unnecessary in the presence of cholera to revert to an empty and antiquated form, which does untold harm by giving a feeling of false security, and which operates mischievously both in health and in commerce. Since this attitude was definitely adopted, we have in England and Wales spent near upon nine millions sterling per annum on measures for promoting public health and in removing the causes of disease. The result is that, whilst cholera, when imported, has gained no footing amongst us, hundreds of thousands of valuable lives have been spared, the remunerative capacity and the vigour of the people have been improved, and the costly item of preventable disease and death has undergone a diminution that could hardly have been anticipated.

This subject, indeed, affords a striking instance in which the international character of these congresses has already produced useful effects. At the earlier of these congresses the views of England upon the important question of quarantine were entirely set aside; but at the last congress, the discussions which had arisen at previous congresses had so permeated the minds of students of hygiene on the Continent that it was generally conceded at the Vienna Congress that the enforcement of the laws of health amongst the population of a country was a far more effective measure for preventing the spread of cholera in the country than any measures of quarantine; and we learn that some of the western Governments of the continent of Europe are now beginning to work on lines somewhat similar to our own.

Whilst, however, in matters of practical hygiene we may not feel that we have very much to learn from our foreign visitors, we cannot but admit that, owing to the prejudices of a certain section of the community, we have largely to rely upon foreign scientific men for making progress in those very important and necessary researches in physiology which require a living substance for their

full investigation; and the trouble and money which have been expended in organising this Congress will be fully repaid if the discussions which take place influence the public mind and the Government in such a manner as to lead to the prevalence of wiser counsels on this subject.

In the Demographic section, on the other hand, there can be no question that we may usefully learn something from our intercourse with other foreign members of the Congress. For instance, our neighbours on the continent of Europe may afford us assistance in the solution of some of our intricate social problems, by giving us an insight into the working of the various methods for compulsory insurance of the poorer classes which are now being discussed in Germany and in Switzerland; and we might possibly learn from their experience how far it is probable that such methods would be found available to act as a safeguard against the deteriorating effect of our present workhouse system.

These few remarks will show that the approaching Congress is one which has a most important bearing upon the well-being of the community. The advent among us of so many foreign students of Hygiene and Demography will afford us in England many opportunities, by personal discussion, for becoming acquainted with their experiences of some of those problems, both sanitary and social, which are exercising the minds of many of our most serious thinkers at the present time; and we believe that our foreign members will also feel that they may derive some profit from studying on the spot our methods of sanitary administration and our appliances for sanitation on the large scale in which they are developed in this country; as, for instance, the municipal administration of Glasgow and Manchester, the drainage of London, and the water-supply of our large northern towns.

We believe that our American cousins are desirous that the next meeting of this great International Congress should take place at Chicago during the Exhibition to be held there in 1893, and we are sure that, if the foreign members of the Congress should consent to make the effort of crossing the Atlantic, they will be amply repaid. The Exhibition will, it is understood, be framed on a scale far exceeding anything which has preceded it; it will be held in a town of about three quarters of a million of inhabitants, which is barely fifty years old, and which, during the course of its short life, has been twice destroyed by fire; and they will find much to study in the municipal arrangements and the private institutions of a country where the prevailing spirit is to try new things, as contradistinguished from the European sentiment of disinclination to change.

DOUGLAS GALTON.

ON CERTAIN ECCLESIASTICAL MIRACLES

THE editor of this Review, knowing that I might be anxious to strike a blow on behalf of my dear father and master, has kindly opened its pages to me for this purpose. I could not but feel that I had a right—and if a right perhaps a duty also—not to leave the defence *tam cari capitis* entirely in the hands of others, however competent and however devoted. And so, still to preserve the metaphor with which the gladiatorial soul of Dr. Abbott has familiarised us in this controversy, I enter the arena. But, even as I am entering, a word is whispered in my ear which almost makes me recoil. I am informed that, besides engaging with the ‘retiarus’ Dr. Abbott, I am bound by the etiquette which governs such institutions to take some notice of the accomplished lady who eulogised him last May, and of Amazonian warfare I have neither the understanding nor the desire. • I am comforted, however, by the consideration that Mrs. Humphry Ward has raised no fresh point against the Cardinal which calls for an answer; that her presence may be regarded rather as that of a friendly goddess, who from some exalted sphere blesses her hero, than as his comrade in arms. So far, then, as I succeed in showing that Dr. Abbott’s assault is at once barbarous and futile, I shall have sufficiently done my duty both by the warrior and the divinity.

It is obviously impossible to discuss here all the nine miracles the treatment of which by Newman forms the main subject of Dr. Abbott’s criticism. I propose, therefore, to select two of them: (1) the case of the blind man at Milan; (2) the speech of the tongueless African confessors. No one, I think, will be inclined to regard my choice as evidencing any reluctance to face the full brunt of hostile criticism, for the first has been indicated by Dr. Abbott (*Newmanianism*, p. xxvi.) as the battleground of his choice; and the second is popularly supposed to have been wholly driven out of court by a flood of new evidence, in regard to which the Cardinal’s attitude has been subjected by his critic to strictures of peculiar severity. Unfortunately both for myself and for my readers, several points of serious importance remain to be considered before I can enter with any satisfaction upon the proposed discussion.

To begin with the least pleasant part of my task. I am concerned to justify, or at least explain, the general sentiment, in which I fully concur, that the *Philomythus*, quite apart from the justice or injustice of its various critical points, is a violation of the decencies of literary warfare; that it is a phenomenon which has to be accounted for, which never ought to have come about, and to which one is tempted to address oneself rather as to the abatement of a nuisance than the repulse of an adversary.

It is not necessary to make a florilegium of expressions such as 'venom,' 'underlying foulness and falsehood' with which the work abounds, as this has been done more than once already. The author's one defence is that, having once formally admitted Newman's sincerity, he is at liberty to use what language he likes of his objective methods, and of Newman the writer as distinguished from Newman the man. But in reality the charge of dishonesty thus qualified, at least from one point of view, is an aggravation; for present unconsciousness of 'underlying foulness and falsehood' is dearly bought by the long course of more or less conscious trifling with truth which it implies. Once, indeed, Dr. Abbott forgets altogether this precious distinction between conscious and unconscious falsehood; for (p. 207), in his vivid dramatic way, he puts into the Cardinal's mouth a well-articulated scheme of deliberate knavery which he is proposing to carry out. Moreover, the author of *Philomythus* is too good a rhetorician not to know that to play 'The Rogues' March' fortissimo through the whole performance, as he does, must effectually obliterate a perfunctory sentence or two in an opposite sense.

But more than this—though his subject-matter is Newman's uncritical treatment of the miraculous, his critic is not content unless he can strip the Cardinal of all claim to popular esteem. The one endowment he recognises is the inalienable one of style and rhetoric, upon the abuse of which he dwells. But the theology is loveless, the scholarship unsound, the claim to originality of any sort unfounded, and so on to the end. And, worse still, what are we to think of the humanity of a critic who handles as Dr. Abbott does (p. 82) that most pathetic passage (*Letters*, vol. i. p. 416) in which the writer, when recording his feelings during his Sicilian illness—feelings which he tells us were more or less heightened by delirium—speaks in the very spirit of the Penitential Psalms of the hollowness of his own heart; though even here expressions of love are not wanting—'I had a most consoling thought of God's electing love, and seemed to feel that I was His.' The long passage of agonising self-reproach is quoted with the comment, 'such a sentence as this a lost soul might pass upon itself on the Day of Judgment.' And we are to be grateful, forsooth, that the critic, with contemptuous generosity, declines to hold Newman to the literal truth of his confession, inasmuch as 'it was Newman's way in his introspective mood . . . to distrust and shudder at himself.'

In much the same spirit Dr. Abbott deals with the *Letters* of the last three years of Newman's Anglican life, addressed to Keble and various intimate friends, in which now one facet, now another, of the portentously difficult problem with which he was struggling showed uppermost and claimed possession; and insists that in anyone less sophisticated than Newman such alternations would argue insincerity. See, again, how he treats (p. 79) the touching story of Bishop Butler's deathbed—a story hardly the less acceptable, one should have thought, to a man of letters, for the primness of its eighteenth-century garb. But why thus deface the good Bishop's head-stone? Well, you see, Newman says, rightly or wrongly, that he got his doctrine of probability from Butler, and if the Bishop really held it, it is likely enough to have poisoned his deathbed more or less. Are the net and trident not enough for Dr. Abbott, that he must needs throw vitriol?

And now if the *Præsens Dea* has not long since withdrawn herself from our turmoil, may I not ask her to reconsider the adequacy of that mild rebuke, hardly qualifying the praise, which she administered to her *protégé* (May, p. 770): 'A good deal of very strong language is disengaged in the process of criticism which would have been better avoided'? Could not the Veronica of Agnostic Christology discover in that image, distorted and unkinged as we regard it, which she has presented to the world, at least some higher lesson of humanity?

Although the miracles of the Thundering Legion and St. Narcissus are not amongst those I have selected, and though I am well aware that these two miracles are in excellent hands, I must refer to them here briefly, as grounding a very heavy charge I have to make against Dr. Abbott. It is nothing less than that of persistence in disproved misstatement.

In his discussion of the first miracle (p. 153) he says: 'Newman (242) omits the second "it is reported that," which introduces the description of "the thunderbolts," and translates it as though it were a statement of Eusebius himself.' These last italics are mine: they mark the precise misstatement. When confronted with Newman's rendering of Eusebius beginning with 'it is said,' and when it is pointed out to him that though the second 'it is said' is omitted, yet the whole statement is strictly under the control of the first 'it is said,' what does Dr. Abbott do? He first appeals (*Newmanianism*, p. xix.) to 'good scholars,' as though it were a question of Greek instead of, as it is, plain English; and then pretends that his words 'Newman omits the second' are a sufficient admission that he has put in the first. Of course this is not the case; for Newman's quotation, for anything Dr. Abbott tells us, might have begun after the first 'it is said.' Whatever may be the force of the second 'it is said' in the place it occupies in the original—and I believe it to be *nil*

—one thing is quite certain : by its omission in English Newman did not translate the ensuing description ‘*as though it were a statement of Eusebius himself.*’ As Dr. Abbott sticks to his original assertion, I can only suppose that his retiarian manoeuvres have bewildered him, and that he really does not understand the point of our contention.

In the case of St. Narcissus, Dr. Abbott’s misstatement is of much the same character ; but here it is the Greek author he misstates rather than the English. Newman had related from Eusebius two incidents connected with this saint : the one of his changing water into oil, the other of the minute fulfilment of a threefold curse invoked upon themselves by his three calumniators in case they should be speaking falsely. Of the whole story the Cardinal remarks, ‘Eusebius notices pointedly that it was the tradition of the Church of Jerusalem,’ i.e. that Eusebius asserts no portion of it, natural or supernatural, upon his own responsibility. With this statement Dr. Abbott joins issue (157-8): ‘In fact, however, Eusebius’s pointed remark refers merely to the first of the two stories, the miraculous one; and, further, Eusebius makes the *marked distinction between the two stories* that he records the whole of the miraculous one with a “they say that,” as a mere *report*, and the whole of the non-miraculous one as a *fact*.’ And, finally, ‘Eusebius, if accurately translated, tells us very plainly that he did not mind being responsible for the non-miraculous one, but would not be responsible for the miraculous one.’ We read and re-read the words of Eusebius, and then protest that anyhow the particular distinction of ‘report’ and ‘assertion’ is not to be found, and we prepare ourselves with some misgiving for an encounter over a piece of Greek. Happily, nothing of the kind is necessary, for in *Newmanianism* (p. xxi) we have not indeed *confitentem reum*—that would be too unretiarian—but a culprit stealthily restoring what it is no longer safe to keep ; this, at least, is the phenomenon presented, however unconsciously. A distinction, indeed, is still insisted on, whatever may be its worth, in the way in which Eusebius tells the two stories ; but the particular distinction, which Newman was accused of ignoring, between ‘report’ and ‘assertion,’ ‘responsibility’ and ‘non-responsibility,’ is quietly allowed to vanish in the admission that Eusebius classifies the second story under “things worthy of mention enumerated (or stated) by members of the Church of Jerusalem.”’

In Newman’s *Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles* (1842-3), p. 228, the author says :

It does not strictly fall within the scope of this essay to pronounce upon the truth or falsehood of this or that miraculous narrative as it occurs in ecclesiastical history ; but only to furnish such general considerations as may be useful in forming a decision in particular cases. Yet, considering the painful perplexity which many feel when left entirely to their own judgments in important matters, it may be allowable to go a step further, and, without ruling open questions this way or that, to throw off the abstract and unreal character which attends a course

of reasoning, by setting down the evidence for and against certain miracles as we meet with them.

Again, in the 'Advertisement' prefixed to the edition of 1870 we read that

the ecclesiastical miracles are regarded as addressed to Christians; the rewards of faith, and the matter of devotion, varying in their character from simple providences to distinct innovations upon physical order, and coming to us by tradition or in legend, trustworthy or not, as it may happen in the particular case.

One thing is made quite clear from these extracts—that Newman does not pretend to produce his nine miracles as examples necessarily, all of them, of the miracle in its strict sense; nor, again, as instances, all of them, of facts for which the evidence is of a completely cogent character; but simply as fair examples of the miracle encountered in Church history—seven out of the nine being of an historical or public character.

In his earlier essay (1825-6) he thought he could make a sharp distinction between the miracles of Scripture and those of Church history, grounded on intrinsic difference of character and completeness of attestation; and that he might logically defend the former on grounds of natural reason, likelihood, and evidence against the opponents of Revelation, whilst setting the latter entirely, or all but entirely, aside.¹

In the essay of (1842-3) he realises that this position is untenable. He saw that Church history is a chapter of the selfsame sacred narrative of which the Bible is another, and that each contains its record of miracles. Whilst still maintaining that on the whole there was a distinction between scriptural and ecclesiastical miracles, inasmuch as the former were mainly evidential as deliberately exerted for the purpose of evidence, the latter mainly devotional and, so to speak, 'tentative,' he was aware that many of either kind were to be found in each of the two systems; that, abstracting from inspiration, an appeal to which could not affect unbelievers, the attestation for many of the scriptural miracles was as imperfect, to say the least, as that of many recorded in Church history; and that the testimony of the Fathers to the cessation of miracles had to be reconciled with their persistently witnessing to miracles actually taking place about them, and so must be understood in the sense of the above general distinction. (See, precisely to this effect, Saint Augustine, *Retract.* lib. i. c. xiii.)

To put aside Church miracles altogether, without any reference to their evidence, or to demand as a *sine qua non* an absolute cogency of proof, in accordance with the ordinary Protestant spirit, appeared to Newman inconsistent with an ungrudging acceptance of Scripture miracles, and as threatening, in men so minded, an ultimate rejection of the Revelation of which miracles are an integral part, inasmuch as

¹ The only Church miracle for which he shows any leaning here is that of the Frustration of Julian.

it implies an adhesion, conscious or unconscious, to the general principle that it is a mistake to believe in the miraculous. Thus we see how completely reasonable it was from his point of view for Newman to insist that the 'main matter to be considered was the question of antecedent probability. Once admit that miracles are antecedently probable, or at least not antecedently improbable under the circumstances, and then we shall admit the particular instances recorded, on such evidence as we should demand for any rare but admittedly possible occurrence such as had happened before and might happen again. It was to recommend this attitude of mind as the only one befitting a Christian, and not to prove this or that ecclesiastical miracle, that Newman wrote his essay. How completely his fears have been justified in respect to Scripture miracles let Dr. Abbott and his school declare. I shall have something more to say on this matter later on.

Dr. Abbott (pp. 108-112) makes great capital out of Newman's admission (p. 239) 'that false miracles at once exceed and conceal and prejudice those which are genuine.' Now, it is pretty clear that in this passage the expression 'false miracles' is used in its widest extension as including all miraculous reports in any way attaching to the Christian Church; indeed (p. 235) the Arian 'Acts of St. George' are instanced. And so it may be logically understood to embrace the miracles of the Apocryphal Gospels and other such whose name is legion. On the other hand, in a previous passage (171), when the writer speaks of the reasonableness of 'admitting the ecclesiastical miracles *on the whole*,' this expression cannot be understood, as Dr. Abbott maintains it should be, as equivalent to 'the majority'; for see how the passage would then read: 'It is no real argument against admitting the majority of the ecclesiastical miracles, or against admitting certain of them, that certain others are rejected on all hands.' Assuredly if the argument does not avail against admitting the larger proportion, it is needless to say that it does not avail against admitting the smaller. This shows that the phrase 'on the whole' simply denotes the class ecclesiastical miracles as contrasted with those of Scripture, and thus harmonises perfectly with the explanatory clause 'or against admitting certain of them.' Again, when false miracles are said (p. 239) to 'prejudice those which are genuine,' it is implied that the prejudice is plausible merely, not just, for we are told just before (p. 237) 'that such fictions are no fair prejudice to others which possess the character of truth.' It cannot be shown that Newman has ever committed himself to the statement that the majority of the miracles originating and freely circulating in the Church are false; thus the basis of Dr. Abbott's elaborate *argumentum ad hominem* from what he calls statistical probability vanishes. Neither can a statistical probability founded upon the mere numerical excess, if so be, of false miracles over true, within

the Church—the term miracle being no further specified—have any cogency except in the abstract, *i.e.* before the concrete character of the particular miracle has begun in any degree to articulate itself.

Thus if false diamonds exceed the true by, let us say, a thousand to one, the sphere of the operation of the statistical probability is simply the report 'a diamond here, a diamond there.' The moment the note is added, 'offered by a respectable firm,' 'purchased by a great lady who would never wear paste,' 'has stood such or such a chemical test,' the argument from statistical probability is dismounted. When Dr. Abbott would ground upon Newman's exhortation (Tract 85) to go by evidence, 'so to say, of three to two'² in favour of Revelation, an analogous duty of ignoring miracles against which there is a large statistical probability, he is comparing situations which are in no degree comparable. In the former the evidence is complete and has resulted in a manifest *probabiliority*; in the latter it is an abstract *probabiliority* whose cogency ceases with the first entrance of specific evidence.

It may be admitted that Newman, as an Anglican, had an inadequate appreciation of the central current of Church tradition as an eliminating principle, and no acquaintance at all with the great mass of juridically proved miracles in the 'Acts of Canonisation.'

Dr. Abbott (115–123) charges Newman with having, in his anxiety to soften the ill effect of later impostures, started the new and alarming paradox that false miracles abounded in the early Church 'from the first hour' (171–174); and with having undertaken to prove this abundance from Acts viii. 9 (Simon Magus). xvi. 17 (Jewish exorcists in the name of Jesus), and Lucian, *Peregrin.* ap. Middleton, p. 20. Unfortunately for the critic, this supposed paradox is neither more nor less than a commonplace recognised by all students. Thus, Mabillon (*De Re Diplom.* lib. i. c. 6): 'Nullum sanctius avum quam nascentis ecclesie, et tamen quanta falsorum scriptorum monstra, ementitis apostolorum aliorumque virorum illustrium nominibus, pepererit ætas illa, inter alia docet Gelasii Papæ censura.' No doubt the mass of these forgeries, with their fictitious miracles, can be shown to be the work of persons with one heretical bias or another, but, except so far as the known authors or their works have been formally eliminated by authority, they inevitably contribute their dark shadows to the broad general effect of Christian literature.

It is to this condition of things that Newman addresses himself, not as to something to his advantage, but as to a difficulty the facts of which are on all hands admitted. He refers to the passages in the Acts as showing that even in so slight an epitome of Church history indications are not wanting of persons apt to abuse their position of Christians, or their relations with Christians, in the direction of

² Subsequent editions, 'twelve chances to two,' 'a score of reasons for to one or two against.'

miraculous pretension, and as exhibiting a continuation of the policy on the part of the evil one tending to confound the power of Christ with that of Beelzebub.

The reference to Lucian's *Peregrinus* presents us with an impostor who is supposed to have obtained a high position as a Christian among Christians by an exhibition of false miracles. Bishop Lightfoot recognises that Peregrinus is a real personage; that he is used as a vehicle for a satire upon St. Ignatius and St. Polycarp—a suggestion of Lightfoot's which Dr. Abbott urges with much triumph, is neither here nor there. On the supposed irrelevance and absurdity of these references his critic grounds a most outrageous protest against the general character of Newman's references.³

The abundant impostures of which Newman speaks are such as the miracles of the Apocryphal Gospels, and of the pseudo-Acts of St. Peter and St. Paul. He points out that but for the authority of the Canon our Scripture miracles would be associated to this day 'with the prodigies of Jewish strollers, heathen magicians, &c.' 'Yet in spite of this they would have been deserving of serious attention as now.' (On this score he claims a measure of serious consideration as due to ecclesiastical miracles, in spite of the continuance of such association.

I am now free to proceed to the consideration of the two miracles I have selected. It is only fair to notice that during the nigh upon half a century since the publication of Newman's essay, scholars like Dr. Lightfoot have been actively engaged upon the same ground, and, as might fairly be expected, one or two points of criticism have been ruled in a more or less adverse sense to Newman's finding; though this cannot be said to apply to the particular miracles I am to consider.

All that I am concerned to maintain is that Newman's handling of his subject has been eminently fair; that he has ever given the view opposed to his inclination its recognised status and authority; and that his critic has pursued him throughout with persistent injustice.

RECOVERY OF THE BLIND MAN BY THE RELICS OF ST. GERVASIUS AND PROTASIUS

'The broad facts connected with this memorable interposition of Divine power are these.' Thus Newman introduces the miracle in the editions of the essay subsequent to that of 1843. In the last-

³ This temper has led him to deny (p. 181) that the cross St. Paula is described as worshipping (St. Jerome, Ep. 108) need be the 'discovered Cross.' If he had looked he would have seen that it heads the list of the holy objects she visits on her first arrival in Jerusalem. Moreover, Paula and Eustochium especially invite Marcella to join them (Ep. 84) in order that 'she may kiss the wood of the Cross.'

named edition, the first in which the essay appeared detached from the volume of Fleury, to which it originally formed an introduction, there still remained in the text, just before the words quoted, and in a footnote, a survival of the original connection, in the form of a reference to the pages of Fleury treating of the event, and referring to the original authorities; in regard to which pages the treatment in the essay is spoken of as 'one or two additional remarks'; and besides this a reference to another work of Newman's, *The Church of the Fathers*. In subsequent editions this clause and footnote disappear, leaving the section to open with 'The broad facts, &c.'; and Dr. Abbott bitterly complains that Newman has left his readers wholly without references, and references, too, which would have exposed his false rendering of the broad facts.

Now, as to the first part of the charge, I answer that Newman, when he first mentions the miracle (p. 137), gives the reference to the main source of the narrative, St. Ambrose's letter to his sister (Ep. i. 22); that in his 'Advertisement' (1870) he at least gives a general reference to Fleury when he reminds his readers that the essay was written 'as preface to a portion of Fleury's Ecclesiastical History'; and that for anyone capable of referring at all, reference is in this case exceptionally easy. The serious part of the charge is of course the statement that 'the broad facts' as given by Newman are not in accordance with the details given by the authorities, the references to which have been omitted. Newman's words are as follows: 'St. Ambrose, with a large portion of the population of Milan, was resisting the Empress Justina in her attempt to seize on one of the churches of the city for Arian worship. In the course of the contest he had occasion to seek for the relics of martyrs to be used in the dedication of a new church, and he found two skeletons, with a quantity of fresh blood, the miraculous token of martyrdom. Miracles followed, both cures and exorcisms; and at length, as he was moving the relics to a neighbouring church, a blind man touched the cloth which covered them, and regained his sight. The Empress in consequence relinquished the contest. . . These facts are attested by St. Ambrose, several times by St. Augustine, and by Paulinus, secretary to St. Ambrose, in his Life of the Saint addressed to St. Augustine.' He adds (351) that the Arians 'denied the miracle . . . but did not hazard any counter-statement or distinct explanation of the facts of the case.' It will be convenient to deal with Dr. Abbott's objections to these 'broad facts' one by one. They will be found in his own words (pp. 192-6 and p. 255); he is evidently more than satisfied with them.

1. 'A quantity of *fresh* blood' is unwarranted by St. Ambrose, whose words are 'sanguinis plurimum' much blood. Yes, but a little further on in the same letter the saint says that the grave was wet with blood ('sanguine nudet'); thus the blood was liquid, or fresh.

2. This would not be miraculous, for the head of Charles I. after 160 years was found 'heavy and wet with a liquid that gave to writing-paper and linen a greenish-red tinge.' But the king's head was no mere skull of a skeleton, such as those St. Ambrose found; and the saint particularly insists that the blood bore testimony by its colour—'clamat coloris indicio'—which by no means suggests 'a greenish-red tinge.'

3. There is not a word to tell us that the man was not born blind. Why, it is said that he 'regained' his sight, and (p. 352) we are told that 'he had been a butcher.'

4. The Arians *did* make 'a counter-statement or distinct explanation,' for St. Ambrose (*ibid.* § 17) says, 'Isti beneficium negant qui factum negare non possunt,' and this can mean nothing else but that 'although the man was really much better,' yet, inasmuch as the cure was not complete, 'it was no benefit to him.' This last statement is rather fantastic, and will hardly, I think, commend itself to a commission of blind men. The ordinary interpretation of the Arian position (see Twisleton, *The Tongue not Essential to Speech*, p. 207) is far more plausible, viz. that they denied the previous blindness, and to the *beneficium*, but not the *factum* that he touched the relics and saw; but to maintain this in the face of the many persons who knew what had forced Severus to give up his trade was no counter-explanation, but a simple denial—a refusal to accept evidence, without being able to produce anything the other way.

5. The miracle did not achieve the victory, at least single-handed, and Newman ought to have told us that Fleury admits that the letter of the Emperor Maximus may have had something to do with it. Fleury's words are: 'Thus were the Arians put to silence by the force of miracles, and the Empress obliged to let St. Ambrose remain at peace. Perhaps her apprehension of the Emperor Maximus may have contributed somewhat towards this result.' At most the possibly corroborative, not alternative, influence is recognised as something slight and doubtful. On the other hand, St. Augustine (Conf. lib. ix. c. 7) knows of no influence but the miraculous, and speaks of the martyr's relics having been brought to light 'opportunately for the bridling of fury, feminine though regal.' Gibbon (ch. 27) says of the miracles: 'Their effect on the minds of the people was rapid and irresistible; and the feeble sovereign of Italy found himself unable to contend with the favourite of heaven.'

6. Old men remembered, St. Ambrose says, that they had heard of the martyrs and read the inscription, and this ought to have been mentioned, because it shows that nothing supernatural was required for the discovery; and St. Ambrose's admission, too, that it was a 'presage' that led him on, for that disposes of the notion that it was a dream. I answer that before the event the old men had so absolutely forgotten the place that it had become a pathway for

those who wanted to reach the further shrine (Paulinus, *V. St. A.* c. 34). Afterwards, indeed, they began to remember having 'some time or other heard the name and read the title.' As to the vision which St. Augustine twice speaks of, and which represents doubtless his recollection of what St. Ambrose told him, it certainly does not contradict the '*cujusdam ardor presagii*,' the expression used by St. Ambrose to his sister. But even were the disagreement allowed and the old men admitted to have known all about it, it would be altogether beside the mark; for Newman in his '*broad facts*' has carefully avoided any suggestion of a supernatural guidance; he simply says that the saint 'had reason to seek . . . and he found.'

All the details upon which Dr. Abbott insists in the original evidence are in the Ep. 22 to which Newman refers; none of these details are in the least at variance with Newman's '*broad facts*.'

I will content myself with applying to Dr. Abbott's mosaic of misprision his own phrase, '*all this is very bad*.'

THE POWER OF SPEECH CONTINUED TO THE AFRICAN CONFESSORS DEPRIVED OF THEIR TONGUES

A.D. 404 the Vandal King Hunneric, an Arian, in hatred of the Catholic faith cut out the tongues and amputated the right hands of some sixty African Catholics. Victor, Bishop of Vite, in his history of the persecution, published only two years after the event (see Newman, p. 381), declares that the tongues were 'cut out by the roots.' Æneas of Gaza says, 'Opening their mouth I perceived the tongue entirely gone from the root.' Procopius says that their tongues were cut 'as low down as the throat.' The Emperor Justinian speaks of having seen 'the venerable men whose tongues had been cut off at the roots.' St. Gregory the Great tells us that he met with a certain aged bishop at Constantinople, who said he had seen the confessors, 'and that it appeared . . . as if, their tongues having been cut off from the roots, there was a sort of open depth in their throat.' So much as to the character of the excision to which they were submitted. As to the perfection of their speech afterwards we have much the same evidence. 'He spoke like an educated man without impediment,' says Victor of Vite. 'With articulateness,' says Æneas, 'better than before.' 'They talked without any impediment,' says Procopius. 'Speaking with perfect voice,' says Marcellinus. 'The words were formed full and perfect,' says St. Gregory's bishop.

From that day to this, Christian writers have appealed to the incident as miraculous, and, very generally, on this principal ground—that articulate speech without the tongue is impossible. This, however, is not the ground taken up by Newman in his essay. In face of Middleton's two instances of speech without the tongue, he contents

himself with denying that the case of one born tongueless or losing the tongue at an early age is parallel with that of the victims of a barbarous execution; and he insists upon the number of the victims and the perfection of their speech. In 1858, however, certain evidence as to Persian penal glossotomy appeared in *Notes and Queries*.

1. Colonel Churchill, speaking of the case of three emirs whose tongues had been 'extracted to the root,' says that 'the tongues grow again sufficiently for the purposes of speech.'

2. Sir John Malcolm speaks of a khan who, after his tongue had been cut 'close to the root,' had 'a voice which, though indistinct and thick, is yet intelligible to persons accustomed to converse with him.'

3. Sir John McNeil says, 'I can state from personal observation that several persons whom I knew in Persia, who had been subjected to that punishment, spoke so intelligibly as to be able to transact important business.' And again, 'I never had to meet with a person who had suffered this punishment who could not speak so as to be quite intelligible to his familiar associates.'

After quoting these writers, Newman adds, 'I should not, however, be honest, if I professed to be simply converted by their testimony to the belief that there was nothing miraculous in the case of the African confessors,' and expresses the wish to be first 'quite sure of the appositeness of the recent evidence.' He concludes, 'Meanwhile, I fully allow that the points of evidence brought in disparagement of the miracle are *prima facie* of such cogency, that till they are proved to be irrelevant, Catholics are prevented from appealing to it for controversial purposes.'

It is this qualified position in regard to the miracle that Dr. Abbott denounces so fiercely (pp. 13-35) as 'the device of indefinite adjournment.' On the contrary, I am prepared to show its complete reasonableness in view of the character of the evidence.

This Persian evidence is considerably amplified and also amended by Mr. Twisleton (the author of the original contribution to *Notes and Queries*) in his work *The Tongue not Essential to Speech* (Murray, 1873), a work with which, oddly enough, Dr. Abbott would seem to be unacquainted. He has added, moreover, some seven cases of the removal of the tongue by European surgeons in which the patients were able after the operation to talk articulately and intelligibly. The book is remarkably interesting, and, in spite of some indefensible abuse both of the Catholic Church and of Cardinal Newman, it must be granted that the details of evidence are marshalled with extreme care and candour. It doubtless proves the possibility of articulate intelligible speech after the complete excision of the tongue; but does it prove that a number of persons could undergo such excision at the hands of a barbarous executioner, and one and all retain their speech absolutely unimpaired, without a miraculous interposition in their favour? This is the problem we have to face in

the account of the African confessors if we accept the contemporary evidence as it is given us.

We will take the point of the perfection of the subsequent speech first, and suppose for the moment that it is a case of modern surgery. We will select one of Mr. Twisleton's most telling instances—that of Mr. Rawlings—as our type; and we will read it in the light of by far the most elaborate judgment pronounced upon it—that of Professor Huxley. We will assume that the same consonants underwent the same conversion in the tongueless mouths of the confessors that they did in the tongueless mouth of Mr. Rawlings (see the scheme given by Professor Huxley, p. 144). The result may be fairly exemplified in a verse of the Athanasian Creed, containing the very words and phrases which we know the confessors must have used: 'Fishes aufem Cafoica hæc eth, uf unum Sheum in Frinifafe ef Frinifafem in unifafe veneremur.'⁴ I do not think that Bishop Victor or Æneas or Procopius could have found it in their hearts to describe such a travesty as something as good as or better than ever, as 'nice language without impediment,' 'uncorrupted speech,' &c. Without going any further, I think we could hardly be blamed if we were inclined to regard the fact of sixty persons in the condition of Mr. Rawlings speaking entirely without his impediments as miraculous.

There is another consideration, however, of great importance. Mr. Rawlings had passed through the hands of a skilled operator with all the appliances of modern surgery at his command, whereas the confessors were butchered by barbarians; and Professor Owen remarks very pertinently (p. 148): 'No doubt where the tongue was wrenched out by violence, the hyoid and larynx might receive injury and articulate speech be abrogated.' The *prima facie* cogency of the Persian evidence turned precisely on this—that the excision was the work of a barbarian executioner; and the first two witnesses had spoken of 'extracting to the root,' 'cutting from the root.' One asked oneself whether the Persians might not have inherited some advanced method of surgery, and one particularly desiderated medical testimony as to what was done with the arteries, &c.: now such inquiry has become hardly necessary. We are informed by Mr. Twisleton that the three emirs of whom Colonel Churchill speaks were dead before he came to the East, and that so what he relates of them was mere hearsay; that the tongue is never excised from the roots in Persia, but only *at most* that part cut off which hangs loose in the mouth; and that the tongue never grows. On the whole, the evidence as to the perfection of the subsequent speech does not go beyond the statement that it is intelligible to those who are familiar with it. As to

⁴ 'Fides autem catholica hæc est, ut unum Deum in Trinitate et Trinitatem in unitate veneremur.' Professor Huxley, after saying that Rawlings was 'wholly unable' to pronounce 'l's and d's, initial and final,' remarks in another sentence that the 'l's and r's were slightly imperfect.' In my tongueless paraphrase I have not meddled with the r's, but I have let the l's disappear.

the three emirs, the Consul-General, Mr. Wood, whilst testifying that the Emir Ferris, whom he had met, spoke intelligibly, adds: 'I never heard that his two relatives (the other two victims) were able to do so.' But, it is urged, is it not reasonable to suppose that the language regarding the extirpation of the tongues of the African confessors may be an exaggeration, owing to a want of anatomical knowledge, of precisely the same character as that of Colonel Churchill and Sir John Malcolm? I answer, Certainly not of precisely the same character, if the substantial accuracy of the African evidence is admitted; for observe, there is not the slightest evidence that either Churchill or Malcolm had ever seen an excision or had looked into the mouth of one who had undergone the operation. Sir John McNeil, who had examined the victim's mouth, testifies to a stump and repudiates all notion of extirpation. It is, of course, sufficiently natural—nay, inevitable—that in default of an anatomical knowledge of the extent of the roots of the tongue, the term 'from the roots,' as expressing the African operation, may be scientifically inaccurate. But what I insist upon is that no one who has ever put his finger down his throat could have honestly used the language of the African evidence if the operation had only been what we now admit the Persian was—the removal of the loose tongue. They could never in the face of a great lingual stump have talked of 'cutting from the root,' 'as low down as the throat,' 'a sort of open depth,' &c.

But how, then, are we to suppose that the African operation was carried out? Was it wrought, like that of Mr. Rawlings, through an opening under the chin? Mr. Twisleton urges that such an additional barbarity would surely have been mentioned, not to speak of the difficulty of the performance. I feel the force of this. At the same time it must be remembered that such an operation was actually attempted, though unsuccessfully, upon Joannes the Dumb by Turkish pirates (p. 55). By far the most reasonable supposition, however, is that the operation was through the mouth, the tongue being drawn to its full length, as we read in the Persian account; but that then, not contented with removing what was loose, in a line with the teeth, the executioner, after cutting the ligaments beneath the tongue, proceeded with curved scissors to cut and tear away the main body of the tongue as far down as he could reach. This is a rude paraphrase of the account of an operation which has been repeatedly performed on what is called the Walter Whitehead method (see *Removal of the Entire Tongue*, by Ed. Lund, F.R.C.S., 1880). The result would be a mouth such as the African evidence describes; and the operation would be one which would perfectly justify the wonder expressed that the victims were alive to speak at all. I have said nothing of the amputation of the hand, which may be fairly regarded as introducing a somewhat unfavourable complication in the treatment. We learn from Mr. Lund that it requires all the patient skill

of modern surgery to control the hæmorrhage when the great lingual artery is cut far back. It may well be that the experience of the ancients, who knew little of tying arteries, had taught them that styptics hardly ever availed against the excessive hæmorrhage ensuing upon cutting the tongue so far back, and that at best, under their rude handling, the operation resulted in a lesion such as Professor Owen contemplated, and articulate speech was abrogated.

Eusebius, in his account of the martyrdom of St. Romanus,⁵ says, 'It is the doctrine of physicians, to which nature also bears witness, that to cut out the tongue is death to the patient.' Of this martyr it is said that 'whilst he had a tongue of flesh he spake like Moses, stammeringly and not nicely.' Formerly the 'R' in his name had been a stumbling-block to him, but after his tongue had been cut out, when the gaoler asked him his name, 'his tongue's soul (*spiritus lingue*) answered, and with exceeding precision, "I am called Romanus."' The physician who had performed the operation was a faint-hearted Christian who had conformed. After that the martyr had continued for a considerable time 'to dispute with others of the Cross and Victory of Christ,' the Governor charged the executioner with having shown indulgence to a brother. 'But, on the contrary, by the larger measure of his cutting he had aimed at death rather than amputation.' Fortunately for himself, the physician had retained the amputated portion, which he produced, exclaiming, "Find me another who has not God for his friend, and according to this same measure let his tongue be cut. If he live, it is my lie and not God's interposition." A criminal is produced, the measure is accurately taken, the portion that had to be cut is cut, and, as the operation ended, so also did the life.'

Dr. Abbott must be contented for the nonce to take a live dog in lieu of a dead lion. After carefully studying all the evidence I must confess that I am by no means 'converted to the belief that there is nothing miraculous in the case of the African confessors.'

PROBABILITY AND FAITH

I have reserved to the last the consideration of the thirty-eight pages (chapters 1 and 2) which Dr. Abbott devotes to his analysis, moral and intellectual, of faith, as contradistinguished from that of Cardinal Newman. I have done so because I wish to leave my subject with some attempt at an appreciation of the motive of this very violent and wholesale attack upon the reputation of the late Cardinal, and I think that the motive is to be gathered precisely in these pages.

⁵ *De Resurrect. et Ascens.* lib. ii. ap. Sirmond, *Op. Var.* tom i. The Eusebian attribution is disputed. Anyhow, the author was a bishop of the fourth century. This Latin version alone remains.

He begins by quarrelling with Newman's dictum, accepted from Bishop Butler, that 'probability is the guide of life.' He objects that it is only when we 'stop and think' that 'the weighing of probabilities' comes in. Precisely; but how can we render an intelligent account of what is at any rate in part an intelligent act, proceeding upon motives, without stopping and thinking what those motives are? In matter of fact we are continually acting under the impulse of appetite, affection, instinct, but the intellectual momenta so far as they exist must either express themselves as a probable or a demonstrative cogency; the circle of abstract proof must be either imperfect or perfect. It is Newman's object, in the *Grammar of Assent* and elsewhere, to show how, under the discipline of love and conscientious observance, what is in the abstract imperfect proof may and will in the concrete afford a sufficient basis for the certain assent of faith.

Dr. Abbott objects to this theory on two grounds, which, if I understand them, are mutually destructive. He shrinks from the 'touch of probability' as a miserable balancing of odds, and at the same time he reprobates it as involving a pretension to prove Christianity—probability, forsooth, meaning 'proveableness.'

In attempting to answer the question 'What is faith?' he is still more hopelessly at sea. Faith, according to Catholic teaching, is the act of believing without doubting whatever God has revealed. The revelation not being immediate to the individual, the question arises as to the evidential cogency of the media through which the revelation is brought home to us. This is the problem accepted by Christians generally, by Bible-Protestants and Anglicans as well as by Catholics, and it is in dealing with this problem that Newman's theory of the assent of Faith has its *ἐργον*.

With Dr. Abbott it is different. After putting to himself the question 'What is faith?' nothing will induce him to explain its character as a mental act or give his reason 'why he believes.' He attempts, indeed, to tell you what he believes—the subject-matter of his faith—and that, he says, makes all the difference as to its character. No doubt it makes a great difference, but of still more practical importance is the authority upon which the act is made; for the right authority will secure the right object as our own fancy cannot. He says (p. 64): 'Our belief is that God, *as revealed through Christ in the character of a Father*, is already in some sense, and will be seen to be hereafter, in a sense beyond our present apprehension, *the ruling Power of the universe*, and our desire is that this should be so.' 'In the character of a Father:' not at all, it would seem, 'in the character of a judge.' This implies a careful elimination of much in the Scripture presentment of God: on what principle is it made, and on what authority? Ay, there is the rub; it is the notion of authority as essential to faith, a common property of Christians, whether it is

vested in the Bible, the tradition of the first centuries, or the living Church, which is wholly wanting in Dr. Abbott's theory. Even the authority of God or Christ, floating as it does in the elastic medium of Dr. Abbott's sentiment, has no established position in his theory of faith. There is, indeed, a satisfaction, a confidence, in God, but wholly without intellectual submission. 'The early Christians,' we are told (p. 68), 'believed because they could not help it,' and this is evidently presented as the normal condition of Christian faith. How, then, it may well be asked, can Christian faith be regarded as a gift of God upon our acceptance or rejection of which will depend our claim upon eternal life? If it be merely a question of satisfying the cravings of our higher nature to which for the nonce we are irresistibly compelled, why talk of Divine faith at all, or of anything suggesting the idea of the supernatural? Why not define faith boldly, as some one the other day is said to have defined the cause of civilisation, as a 'progressive desire,' though in this case sanctioned and encouraged by the memories of a certain holy life of which it retains the record?

Of course, a scheme of faith such as Newman's must present itself to his critic as at best utterly superfluous. 'See here,' exclaims the knowing traveller, exhibiting a small handbag, 'I have all that I want: whatever is the good of this elaborate system of freightage by which you would keep in touch with a mass of heavy baggage which you cannot possibly want?' 'The weakness of such a faith' as mine, he naively confesses (p. 73), 'if it is a weakness, is that it does not embrace a large number of dogmatic propositions': the bag is small, but then it is handy. 'The strength of it—besides that it has no quarrel with reason, and incurs no danger of fanaticism'—you see it is so very small—is that it is under no temptation to deal dishonestly with facts': facts dogmatic or otherwise are not in its line; it is strictly tetotal, and confines itself to the aerated waters of sentiment. And this is 'the victory that overcometh the world, your faith.'

At the risk of being considered very rude, I must express my vehement suspicion that the handbag, of which Dr. Abbott almost boasts that it contains so little, really contains nothing—is simply empty—i.e. that his faith embraces not a single one of the distinctive doctrines of Christianity. But has he not already confessed, as quoted above, to a belief in God and Christ whom He has sent? Of course, I admit that to believe that 'the Word became flesh' is to believe one of the supreme dogmas of Christianity and one the belief in which will bring many others in its train; 'for not alone come the immortals.' But I cannot find that he ever speaks of Christ as God, or applies any epithet to Him inconsistent with the notion that His mission upon earth has not differed, except in degree, from that of other just men sent of God; or, to use his own phrase (p. 66), by 'the great fixed and loving world-soul.'

But there is more serious evidence than this that the Christian dogma of the Incarnation has no place in Dr. Abbott's creed. There are three doctrines which form, as it were, the affidavits of this dogma—the alpha and omega and central point of the attestation of our belief that God became man. They are the doctrine of our Lord's miraculous Conception, of the miraculous Resurrection of His sacred Body from the tomb, and the doctrine of His Atonement, in which a price was paid which only God could pay. Now, the second of these doctrines Dr. Abbott implies that he does not hold in any literal sense. He tells us (p. 68) 'that it is *right* to believe that Christ *in some sense* rose from the dead and triumphed over sin.' *In some sense*—the italics are mine. In something the same way, he admits (p. 207) that Newman was honest—'after a fashion.'

The Christian doctrine of the Atonement is resolved (p. 70) into bearing our sins, 'as on a small scale men are now bearing one another's sins.' Returning to the Resurrection, if we compare the statement (p. 58) that He, 'in some real, objective, and possibly natural way, rose from the dead,' with the psychological sketch of the witnesses of the Resurrection (pp. 66, 67), we cannot escape the conclusion that the 'reality' and 'objectivity' is confined to Christ's spiritual triumph over death, in which all just souls in their measure partake, and that the rest is an amalgam of brain-waves, faith-healing, and sympathetic enthusiasm, which somehow results in the distracting conviction that 'apart from the exact accuracy of this or that fact, God must be such a one as Christ.'

We may see our way perhaps a little clearer into the author's mind if we turn to a work, anonymous indeed, but which all the world attributes to Dr. Abbott, *The Kernel and the Husk*. It is thrown into the form of letters addressed to a young man with religious difficulties, and its object is to persuade him that he may with advantage join the writer in substituting a 'non-miraculous' for a miraculous Christ—a natural recognition of a spiritual force realised in an historical personage for belief in a God made man. This non-miraculous Christ is the naturally begotten son of Joseph and Mary, not God the Son, assuming our human nature in the womb of His Virgin Mother. His life is destitute of miracle; his death accomplishes nothing save by way of example; and while his soul returns to God, his body is absorbed into the earth from which it was taken. The volume is dedicated to 'the doubters of this generation and the believers of the next'; the believers being those who have accepted a Christianity purged according to the writer's recipe from all taint of the miraculous. The address to the reader opens with the significant sentence, 'The time is perhaps not far distant when few will believe in miracles who do not also believe in an infallible Church.'

It is true that (p. 318) the writer expresses his belief in a goodly array of more or less orthodox propositions, amongst others the very

one we failed to find in *Philomythus*, 'the Eternal Son of God was Incarnate in Jesus of Nazareth.' And is not this a miracle? one is tempted to ask; if not, according to what natural law was it accomplished? Alas! even these most solemn words have lost all Christian meaning in this writer's mouth. When we turn to the letter on the Incarnation (p. 279), we find this account of the mystery: 'That word of God, which in various degrees inspires every righteous human soul (none can say how soon in existence), did not inspire Jesus, but was (to speak in metaphor) totally present in Jesus from the first, so as to exclude all imperfection of humanity.' I am much afraid lest the faith of 'his believers of the future' should be a development of the pantheistic element in their master's teaching. Long ago, in his *Arians*, Cardinal Newman warned us that pantheism is the legitimate consequence of giving up the Catholic doctrine of our Lord's divinity, in which the antithesis of God and man is enounced the more keenly in this exhibition of their closest union.

Letter 30 consists of an elaborate justification of the public use of the Nicene and Athanasian creeds by clergymen who do not believe certain of the doctrines contained in them, either in the sense of their framers and imposers or of the audience. One could imagine one was reading the apology of a neoplatonist philosopher for joining in a public sacrifice to gods in whom he did not believe.

Dr. Abbott's creed, on his own confession, contains but few dogmas. So far as I can make out, it contains none of a distinctively Christian character. I have no interest in discussing his theology in detail, except so far as I have considered that it threw light upon the value of his criticism upon Cardinal Newman's. A critic, who only believes what he cannot help believing, is no judge of a theory of faith; and one who has committed himself to the position that miracles are not, is as little fitted to judge of the evidence of a particular miracle as a Quaker of the justice of a particular war.

I thought at first that the extraordinary virulence of Dr. Abbott's attack might have sprung simply from the puzzled indignation of a shallow man at what he regarded as over-subtlety; like the Satyr's in the fable who, not understanding that heat and cold are relative, and that a breath of the same temperature may warm your fingers and cool your porridge, fell foul of his guest for blowing hot and cold.

A fuller acquaintance with Dr. Abbott has made me realise the fundamental antagonism of the two men. One has seen the instinctive distress and horror of certain small animals at the sight of a tiger's skin: 'C'est sur nous qu'il fond sa cuisine.' It is no exaggeration to say that Newman's main *εργον* in the Anglican Church was to render clergymen of Dr. Abbott's type impossible.

After mastering Dr. Abbott's theory of faith, one can have no difficulty in recognising the absolute justice of his remark (p. 73) that 'it has no quarrel with Reason, and incurs no danger of fanaticism.'

Indeed, there is no more likelihood of Reason, even in its most aggressively rationalistic form, quarrelling with a faith like this than of a Newfoundland assaulting a toy terrier. After agnostic Reason has been allowed to decide upon the wholesomeness of Faith's sentimental pabulum, and has vouched for the absence of all taint of the miraculous, she can afford to smile good-humouredly when (p. 67) 'Faith puts her gently aside' and pipes out the mild rhapsody which is all her own: and we can almost understand how in the lineaments of Mrs. Humphry Ward she may breathe her blessing upon Dr. Abbott's 'retiarian tactics,' as he kicks about with much noisy demonstration certain fragments of the great Cardinal's armour, or erects 'a trophy' (see *Newmanianism*, p. xii) to his own skill in eluding the point of his enemy's objection.

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THE 'CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED' AT THE WAR OFFICE

THE subject dealt with in this and my previous article¹—the administration of the army—although it forms only a part of the still larger question, how to provide such a vigorous control of all the forces of the Crown, naval as well as military, as shall secure in the highest degree their combined and harmonious action, is a subject so large and important in itself as to demand separate consideration. Such a limit has accordingly been kept in view in this contribution to the general discussion. My first paper was concerned with the general relations of the War Minister and his department to Parliament. Adopting the conclusion arrived at by Lord Hartington's Commission, which had been brought out equally by previous inquiries, and which no one has attempted to question, that the present system of our military administration is radically defective, adapted to secure neither economy in peace nor vigour in war, it indicated what I venture to think should be the leading outlines of the needful reform. The essence of this consists in making the professional heads of the department directly responsible to Parliament for the conduct of all the professional and technical business with which they have to deal, the functions of the Secretary of State being limited to exercising a general control, and securing that the action of the War Department in all branches shall be in harmony with the policy of the Government and Parliament—a duty in which alone his responsibility can be real and effective.

The case for reform has been completely established. The country has had warnings enough, and should be satisfied with no reform which stops short of placing the administration of the army on a sound and reasonable footing; and this object can be attained only by placing responsibility and authority on the persons competent to exercise them. If this general principle be accepted, it has next to be considered who are to be the chief professional officials whose responsibility is to be thus declared and enforced, and what are to be their respective functions. The determination of these points, which practically involves the project for a proper organisation of the War Department, is the object of this paper.

¹ *The Nineteenth Century*, July 1891.

The present constitution of that department and how it has come about must first be briefly explained. Up to the time of the Crimean War the Secretary of State for the Colonies was also Minister for War, so far as that the general conduct of military operations was dealt with in his department; but he had nothing to say to the military administration in peace-time. This was under three separate and independent officers: the Commander-in-Chief, or officer with functions as such, responsible for the discipline and *personnel* of the army, and exercising all military patronage, but without any financial authority; the Master-General of the Ordnance, charged with the supply of all warlike stores, and also the ordnance for the navy, the outlay on which was provided in the estimates of his department; lastly, a Secretary at War charged with the financial control of the army and with the preparation of the army estimates. As a means of administration for peace-time only the system was a rational one, so far that the line was distinctly drawn between the command and discipline of the troops, and the supply of stores and equipment—two things which it is essential for purposes of good administration should be kept distinct, and which are so kept in every well-administered army. It also had the advantage of recognising both the great importance of the Supply Department, and that it should be in charge of a professional authority, the head of it, the Master-General, being always a military officer of standing and experience (the Duke of Wellington held this office for a long time), with usually a seat in the Cabinet. It was a great defect in the system that the Master-General had not only charge of all ordnance stores and barracks and fortifications, but also the command of the Artillery and Engineer Corps, which were thus separated off from the rest of the army—a perfectly inconsequential and most inconvenient arrangement. And although the system secured economy, it was suited only for a state of peace. That the Secretary of State for the Colonies was also Secretary of State for War merely implied that he was the member of the Cabinet charged with the duty of giving effect to the general policy of the Government in time of war; he had no administrative control over the different military departments; neither he nor anyone else was responsible for maintaining the army in a state of efficiency for war. And the army in those days, as is well known, was altogether deficient in the requisite equipments for the purpose. The Commissariat Department, such as it was, a mere disbursing agency, was under the Treasury, and there was not even the nucleus of a Transport Department.

It was under this system, if such it can be called, that the great war with France was carried on; and although Wellington, left to himself, succeeded in organising a field army, it is not surprising that our military operations generally should have been ill-planned and ill-executed, and that when after a long peace the country became again engaged in a serious war under a feeble government, there was a disastrous break-

down. Out of this came the change to a system aimed at being suited for war as well as for peace, the creation of a War Department under a separate Secretary of State, and the abolition of the offices of Secretary at War and Master-General of the Ordnance. The whole army administration was now concentrated in one department and under one head, and so far the reform was altogether in the right line ; but the subsequent course of affairs cannot be regarded with national complacency. The history of our military administration for the past thirty years is a dismal record of perpetual change, proceeding on no fixed principle and naturally failing to arrive at any finality, the outcome at the end being the state of things revealed by Lord Hartington's Commission, whose report, although guardedly expressed, as might be expected when three ex-War Ministers were members of it, is nevertheless a scathing exposure of the confusion and want of system which pervade our military administration, and which with those who give the matter serious attention must leave a feeling of profound misgiving lest the country should find itself involved in war before the existing state of things is replaced by a sounder system.

The defects laid bare in this report may all be traced to this, that the essential principles which should govern the administration of every army have never been clearly apprehended and acted on. In place of the effective responsibility of the professional and permanent officials which should have been established from the first, there has been substituted the nominal responsibility of the minister, carried to a point at which there ceases to be any real responsibility attaching to anyone ; this point has already been dwelt upon in my first article, and will be referred to again presently. Further, the cardinal principle has been lost sight of, that the administration of an army should always be divided under two main heads, to be kept entirely distinct : Command and Discipline ; and Supply, or the provision of stores and equipment, barracks and fortifications, with the control of the army expenditure. The necessity for maintaining this separation of functions, which is rigidly observed in the military administration of every continental government, has never been clearly recognised at our War Office, where a constant struggle has been going on between the different branches to get the control over the business of each other. At one time the civil element gains the upper hand, and the military authorities are hampered and interfered with in their executive functions at every point ; now the pendulum swings the other way, and the military side of the office has had transferred to it departments of business altogether beyond its proper province. On one occasion, indeed, an attempt was made to move in the right directive by the appointment of a Surveyor-General of the Ordnance to take charge of the business of Supply. The title was an inappropriate one, because the Surveyor-General had to do with a great deal more than ordnance matters ; moreover, the office was not established on a footing

commensurate with its importance, and after a few years its utility was further diminished by the substitution, for a military officer of standing who held the post at first, of a junior parliamentary official.

Still worse, three years ago this office was abolished, and the greater part of its duties nominally placed upon the Commander-in-Chief. A remarkable thing about this change is, that it followed almost immediately upon the report of Sir James Stephen's Commission of 1887, in complete opposition to their recommendations. The subject of inquiry put before that Commission was ostensibly the system under which patterns of warlike stores are adopted, and the stores obtained and passed for her Majesty's Service; in effect the inquiry was directed to the mode of conducting business in the Ordnance Department—an inquiry ordered in consequence of certain notorious failures of guns and other arms, and vague charges of corruption brought against the department, which charges, it may be observed by the way, were completely dispelled by the evidence taken.

But the Commission could not avoid inquiring, so far as the terms of their instructions permitted, into the larger question of the general organisation of the War Department, and they drew attention prominently to the defects which lie at the root of the matter, the unreality of the supposed responsibility of the Secretary of State for the detailed business of the department, and the absurdity of expecting that this business can be properly done by any man so placed—that an overworked member of Parliament, the political head of the army, can also be an efficient head of the Ordnance Department, or deal properly with all the business connected with fortifications and the commissariat, besides having charge of the estimates and the expenditure incurred against them. The Commission say it is impossible that any one man should properly discharge all these functions, and that even if a physical and intellectual prodigy were to be found possessing the time or strength or the knowledge indispensable for the purpose, he would have to do his duty under disadvantages which would reduce him practically to impotence, by reason of the short and uncertain tenure of his office, for that there had been six successive Ministers of War in six years. The Commission went on to point out that this insufficiency of the controlling authority had increased from recent changes in the Supply branch of the department; for that, whereas the original intention in the creation of the office of Surveyor-General of the Ordnance was that it should be held as a permanent situation by a high and experienced military officer, this office had also been made a parliamentary and party post, and subject to the same ignorance in the holder, and to the same uncertainty of tenure, as that of the Minister of War himself, with the further disadvantage that, whereas the latter was usually a statesman of standing and experience in public business, the post of Surveyor-General was usually bestowed

on some junior and untried member of the party with all his official experience still to be gained.

The remedy proposed by Sir J. Stephen's Commission, so far as regards the particular branch of business under inquiry by them, was the revival of the office of Master-General of the Ordnance for the business connected with Military Stores and the Manufacturing Departments. They recommended that the appointment should be a non-political office, to be held for a term of seven years at least, and by a soldier of eminence, who should be independent of the Secretary of State. They admitted the defect which this arrangement would involve, in that a want of unity and control would thus be imported into our war administration, but they recommended the arrangement in view of the extreme importance of securing technical knowledge and continuous superintendence for this important branch of army affairs, together with distinct responsibility of the head of it for the business.

It is a striking commentary on this report, and a characteristic illustration of the futility of inquiry by Royal Commissions for securing reform, because of the public indifference to these most important national matters, that, so far from this recommendation being carried out, shortly after the publication of the report the office of Surveyor-General was abolished, and the different departments of Supply which had been under his nominal control were distributed among other branches of the office; some of them were placed under the Financial Secretary, who, like the Surveyor-General, is a political officer, but the greater part were placed under the Commander-in-Chief and his immediate deputy, the Adjutant-General, a permanent officer in the sense that he holds office for a fixed term of years and does not go in and out with the Government. This arrangement was adopted from a desire to substitute professional control for control by inexperienced officials, constantly changing; but it is equally as faulty as that which it superseded.

The command and discipline of the army and its preparation for war, including in that term all those duties which in continental armies are taken by a special staff which has no counterpart with us, are duties amply sufficient to occupy the whole time and energies of the military staff at Army Headquarters. To make them responsible in addition for the multitudinous and technical duties connected with the Supply branches of the army is merely to substitute one impracticable system for another. The criticisms of Sir J. Stephen's Commission on the incompatibility of the functions placed on the Secretary of State, and the fiction of regarding him as responsible for the proper discharge of them all, become now equally applicable to the position of the Commander-in-Chief, thus overloaded with a mass of incongruous duties, which have no real connection with the command of an army, and which no other commander of an army is called on to undertake.

Perhaps the most remarkable part of the new arrangement is that

which professes to impose the preparation of the annual estimates upon the Commander-in-Chief. These estimates, properly understood, are the record in which are brought together all the charges for the ensuing year, as sanctioned by the Secretary of State and approved by the Treasury; then, when submitted to and passed by the House of Commons, they determine the expenditure of the year, bringing the whole into one view in a systematic form for the guidance of the Department of Audit and Account. The framing of the estimates should thus be a purely mechanical affair, with which only the financial branch of the War Office need be concerned; what the military authorities are concerned with is to obtain authority for any particular alterations they consider necessary in the establishments or equipment of the army, or for works to be undertaken or stores manufactured. Upon the sanction of the Secretary of State and the Treasury being obtained to these, the charges involved should thereon be recorded for inclusion in the estimates; but to place the mechanical duty of compiling estimates thus framed on any military officer is perfectly irrational. As well make him responsible for the departmental book-keeping.

But apparently what is meant by preparing estimates in the War Office is, that the military authorities are to prefer whatever demands they may think proper, without reference to any previous understanding or discussion thereon, and that these demands are to find expression in the form of an estimate put forward by the military to the financial side of the office. Even so, to speak of the Commander-in-Chief preparing the estimates is a misnomer. He may indicate what new items he wants put into them; but the estimates include also the fixed charges brought forward from the previous year, about which there is no question, as well as the new items proposed, and the preparation of the document must still be the business of an accountant. But if, as appears to be the case, the estimates are employed as the vehicle for preferring new demands not previously agreed to, then it is not surprising that claims so put forward should be subject to the wholesale haphazard cutting down, first in the War Office itself, and afterwards in the Treasury, which appears to be the customary mode of dealing with them, and which sufficiently accounts for the unsystematic form presented by our military establishments, conspicuous for needless extravagance in some parts, for ill-judged parsimony in others.

In any case, the profession of placing the responsibility for the estimates on the military side of the War Office is a pure make-believe. This, indeed, is clearly pointed out by the Commander-in-Chief in the evidence given by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge in 1888, before Lord Randolph Churchill's Select Committee. To be really responsible the head of a department must have the last word; but as a matter of fact the Commander-in-Chief, in regard to the preparation of the estimates and the regulation of expenditure against

them, or in any matter involving expenditure, can only make suggestions. He is liable to be overridden at every point by the financial branch of the office. The effect of the change is therefore to leave no one responsible.

Equally irrational is the change which places the Pay Department nominally under the Quartermaster-General, on the principle, apparently, that he who drives fat oxen must himself be fat. There is nothing whatever of a military character in the payment of troops more than in the payment of dock labourers, and the supervision of the business is a purely civil duty which ought to have been retained, and indeed which is practically retained, by the civil side of the office, any nominal change of practice notwithstanding.

The effect of these changes—the abolition of the office of the Surveyor-General of Ordnance, and the transfer of the different administrative departments, Ordnance, Works, &c., to the control of the Commander-in-Chief—is, that this officer becomes the only responsible adviser of the Secretary of State. Lord Hartington's Commission naturally hit on this blot, observing that such a centralisation of power and responsibility in the office of the Commander-in-Chief must necessarily tend to weaken the position of the Secretary of State in regard to all the business of the department, administrative as well as executive, because 'such advice as the latter may obtain from the other professional heads of departments is not given under any definite responsibility.' They truly observe also, 'We do not find that this centralisation of responsibility exists in the administration of the armies of any of the great Powers of Europe, and we consider that it cannot conduce to efficiency.' It may be added that this nominal responsibility of the head of the combatant branch of the War Office for everything does not apply only to a general control, but extends to the minutest details of departmental business, so that the heads of departments are not even nominally responsible for anything. This, indeed, has always been the case, whether they were directly under the Secretary of State or under the Commander-in-Chief. Under the faulty procedure pursued from the first establishment of the War Office, none of the heads of departments issue orders in their own name; they all write to their subordinates outside the office in the name, and professedly by order of, the Secretary of State (under the new system in the name of the Commander-in-Chief). Similarly, the departmental officers outside the War Office do not address the heads of their departments, but the Under-Secretary of State, the fiction being maintained that their letters are to be laid before the Secretary of State himself for his orders. (Now it is the Adjutant-General who is addressed, and the Commander-in-Chief who is supposed to pass the order.) Thus the Secretary of State (now the Commander-in-Chief) from day to day, like Mrs. Witlitterly in *Nicholas Nickleby*, 'forms and expresses an immense variety of opinions on an immense

variety of subjects,' and is represented as passing orders about every conceivable matter, small as well as large—the thickness of a barrack wall, the proper bursting charge of a shell, the number of spokes in a gun-wheel, and so forth—details on which he can have no opinion of his own, and which as a matter of fact have in most cases never come before him. It is hardly less absurd that the Adjutant-General should be the nominal vehicle for bringing such matters before him. Of course under this system no one is or can be responsible for anything; it is over-centralisation gone mad.

The remedy put forward by Lord Hartington's Commission is to remove the administrative departments again from under the Commander-in-Chief; they do not, however, propose, as Sir J. Stephen's Commission did, to create any specific agency for controlling these departments; the officers at the head of them are to be immediately under and responsible for their respective duties to the Secretary of State, who is thus to undertake the functions of a Master-General or Surveyor-General of the Ordnance in addition to his other duties. This will never work. The business of the different departments overlaps at every point, and for the Secretary of State to constitute himself the referee in every case of difference which arises, is to attempt a task beyond the powers of any man so placed. Further, although under this proposal the military side of the office is to be relieved of the duties which have been so inappropriately placed upon it, the military authorities should still have a powerful voice on all matters connected with Supply, and should always be fully consulted about them, although the responsibility for the execution of whatever is determined on will rest with the heads of the Supply departments. If, then, the general control of these departments, which according to this scheme are to be independent of each other, is to be exercised by the Secretary of State himself; if all the business which comes up from these departments is to be disposed of by him; and if he is to be the channel of communication between the Combatant and Supply branches, then assuredly the Secretary of State will be overloaded with a mass of detailed business beyond his ability to deal with properly. The proposal is, in fact, at direct variance with the principle laid down by the Commission themselves, that the Secretary of State should not be made nominally responsible for the conduct of technical matters which from the nature of the case he is not competent to deal with.

The recommendations of the Commission in regard to the military side of the War Office seem equally open to the criticism that they come short of furnishing a remedy for the evils laid bare by their inquiry, in the form of a system calculated to work with smoothness and efficiency. Their most important proposal is the abolition of the office of Commander-in-Chief. In lieu of this they would establish a

Chief of the Staff, charged with the responsible duty of preparing plans for all military operations which might have to be undertaken, collecting and co-ordinating information of all kinds bearing on them, and generally tendering advice upon all matters of organisation and relating to the preparation of the army for war. But he is to have no executive functions; the command of the troops in Great Britain is to be vested in a general officer outside the War Office; the routine business of the department as regards discipline, and so forth is to be taken by the Adjutant-General, who apparently is to report direct to the Secretary of State. Thus the Chief of the Staff will have no direct concern with the business of the army in peace-time; his duty is to prepare the army for war. Now the officer selected for this position should manifestly be the ablest soldier in the service of the country. The man who is to prepare the plan of operations for war should not stop at home when the war breaks out; he should go in command of the army; in that case he should certainly have the selection of the staff to take with him; yet he can obtain the necessary knowledge of the qualifications of officers only by watching their conduct during peace-time, which under the system proposed he would have no opportunity of doing. A Chief of the Staff who is thus a mere onlooker and adviser would surely be out of touch with the army, and the criticism passed on the proposal in Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's minute of dissent to the Commission's Report, that in peace-time such an officer would not have enough to do, appears a just one. Either he would always be interfering with the Adjutant-General, or he would as regards the practical business of the army be out in the cold. In fact, the proposed arrangement seems to be rather a caricature than a copy of the German staff system. The title, moreover, Chief of the Staff, implies that there must be a Commander-in-Chief, or some one of whose staff he is to be the head: a Chief of the Staff issuing orders in his own name to the army would clearly be misnamed. It would appear to be contemplated by the Commission that the command of the army should be nominally exercised by the Secretary of State for War, thus adding a further fiction to the many already current in the War Office.

If, however, the recommendations of the Commission are somewhat inconclusive, and stop far short of what is necessary to place our military administration on a sound footing, the action contemplated by the Government upon them, so far as can be gathered from Mr. Stanhope's announcements in the debate of the 5th of July of last year, is even less sufficient and satisfactory. As regards the military side, indeed, nothing seems to have been settled, except that a board of officers is to be constituted for the regulation of promotions. This seems to be yet another step in the wrong direction. If there is one duty more than another which should properly devolve

upon a Commander-in-Chief, it is surely that of selecting officers for the higher posts of the army, regimental and staff. It may, indeed, be deemed to be the main justification for giving a permanent character to the appointment that it places the occupant in a position both to obtain a close acquaintance with the merits and qualifications of the senior officers of the army, and also to be above the tendency to partiality which might influence a man holding the office for a short time only. But Mr. Stanhope apparently proposes to extend the unreal responsibility already so mischievous in our army, by taking from the Commander-in-Chief one of the primary duties of the office. With respect to the administrative departments, all that seems determined upon is to accept the recommendation of the Commission for introducing the agency of a Council of departmental heads for consultative purposes; but these departmental heads are apparently still to be left under the nominal supervision of the Commander-in-Chief and the Adjutant-General. If so, this will be a reform only in name; as well, on board a man-of-war, have a council with the captain and the boatswain sitting on it alongside of each other.

The fact is, that all the changes carried out during the last four years have been in the wrong direction. In every well-administered army—including the Indian Army, which has maintained the same system unchanged in all essential respects throughout the past century without ever experiencing any administrative break-down—a clear and distinct separation is maintained between the functions of Command and Discipline and those of Supply. Concentration of authority may be found lower down in the administrative scale; the general officers commanding districts may be, and should be, intimately concerned with all that relates to the troops under them, their equipment as well as their discipline; but the directing agencies for the two at the head of affairs should be kept absolutely distinct. The two functions—the command of an army, and the administrative and financial business connected with the equipment of it—are each sufficient to engage the whole time and attention of the best ability available. This cardinal principle has been altogether lost sight of in the changes made at our War Office during the last few years, with the result that its administration is now more complicated and confused than ever; the military heads have had a quantity of technical business thrust upon them, which, from the nature of the case, they are not competent and have not leisure to deal with; while the heads of the different branches of Supply—Ordnance, Commissariat, Fortifications, &c.—have been relegated to a position of subordination to other officers, nominally placed over them, quite incompatible with the proper fulfilment of the important duties for which they alone should be responsible. Things have been brought to a pass at which all these officers, with their high-sounding titles, have no more nominal authority than the hall porter.

The first action needed for arriving at a sound system is therefore to retrace the steps taken in 1887. The plea that the system then introduced works well and ought to have a fair trial cannot be accepted; it works very ill. For it is not to be supposed that while the control over the spending departments has been nominally placed under the military heads of the office, the Commander-in-Chief and the Adjutant-General, the civil heads have therefore surrendered their hold over expenditure; on the contrary, their control is tighter than ever. The direct management of the business having been taken away from them, they claim to come in and supervise the proceedings at every point. Thus everybody, civil and military, has his say about everything; discussion and minute-writing are carried to greater length than ever; practically no one is responsible for, and no one has power to settle, anything—a result which sufficiently accounts for the indecision shown in almost every branch of our military business, and, to take one example, for the delay which has occurred in the supply of the new guns and rifles.

It must not be inferred, however, that this separation of functions here advocated need involve any isolation from each other of the two great branches of the department. The distinction must be kept in view between having your say about a business and having the executive control of it. The Commander-in-Chief in India, besides commanding the army, has a potential voice in everything connected with its administration: Commissariat, Equipment, Ordnance, Fortifications, Barracks,—nothing in these matters is ever undertaken without seeking his advice and opinion upon them; and probably in most cases the action is initiated by him. But the executive control of these departments has always been retained directly by the Government of India. So it should be here. It is one thing to have a leading part in guiding the military policy of the country in all matters—its armament, equipment, and defences—and another to be charged with or held nominally responsible for the executive duty and the technical details involved in carrying out the measures recommended. To attempt to place such duties on one man in addition to those properly undertaken by a Commander-in-Chief can only end in confusion and failure. To impose financial responsibility on an officer in such a position results in getting rid of responsibility altogether.

On the other hand, once accept the principle here contended for, and apply to our military administration the system obtaining in all other armies, under which Command and Supply are kept separate and distinct, and the distribution of duties falls into natural and harmonious lines.

First, as to Command. The proposals of the Commission contain no specific provision for the command of the army, unless it is intended that the Secretary of State should take that duty upon himself, because

an Adjutant-General or even a Chief of the Staff is, from the nature of his office, only the agent for carrying out the orders of some higher authority. In absolute monarchies, indeed, or under those governments where parliamentary control over the army is only nominal, and where the king or emperor is Commander-in-Chief, the functions and responsibility of the staff, although carried on in the name of the head of the State, may be very real and very extensive, because the monarch has so much else to attend to besides the command of the army. In France, on the other hand, the office of Commander-in-Chief is held in abeyance for obvious political reasons; the Government of the day are afraid to place the whole command of the army in the hands of any one man; but the want of a definite head is recognised as placing the French Army at a great disadvantage. Neither of these conditions is applicable to us, and the Commission have apparently failed to establish a case for abolishing an office which, in the absence of any definite arrangements proposed for the fulfilment of its duties, appears still to be absolutely necessary—an office to be held by a soldier responsible for the discipline and efficiency of the army, and for maturing in peace-time all the needful preparations for war. Assuming that the office will be retained, the business of the War Department on its military side may be conveniently dealt with in two main branches, with a principal staff officer at the head of each: the Adjutant-General for discipline and routine business; the other officer for all the duties involved in the preparation of the army for war in every sense of the word, including charge of the present Intelligence Department and the direction of all military education. The officer so placed, with the staff under him, having little detailed business to deal with, would be free to apply themselves to the questions above indicated, while yet keeping in touch with the army. For this post the title 'Chief of the Staff' would be inappropriate, as it implies superiority over the Adjutant-General, whereas the two officers should be equal in authority and position, the point of junction of their duties being in the office of Commander-in-Chief. Perhaps the most suitable title for this second officer would be the time-honoured one of Quartermaster-General, the office being brought up in rank to a level with that of the Adjutant-General, instead of being, as at present, subordinate to it—a condition that has not unnaturally come about from the strong personality of the late Adjutant-General and the prominent and distinguished position he has so long occupied both in peace and war.

Next as regards the Supply branch. Of the different departments composing this, the most important of all is the Ordnance, now divided into two parts: that under the Director of Artillery, which is concerned with the introduction of all new patterns and the charge of all ordnance stores; and the ordnance factories under the

Director-General, the latter being at present under the Finance Department of the office. These two branches should certainly be brought together again under one responsible head, to whom high rank should be given to accentuate the great importance of the office; he would have a deputy for each of the two branches.

The other administrative departments are : Barracks and Defences, under the Inspector-General of Fortifications, and the departments of Commissariat, Clothing, Contracts and Accounts. These are now distributed, the first two under the Commander-in-Chief, the other two under the Financial Secretary, a parliamentary official. But there is nothing essentially of a financial nature about the manufacture of clothing, more than about the building of barracks or the making of guns. One department should not be placed under another. Finance should form a separate department of the Supply branch, but concerned with finance and account only; the head of every department should be directly under the head of the whole Supply branch.

This head of the Supply branch is the office which has now to be created in order to complete the administrative machinery; it should be filled by a military man of high rank, appointed for a fixed term of years, and responsible to the Secretary of State and Parliament for the whole business of Army Supply and Expenditure.

This would be in effect to revive the office of Surveyor-General, so unfortunately abolished in 1887, but in its original form as a permanent and not a parliamentary office, and with largely extended duties and responsibilities. The title 'Surveyor-General of the Ordnance' would, however, be inappropriate; the name is unsuitable in itself, and the official in question would be concerned with a great deal besides the ordnance. Sir James Stephen's Commission, in view of the great importance of the ordnance duties in particular, proposed to revive the office of Master-General of the Ordnance; this is a better title, although open to the same objection that it does not express all the functions of the holder, and the office should certainly not be independent of the Secretary of State for War, as was proposed by that Commission. Perhaps the best title would be 'Minister of War,' signifying that the duties of the office would be ministerial and not those of command.

The difference will now be understood between the proposal herein put forward and that made by Lord Randolph Churchill. Lord R. Churchill would place a soldier at the head of the War Office, the needful parliamentary and government control being furnished by a Secretary of State over both army and navy. Under the present proposal the Secretary of State for War is retained; the professional element comes in a step lower down, in the persons of the heads of the two branches of Command and Supply. It differs from the proposal

of Sir J. Stephen's Commission in that the Chief of Supply would not be independent of the Secretary of State.

These two high officers, the Commander-in-Chief and the head of the Supply branch, would form the Council of the Secretary of State, to which the heads of the departments respectively under them, the Adjutant-General and the Quartermaster-General on the one side, and the heads of the Ordnance, Fortifications, and other administrative departments on the other, would be called up freely for consultation whenever necessary, either collectively, or as their opinions might be required in dealing with any particular subject. At this Council would be discussed the larger questions which the two permanent Chiefs are unable to settle on their own authority, and also the cases where differences of opinion had arisen between them, when the decision would rest with the Secretary of State. The Under-Secretaries of State would be present at the meetings of the Council, the permanent Under-Secretary acting as recording officer of its proceedings. Each of the two permanent Chiefs should have the right to record his formal dissent from a decision of the Council, and the Secretary of State would be bound to lay such dissent before Parliament unless he considered the matter to be of a kind involving secrecy. Further, as was suggested in my first paper, in the case of all measures involving important changes of army organisation, the opinions thereon of the two permanent Chiefs should be similarly communicated to Parliament.

A possible objection may here be anticipated—namely, that an organisation under which the administration of the army is practically divided between two officers, independent of each other, would tend to produce friction within the department. It may be argued that the Commander-in-Chief, looking only to efficiency, would always be striving for additions and improvements to the establishment and equipment of the army, involving fresh expenditure; the Chief of Supply, being responsible for the moderation of his estimates, would always be resisting these proposals. But this objection appears rather theoretical than practical. Each of the two would no doubt have his say upon the business of the other. The Commander-in-Chief would, and should, have a potential voice in every matter relating to the army, whether of armament, equipment, or anything else affecting its efficiency and the defence of the country. And, similarly, the Chief of Supply must have his say on all proposals for army expenditure, whether in his own branch or on the combatant side, because responsible for the estimates and the expenditure incurred against them. But there is no reason to assume that a state of chronic antagonism will arise between them, because neither can take final action without consulting the other. If men of sense, they will act cordially in co-operation towards the same end, the efficiency and economy of the army; while in the cases when they

cannot agree, the Secretary of State is the arbiter between them ; with him will rest the final decision ; exercising this function, his position will for the first time be placed on a rational footing. The mischievous sham will be put an end to under which his name is now invoked in every petty transaction, and he is daily made to appear as the initiating or deciding authority in a multitude of cases which never should and never could come under his cognisance. He will be concerned with that class of business with which only a man in his position, having a limited quantity of leisure and without special training, is capable of dealing properly—namely, of forming judgments on the validity or otherwise of the recommendations made by the two responsible heads of the army, and acting as the medium of communication between them on the one hand and the Government and Parliament on the other, thus ensuring that they shall administer the army in accordance with the policy laid down by the latter. In this way the influence of a Secretary of State may be far more effectually and beneficially exerted than has ever been possible before.

Nor is it to be feared that the effect of taking Parliament into confidence, removing the veil of secrecy now unnecessarily drawn over the interior working of the army administration, and opening a channel of communication between Parliament and the permanent heads of the War Department, will tend to weaken the authority or responsibility of Government, or that there is any danger lest these permanent officials should attempt to override the Secretary of State or to abuse their power of appeal to Parliament. All experience shows that permanent officials, whether military or civil, do not err on the side of being over-assertive ; but the weapon placed in their hands will not be the less effective because, as we may feel certain, it will seldom be used.

It has already been suggested that the Accounts branch of the Department, now under the Financial Secretary, a parliamentary officer, should with all the other administrative departments be placed under the Chief of Supply. The man who is to be responsible for the estimates and the expenditure against them should equally be responsible for keeping the accounts of that expenditure. The Financial Secretary would necessarily become a permanent official, subordinate to the latter. This change would involve a loss to the Government of a party post, but the great importance of the duties of the Financial Secretary requires that he should be a trained expert. His office would be divided into two branches—the financial, for the preparation of the estimates and the general financial business of the War Department, and that of Account and Audit under the Accountant-General. It may be objected that to place the Account Department under the officer who controls the expenditure is opposed to the accepted practice—that if one man is to spend money some one

else should be set to keep the accounts of it. This maxim, however, is not acted upon in any private business; the accounts of railway companies, for example, are not kept by a department independent of the chairman and board of directors. There is certainly an independent audit, but this in respect of public accounts is furnished by the department of the Comptroller and Auditor-General, who is independent of the Government, and reports direct to the House of Commons. But departmental audit should be carried out as an integral part of the general business of control, the officers of the Accounts Department aiding their Chief in the maintenance of financial regularity. They are not, after all, accounting for money they spend themselves, but for the expenditure of the different departmental officers scattered all over the world. The needful check upon the proceedings of the Secretary of State and the Chief of Supply, to prevent their exceeding the powers vested in them by Parliament and incurring expenditure which is not provided in the estimates, is already supplied to a great extent by the Comptroller and Auditor-General, but a further check should be furnished by ruling that the Financial Secretary at the War Office shall be responsible to the Treasury as well as to his own Chief. The forms of account and the rules for conducting the accounts business of the War Department should be laid down by the Treasury, and the Accountant-General, and after him the Financial Secretary, should be bound to demand that reference be made to the Treasury in any case where he considers that the orders or action of the War Department go beyond the authority laid down by the Treasury; the War Department should be bound to make such reference on his requisition. These conditions would provide the required external control over the financial action of the War Office; nor need it be apprehended that they would be evaded. The tendency of public officers is not to exceed their powers, but rather to err on the side of over-caution and unwillingness to accept responsibility.

One word more may be added on this point. We are not here concerned so much with economy as with organisation; but the most fertile cause of extravagance in departmental establishments is due to the policy of distrust hitherto paramount, under which no one, even up to the Secretary of State, has power to sanction any expenditure which is not strictly covered by definite rule or previous authority. The audit within the War Department is needlessly minute and tedious, because the audit of the Comptroller-General which follows is conducted on the same lines, permitting no latitude, and making no allowance for exceptional circumstances. And the greater part of the correspondence which leads to the piling up of great clerical establishments does not arise about the large transactions but about the small ones. Thousands of pounds every year are spent in dealing with items, the total of which is less

in amount than the salaries of the clerks engaged upon them. Here, then, is room for economy. Rules should be laid down conferring distinct and definite powers upon the heads of each department, still larger powers on the Chief of Supply and the Commander-in-Chief, and still larger on the Secretary of State, to accord sanction to specific items of expenditure not provided in the estimates, but which are covered by the votes under which the items would respectively fall. And upon these rules being approved by Parliament, then sanction so accorded would be accepted by the Accounts Department in the first instance and afterwards by the Comptroller-General—a reform which would vastly simplify the business of the Accounts Department, and admit of a large reduction in clerical establishments, while not a penny of public money would be wasted in consequence.

One more point must be touched on. To put the administration of the army on a sound and satisfactory footing, an entire change of system is necessary: the functions of the superior officers must be established on a new basis, and their relations towards each other and towards Parliament placed on a new footing. To complete the reform, it is necessary to alter also the system of official procedure within the War Office. This, although comparatively a matter of detail, is still a very important one; good administration is intimately bound up with procedure, and the present defective system of the War Office in this respect is accountable in no small degree for past shortcomings. It has been already pointed out that the responsibility of the heads of departments for their respective duties is nullified from the faulty practice in force, under which, instead of issuing orders in their own names, these officers address those under them in the name of the Secretary of State (now in most cases in the name of the Commander-in-Chief); great officials like the Director of Artillery or the Director of Fortifications are thus relegated to the subordinate position of mere irresponsible mouthpieces of the former, and it is assumed that every departmental order about everything down to the pettiest detail emanates directly from the highest authority. Reform of this faulty practice is imperatively called for, and it can be carried out without any organic change within the War Department. The duties of the head of each department and his powers in respect of them should be clearly defined and formulated, and within those limits he should issue all orders in his own name and on his own responsibility. Similarly, all the officers under him should address him and not the Under-Secretary of State; it would rest with him to dispose himself of the business coming up, or to submit it to higher authority, according as the case referred comes within or lies beyond his powers to deal with. In this way the chain of responsibility throughout the department will be established on a clear and common-sense basis, and the superior officers will be formally set free to deal only with those larger questions for which they should be properly responsible.

But, further, the mode of conducting correspondence within the office needs also to be changed in another respect. This mode is one of minute-papers—that is, of written notes or opinions on cases initiated in a department and, passed round the office through the different other departments supposed to be concerned with the case, until it reaches a point where some authority or other considers that a decision may be arrived at. The case may or may not have got as far as the Secretary of State, or it may have come before him half a dozen times and been referred back to different departments for further opinions. But when it does come up to him for final orders a more bewildering document for an overworked politician to deal with than this one of a minute-paper it would be difficult to frame, covered as it is with one opinion succeeding another from every official who can claim to be interested in the matter under consideration. Often, indeed, it is difficult to evolve from the conflicting opinions and statements contained in this mass of notes what is the particular proposition to which the assent of the Minister is given when he closes the discussion by attaching his initials. This use of minute-papers was adopted in view to accelerate the disposal of business by dispensing with the use of formal letters; in reality it has greatly increased the amount of writing in the aggregate, still more the amount that has to be read; but even if the result had been to reduce writing, the reduction would have been dearly purchased at the cost of effacing all defined lines of responsibility throughout the department. The principle has, in fact, been altogether lost sight of in the War Office—that the duty of the Minister is not to make a show of carrying out himself the whole business of the army, thus degrading the heads of departments into mere clerical subordinates, although they retain their high-sounding titles, but, as the representative of the Government, to exercise a general supervision over the proceedings of the different administrative officials, and to hold them responsible for the proper conduct of the duties of their departments. As business is done now, instead of the Minister being able to hold these officials to their duties, and to fix responsibility on them for carelessness or blunders, he makes himself responsible for everything; and when, for example, it is sought to bring home the blame to the gentleman who forgot to supply the medicines for an expedition, or to the worthy who packed the ammunition at the bottom of the ship's hold under three months' rations of hay, it would probably be discovered that proposals to this effect had found their way into a minute-paper, which had eventually been subscribed to by the initials of the Secretary of State, who had thus made himself a partner in the blunder. Minute-papers are a suitable vehicle, as supplementary to oral discussions, for recording opinions, but both should be merely preliminary to a final and formal record, setting forth the measure proposed and the action to be taken

on it. And the business of the War Office will never be satisfactorily performed until such formal records are adopted. In this view the proceedings and orders of the Secretary of State and the proposed Council, as well as of the permanent heads of the two branches of the War Department who form the members of that Council, should be set forth in formal resolutions or letters, whether those orders are concerned with authorities within or without the department. Similarly, the final communication between the chief of the supply branch and the heads of the different departments composing it should be of an equally formal kind. Whether or not there has been the preliminary discussion, there should be in every case a letter setting forth the proposal and the reasons for it, and a formal letter of reply either in the way of sanction or refusal. And in all such correspondence—whether, for example, between the chief of supply and the head of a department, or between the latter and the executive officer under him, as, *e.g.*, in the case of the Director-General of Ordnance writing to the head of a factory—the letter should make it clear whether the order is issued in the writer's own name and on his own responsibility, or emanates from higher authority. So also in all matters connected with the *personnel* of the army. Correspondence between the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State should, if any action is to be taken thereon, be wound up by the exchange of formal letters which would make it clear whether the change to be carried out is made at the instance or with the approval of the Commander-in-Chief, or whether it emanates from the higher authority of the Minister. It is equally to be desired that the practice, which has only long custom in its favour, should be altered under which the head staff officers at the Horse Guards sink their identity in that of the Commander-in-Chief, and issue all orders, down to those on the most trifling matters, in his name. The Adjutant-General is senior in rank to every General Officer in active employ except the Commander-in-Chief in India and the Commander of the Forces in Ireland, and to them there should be no occasion for him to issue orders; to all other General Officers he should give orders in his own name and on his own authority upon all matters which he would have authority to deal with himself; he should speak in the name of the Commander-in-Chief only when he has occasion to refer the case to the latter. The Quartermaster-General would deal with the business of his department in the same way on his own responsibility.

The chain of authority thus clearly established, and responsibility properly apportioned among all concerned, then, when things go right or wrong, in every case of success or mistake, there will stand on record the fact by whose advice and by whose authority the thing has been done or left undone.

This reform in procedure involves, among other things, the breaking

up of the over-grown, over-centralised War Office as now organised into a number of small offices, each managed by its own head. The clerks concerned are justly proud of the system by which the 2,000 letters or so received daily in the War Office are duly registered and distributed to the different branches concerned, as part of one great establishment, all working directly under the Secretary of State. This system of registry may perhaps continue with advantage, but the letters received and issued should cease to be considered as the letters of the Secretary of State's Office; nine-tenths of them, probably ninety-nine hundredths of them, would be the final property of the different departments concerned, and would never go beyond them. The correspondence of the Secretary of State's own office would be limited to his formal communications with the departments under him and the other offices of Government. By all means maintain the establishment of the War Office in one body, as at present, for classifying the clerks' pay, promotion, and so forth; but for administrative purposes it should be reorganised in a number of small offices, each under its own head and dealing with its own business.'

Would that there was reason to feel as hopeful that a reform of our military administration would be undertaken, as we may feel sure that the necessity for it has been established! But past experience does not encourage the expectation that the business will be seriously taken in hand until action is forced upon the country by disaster. There has been no want of warning, but so far it falls unheard on the public ear. Sir James Stephen's Commission drew attention to the want of system which pervades our military expenditure, owing to the haphazard way in which the military estimates are prepared, the outcome of an indiscriminate scramble for grants by the different departments, and the equally indiscriminate cutting down by the Treasury; and they recommended that the military outlay of the country should be determined upon a definite course of policy, to be laid down, after full discussion, by the most competent advisers to be had, and after the approval of Parliament should be obtained to it, as a guide to all persons charged with military administration. It was just while this proposal was being framed to regulate our military expenditure on a rational footing that Lord Randolph Churchill, in one of his bad days, signalled his advent to the Treasury by demanding that a lump sum of half a million or so should be cut off the military estimates, and went out because he could not have his way. The same Commission made it the principal point brought out by their inquiry that, in view of the great importance of the Ordnance Department and the interests involved in it, the Surveyor-General should be replaced by an officer of higher rank and authority, a Master-General of the Ordnance. The ink with which the report was written is hardly dry when the appointment of

Surveyor-General is abolished and the departments he nominally controlled are left without any control at all. The confusion worse confounded resulting from this change is denounced in the plainest language by Lord Hartington's Commission ; yet nothing follows, for the reforms so far indicated by the War Minister as likely to follow upon that report are on such a lilliputian scale as will leave untouched all the main defects which the report brings to light. So it will always be till the country becomes alive to the importance of the matter and insists upon reform. Governments nowadays, to whichever side they belong, are opportunists ; they follow public opinion rather than try to form it. And so far the public and the press have shown no interest about these things ; the smallest party squabble stirs them more. An article or two in the papers, a desultory, ill-attended discussion in the House, and this attempt at military reform shares the fate of all previous attempts, and already is almost forgotten. And yet the matter is one of surpassing importance, and if its present lethargy continues the country may have some day a rude awakening. Her ocean girdle may save England from falling into the depths of abasement which befel Prussia after Jena and France after Sedan ; but if England be safe from the humiliation of herself lying prostrate under the conqueror's heel, yet the English Empire spread over the world is vulnerable at every point. But neither Prussia in 1806 nor France in 1870 was so culpably careless as we are now, nor invited disaster so plainly as we shall do, if, after the warnings given, we recklessly suffer our military administration to continue unreformed, and a system to be maintained which every inquiry made into it shows to be utterly insufficient for the purpose it is intended to fulfil.

GEORGE CHESNEY.

THE DRAMA OF THE MOMENT

Nor very long ago, after studying two critiques on the performance of *Ghosts* at the Royalty Theatre, I laid aside my journals and tried to picture to myself the effect that reading them in succession would produce on a man who had never before heard of the play they referred to. It was a puzzling task, and I arrived at the deliberate conclusion that he would be driven to believe either that no such play existed, or that one or both of the critics in question had written of it without having seen it. Anything, indeed, but the brain-shattering thesis that a play *could* exist to which two such opposed descriptions would both apply.

The vigour and skill with which such antagonistic views of a dramatic performance are set forth is one among many signs of the great and general interest taken in the stage at the present moment. For both of the articles which the man of whom I was thinking was to read were written with such address that either, taken alone, would undoubtedly have convinced him. One would have made him believe that the work in question was snowy white, the other that it was inky black; neither would hear, at any price, of so feeble-minded a compromise as that he should think it might possibly be grey, and hence arose for him the difficulty that I have imagined.

Nor is this by any means the only subject in matters theatrical anent which diverging opinions take on an aspect almost of ferocity. The various controversies of actor-manager against non-actor-manager, of manager *versus* author, or author against critic, of theatre against music-hall, all have a flavour of personal pugnacity about them, and resemble, according to the numbers who take part in them, either the *mellay* or the single duello. And, when instruction is vouchsafed to the stage from the outside, it generally manifests itself under a somewhat marauding aspect: entering the theatrical world as on a raid or foray; or, as in the case of Mr. George Moore's recently republished article on 'Mummer Worship,' by the casting of an explosive shell into the midst of a tranquil and unsuspecting camp.

It would be almost worth while to be comparatively dull if one could for a breathing-space divest the subject of the drama of this

militant aspect, in order to study the tendencies of the moment, so far as it is possible to eliminate from them irrelevancies and personal issues; to try and catch the artistic drift of a state of things that has something like doubled the number of our West-end theatres in the last five-and-twenty years, and so far invaded the press that one could scarcely find three consecutive numbers of any journal, during the season, without a theatrical notice in one of them.

An important matter in considering the tendencies of the drama in any age is the patience of that age for listening. This varies from time to time. Looking over the history of the theatre, one finds it has certainly decreased, and I think progressively.

The Athenians of the fifth century before Christ were model playgoers. The critical minority apart, they objected to nothing, except being reminded of national calamities. They liked plays that were deeply religious, and they liked plays that were facetiously blasphemous. They did not object to gloomy dramas like the 'Eumenides,' that frightened them literally into fits, nor to indecorous comedies like the 'Lysistrata,' that must certainly have put them to the blush. And their patience was inexhaustible; at the greater Dionysia were exhibited about as many plays as are being performed nightly in London, and the Athenian audience sat on stone benches in an open-air theatre from dawn until dark, and apparently sometimes later, and saw them all through in the course of about three days.

Our own patience for listening is a much slenderer matter than this, and there is one clearly marked reason for it that is worth a moment's consideration, since its influence on the playgoer of to-day, though indirect, is very important; and it distinctly separates us from all other ages in which the drama has been cultivated.

The substitution of hand-printing for manuscript hardly brought about so great a change in the reading world as have the modern developments of the *mécanique* of printing and paper-making, by which paper is produced daily by the ton and printed on by the mile. With the help of this enormous mass of printed matter that surrounds us at the present day we have developed an accomplishment. A man who has spent twenty minutes or half an hour over a morning paper, and in that time has read a considerable proportion of its contents, and so far gone over the whole as to satisfy himself that no paragraph that could interest him has escaped his notice, has performed a feat that could not have been paralleled in any previous century, since only the nineteenth produces daily the materials by means of which such a faculty can be evolved.

In past centuries it is likely enough that, setting the professed scholar aside, the average educated person read a new book with a certain sense of exertion in the task; and, if any one well acquainted with the work offered to read aloud to him, he resigned the volume with the same sense of relief experienced by an unskilful carver, when

a dexterous friend offers to take over the dissection of a complicated bird.

Now, however, to *listen*, not to *read*, is the exertion ; the habitual reciter or reader aloud of works of general interest, once the benefactor, is now the shunned and dreaded foe of his species. The Greek playgoer went to the theatre to listen; as the Oriental listens even to-day, to the professional story-teller, as his *only* way of getting at a story. So probably did a considerable proportion of the Elizabethan playgoers, one is bound to think, considering the discomforts they willingly endured whilst listening, and the slovenly way in which the play was set before them. And with a minority of the audience then, and with probably the bulk of audiences from the Restoration until our own time, to see a play was not the *only*, but the easiest, way of getting at a story.

But in this last quarter of a century *nous avons changé tout cela*. No one now goes to a theatre for sheer lack of literary matter to entertain his heart and brain with : because for the price of a single stall he may be made free for a year of all but the very newest books in Mr. Mudie's collection ; for the price of a single admission to the gallery he might purchase two works of standard fiction sufficiently well printed. Nor does any one now go to the theatre to inform himself as to the subject-matter of a particular play. The average playgoer reads all about that in two or three critiques before he makes up his mind to go to a play at all. The tendency then of this lately-developed facility of dealing with printed matter is to throw the weight of interest rather on the method of presentation than on the theme presented. method of presentation including the treatment of a subject by the dramatist, as well as by the actor, stage-manager, and their various assistants. And the main demand made of the theatre by the modern man, who has a great facility in reading, and a mass of matter—more than he wants almost, and easily accessible—to read is that a play should be nothing else than —Dramatic ? that is not quite the word, since the term 'dramatic' implies commendation. Stagey ? that is not the word either, since 'stagey' implies a reproach. Our language wants a word to express, without prejudice, that which is essentially appropriate to the stage. Let us, for the time being, say 'Thespian,' since Thespis, when he stepped on his waggon-stage (not, as heretofore, to describe what the hero did, but wearing the hero's dress and carrying his distinctive attributes to present in his own person the hero's self), did very distinctly stride across a definite barrier. The playgoer of the moment demands then a drama essentially Thespian, and all Thespian, with nothing in it that appeals to a now perished patience for mere listening.

Whilst these conditions have come about, the art generally has experienced a tendency towards realism, greater actuality of repre-

sensation, and all-round truth to the effects of nature. And this, in the art of the stage, has had the freer scope since the long-run system, that has also recently developed itself, has allowed the mounting of plays to be financed on a scale of great liberality. The acting of to-day shows very strongly the influence of the tendency of the age towards naturalism. The actors of the earlier half of the century were, as it were, chiaroscurists: they produced strong effects by boldness of light and shade and by depth of accentuation. They thrilled the senses with ringing rhetoric, rather than convinced the reason by recognisable likeness to nature. The method of to-day is a different one; like much of contemporary painting, it aims at a picture in which each tone is true to nature and all are in keeping one with another.

And, in the drama, increase of actuality in method of presentation necessitates an increase of actuality in the matter presented.

As in a picture, the Watteau shepherdess can only draw breath in the Watteau atmosphere; try to bring her out into the *plein air* landscape, and she vanishes with her ribbons and her lute, and lo! in her stead, the labour-wearied peasant woman, wearing the sabots of actual life.

Out of the controversy that has raged around the works of Henrik Ibsen it would be of interest if we could disentangle some hint or conception of how far our own drama, in which we are at the moment greatly interested, is likely to be influenced by the work of the Norwegian dramatist—bearing always in mind that a great writer, even a great dramatist, is not of necessity a power outside his natural environment. Mr. Demetrius Bikelas is translating the Shakespearean dramas for his fellow-countrymen, yet the modern Greek drama, when it comes to take a place in European literature, may be found to be entirely uninfluenced by the author of ΠΩΜΑΙΟΣ καὶ ΙΩΤΑΙΕΤΑ.

And the interest in Ibsen manifest to-day in England may be a tribute merely to his originality and daring outspokenness as a thinker.

The attitude of Ibsen towards the world about him is that of a knight-errant with no 'quest' in particular. At the gates of all long-established castles he winds his horn, like the Arthurian knights, demanding 'jousts.' Without destructive rancour he expects of existing institutions that they should come from their fastnesses into the open battle-field of to-day and fight for their existence. If they be, as is said of them, giants and enchanters, let them, he seems to say, show themselves gigantic of shape and mighty of spell in all men's sight.

His sword is a 'two-handed engine:' the forward blow and the keener edge are aimed at conventionality, but the back sweep strikes at *unconventionality*, that *that* too may prove its worth by conflict, and may learn to let its hand know how to keep its head. Not only

the upholders, but the modifiers and the destroyers, of existing institutions should, according to him, be called on to justify the faith that is in them.

Not only does his Excalibur smite soundly on much plate and mail, but it is thrust probingly into every clotted and mantled pool by the wayside. Without special nicety for his own nostril, he gives to the air the pestilent reek that has accumulated beneath the stagnant surface, that, if it be not absolutely inextinguishable, the fresh wind may have a chance to disperse it.

This two-edged quality, this impartiality of attack, whilst in England they have led more critics than one to speak of some of Ibsen's plays as a satire on Ibsenism and the Ibsenite, have, in his own country, where, of course, each blow he strikes goes more searchingly home, been a cause of his popularity. Those of his countrymen who, in the main, object to his attacks on recognised authority are, in a measure, conciliated by the impartiality of his aggressiveness.

Ibsen's mental attitude—for it is an attitude rather than a philosophy—is in the main a vigorous and a healthy one; but the same cause that makes him stimulating as a thinker militates against his success as a dramatist.

Be it conventional or unconventional, a drama, to be clearly comprehended during the short space of time occupied by its performance, must presuppose the admission of certain postulates on the part of both dramatist and audience. If that a circle may be described from any centre, at any distance from that centre, is matter of opinion, we can prove no mathematical proposition; and, without some appropriate conceded postulates, we can have no play. But Ibsen will admit nothing; and, from a lack of postulated basis, we find that many of the figures in his *répertoire*, though interesting as studies of natural character, are vague as figures on the stage. To an Englishman, this vagueness and uncertainty are enhanced by the striking difference between his habitual methods of thought and those of the people of whom, and for whom, Ibsen writes. The Scandinavian has had, one may almost say, no seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; with the sudden diffusion of international knowledge he has leapt from the Saga to the pessimism of the later half of the nineteenth century. And the contrast startles him, thrills him, causes him to reconstruct his beliefs and modify his whole course of action under a stress of mental struggle which it is difficult for us to follow: seeing that we ourselves accept such new lights with the gentlest placidity, having had a long series of progressive preparations for them.

Rosmer, for instance, finds, like Mr. Boffin, that there are more 'scarers in print' than he was in any way prepared for, and is shaken to his foundations in the attempt to assimilate them.

The one great dramatic merit of Ibsen's plays lies in the qualities

of their dialogue. To a just apprehension of what dramatic dialogue should be to-day Ibsen has joined a careful study and analysis of the manners and methods of human speech. On the surface this is easily visible: the 'h'ms' and 'ughs' that give a slightly grotesque appearance to his pages are put in with a vivid apprehension of the part that the inarticulate remarks that they conventionally represent bear in natural conversation. The interrupted remark, and the speech left grammatically incomplete because the speaker's meaning has been sufficiently indicated, these and other freaks of human speech are set down by Ibsen with a life-like actuality. His study, however, goes deeper than this. The dialogue in much modern drama is, an inch below the surface, intensely conventional; the words, may be, are colloquial, but the mood of mind, the sequence of idea, is rhetorical—parliamentary. But with Ibsen the anatomy of human discourse is more profoundly understood; Dr. Stöckmann, for instance, is a wonderful study of a fine mind embarrassed with a choleric temperament—at times almost recalling the masterly Hotspur of Shakespeare.

This quality in Ibsen's dialogue explains the fact that some critics, who object to his choice of subject and hold his treatment to be essentially undramatic, seem forced of their honesty to admit that his feminine rôles are excellent for acting—nay, that they have more than once proved opportunities for some of our younger actresses to show for the first time what gifts were in them.

Vitally good dialogue is too often confused with that which is clever, pithy, and epigrammatic. The latter kind is appropriate in a play like *The School for Scandal*, where the characters are people of quality who make it their profession to be witty. With Ibsen only the clever people say clever things, and so dramatically is the dialogue studied that in the strongest situations no rhetorical flourishes are required. The simple words, 'Mother, give me the sun,' announce to us that Oswald's brain has given way, and the dreaded madness has fallen upon him. The effect of them, with their context, is awful—no ravings, however ingeniously contrived, could so picture for us the light-loving artist's mind, sunk to beneath childish helplessness, as these five words do.

The admiration that Ibsen's work has aroused is due solely to his dialogue; his contribution to dramatic construction is almost *nil*. It is an unfavourable, but by no means an unfair, criticism to say of him (as Mr. G. R. Sims does) that, where he constructs at all, he does so on old and already recognised lines. His construction is not unconventional in the progressive sense, as his dialogue is—the old stage trick of two people engaging in a loud and passionate discussion, of which two other people only a couple of yards away do not hear a word, is most inartistically made use of in *Hedda Gabler*. Indeed, this play shows clearly enough that, though Ibsen frequently invents dramatically and writes dramatically, he does not construct dramati-

cally. The relapse of Ejler Lövborg under Hedda's temptation is a strongly conceived effect, miserably put upon the stage. Lövborg's drinking off the two glasses of punch, one after the other, suggests greediness merely. Hedda's fanciful notion of Ejler, 'with the vine-leaves in his hair,' would come prettily enough in a story where one might, like Mr. Rose in the 'New Republic,' 'talk about people as if they had nothing on;' but, said of a solemn person in a frock-coat, who has just left the stage, it produces anything but the effect intended.

Ibsen's profoundly considered dialogue is a thing not only good in itself, but of great value as an example to the English drama of to-day, the delicacy and convincing finish of diction cultivated nowadays on our stage being a ready instrument for the expression of such subtleties. Not only the tricks and manners of contemporary speech, but the different rates of thinking and qualities of temperament that underlie such expression, may, if embodied by the dramatist, be nowadays realised by the actor. And the audience is ready for them. Take, for instance, that fragment of a scene in *The Dancing Girl*, where the distress and despair of the duke arouse the apathetic Reginald Slingsby for a moment from the consideration of his own love-muddles to an expression of something like sympathy with his friend—the duke is led on to speak of himself, only to be interrupted by the Honourable Reggie's return to his own personal wanderings on his own personal difficulties. That touch of nature never failed to produce its effect on an audience fully alive to such subtleties.

In considering for a moment some of Ibsen's subject-matter, I propose to lay aside the question as to what should or should not be on moral grounds *tacenda* on the stage. There always has been divergence of opinion on that subject, and, as long as nature produces both the Bohemian and the Puritan, there will continue to be.

But the employment of the subject of physical pain or disease on the extremely vivid and actual stage of to-day involves a question within the bounds of art, as there are some subjects the mere mention of which may suspend for a minority, or even perhaps for a majority, of the audience that mood of critical enjoyment in which alone a play should be viewed. A man who had not pathos in him to beguile us of a sigh, or humour enough to raise the fraction of a smile, might, by describing, say, a ghastly accident, produce on us something of the effect of its having happened in our sight, or even to ourselves. The relation itself might be a lie, and absurd in every detail, but that would not hinder the effect, since in such matters instinctive feeling precedes criticism. And it is obviously not the mission of art to produce effects that can be equally obtained without any art at all. It may be urged that since, without protest from the audience, the creatures of the stage die by poison, the pistol, or the sword, are stabbed and thrown off precipices, why should any one murmur at the representation of lesser pangs than these? The explanation

probably is that we have got it well into our instincts that death on the stage is a pure convention. We can thrill over Mr. Irving's magnificent death-wrestle as Richard III. without any interrupting sense of a human being in physical agony—perhaps because the suggested experience is so remote that it strikes no answering physical note in us, there is no actual detail of blood in the stage battle, and the talent of the actor embodies rather the desperate courage of Richard than his physical sufferings. Moreover, the idea suggested is not wholly unpleasing—one would rather live, on the whole; but one might take a certain pleasure (as Mr. Wopsle did) in imagining oneself 'dying exceedingly game at Bosworth.'

Where the suggested idea is purely ghastly, actuality of representation makes a great difference in the sensations induced. When *Oedipus* came on the Athenian stage after having torn out his eyes with Jocasta's shoulder-buckles, the mutilation was represented by means of a change of mask; the second mask may or may not have been a ghastly affair—at any rate, it was a mere symbol. But, suppose that scene acted with the convincing finish that Mr. Beerbohm Tree puts into his work! It will not endure thinking of—he made one quite sufficiently uncomfortable over his severed fingers in *A Man's Shadow*—when it comes to eyes—no. I would rather forswear the theatre for a year than run the risk of encountering such an effect as that.

A stride in the direction of actuality of representation was taken when the auditorium came to be darkened during the progress of a play, and one's fellow-spectators were lost to sight, leaving one practically *alone* with the scene on the stage.

But perhaps the most prominent factor in the actuality of the stage of to-day, certainly its most characteristic development, is the naturalistic actress. Woman, that most significant post-script to the story of Creation, has never been so vividly put on the stage as at the present moment. No one needs to be reminded that the Athenian, as well as the Elizabethan drama, had no actress, that the art of the actress is a younger one than that of the actor, and has reached a realistic completion later. Trying from portrait, anecdote, and description to reconstruct, say, Mrs. Siddons, one becomes sensible of an art very far removed indeed from that of the present day—an art impressive rather than actual, an art whose physical appeal was chiefly to the ear, and which aimed at thrilling the senses by resonance of declamation rather than convincing the intelligence by subtlety of differentiation and recognisable approximation to nature; an art, for the rest, of trailing robes and large and sweeping gestures, an art with the tuba stop frequently pulled out, and the loud pedal usually down. It is but a poor affair, of course, to say much about acting that one has not oneself seen; but it appears that, in bygone times, the comedy queen aimed no more than her tragic sister at actuality.

Records tell us that the one was as winsome on the stage as the other was thrilling; but of subtle apprehension of character, of convincing realism of finish, we read little. But these latter qualities are arrived at by our actresses of to-day all along the line, and this actuality of feminine acting is a thing to be seriously borne in mind in considering the suitability of some subjects for the stage of the present moment.

The recent tempest of controversy over the works of Ibsen has tended to efface the memory of an interesting dramatic experiment that has at least as much to do with the English stage and the question of a literary drama as the works of the Scandinavian playwright.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has, since the production of *Treasure Island*, been taken equally to the hearts of the critical and the uncritical; and, as his work is confessedly the result of a deliberate art, the production of a play in which he had collaborated with Mr. Henley was looked forward to with great interest.

Beau Austin appeared, gained a very fair measure of popular success, raised a great deal of discussion as to the literary play question, and was declared by each party in that controversy to be a convincing proof of the correctness of its thesis.

Since that discussion the production of *The Dancing Girl* has given us the chance of instituting a rather interesting comparison between a 'literary play' and a play by a practised dramatic author. For the main thesis of each drama is the conversion to domesticity and virtue of a libertine. Beau Austin and the Duke of Guisebury, though they are not 'horrid' when unconverted (indeed, to the unregenerated they appear more sympathetic in their earlier manifestations), are undoubtedly 'very very good' in their respective last acts; and submit to be smitten in the face with coral necklaces and quotations from Herbert Spencer with a docility that is beyond praise.

The two characters are specially comparable as they had equal advantages in the way of acting, both parts being created by Mr. Tree, who, after reforming as the Beau, did but briefly refresh himself with an interval of irredeemable villany as Paolo Macari before once more amending a mis-spent life as the Duke of Guisebury, with the result that criticism, whilst generally accepting the conversion of the Duke, fell foul of the conversion of the Beau as unnatural. Yet there is nothing inherently incredible in the story of the earlier play, which is this. A much-admired libertine, who is becoming elderly, offers marriage to a girl whom he has seduced and deserted some months before. She, indignant at his previous treatment of her, refuses him; finally, impressed by an instance of his magnanimity, she accepts him.

Wherein lies the essential improbability of all this? Rakes do

become domesticated; and when is a man so likely to turn over that new leaf in life as when advancing age has assured him that his successes cannot last for ever? Don Giovanni himself, if he had lived in London, where the temptation to invite public statues to supper could not possibly have assailed him, might have lived to find a younger generation supplanting him in his wooings, and might have settled down into domesticity with one of the 'thousand and three.' The solution is that Messrs. Henley and Stevenson introduced into their play an element of improbability that did not exist in its materials by adhering over-closely to the unity of time.

The conversion, probable enough in itself, becomes improbable only when it is made to take place in a single day. If we could have taken it that the time it seemed to occupy on the stage really represented a longer period, all would have been well; spectators are, if encouraged or even permitted to be so, vastly uncritical about such minutiae. No one witnessing *The Merchant of Venice* is troubled because, though the action seems to fill a few closely successive days, more than a quarter of a year elapses between the beginning and the end of the play.

But this elusion of the difficulty of time was precluded in *Beau Austin* by the authors having closely linked their acts together. Towards the end of each of the three earlier acts some one started on an expedition in more or less of haste, to reappear in the succeeding scene, thus leaving the spectator, however ready to do so, no chance of idealising the time or of avoiding the conclusion that each division of the play followed its predecessor as closely as possible. It was this insistence on the unity of time that gave a certain air of unreality to a play full of charm and of literary merit of a high order.

In the conversion of his libertine to domesticity the author of *The Dancing Girl* set before him a harder problem than had been proposed to themselves by Messrs. Henley and Stevenson. For the Duke of Guisebury had not merely to be converted to leading a blameless life, but he had to be reconciled also to leading a life at all. His suicidal tendencies are also very distinctly portrayed as being physical as well as mental. Not only is he weary of the world, but he is also in the exceedingly perilous condition of a man who uses habitually a narcotic of such potency that an over-dose of it would produce fatal results.

In his method of reconciling this harassed hero to life and godliness, Mr. Jones was ingenious to the verge of audacity. Not merely did he avoid creating an improbability by hurrying the time, but he threw the whole burden of the Duke's conversion on the lapse of time itself. We lose sight of the Duke of Guisebury, a suicide in all but the act, with the poison arrested as he is raising it to his lips. We see him again, two years later, a man long since reconciled to existence, and we are given no hint of the process. The author,

in effect, says to us, 'What is the use of asking *how* he could be so converted when there you have him, working away as happy as the day is long, and just going to be married?' The ingenious device was almost a complete success; the situation at the end of the third act (though not, as will be seen below, a new one to the stage), as depicted at the Haymarket Theatre, and presented by Miss Norreys and Mr. Tree, was effective and beautiful even to magnificence, but not quite convincing to the intelligence. A still small voice insisted within one, in spite of the moonlight and the two intense figures, that, to take away the poison from a would-be suicide, and to cure him of the desire to end his life, were two things as distinct as the taking away of a single bottle of brandy from a drunkard would be from the curing him of the desire to drink. One might be the sign of the other, the beginning of the process, but the process itself it distinctly and emphatically was not.

With Mr. Jones's handling of this subject of the would-be suicide it may be interesting to compare its treatment by a contemporary French dramatist. For the thesis of a libertine who, weary of life, resolves, after a farewell revel, to put an end to his existence by poison, and who, as by night he raises the deadly drug to his lips, is hindered by a beautiful girl whom he afterwards marries, is the subject of M. Emile Augier's *La Ciguë*, as well as of Mr. Jones's *Dancing Girl*.

Augier's play is not so richly decorated with incident as Mr. Jones's, and, if we except the unimportant part of a servant, there are only four characters in the piece—Clinias, a wealthy young Athenian; Hippolyta, a girl of good family from one of the Greek islands, who had been captured by pirates and sold as a slave in Athens; and two friends of Clinias, Cleon and Paris. Of these, Cleon and Paris are not only merely conventional characters—stage parasites, of a type familiar to comedy from the days of Epicharmus—but they are not differentiated from one another. Clinias himself is slightly conventional, but of a more interesting type. The girl has a quite distinct personality: the dramatist wanted it for the purpose of his play, which was to make its crisis convincingly probable. To make the stage effect of the poison being taken from the hero's hand coincide with a mental revolution in him by which the imminent self-slaughter of the one moment becomes a thing incredible the next—this is the task that M. Augier has set himself, and towards the resolving of this problem every effect in his play tends.

There is, to begin with, no vital reason why Clinias should wish to commit suicide: his desire of death is based upon a youthful misapprehension. Succeeding early in life to great wealth, he has been content to buy, instead of to earn, desirable things. His friendships have been with parasites, who are content to be the butts of his humour, that they may share his profuse banquets, and who owe

him and feel for him no gratitude. His loves have been of an equally venal nature, and he is profoundly disgusted with both. He is in that frame of mind for which the simple British prescription would be that a good kicking would do him all the good in the world. That homely remedy having never come to his aid, he thinks the world and its joys are at an end for him, and announces to his friends over the banquet that he is going to drink hemlock that night. They remonstrate and try to dissuade; but are obviously more interested in the disposal of his fortune than solicitous that he should continue to live. Then Hippolyta is brought in, the steward of Clinias having purchased her for his master. He, hearing her story, promises to restore her freedom. Hippolyta, one perceives, is a girl possessed of considerable feeling, although her demeanour is tranquil. She goes, Clinias amuses his cynical vein by offering to leave his fortune to the one of his friends who succeeds in winning the girl's hand—he does not suspect her of a heart—and then turns them loose on her to woo her. A grotesque scene ensues; finally, the girl and Clinias are left alone, and he asks her for her decision. She will have neither of the friends, and Clinias points out to her that, in that case, she will not have the fortune either. That she is quite uninfluenced by this consideration strikes him as a surprising novelty: her beauty and her disinterestedness inspire him with the hope that he might, by her help, yet find life worth living, and he begins to woo her himself. When she understands him the girl turns on him in angry scorn. Did he pretend to give her her freedom only for this? Relapsing into despair, Clinias asks her to pardon him, and then he again feeds his scornful humour by forcing his mercenary friends through a fresh and humiliating ordeal, in the course of which Hippolyta learns that her purchaser intends to destroy himself immediately. The girl is moved by this, and in a later scene we see her watching and listening as Clinias gloomily soliloquises on the impossibility of any one of a purer nature caring for such as he. A servant brings in the hemlock, and Clinias raises it to his lips; with the cry of, 'I love you,' the girl springs on him and dashes the cup to the ground.

I have examined *La Ciguë* at this length as it is a good example of a logically-constructed French play, in which the decoration of the stage by character and incident is subordinated to the clear setting-forth of a simple thesis, and wherein a convincing crisis is preferred to a *coup-de-théâtre*, a virtue not so much seen in the contemporary English drama.

Construction—though some who view the drama chiefly from a literary standpoint seem to think otherwise—is, in reality, the language of the playwright—was so even in the time of Sophocles, is so more than ever at the present day, when lyrical qualities have

fled from the stage. The outcry against conventional construction is one which, judged by the remedies usually proposed, is founded on a misapprehension. The play that appears to the literary critic conventionally constructed, or, as he usually calls it, with implied sarcasm, the 'well-made play,' is a play that is constructed not with too much art, but with too little; with art, but not with art to conceal the art. The preferable alternative to a 'well-made play' is not a less well-made play, but an exquisitely-made play. Take, for instance, one piece of construction—the 'strong curtain,' as it is technically called, that is, the ending of an act with a distinct climax—it may be done crudely, of course; the whole *dramatis personæ* may pour on to the stage, the villain may consign the hero to handcuffs, the heroine may faint in the arms of the elderly rustic, and the comic man may have an eye on the villain, with a view to denouncing *him* to handcuffs in a situation of even greater strength at the end of the last act. But 'the abuse of a thing doth not abrogate the use thereof,' nor do commonplace and conventional endings, such as I have indicated, in any way do away with the fact that the end of an act should coincide with the statement of a certain point reached in the progress of a drama.

An act is not, as the chapter of a modern novel is, a division of convenience; it is, like the round in a fight, a division of necessity. Playwright and listener are agreed to see the business through; but they agree also on certain breathing-spaces, where the one has, for the moment, no more to tell, and the other, for the moment and until he has considered awhile, no more patience to listen. And that the final effect of an act should in some measure summarise and resume what has gone before is not merely a constructional necessity—it has a close relation to one's own recollections of real life. You were present last week at a discussion between Mrs. A. and her husband about a bonnet—do you remember the details of that domestic scene? Heaven forbid! But you remember whether the curtain fell on bonnet and triumph or no bonnet and tears. Last night, at the club, B. and C. were arguing about Ibsen; could you recapitulate the heads of that controversy? No, indeed. But you can remember whether B. left the room angrily, saying that, if a man had not read all Ibsen's plays and had seen none of them acted, it was a waste of time to talk to him; or whether he finally admitted that he was not *quite* prepared to maintain the thesis that Ibsen was greater than Shakespeare, and the curtain fell on the waiter's refilling their glasses.

This is, of course, no plea for transplanting the conventional 'end with a picture' process from its native melodrama into any subtler kind of play. There may be no special picture in an act, or, if there is, it may not coincide with the logical conclusion of the act.

In the *School for Scandal*, act iv. scene 3, the throwing-down of a green produces a stage picture on which a playwright might be tempted to ring down the curtain. Sheridan knew better than this, and conducted his act to its real close in—

Joseph. You are too rash, Sir Peter; you shall hear me. The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to——

Sir Peter. Oh! damn your sentiments!

[*Exeunt talking.*]

The subject of that act is the opening of Sir Peter's eyes to the real character of Joseph. Sir Peter has, above all things, praised Joseph as a man of sentiment; that he has completely and irrevocably changed his mind on this subject could not be more vividly or more concisely conveyed than by this ending.

The reasonable desire that a play should be literary should not blind us to essential differences between the drama and any form of literature meant exclusively to be read. With a book in our hands, we can at any moment refresh our memories as to what has gone before the passage we are at present perusing: we cannot do the like with a play in the process of acting. In that any fragment of necessary explanation not at the time made of sufficient interest to secure a lodging in the memory is gone for ever. We remember not the precise words of any past scene, but its effect upon us; and, if this is not clearly produced, our memory of the scene will be vague or erroneous. And as most plays that do not succeed fail from want of construction, so it will nearly always be found in the notices of such that they are, in a greater or less degree unintelligible. In general literature parenthetical incident and side-issue may often be freely and advantageously introduced. On the stage they have to be employed with the greatest reserve, lest they lead away the attention of the audience from essentials.

In play-writing the literary deck must be cleared for *action*.

The admitted difficulty of judging by the perusal of a play how it will act makes the selection of work to put upon the stage a very hard task. And this task usually devolves on the already heavily burdened shoulders of the actor-manager. Plays accumulate about the footsteps of any one who has a chance, however remote, of getting one put upon the stage; around the actor-manager they heap themselves in Alpine quantities, and the spectacle of him dealing, in the wearied intervals 'twixt acting and managing, with these Cyclopiian piles is a truly pathetic one.¹ For there is a growing critical demand for freshness of dramatic material; and one of these myriad oyster-shells may contain the pearl of a success. The task of selection is one that could hardly be relegated—a subordinate might be employed to sift off the mere rubbish, but still a mass

¹ The manager of a West End theatre told me recently that he had received forty-seven plays in a single day.

would remain for the actor-manager's personal consideration. 'Alas! how easily things go wrong!' once sang George Macdonald, and one fancies that he may have tuned that mournful note whilst preparing the *Pilgrim's Progress* for dramatic representation. And plays may 'go wrong' in such a variety of ways, even when they have some literary and dramatic qualities.

The subjoined list may be taken to fairly represent the different varieties of play that are submitted to a manager's judgment.

1. A good play.
2. A play that is very nearly good, but contains 'things that will never please,' not essential to the plot, and which might be removed if the author would consent to the alteration.
3. A play that is nearly good, but contains 'things that will never please,' essential to the plot. Said things being :—
 - (a) Social relations that the public will not hear discussed.
 - (b) Allusions to religion that offend public taste when made on the stage.
 - (c) Political allusions that might produce a disturbance in the theatre.
 - (d) Matters in themselves inoffensive but not of sufficient general interest to bear being treated at length.
4. A play that is well constructed, but contains no characterisation or incident of any kind of freshness.
5. A play that is impossible as it stands, but contains subject-matter that might be utilised if the author would consent to root and branch alterations.
6. A play in which good work has been spent on an impossible theme. There being *no* really dramatic climax to the story, it has to be wound up either :—
 - (a) In so feeble a fashion that the only loophole by which the dramatist can escape is anticipated by the audience from the first.
 - (b) By a complete and wholly unnatural change of front on the part of an important personage.
 - (c) By the intervention of a *deus ex machinâ*—a device allowed by the Greeks but disapproved of from the time of Horace onwards.
7. A well-written blank-verse play, with spasmodic dramatic effects not led up to.
8. A skilfully-written play, containing no dramatic movement.
9. A play having some or other of the foregoing characteristics differently combined.
10. A bad play.

The modern expensively elaborated system of putting plays on the stage adds something to the difficulties of selection indicated above. Not only does it render experiment costly and hazardous, but, being itself of a rapid and recent growth, it is hard to discover

where it will settle and make a definite stand. It is, after all, a question of the picture and its frame; but, in many recent productions, even where the frame has unduly encroached on the bounds of the picture, it has been in itself artistically fine, like a dress made of such beautiful materials that it is worth looking at even if there is not a pretty woman inside it. And, though it may be taken as demonstrated that no amount of expensive *spectacle* will float a performance of no merit, there is no doubt that a strong dramatic effect that coincides with an original or otherwise attractive *mise-en-scène* gives a play a great chance of achieving popular success.

Two minor forms of dramatic entertainment, farcical comedy and burlesque, may be glanced at for a moment. Farcical comedy is the arabesque of dramatic art—a mingling of the real and the fantastic. Its special modern piquancy is attained by a certain naturalism of finish combined with pure extravagance of conception. It should make one feel, as do the griffins and other fauna of good arabesque, that, if such things could exist, they would be just like that. And, as with arabesque, its supreme and justifying quality is lightness of touch. To the more serious critic it may be apologised for as furnishing an asylum wherein may be impounded all 'comic reliefs' in general and the 'comic lovers' in particular when that deeply erring couple have been finally hounded out of the serious drama.

Burlesque presents a point of interest as having already a dramatic history of its own, divided, like that of the Greek comedy, into an old, a middle, and a new period.

A burlesque of the old or Planché, period was an extremely ingenious production. It usually parodied a serious drama or historical incident, but was also a complete and consistent, as well as amusing, play in itself, and did not rely for intelligibility on what it burlesqued. Of the next development we may take as a type *The Very Last Days of Pompeii*, played as an after-piece to the *School for Scandal* at the Vaudeville Theatre towards the end of the run of *The Last Days of Pompeii* at the Queen's about twenty years ago. This type of burlesque was simply a running commentary on the play it parodied; amusing enough (or it seemed so *then*), but mere nonsense unless the original had been seen. Popular songs of the day made their appearance in this development; but—and this is characteristic of the phrase—they were carefully adapted to the subject-matter of the burlesque. In *The Last Days of Pompeii* Glaucus and Arbaces discuss the respective civilisations of Greece and Egypt, and Arbaces concludes the argument by deriving Greek civilisation itself from Egypt.

This, in the burlesque, was ingeniously parodied to the then popular air of 'Awfully Clever,' and Arbaces finished up with—

'Twas Egypt invented the Greeks!
I think *that* was awfully clever, &c.

In the New Burlesque the shadowy semblance of a connected story is maintained merely as a *raison d'être* for pretty dresses and mounting: the attractive parts of the performance being, as a rule, foreign to the so-called subject of the piece. But the outermost fringe of the dramatic mantle can hardly be stretched to cover the latest development of Burlesque.

H. A. KENNEDY.

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE

THE death of Théodore de Banville in March 1891 severed the last link between the Romantic Revolution of 1830 and the different groups into which French poets are to-day divided.

Banville made his mark in literature in the days when 'beasts spoke and Queen Bertha span.' In the spring of 1842 a lad of eighteen, blushing like a girl, with fair hair falling over his shoulders, rang at the house of Alfred de Vigny in the Rue des Ecuries-d'Artois in Paris, thrust a book into the hands of the servant, and vanished down the street as fast as his legs could carry him. Overwhelmed with shame at his own audacity, now running, now walking, only stopping to light the cigarettes which he smoked with feverish vehemence, he made for the open country, as though pursued by avenging deities with naked swords and flaming brands. As night fell, he returned, slipped like a thief through the streets, and, entering his father's house, found there a card which Alfred de Vigny had hastened to leave upon him, and had covered with pencilled congratulations. The book was *Les Cariatides*, a volume of poems which made its boyish author famous. The moment when the lad found the card of the Racine of the Romantic Movement, and the author of *Moïse* and *Eloa*, was Théodore de Banville's first and sweetest draught of the nectar of literary success. It was as though François Villon, clothed in rags, gaunt with hunger, yellow with disease, standing with the rope of the public executioner round his neck, had been rescued from the hangman, transformed into a Dunois or a Charolais, and set on a prancing steed among the brilliant chivalry of France.

Claude Théodore de Banville, the father of the poet, was a retired naval officer. The mother was Elisabeth Zélie Huet. Both belonged to families well known in the Bourbonnais. Their only son, Théodore de Banville, was born at Moulins in March 1823. That ancient town rises out of a mass of gardens and ornamental plantations on the banks of the Allier. Few of the tall, gable-ended, red-brick houses, whose topmost stories, projecting one beyond the other like inverted staircases, almost met above the narrow, tortuous streets, have been spared by modern improvements. But its broad walks,

its Cours d'Aquin, de Bercy, Donjat, Bérulle, and Lavienville, or its Boulevard de Pont, are still embalmed with the scent, and carpeted with the blossoms, of the lime-trees. In this provincial town Banville passed a singularly happy childhood, petted by his grandmother and his nurse Nannette. Here he laid up a store of sunshine which lasted throughout his long literary life. His verse always wears a festal dress, and he persistently chants, not the melancholy and despair of the century, but the brightest hours and most cheerful aspects of existence. It is characteristic that one of his most perfect poems is suggested by a fragment of a nursery ballad—the same, it may be added, which fascinated George Sand in her childhood :—

Nous n'irons plus au bois, les lauriers sont coupés.
 Les Amours des bassins, les Naïades en groupe
 Voient reluire au soleil en cristaux découpés
 Les flots silencieux qui coulaient de leur coupe.
 Les lauriers sont coupés, et le cerf aux abois
 Tressaille au son du cor; nous n'irons plus au bois,
 Où des enfants charmants riait la folle troupe
 Sous les regards des lys aux pleurs du ciel trempés,
 Voici l'herbe qu'on fauche et les lauriers qu'on coupe.
 Nous n'irons plus au bois, les lauriers sont coupés.

To the day of Banville's death he unconsciously shut his ears to the sound of misery, and heard again the sonorous strokes of Jacquemart and his wife as they regulated from the Tour d'Horloge the careless lives of the citizens of Moulins. With no conscious effort of the will he closed his eyes to contemporary reality, and saw again Font-Georges, with its white vine-clad house and its moss-covered spring, where the songs and bats of the washerwomen made cheerful music, and where he played with his sister Zélie and his dog Calliste. In other respects Moulins and the Bourbonnais left their mark upon his work and his temperament. The natural wealth of the country, with its fat meadows, cattle, vineyards, and fruit-gardens, has contributed something of its own luxurious abundance to the richness of his sensuous equipment. The temperament of the inhabitants, loving fairs and holidays, light-hearted, and apparently indifferent, if not apathetic, resembles in much the temperament of Banville. The pride of Moulins is the famous tomb of the Constable de Montmorency, which, by its mixture of Christian aspirations with pagan mythology, and by the perfection of its sculptured figures, is an epitome in stone of the exquisite finish and Renaissance incongruities of Banville's verse.

'Un poète, dont la vie a été cachée et modeste, n'a pas d'autre biographie que ses œuvres.' Banville's life was so uneventful that the biographer finds few materials except in his friendships or in his writings. What there is to tell is soon told. From Moulins to a dreary *pension* in the Rue Richer at Paris was the change which

Banville made when scarcely more than a child. Thenceforward Paris was his home. To both his parents he was devotedly attached. He dedicates his *Stalactites* to his father, from whom he inherited his gaiety and buoyancy of spirit. Between him and his mother, who long survived her husband, and lived till 1876, there existed that deep affection which is one of the brightest characteristics of French domestic life. To her he dedicates the *Cariatides*, and to her he never failed, from 1843 to 1876, to address the two annual poems, on her birthday and on her saint's day, which are collected in the *Roses de Noël*.

For almost half a century Banville was indefatigably devoted to literature. Except for two brief periods, he held aloof from politics. In the latter years of the Empire he joined the liberal group of writers, who attacked the vices of the Government. Napoleon the Third had few more dangerous enemies than Banville, who shot his flight of epigrams against Rouher, Coëra Pearl, and Haussmann. To the comedy succeeded the tragedy. During the siege of Paris Banville was shut up within the walls of the city. The horrors of the war stirred him to write the *Idylles Prussiennes*, in which he denounced, with passionate and almost hysterical hatred, the conquerors of France. Except on these two occasions, political feeling has passed him by on the other side. If he could not live on the prairies of Mayne Reid, mounted on a fiery mustang and armed with a rifle—so he was fond of saying—he cared nothing for the government under which he lived. He was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1858; but, like Balzac, he knocked in vain at the doors of the Academy.

Banville lived for, and by, literature, and among literary men. He has dined in the Conciergerie with Victor Hugo and his family; he has hunted for rare editions with Charles Asselineau; he was taught to tie a cravat by Nestor Roqueplan. He only saw Balzac once, but he counted himself as one of those who knew the novelist most intimately. 'Monsieur' Scribe, the prince of librettists, buttonholed him, and robbed him of his button. Jules Janin always reserved for him a place in his box on first nights at the theatre. He was rescued from what threatened to prove chronic indigestion by the culinary genius of the Duc d'Abrantès, the son of Junot, and the pupil of the great Carême. He lived for years in close friendship with Théophile Gautier, *le poète impeccable*. He was the intimate associate and literary executor of Charles Baudelaire, who made him free of his rooms in the Hôtel Pimodan, and of his banquets on fried potatoes on the Quai d'Anjou. He sate by the side of Courbet among the painters and engravers at the Brasserie Andler-Keller. He listened to Pierre Dupont's rustic verse at the midnight restaurant of Joissans. He was a frequent guest in the Boulevard Montparnasse, at the *cabaret* of la mère Cadet, whom Balzac has immortalised.

He was one of the associates of Murger in the strange *vie de Bohème*, which was the daughter of the Revolution and Romanticism—a denizen of the *monde picaresque*, whose maxims of life make those of Rochefoucauld seem the innocence of a child—an associate of the long-haired, if not large-brained, youths who cultivated that inability to live like ordinary mortals which is sometimes mistaken for genius.

Banville himself, though he lived with Murger in the seven castles of Bohemia, where paradoxes are commonplaces and illusions are actualities, was a visitor rather than a native of the country. The life was to him an experience indispensable to a *gamin de Paris*. He was never one of the select band of *buveurs d'eau*, who shunned the outside world, lived in community of goods, and worshipped art for art's sake. As a prose-writer, though not as a poet, he catered indefatigably for the public taste. A list of his published prose works would almost fill a page, and many of his contributions to contemporary journalism have never been collected from the files of the *Pouvoir*, the *National*, the *Boulevard*, or *Gil Blas*. But it is by his poetry that his name will live. His prose writings need not detain us long, even though they contain his most brilliant comedy.

Banville's kindly nature delighted in holding out a helping hand to his brethren. Consequently the greater part of his literary and dramatic criticism is too extravagantly eulogistic to be valuable. His *Petit Traité de Poésie Française* is, however, an epoch-making work, which is regarded by French poets of to-day with the same respect that versifiers of 1830 paid to Victor Hugo's Preface to *Cromwell*. With this remarkable exception, Banville's critical writings are marred by exaggerations which do more credit to his heart than his head. The same characteristics appear in the *Souvenirs* and the long series of sketches of Paris life. Just as the peasant of the Bourbonnais abhors figures, eschews definite statements, avoids decisive answers, so Banville has no sympathies with facts, and writes of his friends, or of Paris, with the vagueness and enthusiasm of a lyric poet. The world which he describes is the world of the stage, and the men and women are all acting parts assumed for the occasion. Of his *contes*—*héroïques*, or *bourgeois*, or *pour les Femmes*—nothing need be said. Their relaxed morality is but thinly veiled in the transparent gauze of a perfect style. His *Contes féeriques* are the complement of his *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*. It was natural to Banville to see Titania and her court dancing in the gas-light of Paris streets; but though his touch is lightness itself, the attempt to unite Balzac with Perrault is a degradation of charming superstitions. *La Lanterne Magique* deserves notice as an illustration of the accuracy with which Banville gauged the temper of his day. It is a collection of stories to be read in the two minutes which people of fashion could spare for reading—stories which Madame could read whilst

her maid was putting on her stockings, or which Monsieur would devour when, hat on head and cane in hand, he waits till Madame has buttoned the last button of her gloves.

As a dramatist Banville achieved a large share of success. Two at least of his comedies were received with enthusiasm and rank among the masterpieces of the French comic stage. *Les Fourberies de Nérine* was acted at the Vaudeville in June 1844; *Le Feuilletton d'Aristophane* at the Odéon in December 1852; *Le Cousin du Roi* at the same theatre in August 1857; *Le Beau Léandre* at the Vaudeville in September 1857; *Diane au Bois* at the Odéon in October 1863. His two most successful plays were both acted at the Comédie Française. In *Gringoire*, a prose comedy, in which Gringoire is condemned after pain of death to win the heart of a young girl, Coquelin played the part of Gringoire, and La Fontaine that of Louis the Eleventh. It is undoubtedly his masterpiece. But it was scarcely more successful than the verse comedy of *Socrate et sa Femme*, in which Coquelin appeared as Socrates, and Jeanne Samary as Xantippe. Except *Gringoire*, and parts of *La Feuilletton d'Aristophane*, all the comedies mentioned here—and they by no means exhaust the list—are in verse.

As a prose-writer Banville's style is warm, brilliant, and brightly coloured. It is the style of a poet. 'Même quand l'oiseau marche, on sent qu'il a des ailes.' Voluminous author though he was, it is only by *Gringoire* and the *Petit Traité de la Poésie Française* that his name will live in prose literature. As criticism, as social history, or as biographical material, his work, in spite of its literary excellence, is of little value. But as a poet he has filled seven considerable volumes with verse which in form is almost perfect; and he occupies so peculiar a position in the poetic development of the century, that, in spite of his artificiality and comparative unpopularity, his name will be inseparably associated with those of Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier as one of three poets who have most powerfully influenced the French poetry of the past half-century.

Twelve years before Banville's first appearance as a poet, the Romantic Revolution had reached its height. In 1830 the youth of France responded to the blast of Hernani's horn, and, following the red waistcoat of Théophile Gautier, rallied to the standard of Victor Hugo. The irruption of the barbarians put to flight the pale swarms of Roman divinities. It destroyed the impossible palaces, and banished the apocryphal Turks of Eastern romance. It restored freedom to art by the overthrow of the classic school of second-hand imitators who had fettered language, travestied antiquity, and imposed upon poetry and tragedy the cold conventionalities of Versailles. The Romantic Movement embraced every side of national life. Victor Hugo was its poet, Delacroix its painter; Dumas, Balzac, and George Sand were its novelists; Barye was its sculptor,

Hector Berlioz its musician, *bibliophile* Jacob its bibliomaniac, Thierry its historian, Marie Dorval and Mademoiselle Georges its actresses, Frédéric Lemaitre its actor. But, as applied to poetry, the Romantic Movement is often misunderstood. In its widest sense, it meant the enfranchisement of art from the lifeless formalities of the pseudo-classical school. This emancipation took several forms, to each of which the word 'romantic' is equally applicable. On one side it means a Gothic innovation, on the other a classical revival. With Victor Hugo poetry recovered from the unknown regions of mediæval life her directness, simplicity, freshness, and picturesque richness; or with Fauriel she returned to nature; put off her court dress, and donned the common homespun of rural life. With André Chénier, Chateaubriand, Alfred de Vigny, and Laprade she drank again at the original sources of her inspiration—the pure fountains of Greek beauty; or with Théophile Gautier she studied the clear vision, correct representation, and exact reproduction of the Greek sculptor.

In 1842, when Banville published his first volume of poetry, the force of the movement was somewhat spent. Liberty had to some degree degenerated into licence. Smaller men imitated and exaggerated the freedom and directness of Victor Hugo. Another characteristic of the day, which Lamartine, Ary Scheffer, and Alfred de Musset had brought into fashion, was the gush of elegiac sentimentality that turned the proverbial gaiety of France into mourning. All the world wept, without genuine feeling, without respect for art, and without regard to rhythm. Phœbus Apollo had lost his wings, and walked slipshod in the Champs-Élysées, like Joseph Prudhomme himself. Against the maudlin tenderness, and against the slatternly appearance, of French poetry in 1842, Banville made a lifelong protest, which in form was partly original, partly derived from his predecessors, and which not only gave to verse a fresh impulse, but opened to it a new line of development.

In his protest Banville sympathises rather with the classic revival than with the Gothic innovations of the Romantic Movement. Great as is the debt which he owes to Victor Hugo, he has more in common with André Chénier, Alfred de Vigny, Laprade, and Théophile Gautier. But he also struck out a new line for himself. The pseudo-classical school of the eighteenth century took Malherbe for the starting-point of French poetry. In their reaction against this narrowness, one section of the Romanticists went back to the *chansons de geste* and *fabliaux* of the Middle Ages, another to the Greeks themselves. Banville stopped halfway at the classical Renaissance. He is the great reviver of forgotten metres and disused rhythms, the poet not only of every classic measure, but of the rondels, triolets, sonnets, and *ballades* which were the native growths of French soil. He worships Ronsard. Like him, he is a prodigious artist, whose ideas flow into

every variety of harmonious strophes. His enemies may designate him a poetic mason rather than a poetic architect, but no one can deny that he is a perfect master of his craft.

Banville possesses almost unrivalled skill in the form and manner of poetry. In words and cadences he is a consummate artist. He distinguishes, with almost unerring instinct, among a number of words expressing the same order of ideas, the one which most definitely sums up the desired impression, or which conveys the exact shade of meaning with the perfect fit of a kid glove. He loves words for their own sake, for their grace of movement, their enchantment of colour, the charm of their syllables; and he groups them in such a way as to produce the richest possible effects. With the same artistic instinct, he chooses the rhyme which forms the most perfect symphony in sound with the vision he desires to evoke. In his skilful hands metre is adapted to sense, not as though she were a slave bound to obedience, but as if she was the divine mistress at whose voice ideas and words fall into harmonious order. Rhyme is linked to thought, and transformed in sympathy with the subject, till it becomes anything, from an Amazon in corslet of steel to a nymph babbling to the brook, and even to a dancer balancing on the tight rope. One thing only rhyme could not, in Banville's opinion, become—a citizenship loaded with jewelry.

If Banville's matter had been equal to his manner, he would have been beyond all question a great poet. But his substance is so inferior to his form that he is rarely anything else than a great writer. The faults which mar the value of his prose works reappear in his poetry. There is the same artificiality, the same disregard for facts, the same exaggeration. He has verbal enthusiasms, æsthetic passions, artistic emotions; but human sympathy is wanting. He sees in the world nothing but beauties and glories. If things are obtrusively mean or ugly, he identifies them with the most divine forms of which they are the degraded manifestations. He removes the inequalities which constitute the misery and the perplexity of life by raising every deteriorated variety to the primary perfection from which it is derived. He looks at life through ruby-coloured spectacles. As all his aspirants to poetic fame are Homers, or as all his friends are Saladins, so he recognises no differences in conditions, no shades of colour. White is to him the whiteness of the lily or the swan; blue is the azure depth of heaven, green the brilliant clearness of the emerald. His world is a puppet-show, and even the classic or heroic past is to him little more than poetic furniture. He is lavish of romantic allusions, because they give colour and richness to the external form of his verse, and not because he values the delicacy of feudal honour that shines through the coarseness of feudal manners. As literary stock-in-trade, he delights in the company of the gods and goddesses of Olympus. Sometimes

indeed he writes of classic subjects with classic restraint and statuesque simplicity, as in the following poem :—

Sculpteur, cherche avec soin, en attendant l'extase,
Un marbre sans défaut pour en faire un beau vase ;
Cherche longtemps sa forme et n'y retrace pas
D'amours mystérieux ni de divins combats.
Pas d'Héraklès vainqueur du monstre de Némée,
Ni de Cypris naissant sur la mer embaumée ;
Pas de Titans vaincus dans leurs rébellions,
Ni de riant Bacchos attelant les lions
Avec un frein tressé de pampres et de vignes ;
Pas de Lédà jouant dans la troupe des cygnes
Sous l'ombre des lauriers en fleurs, ni d'Artémis
Surprise au sein des eaux dans sa blancheur de lys.
Qu'autour du vase pur, trop beau pour la Bacchante,
La verveine mêlée à des feuilles d'acanthé
Fleurisse, et que plus bas des vierges lentement
S'avancent deux à deux, d'un pas sûr et charmant,
Les bras pendant le long de leurs tuniques droites
Et les cheveux tressés sur leurs têtes étroites.

But more generally his treatment is pictorial rather than statuesque, and he prizes the creations of pagan mythology as words or colours, not as ideas or symbolisms. The following lines paint a picture, they do not chisel a statue, of Aphrodite :—

O douleur ! son beau corps fait d'une neige pure
Rougit, et sous le vent jaloux subit l'injure
De l'orage ; son sein aigu, déjà meurtri
Par leur souffle glacé, frissonne à ce grand cri.
Le visage divin et fier de Cythérée,
Dont rien ne peut flétrir la majesté sacrée,
A toujours sa splendeur d'astre et de fruit vermeil ;
Mais, dénoués, épars, ses cheveux de soleil
Tombent sur son épaule, et leur masse profonde
Comme d'un fleuve d'or en fusion l'inonde.
Leur vivante lumière embrase la forêt.
Mêlés et tourmentés par la bise, on dirait
Que leur flot pleure, et quand la reine auguste penche
Son front, dans ce bel or brille une tresse blanche.

Even this illustration gives an inadequate idea of the richness of colouring with which he adorns the divinities of Greece. They dwell in the marble halls of the Italian Renaissance, or walk through Florentine gardens, decked with roses and lilies, clothed in purple and gold, gleaming with topaz, emerald, and amethyst. Not content with tinting Venus, he presents her in polychrome.

The distinctive note of Banville's lyric verse is gaiety. Even the metrical flow of his lines suggests happiness by the gliding ease of its movements. He sings with inexhaustible delight the rapture of existence to an age that was weary of life. He dwells in an enchanted palace of which his fancy was the architect, a stranger to the disquietude,

discontent, and despair of the century. By nature he was designed for the Italian Renaissance; but his belated birth threw him into the midst of a positive and melancholy era. He was not the contemporary of his generation, and the anachronism explains his relative unpopularity as a poet. A man who can transport his fellows out of their black thoughts into a fairyland of the imagination is endowed with a priceless gift and a sacred mission. But the power is only wielded by those who have themselves felt and suffered. It is in this respect that Banville is so inferior to Victor Hugo. Both poets are optimists. Hugo knows that the problem of evil exists, and that he is surrounded by grim realities. And it is the effort which he makes that gives his finest flights their force, and redeems even his noisy rhetoric. Banville's optimism is part of his nature. His self-deceptions are involuntary, his illusions unstudied, his hallucinations natural. They cost him no effort, and therefore offer no relief or consolation to those whose temperaments are differently constituted.

Banville, then, is intensely artificial and irrepressibly gay. He has but little human sympathy. But his passion for art is so sincere, his æsthetic conscience so sensitive, his knowledge so complete, his resources so abundant, that he has produced works in which form and substance are simultaneously raised into artistic masterpieces. Such brilliant triumphs are like choice bouquets of hothouse exotics, less attractive, perhaps, to many than the country nosegays, which speak of nature because they come from nature, and suggest by their pure fragrance air and space, clear brooks, and the songs of birds. Banville's sparkling *tours de force* are not so touching as pieces in which, like *Font-Georges*, his motive is both human feeling and æsthetic emotion.

O champs pleins de silence,
Où mon heureuse enfance
Avait des jours encor
Tout filés d'or!

O ma vieille Font-Georges,
Vers qui les rouges-gorges
Et le doux rossignol
Prenaient leur vol!

Maison blanche où la vigne
Tordait en longue ligne
Son feuillage qui boit
Les pleurs du toit!

O claire source froide,
Qu'ombrageait, vieux et roide,
Un noyer vigoureux
À moitié creux!

Sources ! fraîches fontaines !
Qui, douces à mes peines,
Frémisiez autrefois
Rien qu'à ma voix !
•

Bassin où les laveuses
Chantaient insoucieuses
En battant sur leur banc
Le linge blanc !

O sorbier centenaire,
Dont trois coups de tonnerre
Avaient laissé tout nu
Le front chenu !

Tonnelles et coudrettes,
Verdoyantes retraites
De peupliers mouvants
À tous les vents !

O vignes purpurines,
Dont, le long des collines,
Les ceps accumulés
Ployaient gonflés ;

Où, l'automne venue,
La Vendange mi-nue
À l'entour du pressoir
Dansait le soir !

O buissons d'églaïntines,
Jetant dans les ravines,
Comme un chêne le gland,
Leur fruit sanglant !
• • • • •

Ruisseaux ! forêts ! silence !
O mes amours d'enfance !
Mon âme, sans témoins,
Vous aime moins, &c.

The whole poem is too long to be quoted in its entirety ; but in this and similar pieces, expressive of natural sentiment, he shows his purest vein of true poetry, even though the pain or the melancholy which they reveal is slight, amounting, at the utmost, to the *mautemps* by which the *patois* of the Bourbonnais characteristically translates *regret* or *chagrin*.

THE FRENCH IN TONQUIN

THIS article does not profess to discuss fully the condition of Tonquin, as my stay in the country was not nearly long enough to permit of my gaining a thorough insight into the administration, or to gauge what actual progress it may have made. The reason why travellers are so often discredited is that they are ready to accept every statement as true, whereas to properly prove any such statement months of patient investigation would probably be required; but the views as here stated are the conversations with the French in Tonquin, joined to what I myself observed, especially with regard to those regions through which travellers have not formerly passed. *

The great evil at the present day in Tonquin, and which bars all progress, is piracy.¹ Since their return from the venturous journeys through Asia, I saw in the papers that M. Bonvalot and Prince Henri d'Orléans are reported to have said that piracy in Tonquin has almost disappeared, and it is hardly ever mentioned in the country. It is difficult to understand who can have so grossly misled them into making such a statement. Again and again it was told me by those who are thoroughly acquainted with the country that there is more piracy to-day than existed four or five years ago; that there is piracy I can myself testify to, though I passed through a district usually free from it. At the different posts there were either troops preparing to march against the pirates, or else had just returned from some engagement. For a long distance, from Chobo almost as far as Hanoi, there were fires to be seen, meaning either the destruction of villages or else signals between the different bands of pirates. The authorities insisted on my having an escort in the boat from Chobo to Hanoi, and we had more than one night alarm, though nothing came of them. In the chief paper of Tonquin, the *Courrier d'Haiphong*, often more than half a dozen cases of piracy are recorded in a single issue. The proprietor of a plot of land, not a league from Haiphong, pointed it out to me as being uncultivable from the villagers refusing to work owing to their dread of pirates. It was the decided opinion of an officer of high rank that ten thousand more European troops were

¹ The French, of course, always talk of 'piraterie' and 'pirates,' but I think it would be better if 'dacoity' and 'dacoits' were everywhere substituted.

needed in the country. A commercial gentleman of high standing assured me that Chinese traders, in their journeys to and from Yunnan, preferred to make arrangements by paying blackmail to the chiefs of the pirates rather than trust to the escort given them. The question, then, arises how to get rid of this piracy. It is possible it may be necessary to increase the European force, which at the present moment, I believe, only amounts to some one thousand men. Greater responsibility and heavier penalties might be imposed upon the chiefs for disorder arising in their district. There will be some difficulty in this, however, because many think that the militia, who are practically under the orders of the native chiefs, might as well be disbanded ; since the tragedy of Chobo there has been little confidence felt in them. These are, however, points upon which it is impossible for a stranger to speak with authority. As it is quite likely no account ever reached the English newspapers of what took place at Chobo at the end of January in this year, it may be of interest to shortly relate the circumstances.

Chobo is the highest place on the Rivière Noire that the steamer can go to ; further progress is barred by a curious mass of detached rocks in the river. On the right bank there is a small native village, on the left bank the French posts with a market. The situation is pretty, marking the spot where the river finally leaves its mountain gorges. M. le Rougery, who was the Resident, and who had great confidence in the people, was content with a guard of militia, but unfortunately he had recently become unpopular, owing to his having imprisoned a favourite native chief ; he was warned by M. Pavie, the well-known and able French official, that his policy was ill-advised. So the order for the chief's release was given, but it was too late. On the night of the 29th of January pirates crossed the river from a village called Phun Lam in sampans and paniers (bamboo coracles made watertight by a preparation of hides and lacquer). They attacked and burnt the post ; there were some nine or ten Europeans, who managed to escape into the jungle. M. le Rougery was killed close to the gate of his grounds ; the blood marks were yet visible when I arrived. The militia had fled at the first attack. Two days later the weekly steamer arrived to find the place in ruins, and the body of the Resident. They took the latter on board, and at once re-descended the river to report what had happened. The following day some militia, under the command of a French non-commissioned officer, accompanied by a French civilian travelling under their escort, arrived and took up their quarters in the old European barracks, which, not being in use, had not been touched by the pirates ; but the militia received orders from the native chief, and whilst the two Europeans were at dinner fired on and killed them. They destroyed the barracks, and with their arms and ammunition retired into the jungle and joined the dacoits. Then, when the steamer returns,

to the horror of those on board, they find the bodies of two more murdered Frenchmen.

To resume the discussion for the reduction of dacoity, the suggestions that have been made are of small importance compared with what might be done when the main cause of the dacoity is understood—the wretchedness of the commercial system is the parent of the growth of dacoity. The development of commerce would mean the decrease of dacoity. I was told the Government did more to hamper trade than to encourage it; unfortunately French traders are too much accustomed to look for Government support and wait for the latter to show the way. In this case the Government have tried to do so, but in a half-hearted manner, as they have endeavoured to do it cheaply, hence the present most unsatisfactory state of affairs. Our pioneers of commerce act in a reverse manner; with us the merchants are the eager ones and clamour for protection from the Government, which perhaps after a long delay is reluctantly conceded. With us, though no doubt the converse which we are so fond of quoting is equally true, it is the flag that follows the trade. On the question of the increase of commerce in Tonquin, I again have to differ with the distinguished travellers above mentioned, who are reported as expressing their pleasure to find how brisk the trade was in Tonquin. Now, when asking a commercial gentleman about the trade, his reply was, ‘Il n’y a pas de commerce.’ The goods that come from France are for the most part merely to supply the wants of the European officials. Tonquin does not nearly pay her way, and her increased receipts of late years are owing to the taxation of the natives and the inland revenue being collected more systematically. Where is one to see trade being carried on? Not at Hanoi, for that is the town of ‘fonctionnaires,’ but Haiphong is the town of commerce, and yet, when I was there, there were no ships in the port beyond the two mail boats. I remarked upon some fine warehouses that had been built. ‘Yes, but,’ as an acquaintance remarked, ‘there is nothing in them.’ Those industrious workers, the Chinese traders, had left the place, but I cannot do better than quote the words spoken by M. Ulysse Pila at a meeting at Lyons last May. He had just returned from Tonquin. Having embarked a considerable amount of capital in the country, he made a journey there to see how matters were proceeding.

Hélas! messieurs, il ne me fallut pas longtemps pour me convaincre de la réalité! Le pays était plongé dans de grandes inquiétudes. De grands malheurs le frappaient. La sécurité manquait. En plein delta, à quelques kilomètres des grandes villes, on ne pouvait s’aventurer sans escorte. La piraterie avait une organisation complète, menaçante. Aussi le commerce, à peine né, était mort. Nos colons commerciaux, tant français qu’asiatiques, désespérés et épuisés d’efforts, se retiraient et moi-même étais résolu, en rentrant, à dire à mes amis intéressés : Retirons-nous aussi.

M. Ulysse Pila, in the further course of his remarks, went on

to show what the Government ought to do; not that this was the first time that the Government have been intreated by the pioneers of commerce in Tonquin to take the right step, namely, allowing free trade in the colony. Even if their own intelligence failed to prompt them to do this, they had an illustration near at hand of what benefits might be expected to result if only they would not levy heavy import duties. Cochin China has been a most flourishing colony, and even at the present time not only pays her way, but has to make up the deficit in the Tonquin budget. Saigon is as charming and well-regulated a town as can be seen in or out of Europe, delightful with its broad shady boulevards, fine buildings, and a general well-to-do look about the place. This is an example of a place whose prosperity has been created by free trade. In 1887, this advantage was denied Cochin China, with the result that there was not only an immediate decline of revenue from imports, but also a decline of importation of French merchandise. Could there be a more powerful piece of logical reasoning for giving free trade? It would then be the duty, or rather the self-interest, of French capitalists to open up the country with railways and other works of enterprise. This would give employment to the natives, and piracy would soon vanish. To show how piracy and the want of trade go hand in hand, it is in the rich delta, where there is a large population, that dacoity chiefly exists.

It is the unreasonable jealousy of those in France, that any other European goods than their own should be imported, or that the money of foreigners should be invested in the country, that leads to these great trade restrictions. They must learn that it is the interchange of goods that produces wealth. Though the wharves of Haiphong groaned under heaps of gold and mountains of coal, of what use would they be if traders are forbidden to come and get goods in exchange? M. Piquet, the late Governor-General, came in for a great deal of abuse from the French Chauvinists for doing a wise action in the matter of the Hongay Coal Railway. The company, naturally wishing to work the coal as soon as possible, found they could get the railway plant more cheaply, and in two years' less period of time, by going to a firm in England than by employing several firms in France, there being no one firm in France who could take the order. There was an outcry when M. Piquet gave permission for this plant to come in free of duty, though it was manifestly to the interests of the colony that work should be started at once.

There are other changes in the administration that must be made to entirely get rid of dacoity. Some remittance of taxation on the natives should be made, and the opium monopoly should be modified. Both the opium monopoly and the heavy import duties have led to a vast amount of smuggling, and thus the Government really defraud themselves. For an improvement in the general ac-

ministration of the country, the Governor should be given full powers to act with as little interference as is possible from the mother-country, then some continuity of policy might be expected. At present it is a series of orders and counter-orders, decrees and counter-decrees, extension and restriction of powers, a constant change of systems and of persons, ending in a state of general confusion.

At the present, two years is the ordinary period of residence of any official in the country. This, for self-evident reasons, should be extended to at least five years, and every encouragement should be given to the acquiring of knowledge of the Annamite language.

Large reductions might be made in the civil establishments, both on the score of economy and also that they often clash with the military authorities.

It is the number of functionaries that helps us to see the secret of the ill success of Tonquin. There are so many opposed to the retention of the colony that to appease them the Government have to represent that Tonquin costs the mother-country but a trifle, and at the same time, by creating posts for place-hunters, endeavour to appease their opponents.

The subsidy France pays Tonquin is, if I remember rightly, only two millions of francs. And, to show how parsimonious the French Government is, the new Colonial College started in France has been chiefly maintained by Tonquin. There is another instance of what is almost shameful economy. The civil functionaries are well paid; but, whilst up in the interior, I found officers and non-commissioned officers in lonely, unhealthy, and expensive posts complaining bitterly that a short while ago their pay had been reduced to what really hardly sufficed to buy the necessaries of life. The Government supply coffee and flour and wine, but all meat has to be bought at a high price from the inhabitants, or else tinned meats have to be sent up by boats, and fifty per cent. are sure to be lost or damaged in ascending the rapids, so that the ultimate cost is enormous.

But, as was said at a commission with regard to customs in favour of a further duty on cotton goods: 'La colonie de l'Indo-Chine n'est pas populaire à la Chambre, et il faut gagner le Parlement en faisant ressortir des avantages pour le pays.' That is the present sad state of affairs in Tonquin, arising from a timid, half-hearted policy. I am informed that there is some hope of a change for the better, as M. de Lanessan, the new Governor-General, has gone out with the intention of introducing a new system of administration.

Having discussed the management of the country by the French, it is only right to see what is the value of their possession. Undoubtedly, the soil of the delta is of exceeding fertility, capable of growing coffee, cotton, silk, indigo, tobacco, castor-oil, and all kinds of vegetables. At Hanoi a botanical garden has been started, chiefly

for the purpose of seeing what the soil was able to do. The director of the garden assured me the results were astonishing, and the most cursory view showed one to what a state of perfection these and many other plants attained.

Nor is the delta unhealthy except for occasional visitations of cholera: it is in the mountainous and jungled districts where the deadly fever exists. Nor (as I have already stated) is there any lack of labour to be obtained in the delta, for it is thickly populated. Proceeding southward from Haiphong along the coast as far as Nahtrang are green hills with fertile-looking valleys. Should the hills not be available for cultivation, I should think they might certainly be tried for pasture. All the coast is most healthy, and there are numerous and most excellent harbours. The mineral wealth of Tonquin, I was told on very good authority, is of the highest order: the seam of coal 169 feet thick, comparatively close to the water's edge, so that ships could load alongside the wharf; also mines of antimony of great value. In the mountainous districts I was shown specimens of lead and gold, and copper, too, I believe, is found; but so far there has been no attempt to work these minerals in the interior. Altogether, the French have got a possession that they may well be proud of and (one would imagine) contented with; and yet every year expeditions are sent out further and further into the mountainous districts with the idea of opening up what M. Ferry called, in an address that he lately issued to his electors, '*les riches marchés du Haut Laos*.' I have traversed that country from the Mekong to Dien Bien Phu, and thence I have descended the *Rivière Noire*, and I do not hesitate to say that a company might as well expect to make a fortune picking up a scattered handful of shillings in St. James's Street as to carry on a good business in these districts. Luang Prabang is the centre on which the French have their eye; and doubtless, compared with the rest of the country, it is a place of considerable importance; but I do not believe that it will ever be practicable to carry on a remunerative trade by steamer on the Mekong with that place; the populations are so small—on the hills there are only nomadic tribes who are very shy of strangers, who grow enough rice to sustain life, and make their own clothes from the wild cotton that grows. In the valleys small villages of ten or twenty houses are to be found; then it is comparatively rare that a valley opens out sufficiently to allow of their being established.

Dien Bien Phu is considered to be a locality of great fertility, but after all it only amounts to a valley some fifteen miles long by four or five broad at the widest part. I myself know of five expeditions this year, one of considerable importance under M. Pavie. These necessarily all cost money, as also do the various military posts that are established; the latter are, I consider, unnecessary, as the people are perfectly quiet; but when a country is labouring under financial

difficulties, and when near at hand are far more valuable fields of enterprise, it does seem a waste of energy.

If these missions were the result of the natural expansion of commerce or were for geographical research, nothing could be said, and it is quite possible that in a generation or two they would repay those who attempted to open them up. However, nothing is likely to check this desire for the acquisition of fresh territory, the Press urges it, and M. de Lanessan's views are known to be in favour of an extended frontier.

I have written this article in a most unbiassed spirit, and I know my opinions would be endorsed by those Frenchmen who have the greatest interest in the welfare of Tonquin. We have no reason to be jealous, for any increase of trade must be of universal benefit, and therefore I heartily wish all prosperity to Tonquin.

LAMINGTON.

'THE SEAMY SIDE OF AUSTRALIA'

A REPLY FROM THE COLONIES

FEW magazine articles have attracted more attention than that written by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue in the April number of this Review, and entitled 'The Seamy Side of Australia.' Scarcely a journal but has made the article a subject of comment, and in commercial and social circles also it has been freely discussed. For one thing, this is the first systematic attack upon Australian credit to which the writer has had the courage to append his name; it brings together what other critics have said, and it translates their innuendo into plain and honest statement. It is evident also that the writer is fervent in his own belief; and when a man has thoroughly convinced himself he can usually arrest the attention of others. So much the more is the attack felt to be a misfortune in Australia by those who hold that Mr. Fortescue has been misled, and is in turn misleading others. The English and the Scotch interest in Australia is enormous, and consequently there may be people who may be seriously disturbed by the gloomy picture of the past drawn by Mr. Fortescue, and by the fears he expresses as to the future; and it may comfort them to have incontrovertible evidence put before them that there is another and a brighter and a truer tale to be told.

Mr. Fortescue's paper purports to be a review of Lord Carrington's address, 'Australia as I saw it,' and of Mr. Charles Fairfield's essay entitled 'State Socialism in the Antipodes,' which forms part of the anti-Socialistic volume, *A Plea for Liberty*.

Lord Carrington is dismissed in a few sentences, however, as a successful Governor who views everything through rose-coloured spectacles; while Mr. Fairfield is cordially taken to the reviewer's heart, though the very title of Mr. Fairfield's essay must warn the judicious that he also wears spectacles, and that they are of a yellow tint, and will cast a baleful hue on the scene he surveys. Mr. Fairfield merits all the compliments paid him for his zeal and force; he is a very hard hitter, but he writes avowedly as a partisan to establish the proposition that State Socialism exists in Australia, and that State Socialism is a failure; he looks merely in this instance for facts and

figures that will support his contention, and all others are cast aside as worthless for his purpose. When a writer is contending for his fixed idea, his omissions will be numerous, but the reader will make due allowance for them, and little if any harm is done. The present writer, at all events, does not object to the exposure of the blunders of State Socialism, nor to any efforts to wean Australia from its tendency to favour that system. All might have been well if Mr. Fortescue had only been upon his guard, and had not supposed that, when his clever and capable guide and philosopher was dwelling with evident enjoyment on semi-socialistic stumbles, he was dealing comprehensively with the situation as a whole.

Though the paper refers to Australia generally, the most of its arrows are pointed at 'the model and favourite colony of Victoria,' and consequently the reply must largely refer to that State. But it should be understood that the position of one colony is practically the position of the whole. The Australian colonies, we are told, are heavily in debt and are borrowing with increased rapidity. Thus Victoria, which owed 22,426,500*l.* at the close of the year 1881, was indebted to the extent of 34,627,000*l.* at the close of 1888, and the increase is 'not only in absolute amount, but relatively in respect of the indebtedness per head of population, and of the multiple of the revenue.' It is not too much to say that this is the sum and substance of the indictment. Australia in general, and Victoria in particular, are held to have plunged too deeply during the years mentioned, and to have added so enormously to the burdens of the people as to cause alarm about the ability of the community to bear the load. But here the all-important error is made of supposing that the burden is represented by the total amount of the debt, while clearly the measure is the interest which has to be paid by the nation. Mr. Fortescue omits from his calculations the singularly pertinent fact that during the period in question the colony of Victoria, like its neighbours, was paying off 6 per cent. debentures and was replacing them by 4 per cent. and 3½ per cent. securities; so that while it was adding to its burdens on the one hand by the new borrowings of which Mr. Fortescue duly takes note, it was lessening the load on the other by its so-called 'conversions,' of which the critic takes no notice. As few figures as possible will be used in this paper, but the details of this calculation would seem to be necessary here.

In 1881 the population of Victoria numbered 862,346, and the interest payable on the public debt was 1,116,944*l.*, or an average charge of a little under 1*l.* 6*s.* per head per annum. In 1889 the population numbered 1,118,028, and the interest payable was 1,459,242*l.*, or a little under 1*l.* 7*s.* per head.

The last volume of the *Victorian Year-Book* contains the following table :

Interest of Public Debt.

Year	Per Head of Population	Percentage of Revenue
1879-80	£1 3 1	21.30
1884-5	1 6 6	20.22
1887-8	1 6 8	18.21
1888-9	1 6 11	16.82

Now if Mr. Hayter, the official statist and editor of the *Year-Book*, is to be taken as an authority, all the alarming allegations made by Mr. Fortescue disappear in space. The public burden can scarcely be said to have increased during the period under notice, as the interest growth was only 1s. per head per annum; and, instead of there being a 'relative increase as regards revenue,' there was a relative decrease of from 20 to 16 per cent. Moreover, the absolute increase of 1s. per head in interest is discounted by the circumstance that the public works are more productive at the end of the term than they were at the beginning, and that the charge on the Treasury was reduced in proportion. There was no real addition to the burdens of the people during the years in question, but, on the other hand, there were immense gains which require to be brought into the account. Taking the railways alone, the mileage increased during the period from 1,247 miles to 2,140 miles, or a gain of 900 miles. At a moderate calculation a mile of railway will, in Victoria, put 2l. per acre on to the value of 6,000 acres—that is to say, it will increase land-values by 12,000l. per mile; so that in the period in question, while the burden on the people was not really increased, the landed interest alone secured a gain of more than 10,000,000l. And, in addition, waterworks were largely added to, and certain public buildings, which remain as assets, were proceeded with. The critic, who considers merely the growth of the public debt, narrows his view too much. There are, as these remarks show, many other factors to be taken into consideration, and in this particular instance it may be confidently submitted that the security offered by Victoria was not worse in the year 1889 than it was in the year 1881, but was, as it is to-day, much better. Mr. Fortescue rests his whole case on the assumption that the public burden is growing faster than the population and the revenue, and it may be left to the reader to judge of the value of that assumption.

Again, even if his test were correct in principle, the figures used by Mr. Fortescue would require serious correction. They would seem to be the compilation of some one whose knowledge was inadequate for his task: The Victorian railways, he says, 'paid (1886) 3.80 per cent., the money having been borrowed at 4.21 per cent.' If this return were exact, the lines would exhibit a loss of 140,000l. for the year in question, but the official report is that they made a profit of 84,060l., so that there is an error somewhere of 175,000l.

The figures Mr. Fortescue uses would have made a sensation in Australia in 1888, but nothing was known of them. However, the error is to be explained away. Interest is calculated here only on the debenture capital, and not on the total capital. The Government has paid 3,000,000*l.* to the railways from the Land Fund, on which interest is not charged. This 3,000,000*l.* is a free gift, and the Commissioners are not allowed to bring it into any annual profit and loss account. Probably Mr. Fortescue's informant has treated this 3,000,000*l.* as interest-bearing capital, and thus he bewails a loss where the colony was congratulating itself upon a gain.

One statement made in connection with the Victorian railway provokes a smile, but it is noteworthy as showing the prevailing bias of the article. There are certain revelations, we are told, to be made in regard to Australian railways and their accounts, and the exposure immediately follows. It has been represented that for a term of years, under the management of the Commissioners, the railways were honestly earning a sum in excess of interest on the capital cost. This, we are told by your critic, is a delusion, and the proof offered in support of the startling allegation is that 'the memorandum from the Victorian Railway Commissioners read with the Budget statement (1890) at last frankly admits that the earnings of the State railways fell short of the accruing interest by more than 200,000*l.*' The words 'at last,' in this sentence, are delicious. The Railway Commissioners, who are independent officials, say that their receipts in 1889-90 were below their expectations, and that their expenses were heavier than they had contemplated, and that consequently they made the loss in question; and upon this we have the allegation that the lines must necessarily have been losing always. Because the lines only earned 3.44 per cent. in 1889-90, it is gravely assumed that they could have earned no more on previous occasions. But are the Railway Commissioners only to be believed when they have disagreeable news to tell?

In passing it may be remarked that great annoyance is felt in the colony that the railways of Victoria should now be worked at a loss, as the Budget of 1890 discloses that they are, and that a new Government has been installed, whose special mission it is to get rid of the deficiency. The loss, however, was certain to occur under the present system. In the first place, the Railway Commissioners are directed to get rid of all surpluses by reducing freights and fares; and consequently, when two or three busy years are followed by a slack season, there is no equalisation fund to fall back upon. If the Commissioners are never, in the best of times, to earn above, say, 4 per cent., it is inevitable that on other occasions they will earn less. A reform in this direction is required and will have to be made. Again, the success of the main lines at first constructed hurried the colony into

building cross lines and extensions, which at present are not even paying working expenses. The result of the discovery of this fact is the withdrawal of the Government scheme for further railway construction, and the arrest of all new works pending the inquiry which is proceeding, as to whether expenses in building can be cut down, and whether revenue can be increased. There is a large and influential and a growing party in the colony, which is determined that the railways shall be strictly treated as a commercial institution, and shall be no burden on the State, and they are quite prepared for a struggle with the semi-Socialist who would leave the State to subsidise the lines. The present Premier of Victoria has repeatedly declared that he is of this party, and he took office 'pledged to the hilt' to enforce its policy; and it is difficult to see how he can turn his back upon it now. It may be added that the reductions in freight and fares made during the past few years by the Commissioners amount to 800,000*l.*, and if these unnecessary concessions had not been made the Victorian railways would be paying their way as a whole to-day.

Australian railways are managed 'on the principle of benefiting those that use them,' and this, according to the critic, 'is a comfortable doctrine for the working man, if not for the British capitalist who paid for their construction.' But here again the writer fails to grasp the local situation. Of course, if the holder of Australian debentures were in the position of the ordinary investor in railway stock, he would have a right to say that the Australian principle was unsatisfactory in the highest degree; but as matters stand it can scarcely be said to affect him in the slightest. The Australian creditor lends on the security of the revenue of the respective colonies as a whole, and not upon the railway revenue in particular. Let it be supposed that the semi-Socialists win the day, and the result would be that low freights and fares would prevail, and that rates would be struck or taxation imposed to meet the railway deficiency. It is on this principle that the Australian post-offices are usually managed. Few, if any of them, pay expenses, and yet continual reductions are made in the charges, so that now a 1*d.* rate is in force in Victoria, even though the 2*d.* rate meant a loss of 60,000*l.* per annum. The people prefer cheap postage and a subsidy from the Treasury to directly remunerative but heavy postal charges.

So with education, they prefer free instruction and taxation to school fees and lighter imposts. Reasons why the principle should not be applied to railways are obvious; but, however much the policy is to be deprecated on other grounds, it can in no way affect or concern the public creditor. The manner in which we elect to raise the interest must be largely a matter of indifference to him, however keenly it may concern individuals here. According to present ap-

pearances the semi-Socialists are not at all likely to win; and what will happen is that the various Commissioners in their respective colonies will be instructed to aim at paying their way, and that when they fail, as they necessarily will fail after our reductions in freights and over-building of lines have taken place, there will be discontent and inquiry, and ultimately reform. At those periods of discontent and inquiry Australia will be exposed to sharp criticism at her anti-podes, and such a period she is passing through now.

Lord Carrington's statement that the railways of New South Wales can be sold at any time for a price equal to her debt is met with a sneer, but Lord Carrington would scarcely make the allegation without authority. The Government of Victoria is credibly informed that it can dispose of its lines at their full cost, or that it can lease them to pay all expenses, and to bring in a return in aid of the general revenue. It may be asked why the Government does not adopt this course; and the answer is, that private owners would send up freights and fares and would otherwise squeeze the users, and that the users do not wish to be squeezed. They prefer that all profits should come to them. The railways must be a monopoly; and all monopolies, it is claimed, should be in the hands of the State. Nevertheless, these assurances that the lines could be put upon the market with the result that the public debt could be wiped out at once must be pleasing to investors, as showing that a good use has been made of the borrowed money. For one thing, though as Mr. Fortescue says, there are 'political railways' in Australia; yet, on the other hand, the often ruinous expense of unnecessary competing lines has been avoided. There are no two roads anywhere doing the work which could be done by one. The official assertions, that the public works of New South Wales and of Victoria at any rate could be sold to liquidate the amount owing on them, go to show that the Government obligations in the colonies ought to be spoken of not as the 'public debt,' but rather as 'the national investment.'

Irrigation expenditure comes in for wholesale condemnation in the paper under notice. The private opinion of two gentlemen, members of the late and the present Victorian Ministries, is said to be that the whole of the money—some 1,000,000*l.*—already advanced by the State to irrigation trusts will be repudiated by the localities in question. As Victorian Ministries are usually composed of a dozen members, it follows that there was a ten to one majority against the opinion of the gentlemen in question. However, there is no doubt a belief that the irrigation trusts will throw the works they are constructing on the hands of the State. There is a consensus of opinion that irrigation will be the salvation of parts of Australia; but how irrigation is to be financed, and how it is to be conducted, is a problem yet to be worked out. The local trusts borrowing money from the Government to carry out approved works may be a failure. But

here again the alarm has been taken. A Minister of Water Supply has been created, and a member has been appointed to it whose views are that the recent expenditure has been rash, and whose mission it is to put the break on. There are people, such as the ex-Minister Mr. Deakin, who declare that the schemes as a whole will be a glorious success; and if they are wrong they can be no great loss, as the works will be worth something, and we shall have that invaluable asset—experience. It is to be pointed out that the great irrigation experiments, in Victoria and in New South Wales respectively, are in private hands. The Messrs. Chaffey are responsible for the Mildura colony in Victoria, and a large and hopeful enterprise on the Nepean, in New South Wales, is being initiated by a joint-stock company. If the State is unsuccessful in its experiments, the field will have to be left to private enterprise. The State has not always failed: it has this year sold the Yan Yean Waterworks to the Metropolitan (Melbourne) Board of Works, and has netted 800,000*l.* on the transaction; and it might have obtained a further 800,000*l.* if it had squeezed the Board for full market value. The pessimist, however, ignores an actual success and dwells upon a possible failure.

Turning his attention from public works to Victorian finance, Mr. Fortescue is again, to use his own words, 'remorseless.' He follows his instructor, Mr. Fairfield, and goes head over heels into another pitfall. The Victorian public accounts are, he avers, a delusion. In 1889 the Victorian treasurer showed a credit balance of 1,667,000*l.*, and generously distributed it in doles, though it had no existence.

In the last hours of the session of 1880 the treasurer announced that the Government balance in the hands of the banks had fallen to 142,000*l.*, and that he would require to float at once, on the London market, a loan of 1,600,000*l.* formally devoted by Parliament to railway construction in 1885, as well as a further loan of 4,000,000*l.* to square his accounts.

Now, if this tale were true, the Argentine Republic might well call the State of Victoria brother. But, unconsciously of course, history is burlesqued in the statement; and I may be permitted to write with some confidence and authority on this point, inasmuch as the facts and figures so cruelly tortured are taken from the paper, 'The Public Finances of Victoria,' written by myself for the *Melbourne Argus*, and subsequently republished by that journal. There the story of the 'sham surplus' was first told. An improper system had grown up in Victoria of 'charging forward' a mass of expenditure actually defrayed during the year, because that expenditure had not been voted by Parliament. The bulk of this expenditure occurs in connection with the railway department, whose outgoings are necessarily guesswork when the outlay for the ensuing twelve months is authorised. As all the revenue was placed to credit, and these paid

accounts were not placed to debit, a large surplus was shown which had really no existence in fact, and which was destroyed in the new year's books by the carried forward items. The surplus from one year was inflated, and so was the expenditure of the next, and the two inflations killed each other. No actual harm was done, but a false impression was created which was mischievous in itself. Such book-keeping was wrong, and the Victorian Ministry admitted so much, and in the Budget of 1891 the necessary correction was made. Supplementary estimates for 1890 were introduced, and all expenditure incurred during the previous year without parliamentary authority was thus properly charged to that year, and the finances were put straight without the slightest confusion arising; the only difference being that the treasurer had no enormous surplus to blazon forth.

In the year in which he destroyed his 'sham surplus' the treasurer paid his way out of revenue, and came out with a small but a genuine balance at the end of the term. It was really highly satisfactory that the treasurer in 1890 should have a credit balance of 142,000*l.* after meeting the first heavy payments of the year; but as the eyes of the public were fixed on the 1,600,000*l.* surplus, the true amount looked ridiculous, and hence the inquiry and the reform.

The sting of the paragraph under notice is that the Victorian treasurer was authorised by Parliament to raise loans of 5,600,000*l.* in all, in order to square his accounts. In an innocent sense this is correct, but it was the loan account and not the revenue account which had to be adjusted. Heavy works had been authorised in advance of authority being given for raising the money, and the time came when the total of the liabilities thus incurred had to be ascertained, and the amount of the loan had to be fixed. There were complaints in the colony that the system of ordering works first and raising loans afterwards was dangerous and improper, but there was no charge of financial impropriety. The term 'squaring the account' may be innocently used; but it has also a sinister meaning, which would be out of place on this occasion. It would fare very badly with any treasurer in Australia who could be shown to have used a penny of loan funds to even temporarily 'square' Treasury accounts.

No doubt there is truth in the allegation that the public accounts of the colonies are not as clearly kept as they might be. Victoria now closely conforms to the Imperial model, but others do not. On the other hand, any insinuation that concealment is practised, or that there is serious error, would be quite unfounded. In New South Wales the financial year is charged with all the liabilities incurred during the term, even though the work is done and the money paid the year afterwards; and in this manner New South Wales is always represented, as her treasurer pointed out in his last Budget, as worse off by 1,000,000*l.* than she really is. This circumstance alone would show that deception is neither practised nor intended.

Mr. Fortescue is angry because Australia will not consent to the development of the northern portion of the island continent by Chinese labour. It is not necessary to follow him here, as the question is independent of the financial cause which he raises. It is sufficient to say that the experience of our American cousins with their 'Black bill' does not induce any colonists to plead for a 'Yellow district.' There may be money in the business, as we are told; but, none the less, the fixed intention of all Australia is to allow the Northern Territory problem to stand over for a time, and to reserve the continent, for this generation at any rate, for our own kith and kin. If this decision to give the next generation a free hand be a crime, Australia is certainly guilty.

A friendly painter such as Lord Carrington will naturally give the better side of the face, but Australians would be poor creatures if they objected to others showing the less pleasing portion. But if the friend should not idealise, neither should the foe disfigure, the subject. And while a social writer may romance a little either way, a financial accountant who boldly attacks our national credit is supposed to grasp the case and to be accurate in his figures. In this instance, however, if Mr. Fortescue had checked his data he could scarcely have penned his accusation. Of course Australia has its seamy side, for that is only to say that good and evil exist there as elsewhere. It is idle to say that there is no extravagance in Australia, or to aver that there have been no mistakes and no follies in the expenditure of the loan money. All that can be pleaded is that the errors and the waste have probably been no greater in the colonies than elsewhere. As regards railways in particular, every system would appear to have its peculiar faults. Under Government construction we escape from the promoter of bogus lines, only to confront the log-roller. The colonies are certainly not content with State railway management. Are the users of railways in Great Britain, in the United States, and in Canada absolutely satisfied with their private management? Again, it must be freely conceded to the critics that when money is cheap, and is readily loaned, each of the colonies in turn seems to be tempted to borrow to excess. The people forget that excessive expenditure on public works demoralises the labour market, and does actual mischief by checking the improvement of private estates. They revel in the fictitious prosperity which is created, and do not see the inevitable reaction. But, on the other hand, this exaltation, which is called a 'boom' period, does not last long; and so soon as men's eyes are opened they cheerfully accept the situation and seek to rectify the errors. The experience of a people in power in the colonies is that they are easily led astray by the demagogue or the plunger, but that they readily return to right courses when the mistake is discovered.

Democracies are like children, and have to be taught by object

lessons; but having once burnt their fingers they are shrewd enough to dread the fire. There is always a body of sound and sober men in the colonies to combat extravagances both in politics and in monetary matters, and so far these men have always been able to put the break on.

A belief is expressed by Mr. Fortescue that a doctrine of repudiation will yet be heard of in Australia. Every man is entitled to his own views; but nevertheless there are some beliefs which are incredible, and in this class Australians generally place Mr. Fortescue's idea. In the first place, Australians have the integrity of their British race; and in the next they have too firm a faith in the future of their country to dream of being driven by temporary stress to any such ruinous and desperate expedient. The idea never occurs to any one, and so the subject is never mentioned save, it seems, at the Antipodes. The holder of Consols is not supposed to be in danger in Great Britain; and if it would be difficult to stir up any section of the English people to favour a repudiation of a national debt, when there is nothing to show for the money but glory, how much more difficult must it be in the colonies, where the debt is represented by tangible assets, by properties, the benefits of which are enjoyed daily by the people as a whole. The Australian repudiator could be little, if any, better than a common thief, and it is impossible to imagine his falling so low as that. Men can be met with everywhere who will talk at random on all subjects, but it is foolish for serious writers to gravely reproduce, as worthy of consideration, either the babble of the bar or the cynicism of the club. Anyone who is in touch with the people of Australia must soon realise that they take great pride in the position which the colonies have achieved in the money market, and that it is an ambition with them to maintain and to improve the public credit. This credit is to them a palpable indication of the good opinion of the world, about which the colonies are apt to be keenly sensitive.

It is somewhat surprising that the writer should make reference to New Zealand, for the situation of that colony altogether contradicts the inference which he would draw. In New Zealand there occurred the greatest over-borrowing and the greatest extravagance and mismanagement which the colonies have witnessed, and the severest reaction followed. Nothing so bad is likely to happen again. But repudiation was never so much as hinted at by the wildest ranter. The people ordered borrowing to be stopped, and they summarily disposed of the plungers. Expenses were cut down, economies were introduced, taxes were increased, and now New Zealand has not only turned the corner, but is in a fair way to speedily recover her former buoyant prosperity. The New Zealander has had to pinch, but the holder of New Zealand debentures has never been in any doubt about the punctual payment of his interest.

He has been as safe as the holder of Consols. And assuredly, if the improbable should happen, and if any of the States of the Continental group should by chance or through rashness fall into similar difficulties, they will follow this brave example, and will not stoop to the arrant folly and the grievous fault imagined by their latest critic.

HOWARD WILLOUGHBY.

IDENTIFICATION BY FINGER-TIPS

EVERY one bears on his body a visible token of identity which has the unique value of persisting throughout his whole life. It apparently becomes fully defined some three months before his birth, and it remains unaltered after his death until the final stage of corruption. This token of identity lies in the system of ramification of the minute ridges that run across the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, and it more especially resides in the scrolls or other patterns that the ridges form on the inner surfaces of the bulbs of the fingers. Attention will be directed almost exclusively to the latter in these pages, as they are amply sufficient in themselves for purposes of identification, while they are easy to print from and are conveniently isolated.

The utility of a sure means of identification cannot be doubted, if it admits of being easily applied to show either (1) that a man is the person he professes to be, or (2) that he is not the person whom he is suspected to be, or (3) that he is or is not included among the persons whose names and tokens are to be found in any given register. In criminal investigations the existence of such a method would settle questions of personation, of mistaken identity and of previous conviction. In the army and navy it would afford a sure means of convicting deserters and be a powerful deterrent from desertion. It would supply an invaluable adjunct to a severe passport system. It would be of continual good service in our tropical settlements, where the individual members of the swarms of dark and yellow-skinned races are mostly unable to sign their names and are otherwise hardly distinguishable by Europeans, and, whether they can write or not, are grossly addicted to personation and other varieties of fraudulent practice.

There remain other cases, that occur rarely, but when they do occur, are of sufficient importance to make it well worth the while of persons about to emigrate to take the small trouble of leaving their finger-prints behind them as a token of their identity. For in a large population like ours, whose members migrate to all quarters of the earth, the instances are numerous of men who, having left

their homes in youth, find a difficulty on their return after many years, in proving claims to kinship and property. Or some alien scoundrel from foreign parts may assert himself to be the long-lost rightful claimant to an estate held in previous security by others on the supposition of his decease. Lastly, the important need often arises of performing the gruesome task of placing data on record that might afterwards serve to identify the unknown victim of an accident, as of the stranger who dies in hospital of a wound that left him speechless, of bodies washed up after a wreck, or of the other ghastly contents of a Morgue. If, then, a practical method could be devised which would be applicable to such cases as these, it would be of real value.

I shall in these pages describe one which I profess to be workable at once, even in its present comparatively crude form. I have no doubt that the experience of others would suggest improvements in details that have not as yet occurred to myself, though I have given a great deal of time to the subject and made a large number of experiments, and my own collection of analysed finger-prints now consists of many thousand specimens. I must now explain the nature of the markings of the fingers which appear in the prints about which I am writing. Then I must adduce evidence of the extraordinary persistency that is claimed on their behalf. Next I have to show the way of comparing two finger-prints in order to ascertain whether or no they were made by the same finger of the same person. After this I must describe how a pattern may be expressed by numerals with sufficient precision to sort it under its right heading. Lastly, I have to explain the best way of obtaining impressions from fingers, and to point out the professional persons who are well qualified and most likely to make it their business to take finger-prints and to preserve copies of them. Every one of this long list of requirements has to be fulfilled in a practical and efficient manner, otherwise there will be a weak link in the system as a whole, and it will fail to hold together. Finger-prints have been proposed over and over again before now as a means of identification, but no method of employing them has ever become definitely established, owing, as I believe, to failure in fulfilling these many requirements. No trustworthy evidence of their life-long persistence had ever been brought together and published, until by myself in a memoir read before the Royal Society some months ago (*Phil. Trans.*, 1891). No investigation had been made into what points are and are not suitable for comparison. No method of sorting patterns under heads had been brought forward that is comparable in its simplicity and exactitude with that which will be treated of here. It was communicated by me in a second short memoir read very lately before the Royal Society, and will soon appear in its Proceedings. Even the way by which finger-prints might be professionally made had not been thought out.

M. Alphonse Bertillon assures me that he does not use finger-prints in connection with his system of anthropometric identification which is now employed in the French criminal service. The often-repeated tale of its use in the prisons of China is baseless, so far as I can learn after repeated inquiries, or, if it is not entirely baseless, it certainly rests on a very limited foundation that I have not yet succeeded in discovering. The only person who has used the method on a large scale as a check against personation by natives, is Sir William J. Herschel, during the tenure of his magistracy in Bengal, which commenced between thirty and forty years ago. I am beyond measure indebted to the finger-prints collected by him there and subsequently, which have been minutely compared by myself with other finger-prints taken recently from the same persons. He has supplied me with all the material I possess for inquiring into the question of persistence, except one couplet, which consists of a set of impressions taken by a friend of mine from his own fingers seventeen years ago in sealing-wax and accidentally preserved, and of a similar set taken a few months since. Without the help of Sir W. J. Herschel I could not have planted my first step. Moreover, the quasi pocket apparatus that I employ for taking finger-prints is the same in its essentials as one that he recently devised and I copied.

The patterns (see Fig. II.) are formed by the convolutions of delicate ridges, each of which is seen to be studded with small holes, which are the open mouths of ducts issuing from perspiratory glands. As a rule the issues of all ducts are surrounded by slight elevations of the skin, but those on the inner surface of the hands and feet have the peculiarity of not being contained in separate elevations like craters in isolated cones, but of occurring along ridges, like the craters which stud the crest of some long mountain-chain. The ridges are based in a curious way, which I must not stop to describe, upon the subcutaneous papillæ in which the ultimate organs of touch are enclosed. The ridges seem to me to act in a somewhat analogous way to the whiskers of a dog or cat. A slight pressure at the end of a hair in the whisker causes a forcible pressure at the side of the sheath that holds it, which is easily felt. So the ridges engage themselves in the roughnesses of the surface that we explore by rubbing it with the fingers, as is our wont, and the result is to forcibly affect the organs of touch which lie below and to cause a sort of thrill, which varies according to the degree of roughness and enables us to discriminate it. We learn very little indeed of the nature of a surface by merely pressing the finger upon it; the ridges do not then come into play in the way I have described.

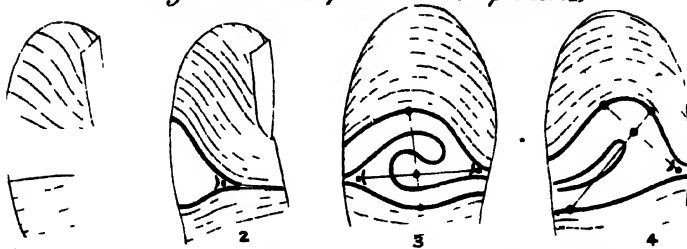
The reason why patterns exist in the bulbs of the fingers is to be found in the presence of the finger-nail. If it were not for the finger-nail, the ridges would run athwart the fingers up to its very tip, just as they do below. But the nail disturbs their parallelism,

and squeezes them downwards at either side of the finger (Fig. I., 1, 2). Consequently the ridges that run close to the tip are greatly arched; those that successively follow are gradually less so, until in some cases (Fig. I., 1) the arch insensibly disappears about the level of the joint. Usually, however, the gradual transition from an arch to a straight line fails to be carried out, and there is a break in the sequence, and a consequent interspace (Fig. I., 2, 3, 4). The uppermost boundary of the interspace is formed by the lowermost arch, and its lowermost boundary is formed by the uppermost straight ridge. The same number of ducts exist within the interspace as are to be found elsewhere in an adjacent area of equal size, and their mouths require somehow to be supported and connected. This is done by an independent scroll-work of ridges, which forms the pattern (Figs. I. and II.).

Without a knowledge of these conditions, the pattern appears to be an intricate and undefined maze, as difficult to comprehend and to describe as are the ripple-marks on seasand. But as soon as the outline of the interspace is perceived, the confused effect suddenly disappears and is replaced by one of orderliness. The first thing that the eye should do in scrutinising a pattern is to satisfy itself generally as to this outline. The core is an untrustworthy guide.

The existence of an interspace implies the divergence of two adjacent ridges on one side at least of the finger, in order to embrace it. Just in front of the place where divergence begins, and before the sweep of the pattern is reached, there is usually a very short cross-ridge. Its effect is to complete the enclosure of a minute triangular plot, which affords a valuable position or rough point of reference. When there is a plot on either side of the finger, the line that connects them (Fig. I., 3) affords a base-line whereby the pattern may be oriented and the position of any point in it can be charted. If there be a plot on one side only (as in Fig. I., 4) the pattern has almost necessarily an axis which serves for orientation, and the pattern can still be charted, though on a different principle and in the way there shown. I shall not further pursue here the subject of charting. It is gone into at length in the memoir mentioned above, and is shown to lead to curious results which do not concern us now. What has been already said was merely to show the possibility of describing the position of any remarkable peculiarity by reference to the base-line and again to the outline of the interspace. The reason why I refrain here from making an exact use of the outline is that in such finger-prints as we are usually likely to deal with, the points of reference are often absent and can only be supplied inferentially. To ensure their being printed, the finger must be somewhat *rolled*, and not simply dabbed down as in the case of Fig. II. Although no exact use can be made in such cases of the outlines, an assurance of their existence and the possibility of roughly inferring the position of the

I Origin of interspace and of patterns



II Persistence of Minutiae during 28 years



in 1888 W. I. H. 1st finger of right hand in 1890

III Illustrations of the three fundamental forms.

Whorls		Primaries	Loops	
<i>Nascent Whorl</i>	<i>Parent Form</i>	<i>Nascent Loop</i>		

points of reference must always be borne in mind. The character of the pattern then becomes more clear, and it can be easily oriented. As soon as we are familiar with this way of viewing patterns, we rest satisfied that we have in all cases to deal with figures that are in reality sharply defined, and not with an undefined maze of ramifications and twists. I give a few specimen-outlines in Fig. III., to which I shall recur later on.

When a finger or a finger print is scrutinised under a lens, even of low power (I commonly use my eyeglasses as well as my spectacles, both of which are 12-inch focus, in place of a lens, putting them on together), it is seen to abound in minute peculiarities, due to the branchings of existing ridges and to the abrupt interpolations of new ones. It is in these minutiae, as well as in the general character of the pattern, and *not* in the measured diameters of its outline, in which the extraordinary persistence resides on which I am about to speak. The pattern grows together with the finger, and its proportions vary with fatness or leanness, and are further deformed by usage, gout, and age, which make the hands of old people less slightly than those of young ones. But, though the pattern as a whole may become considerably altered in length or breadth, the number of ridges that concur in forming it, and their embranchments and other minutiae, remain unchanged. So it is with the pattern on a piece of lace. The piece as a whole may be stretched in one way and shrunk in another, and its outline may be much changed; nevertheless, every one of the threads of which it was made, and every knot in each thread, can be easily traced. The stretchings and shrinkages draw adjacent threads slightly apart here and bring them closer together there, but those that were adjacent at the beginning remain so to the end. Not a stitch disappears, and not a stitch is added. Therefore, in speaking of the persistence of the marks on the finger, the phrase is intended to apply partly to the general character of the pattern but principally to the minutiae, and not to the measure of its length, breadth, or other diameter, which are no more constant than the stature or any other ordinary anthropometric datum.

A small reservation will have to be made, but we must first show more clearly what these minutiae are. The enlarged prints of the first finger of the right hand of Sir W. J. Herschel, made in 1888 and previously in 1860 (Fig. II.), will serve as a text. The originals of these prints were shown by me at a Friday evening lecture on 'Personal Identification' before the Royal Institution in 1888. An enlargement of them by a photographic printing process to double their size was printed both in *Nature* and in the *Transactions* of the Royal Institution. It came out well in sharp blacks and whites, so I selected it for a second double enlargement to illustrate the present pages, rather than any other of the couplets of original impressions of which I shall speak. Every one of the corresponding minutiae now

bears the same numeral in either print, and I have marked twenty-four of them altogether. Had space permitted I could have added a few more.

A new ridge is seen to be suddenly interpolated at 3, 7, 8, 9, 17, and elsewhere. An existing ridge is seen to bifurcate at 10, 15, 16, 24, and elsewhere. But, and here comes in the small reservation, an interpolation in the one may be represented by a fork in the other, as is seen clearly at 1 and in the small enclosures 4 and 5. In 4 the upper limb of the enclosure is a fork on the right side and open on the other, in the print of 1860, but not so in that of 1888; in 5 the difference between the two is still more marked. The reservation is that we must not be too particular about the apparent way in which a new ridge first arises. It may seem to be a fork or not, according to the depth of the printing, or owing to some minute alteration in the level of the ridge at its neck. The primary point is to assure ourselves of the place where a new ridge first makes its appearance; how it does so is a matter of secondary importance.

It is well worth while to carefully study these two prints, as they can tell much. We see that the lateral extension of the print made in 1888 is considerable, especially about the core, while every ridge which appears in the print of 1860 remains unchanged, and every peculiarity in each ridge remains unchanged also. The latter impression is also coarser and more worn than the earlier one. When searching for purposes of identification, a large number of prints that fall under the same general heading such as will be hereafter described, and that have a generally similar appearance, the quickest process is to fix on any one noticeable peculiarity in any one finger, such as 5 in Fig. II., and to confine the attention in the first instance solely to this, passing print after print successively under the lens to look for it, and taking a second test-point, such as 6, whenever the 5 test seems to be satisfied. A complete analysis can subsequently be made for satisfactory proof of identity.

I cannot in these pages adduce further evidence of the persistence of minutiae, but must refer the reader to the memoir already mentioned, where he will find the photo-lithographs of eight couplets, including an equivalent to the present one, in which the second impression was made in 1890, not 1888. Those eight couplets yielded an aggregate of 296 points of comparison and *every one of them was found to hold good*. Since writing that memoir I have been able to examine many other couplets, and now possess those of one, two, or more fingers, and in some cases of the whole hand, of fifteen different persons. Among the couplets that I have analysed minutely, and usually after great enlargement, are the four right-hand fingers, and the ball of the thumb of the same person when he was a child of $2\frac{3}{4}$ years, and again when he was a boy of 15; the finger-prints of three persons when they were boys or girls, and again after about seven years in their early man or

woman hood ; the fingers of many persons when they were between the ages of 25 and 30, and again between those of 50 and 60. Lastly, the fingers of one man aged 63 and again when close upon 80. The total number of minutiae thus compared amount to many hundreds, and in all this multitude I have found only one failure : it was in the first case, where the forked portion of one ridge in the child of 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ had become fused together by the time he was a boy of 15. At first, pains and patience were often required to thoroughly unravel the impressions, especially when they were partly blotted or imperfect, but the confidence that was soon acquired through experience greatly promoted the quickness of work.

For purposes of registration and reference, the finger-prints must be classified in some ready and sure way under their appropriate headings. After a great many trials, I have come decidedly to the conclusion that the most practical way is to base the method on a few easily recognised differences of pattern in each of the ten digits and not on many minute peculiarities in a single digit. The utility of the latter method is felt in a later stage and in the way already described. Almost every pattern can be sorted without hesitation under one of the three fundamental heads of *Primaries*, *Whorls*, and *Loops* (Fig. III.). Those few that cannot, may be judiciously forced to do so, just as the names of foreign places have somehow to be consistently expressed by the letters of the English alphabet. A system of expression has to be adopted and rendered generally intelligible by means of a small collection of standard instances. I will speak further on of transitional cases. We have thus far specified three fundamental distinctions, but every pattern that has an axis or a tail to it must be sloped, and there are only two possible slopes. The usual slope is from below upwards and inwards. The unusual or abnormal slope is from below upwards and outwards. This rule applies equally to both hands, either to the prints made from them or to the markings in the hands themselves. The words 'right' and 'left' are wholly inappropriate here. As each of the three fundamental patterns has two varieties, we thus obtain six possible headings, which are those that I use. A Primary is numbered 1 or 2 according to its slope, if any ; a Whorl, 3 or 4 ; a Loop, 5 or 6. Abnormal slopes have the even numbers. Normal slopes and symmetrical patterns all have the odd numbers.

Again, for reasons of convenience, partly regarding the more limited number of digits that I use for hereditary and racial inquiries, I find it best by far not to enter the index-numbers appropriate to each digit in the order in which the digits lie, either in the print or in the hand, but as follows :—first, second, and third fingers of left hand ; first, second, and third of right hand ; thumb and little finger of left hand ; thumb and little finger of right hand. The index-number of any pair of hands consequently takes a form such as

555, 353 ; 35, 35 ; which is my own index-number ; and its print is sorted into the compartment that bears that heading.

Thé frequency varies greatly, with which different sequences of figures occur. I inserted a full analysis of 100 cases in the last of my two memoirs ; the commonest sequence is that where all the fingers have plain loops ; this has the index-number of 555, 555 ; 55, 55. In the 100 cases there were seventy-one separate sequences each of which occurred only once ; ten separate sequences each of which occurred only twice ; one sequence occurred three times ; and one, the above-mentioned loops, occurred six times. Hence we have

$$(71 \times 1) + (10 \times 2) + (1 \times 3) + (1 \times 6) = 100$$

The mere knowledge of an index-number that expresses the main characteristic of the pattern in each of the ten digits is therefore not to be despised. It may be compared to, though it is less exact than, the knowledge of a man's surname. If to this we add a somewhat more exact description of the several patterns as well as some one or two noticeable minutiae on the principle mentioned a few pages back, we invest the token with considerable exactitude, which can quickly be turned into moral certainty by an extension of the process.

I do not find transitional cases to give difficulty. They raise the average number of references by about one-third, and not more. In saying so I do not speak at random, but after a great deal of experiment with movable catalogues. I have now acquired much facility in reading off the appropriate index-numbers from even bad prints. My assistant, Sergeant Randall, began to succeed after the first two or three days' trial. I am sure that the proposed method lies well within the powers of an ordinary clerk, supposing him to be properly instructed. He would be a little puzzled if he had no fuller guide than this brief paper affords.

It is easy to take good prints if the proper apparatus is at hand, but otherwise it is very difficult. I use—and Hawksley, the surgical instrument maker, 357 Oxford Street, now makes and sells—a little box three and a half inches square by seven and a half long, containing a slip of stout glass, a small and good printer's roller, a collapsible tube filled with *very fluid* printer's ink, a book of blank paper, and a phial of benzole and some rags to clean the fingers. A drop of ink is squeezed out of the tube on to the glass, and is spread very evenly and *very thinly* over it by the roller. Then the fingers are lightly pressed, first on the inked surface of the glass, and afterwards on smooth paper. Finally they are cleaned. With a quasi pocket apparatus of this kind, my assistant took, in one day, the impressions of the first three fingers of the right hands of no less than 336 school children. At my laboratory, now on the point of being re-established in the western gallery of the Science Collection in South Kensington, I used a larger apparatus, consisting of a copper plate 11 by 8 inches

mounted on wood, with a printer's roller 5 inches long and 3 in diameter.

I have contrived a capital little folding-case of the size of a note-book, for occasional purposes. There are two zinc plates in it that are prevented by their frames from touching. These are blackened and will keep good for months if unopened. Only a few prints can, however, be taken from each without reblackingening, but this is quickly done with the apparatus mentioned above.

The last part of our programme is to consider what professionals are likely to take to the occupation of finger-printing if a demand should arise for it, who are capable of doing it neatly and are at the same time everywhere accessible. I say the photographers. They are a class of men who are naturally gifted with dexterity of fingers, mechanical aptitudes, versatility, and some artistic taste. So far as they are engaged in portraiture, they already occupy themselves in supplying one means of identification; therefore the pursuit of another means of identification would in some sense lie within their present province. Photographers are also habituated to preserve registers and negatives of their photographs in an orderly way. Moreover they one and all crave for an extension of practice, as I judge from the letters I read in photographic newspapers. The photographers as a class would be well qualified to take finger prints neatly, which they would know how to mount artistically. They would also probably photograph the result. It is easy for them to try the process of finger printing. A piece of half-inch india-rubber tubing stretched over a wooden cylinder is a makeshift for a printer's roller that is not to be despised, and boiled or burnt linseed oil procurable at the oilman's, and mixed with a little fine soot that has collected on a plate held over a candle, makes a serviceable ink.

I look forward to a time when every convict shall have prints taken of his fingers by the prison photographer, at the beginning and end of his imprisonment, and a register made of them; when recruits for either service shall go through an analogous process; when the index-number of the hands shall usually be inserted in advertisements for persons who are lost or who cannot be identified, and when every youth who is about to leave his home for a long residence abroad, shall obtain prints of his fingers at the same time that the portrait is photographed, for his friends to retain as a memento.

FRANCIS GALTON.

FRONTIERS AND PROTECTORATES

It does not often occur to the home-keeping English citizen, who dwells securely behind his inviolable unchanging sea barriers, that the British Empire, in its largest sense, is largely surrounded by frontiers that are more movable, more debatable, and often no less exposed, than those of any other civilised State in the world. He knows the British Islands to be the citadel and treasury of a vast dominion; he does not always consider that this dominion has every kind of border, runs through almost every kind of country and climate, is confronted across its boundaries by neighbours of every sort and condition. Although on each Ash Wednesday the Anglican Church pronounces its annual curse upon the man who removes his neighbour's landmark, the Englishman has long been in the habit of pushing forward his own.

Now the landmarks of the national property are, of course, its frontiers; and I doubt whether many of us duly appreciate the continual widening of them that goes on, the processes by which the movement operates, its character and its consequences. The object of this paper is, first, to examine briefly that system of protectorates to which the incessant expansion of our territorial responsibilities is mainly due; secondly, to take a rapid survey of the frontiers of the British Empire on the Asiatic mainland; and, lastly, to make some remarks upon the general working and probable consequences of the system in other parts of the uncivilised world.

The system of protectorates has been practised from time immemorial as a method whereby the great conquering and commercial peoples masked, so to speak, their irresistible advance, and have regulated the centripetal attraction of a greater over lesser masses of territory. It was much used by the Romans, whose earlier relations with Asia and Africa were not unlike our own. The motives have been different—sometimes political, sometimes military, sometimes commercial; the consequences have been invariably the same. It is used politically as a convenient method of extending various degrees of power, of appropriating certain attributes of sovereignty, without affirming full jurisdiction. It has become the particular device whereby one powerful State forestalls another in the occupa-

tion of some position, or scientific frontier line, or intermediate tract that has a strategical and particularly a defensive value. It is employed to secure command of routes, coaling stations, or trading posts whenever one nation desires to be beforehand with an enterprising competitor. Under this system, applied in these various manners, the extra-territorial liabilities of England all over the world are rapidly increasing, and our frontiers are rapidly expanding.

Now, the origin and extension of our protectorates on the Asiatic mainland (I am at present speaking of these only) follow a clear and almost uniform process of development. Just as a fortress or a line of entrenchments requires an open space around or in front of it, so it is manifestly advantageous for the security of an outlying frontier province to keep the foreign territory adjoining it free from the intrusion or occupation of powerful neighbours. There is no great objection to neighbours who are merely troublesome, such as tribes who may be turbulent and predatory, or even petty States that may be occasionally unfriendly, if they are not strong enough to be seriously dangerous. It is always a question whether the most unruly barbarian is not, on the whole, a much better neighbour than a highly civilised but heavily armed State of equal calibre with your own. In the case of the free tribe or the petty disaffected ruler, the tranquillity of your border may suffer, but it is possible to bring them gradually into pacific habits and closer subordination. In the case of the civilised State, you will undoubtedly obtain a well-defined and properly controlled frontier on both sides of it; but it will be also a frontier that needs a vigilant patrol, that will probably require fortifications, garrisons, and constant watching of all movements, diplomatic and military, beyond the exact line of one's own possessions.

It is probably due to our insular traditions that the English are very susceptible about the distrust and danger inseparable from a frontier that is a mere geographical line across which a man may step. They have no such borderline in Europe, except perhaps at Gibraltar; and they have always been naturally reluctant to come to these close quarters with any formidable rival in Asia. Upon this principle it has long been our custom in Asia to bring under our protective influence, whether or not they desired it, the native States, or chiefships, or tribes, whose territory has marched with our own boundaries; the reciprocal understanding being that we undertake to safeguard them from foreign aggression on the condition that they shall have no dealings with any foreign Power other than England. We surround ourselves, in this manner, with a zone of land, sometimes narrow, sometimes very broad, which is placed under political taboo so far as concerns rival Powers whose hostility may be serious; and thus our political influence radiates out beyond the line of our actual possession, spreading its skirts widely and loosely over the adjacent country. The particular point, therefore, that I wish at the beginning to set

out distinctly is, that the true frontier of the British dominion in Asia, the line which we are more or less pledged to guard, from which we have warned off trespassers, does not by any means tally with the outer edge of the immense territory over which we exercise administrative jurisdiction, in which all the people are British subjects for whom our governments make laws. The true frontier, according to my view, includes not only this territory, but also large regions over which the English Crown has established protectorates of different kinds and grades, varying according to circumstance and specific conditions. This protectorate may involve the maintenance of internal order, or it may amount only to a vague sovereignty, or it may rest on a bare promise to ward off unprovoked foreign aggression. But, whatever may be the particular class to which the protectorate belongs, however faint may be the shadow of authority that we choose to throw over the land, its object is to affirm the right of excluding a rival influence, and the right of exclusion carries with it the duty of defence. The outer limits of the country which we are prepared to defend is what I call our frontier.

In order to apply this principle to our Asiatic frontiers, and to explain why they have been so movable, I will now run rapidly along the line which demarcates them at this moment. Passing over Egypt, which presents a very complicated case to which I will refer later, we may begin our Asiatic protectorates with Aden, at the bottom of the Red Sea. From time immemorial the movement of the sea-borne trade between India and Egypt has pivoted, so to speak, upon Aden. It is now the first stepping-stone across the Asiatic waters towards our Indian Empire; the westernmost point of English occupation on the Asiatic mainland; and it furnishes a good example in miniature of the manner in which protectorates are formed. We have taken and fortified Aden for the command of the water-passage into the Red Sea; but our actual possession is only a projecting rock like Gibraltar, and so we have established all round it a protective border, within which the Arab tribes are bound by engagements to accept our political ascendancy and to admit no other. Not far from Aden lies protected the island of Socotra, a name in which one can barely recognise the old Greek Dioscorides; and from Aden eastward, right round Arabia by Oman to Muscat and the Persian Gulf, the whole coastline is under British protectorate; the police of these waters is done by British vessels, and the Arab chiefships along the seaboard defer to our arbitration in their disputes and acquiesce in our external supremacy.

But these scattered protectorates in Western Asia are merely isolated points of vantage or long strips of sea shore; they depend entirely on our naval superiority in those waters; they are all subordinate and supplementary to our main position in Asia, by which of course I mean India. It is there that we can study with the greatest

diversity of illustration, and on the largest scale, the curious political situations presented by the system of maintaining a double line of frontiers; the inner line marking the limits of British territory, the outer line marking the extent of the foreign territory that we undertake to protect, to the exclusion, at any rate, of foreign aggression.

To the long maritime frontiers of India I need not refer, unless indeed it be to point out a kind of analogy between the principle upon which a seashore is defended and the system of protectorates as applied to the defence of a land frontier. In both cases the main object is to keep clear an open space beyond and in front of the actual borderline. We do this for the land frontier by a belt of protected land which we throw forward in front of a weak border; and our assertion of exclusive jurisdiction over the belt of waters immediately surrounding our seacoasts is founded upon the same principle. We English are accustomed to consider ourselves secure under the guardianship of the sea. Coleridge says—

And Ocean mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his island child—

although in fact the safety comes not from the broad girdle of blue water but from the strength and skill of the English navy that rides upon it. And for a nation that has not learnt the noble art of seamanship, no frontier is more exposed to attack, or harder to defend, than the seashore.

The principle of defence, therefore, for both land and sea frontiers, is to stave off an enemy's advance by interposing a protected zone. If a stranger enters that zone he is at once challenged. If he persists, it is a hostile demonstration.

It would thus be a mistake to suppose that our Asiatic land frontier is continuous with our Asiatic possessions, with the limits of the territory which we administer, and which is within the range of our Acts of Parliament. It is not, like our Canadian border, or the boundary between France and Germany, a mere geographical line over which an Englishman can step at once out of his own country into the jurisdiction of another sovereign State. What I call, for the purpose of this paper, a frontier, is the outmost political boundary projected, as one might say, beyond the administrative border; and I desire it to be particularly observed that I say the *outmost* boundary, because British India—the territory under the government of India—has interior as well as exterior boundaries. In such countries as France or Spain, and indeed in almost all modern kingdoms, the government exercises a level and consolidated rulership over a compact national estate, with a frontier surrounding it like a ring fence. But our Indian Empire sweeps within the circle of its dominion a number of native States, which are enclosed and land-locked in the midst of British territory. Many of these States were built up out of

the dilapidated provinces of the Moghul Empire by revolted governors or military leaders, who began by pretending to rule as delegates or representatives of the emperor, and ended by openly assuming independence, as soon as the paralysis of central government permitted them to throw aside the pretext. With the fall of the Moghul empire came the rise of the British dominion, and in the course of a century some of the imperial provinces were again absorbed by conquest or cession into British India; while others were left as self-governing States under our protectorate. There is also an important group of Rajpūt chiefships which have always been independent under the suzerainty of the paramount Power.

In all these States the rulers are debarred from making war and peace; but they make their own laws and levy their own taxes; and we treat their territory as foreign, although the dividing borderline can hardly be called a frontier, because most of these States are entirely surrounded and shut in by British India. Nevertheless, their history—and in fact the general history of the expansion of British dominion from the seashore to the Himalayas and far beyond—illustrates at every turn the bearing upon our frontier of this system of protectorates; and what is going on now is chiefly the continuation of what went on from the beginning. It will be found that from the time when the English became a power on the mainland of India, that is, from their acquisition of Bengal in 1765, they have constantly adopted the policy of interposing a border of protected country between their actual possessions and the possessions of formidable neighbours whom they desire to keep at arm's length. In the last century we supported and protected Oudh as a barrier against the Marattas; and early in this century we preserved the Rajpūt States in Central India for the same reason. The feudatory States on the Sutlej were originally maintained and strengthened by us, before we took the Punjab, as outworks and barricades against the formidable power of the Sikhs. The device has been likened to the invention of buffers; because a buffer is a mechanical contrivance for breaking or graduating the force of impact between two heavy bodies; and in the same way the political buffer checked the violence of political collisions, though it never prevented them. It may even be suspected that the system rather accelerated than retarded the rapid extension of the English frontier; because, whereas after each collision with our rivals we annexed fresh territory, so we constantly threw out our protective border beyond the actual line of annexation, and thus we have always made a double step forward, keeping the strategic or political boundary well in advance of the limit of our administrative occupation. The lines of our earlier frontiers, now left far behind in the interior of India, may often be traced by the survival of some petty principalities, that escaped being swallowed up by a powerful neighbour because it was originally our policy to protect them.

Upon this system of pushing forward protective outworks until we were ready to march beyond them, the British dominion has advanced right across India. But as soon as we had reached the geographical limits of India—the range of mountains which separate it from Central Asia, and which form perhaps the strongest natural barriers in the world—one might have thought that the protectorates, which are artificial fortifications of our exposed border, would be no longer needed. On the contrary, they have grown with the expansion and rounding off of our dominion; and the empire in its plenitude seems to find them more necessary than ever. We have run our administrative border up to the slopes of the hills that fringe the great Indian plains; but on the north-west we are not contented with the guardianship of a mountain wall. We look over and beyond it to the Oxus, and we see Russia advancing across the Central Asian steppes by a process very like our own. She conquers and consolidates, she absorbs and annexes, up to an inner line; and beyond that line, in the direction of India, she maintains a protected State. The Oxus divides Bokhara from Afghanistan, the Russian from the English protectorate. Here is a rival and possible enemy far more formidable than any of those whom we have hitherto discerned on our political horizon; and consequently our protective border has taken a wider cast than ever. Two countries whose broad extent and physical conformations adapt them admirably to be strong natural outworks, *Beluchistan* and *Afghanistan*, lie beyond our western border, full of deserts and mountains, hard to traverse and easy to defend, inhabited by free and warlike races, to whom liberty is, as to ourselves, the noblest of possessions. Both these countries we have brought within the range of our political ascendancy, and thus we have assumed a virtual protectorate over that vast tract of country that stretches from the confines of India to Persia and the Oxus River. From the Oxus southward to the Indian Ocean, the whole western boundary line which separates Afghanistan and Beluchistan from Russia and Persia has been marked out under our supervision, and secured by treaty or agreement. I do not mean that we have any formal compact with the States inside the line, with Beluch Chiefs or Afghan Amirs, for we have none. I mean that we have fixed this outer border in our own interests, and have induced the States beyond on the west and north-west, Persia and Russia, to recognise it.

Here, then, on the extreme north-west of India, we may survey the system of protectorates operating on a grand scale; and we may find the strongest illustration of my theory that the true frontier delineates not only the land we administer but the lands we protect. On that side we are not content with fencing ourselves round by a belt of free tribal lands or a row of petty chiefships; we have barricaded the roads leading from Central Asia into India by two

huge blocks of independent territory, Afghanistan and Beluchistan. Up to the end of the seventeenth century the Kingdom of Persia and the Moghul Empire of India were nominally conterminous; for Kabul and Kandahar were held by the Moghul. But in the great political convulsions of the eighteenth century the highland country interposed between Persia and India was rent away, and formed into the separate chiefships which we now uphold as our barriers; they are the boulders or isolated masses that remain to attest the latest period of territorial disruption. Now, as both Russia and England have been employing the same political tactics in their advance towards each other, throwing forward protectorates, and occupying points of vantage, it has long been certain that Afghanistan, which lies right between the two camps, must fall into one or another of these spheres of influence. If England did not protect Afghanistan that country would undoubtedly be brought under the wardship of Russia, which has already taken under strict tutelage Bokhara, just across the Oxus. For the Afghan mountains dominate the Indian plains and command the roads from the Oxus to the Indus; and a country of such natural strength, a weak and barbarous kingdom overhanging the frontiers of two powerful military States, must always fall, by the law of political gravitation, on one side or the other.

It may perhaps be asked why this must be—why we do not adopt the European method of dealing with a country that is too weak to stand by itself—why we do not neutralise Afghanistan, as Belgium and Switzerland are neutralised, by a joint agreement to respect its integrity and independence. The answer is, that neutralisation has never been a practical method of statecraft in Asia. An ill-governed Oriental kingdom left as neutral ground between two European Powers, neither of which could interfere with its internal affairs, would rapidly fall into intolerable disorder, and probably into dilapidation. The native ruler would be distracted by the conflicting demands and admonitions of two formidable and jealous neighbours; he would listen alternately to one or the other, and would be constantly giving cause of offence to both; he would find himself between the upper and nether millstone; and his end would probably be as the end of Poland, which became a focus of intrigue and anarchy, and was finally broken up by partition.

A very curious historic parallel might be drawn, if space allowed, by comparing the existing position of Afghanistan between the Anglo-Indian and the Russian Empires with the position of Armenia between the Roman and the Parthian Empires during the first two centuries of the Christian era. The Armenian ruler held the mountainous country and the passes between Europe and Asia; his kingdom was the barrier between the territories of two great military States; it was a cardinal point in the frontier policy of Rome to maintain her influence over the ruler, and her protection over his

country. The Armenian chiefs leant alternately toward Rome and toward Parthia; they tried to save their independence by maintaining the balance; but whenever they allied themselves with Parthia they were attacked by Rome, precisely as the Afghan Amir was attacked by England in 1879, when he made a treaty with Russia. Armenia, like Afghanistan, owed all its importance, not to its intrinsic strength, for it was weak and barbarous, but to its geographical situation; and the history of its relations with Rome—of the setting up and pulling down of client kings, of the efforts of the Romans to maintain exclusive control over its government without occupying its territory—must remind one very forcibly of the English connection with Afghanistan.

That connection, which is now closer than ever, represents the grand climacteric and the broadest development of the protectorate system; and its efficacy may before long be brought to a decisive test. The demarcation of the Western Afghan frontier by a joint commission of Russians and English in 1886 is plain evidence that the spheres of Russian and English influence, which have been long approaching, have at last touched each other. It will be recollected, as an example of the delicate handling required by modern political machinery, that the first contact very nearly produced a collision, and was felt in a vibration that reverberated through all the Cabinets of Europe. A slight difference in regard to the laying down of the boundary across the slopes of the Hindu Kúsh brought on a skirmish between Afghans and Russians at Penjdeh in 1885, and filled all Europe with rumours of war between England and Russia. Lord Dufferin, a diplomatist of great skill and invaluable experience, was then Viceroy of India, and the affair was compromised; but it showed to the English, as by a sudden flash, where lay their true frontier, and what kind of possibilities were involved by its demarcation. The fact that for a breadth of some hundred miles between the disputed boundary line and the border of India proper the territory is ruled by the Afghan Amir, went for nothing; our frontier is always commensurate with our responsibilities for protection.

Taking, therefore, this view of the operation of our system of protectorates, it is worth while to survey the immense sweep of the radius which describes the outer circumference of our Asiatic frontier. For those who may apprehend that it has been pushed too far and too fast, there is at any rate this reassuring consideration, that it can hardly go further; after more than a century's continuous expansion it must now come to a standstill, because it has at last struck westward and eastward against hard ground; that is, it has met in both directions the solid resistance of another well-organised State. When this point is reached, the moving and fluctuating borderlines begin at once to fix and harden; the protectorates settle down into orderly dependencies, disputes fall under the cognisance of regular diplomacy,

and questions of war or peace become the concern of civilised governments. The Indian Empire and its allies or feudatories now virtually occupy the whole area of Southern Asia that lies between Russia and China, on a line drawn from the Oxus in the north-west down to the Cambodia River in the south-east. On the north-west, where the proximity of Russia inevitably suggests special precautions, the line of advance into India from Central Asia is barricaded by protectorates, Beluchistan, Afghanistan, Kashmir, and the petty States beyond Kashmir up to the skirts of the Hindu Kûsh. Along the main northern line of the Himalayas we have few protectorates because we have no need of them; we have there a triple chain of almost impassable mountains, backed by the high table-land of Central Asia; and on the other side is the Mongolian desert. But it is only upon this section of our outer line—between Kashmir and Nepaul—that we are satisfied even with the stupendous mountain barriers of the Himalayas. We should allow no interference from the north with Nepaul—and further eastward the encroachment of the Tibetans upon the protected State of Sikhim produced a little war only two years ago. As on our north-western frontier we are very sensitive to the vicinity of Russia, so on our borderline in the north-east of Burmah we begin to feel vaguely, beyond the mountains and untravellered highlands, the presence of that great organised State, the most ancient upon earth, which has so long dominated on that side of Asia—I mean the Chinese Empire. Here, as toward the north-west, we are filling up the vacant spaces on the map, we are enlarging our dominion and setting forward our landmarks. And here, also, our method of political exploration and reconnoissance is the protectorate in advance of the administrative boundary. Five years ago we made a great and important stride eastward; we were compelled to annex Burmah, whose ruler not only showed symptoms of open hostility, but was bargaining for the protectorate of France. Here, again, the acquisition of that kingdom carried us far beyond its limits, for at once the double line began to form; and our real frontier eastward has been thrown forward up to the Cambodia, enclosing a line of semi-independent chieftainships, which serve as buffers between Burmah proper and China. We are at this moment engaged in framing our relations with these chieftainships, and in extending our influence over the border tribes; we are, in fact, planning out and consolidating the intermediate zone, which, as I have said, is invariably left between the two lines, the inner limit of actual jurisdiction, and the outer political line of protection and defence.

And thus, on the east as on the west, we are slowly drawing into contact with rival Powers of equal political magnitude; our extreme boundary line reaches up to China and Siam, and at one point the political outposts of English exploration from Burmah, and of French pioneers from Tonkin, are almost within hail. When all these

boundaries are finally determined and ratified by the conventions of civilised diplomacy, the ground-plan of the future political settlement of Asia will have been laid out; and it is hardly too much to say that the whole of the Asiatic continent, outside the Chinese Empire, may eventually be either in the possession or under the protectorate of some European State.

There is one particular class of our minor protectorates which may be worth separate notice. We maintain within our extreme frontier, not only protected States, but long strips of debatable land, mostly mountainous or woodland country, inhabited by tribes more or less independent. To this class belongs the tribal country which may be said to run like an unbroken fringe along the skirts and outer ranges of the mountains that encircle and hem in the plain of Northern India from sea to sea, and thus separate India proper from the rest of the Asiatic continent. On the extreme west, from the shore of the Indian Ocean northward to Afghanistan, this belt of borderland is the property of the Beluch and Brahui clans; and further northward up to the Indus and the Black Mountains, where we have just been fighting, it is held by various sections of the great family or brotherhood of the Patháns; while all Kashmir is rounded in by petty tribal chiefships which occupy the higher valleys and keep the passes that lead northward across the Hindu Kúsh. Eastward of Kashmir, along the slopes of the Himalayas as far as Nepaul, the upland country is inhabited by peaceable mountain folk; and we rule quietly up to the Himalaya watershed; but from Nepaul eastward right round to the Bay of Bengal, the highlands that skirt India proper are held by unruly and predatory barbarians, who trouble our peaceful district by constant invasions. So long as our real frontiers rested on these highlands, we were content to do no more than repel and punish the raids; we treated the line of savage tribes as a quickset hedge, which is at any rate good enough to keep out ordinary trespassers, but which we could jump over if necessary; although to jump into it, as was recently done at Manipur, is a false step leading to inevitable pain and local discomfort. In former times the tribal belt actually formed our outer barrier; it fenced off Afghanistan on the west, and Burmah on the east; for with these larger kingdoms beyond it we had little connection or communication. But now that our outermost political frontiers have, as I have endeavoured to explain, been so laid down as to protect Afghanistan and include Burmah, stretching right across from the Russian protectorates on the Oxus to the debatable land that covers the nearest Chinese province, these rough highland tracts no longer hedge in the external limits of our dominion. On our north-west frontier they still form our inner line of defence, and we do not allow the Afghan ruler to encroach upon them. And on the north-east side there is a large reach of hill country, for the most part unexplored, which formerly served as a frontier zone between

India and Burmah, but which, since we have taken Burmah, now only interrupts our communication between the two countries. It is like some of the hilly regions in Central India, which our frontier overleapt in its early advance, leaving them independent and unsubdued in the midst of the settled and subordinate provinces, to be taken in hand and gradually reduced to order at leisure.

I have thought it possible that this brief account of the manner in which our Indian Empire has spread and been shaped out might be made interesting, because no process of the kind is now observable in Western Europe; although, as I have hinted, the same principles, with this same practical result, are plainly discernible in the gradual growth of the Roman Empire, and especially in the formation of that empire's political and military frontier. Our European continent has been long ago parcelled out into compact nationalities which afford no room for the system of intermediate protectorates, so that here the political and administrative frontiers always coincide. And where, as in the case of Belgium or Switzerland, a small country holds an important position on the political chessboard because it covers the vulnerable frontier of powerful neighbouring States, such a country is kept clear of intruders, not by a protectorate, but by neutralisation. One country, lying between Europe and Asia, presents the very singular and complicated case of a region which is neither neutralised, as in Europe, nor under the protectorate of a single powerful neighbour or overlord, as in Asia; but has been placed under the joint protection of several very jealous European governments—I mean Egypt

Egypt is a land which has undergone almost every vicissitude of foreign domination, and has been a province successively of all the great empires, ancient and modern, that have swept round the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean. It is perhaps the most valuable strip of territory, for its size, upon the earth; it is an isthmus between two continents and two seas; its possessor holds the gate of avenues leading to the richest parts of North Africa and South Asia; but at this moment it is not easy to say who that possessor may be. We may say, roughly, that for the last two thousand years Egypt has always been under the dominion of foreigners; and the history of the present reigning family may stand as the type and true version of the fortunes of an average Oriental dynasty. Mehemet Ali was the rebellious viceroy who constantly starts up to turn his province into a kingdom; he secured his independence and set out on the usual career of territorial extension; but the interference of European Powers brought his conquests to a stop. With immobility comes always decay. Mehemet Ali and his son Ibrahim, fighting pashas of the old school, were succeeded by Ismael, the cunning semi-civilised ruler who borrowed money on the pretence of developing his country's resources and spent it on his

own pleasures; who was strong enough to keep down internal revolt, but weak enough to swallow the golden hook of European capital. Once fairly gorged, his destruction was sure. Yet Ismael at least knew how to rule his subjects and manage his soldiers. His successor, after being nearly overset by a military revolt, is still held up on his throne by the emulous solicitude of creditors and protectors, of whom the most considerable is England.

It is one result of this partial and divided authority that the territorial limits are still unsettled; the frontiers, indeed, have latterly contracted and receded. But it is certain that under a single and vigorous government they would rapidly expand. I am myself glad that Egypt has not fallen, as Bengal did in the last century, and the Cape of Good Hope in this century, under the sole dominion of England; for if that had happened, I believe that, as in the cases of the Cape and Bengal, our establishment on the coast would have been followed by a vast extension of dominion inland. We should have been forced to take in hand the wandering and slave-hunting tribes of the Upper Nile; we should have placed some under our protection, others we should have subdued; we should have pushed forward posts to keep open roads and to keep out the French, Germans, or Italians who might be working their way across to the Nile basin from the Red Sea littoral; and thus, as in Asia, so in Africa, our frontier would have been constantly moving. As a matter of fact this was at one time not improbable; for if General Hicks and his army had not been annihilated, or if we had rescued Gordon and placed a strong Egyptian garrison at Khartoum, we might by this time have been protecting the equatorial provinces and holding open our communications along the whole course of the Nile. It is even now not altogether incredible that the territories administered and protected by the English in North, East, and South Africa may eventually, in some far distant future, become connected; and in that contingency it almost passes man's imagination to conceive the number and variety of subject peoples over whom we shall be compelled to assert an irregular jurisdiction or protection, or to measure the length of frontier upon which we shall be expected by vigilant and envious European rivals to maintain order and conform to international law.

To return to our Asiatic protectorates, I have now endeavoured to sketch rapidly their present state and dimensions. With regard to the future, two things seem to be abundantly clear. The first is, that the system of protectorates—by which I mean the practice of throwing out a line of frontier round a wide tract of unsettled country in order to exclude rivals—this system, which, I think, was mainly invented in modern times by England in the building up of her Asiatic empire, is no longer our monopoly. So long as the English, like their predecessors the Romans, had the Asiatic world before them, where to choose—had come into contact with no other substantial

rivals—the expansion of our dominion went on as steadily and easily as the extension in Asia of the Roman empire, which was pushed forward rapidly eastward until it met the Parthians, by whom it was fiercely resisted and finally driven back. Our great naval superiority enabled us to beat off rivals in the distant seas, and on land we had only ill-organised native States to deal with. But in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and particularly during the last twenty years of unbroken peace in Western Europe, there has sprung up a keen competition for territory and trade in Asia and in Africa, which has led to the wholesale imitation of the English system of protectorates, either direct or through chartered companies.

Under the pressure and competition of France, Italy, Germany, and Russia, protectorates are rapidly multiplying in all the outlying quarters of the old world—over Tunis, Egypt, Abyssinia, Zanzibar, and countless tribes and chiefships in the interior of the African continent; and in Asia over Cochin China, the Annamite kingdom, Tonquin, and various debatable borderlands.

The second thing which seems worth notice is, that these protectorates are now formed under conditions and circumstances very different from heretofore. Whatever be the political status in which they are placed, whether they are subject States, spheres of influence, or merely tracts from which other intruders are warned off, they tend to become in reality, so far as rival and adjacent European governments of equal calibre are concerned, a part of the territory for which the protecting sovereign is liable. It thus comes to pass that the sensitive frontier of Great Britain and of the other competing Powers is becoming continually extended, all over the two continents of Asia and Africa, under the operation of motive forces similar to those which have been pushing onward our Indian frontier. With increasing pressure on the unoccupied spaces of the world, with closer competition for fresh markets, this system is raising new and complicated questions of international law and conflicts of jurisdiction; and thus it is rapidly multiplying the risks of collision among the armed European nations that have begun to take a hand in the round game of commerce and conquest. They have all their client States, their protected chiefships, their treaties with the headmen of tribes and other fantastic and ephemeral potentates; and every such new relation, if it is liable to be challenged by another equal Power, really implies the eventual assumption of virtual sovereignty. For the ill-treatment of a Portuguese on the Zambesi, of a German in Zanzibar, or of a Russian in Afghanistan, the British Government, not the native chief or ruler, will be held immediately responsible in Europe. The inevitable consequence is, that whereas the old chartered companies and founders of settlements in distant lands desired above all things to be free from official interference, the new companies and local governors are obliged at every incident to

refer to the central government for aid and support. When the French and Germans, the Russians and the Italians, diligently superintend and back up all the proceedings of their representatives, whether commercial or political, in Asian and African protectorates, it is impossible for the English Government to hold aloof; and the effect is to multiply the causes of international friction on frontiers of vast length, unstable, indefinite, and remote. It is not yet settled precisely what are the reciprocal rights and duties of the superior State and the native ruler in one of these protectorates; no one has definitely laid down what laws apply, within the vast grants of land held by chartered companies, to persons of different nationalities, or in what exact degree the rights and responsibilities of government are divided between the companies and the parent States.

There is nothing new, I repeat, in the system of protectorates; the novelty lies in the delicate and multiple responsibilities created by the system as practised in the full light of these modern days. In earlier times the mother State undertook none of these liabilities for the ventures of her citizens; nor did they make any such demands upon her maternal solicitude. In the last century the East India Company were so little desirous of placing their acquisitions under the guardianship of the English Crown, that they preferred swearing fealty to the Great Moghul. And although for three centuries the maritime nations of Europe have been contending over territorial possessions and protectorates in Asia and America, yet formerly the quarrel must have been very hot indeed, or the disregard of all international law very flagrant, before European Cabinets would trouble themselves about what happened in the backwoods or the jungles. The governments at home chartered their companies, licensed their expeditions, or gave letters of marque to privateers; and then left the gentlemen adventurers to shift mainly for themselves in outlandish parts, beyond the very restricted sphere of regular diplomatic intercourse. The doctrine of local remedies for local disturbance was in vogue; and the practice of a kind of private war was exceedingly convenient to all parties concerned. Nor did it appear in anywise necessary that civilised States should strike a formal attitude, demand explanations, or threaten rupture of amity because their subjects had been scrambling for settlements or knocking each other on the head in the American backwoods or on some Asiatic seaboard. People seem to suppose, in these days, that the German claim of *Hinter Land* is a new political idea; but the quarrels between the English and French colonists in North America arose out of this very question whether the French in Canada should be allowed to work down behind the English settlements on the Atlantic seacoast. The difference is, that in the eighteenth century a desperate border war went on unofficially for some years, until both governments were ready to begin in the regular fashion; whereas in

the nineteenth century any slight breach of international etiquette or accidental collision brings upon the scene special correspondents, consular agents, and injured representatives of influential interests. The news flies at once to the capitals of commerce and diplomacy, and the atmosphere becomes dangerously charged with political excitement.

Indeed, the extent to which unofficial war was practised, from the sixteenth century onward, by the roving nations of Europe, is perhaps hardly appreciated in these law-abiding times. Many of the North American colonies were founded under charter; but it was the contest for valuable markets that gave the strongest impulse to the system of chartered companies, in which the State held a position not unlike that of partner *en commandite*, taking no risks, owning no responsibility, and interfering merely to demand a share of the profits. That such companies should be able to fight their way and hold their ground was a necessary condition of their existence, since they had no help to expect from their own government, and nothing but open hostility from the ships of other European nations. If our merchants in India or the Persian Gulf had been obliged to refer home for remedy of grievances or settlement of disputes with Dutch, French, or Portuguese, they would have been very soon exterminated. They did no such thing; they took to their own weapons, and their military operations were often upon a considerable scale. In 1622 there was profound peace between Portugal (which then belonged to Spain) and England; but the English East India Company were at bitter war in the Indian Ocean with the Portuguese, who had disturbed their trade and molested the Honourable Company's ships. So the English company fitted out at Surat a small fleet, and sent it up the Persian Gulf with orders to assist Shah Abbas, the Persian king, in turning the Portuguese out of the Island of Hormuz, which they had held for a century, and which gave them exclusive command of the Gulf. (Readers of *Paradise Lost* will remember that Satan opened his diabolic parliament from a throne 'which far outshone the wealth of Hormus and of Ind!'). The business was done, with the aid of the Persians, very thoroughly; there was a regular bombardment of the fortress, and a naval action with the Portuguese royal fleet, until the island was surrendered, the fortifications razed, and the Portuguese garrison transported to Goa.

What was the upshot in Europe of this achievement, which would certainly have fluttered diplomatic pigeon-holes in the present day? Did the English Parliament ask questions, and did the English Government disown and denounce such an aggression upon a friendly State? All that we hear is, that Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was then Lord High Admiral, lost no time in demanding the Crown's share of the plunder. It was hinted abroad that the Company had made a great division of prize-money; so Buckingham desired to know,

in modern parlance, where the High Admiral came in. It was 'resolved with one consent by the Court to offer 2,000*l.* in order to sweeten him for their future occasions.' But the Duke insisted on a larger sum; and the King, who was backing him, actually called the Honourable Company a set of pirates. Much bargaining followed; and, although the Company protested that they had made very little on the whole transaction, they had some difficulty in persuading the King and the Duke to compound the public claim by each accepting 10,000*l.* for his private pocket.¹

If, now, we compare this affair, which is not more than a sample of the class, with the comparatively insignificant collision on the Zambesi River last year; if we consider the noise and fury excited, the despatch of the English fleet to the Tagus, the indignation of the Portuguese, the parliamentary debates, the clamour of European journalism, we may perhaps congratulate ourselves on the fortune that allowed us to shape out and settle our transmarine dominions in the old times, when we could rough-hew our ends, and try conclusions with interlopers, without bringing half Europe about our ears. For in these days commercial and colonial expansion is just as active as formerly, but it has to deal with the jealousies and rivalries of vigilant competitors; and the Governments are directly responsible for all that is done by their subjects. The telegraph wires that ramify all over the world are like nerves that convey instantly to the heart of the political organisation every slight shock felt at the extremities; our frontiers have become as sensitive as the skin of a civilised being; and our chartered companies, instead of acting as elastic buffers, rather serve to accelerate collisions of which the Government shares the damage and takes all the responsibility.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding these risks and difficulties, the process of sweeping wide territories within new border lines, under the form of protecting them, for reasons political, strategical, and commercial, is going on more vigorously than ever. The English, in particular, are constantly taking in new lands and new races; we make almost annual additions to the ethnology of the Empire, while our African and Asiatic frontiers seem to be constantly moving. Hitherto they have never gone back. I am much disposed to hope that they will not go forward. Undoubtedly this increase of our territorial responsibilities must weigh on the minds of reflective Englishmen. St. Augustine, looking out from his City of God over the still vast domain of Rome, debates the question whether it is fitting for good men to rejoice in the expansion of empire, even when the victors are more civilised than the vanquished, and the wars just and unprovoked. His conclusion is, that to carry on war and to

¹ See a description of the Island of Hormuz, by Lieut. A. Stiffe, H.M.I.N., in the *Proceedings*, Geographical Society. The story will also be found in Purchas's *Pilgrims*.

extend rulership over subdued nations seems to bad men felicity, but to good men a necessity. This conclusion seems to me about the best that we English can adopt. I am afraid that continual expansion has become part of our national habits and modes of growth. For good or for ill, England has become what she is in the world by this kind of adventurous pioneering, by seeking her fortunes in the outlying parts of the earth, by taking a part in the unending struggle out of which the settlement of the political world is evolved, as the material world is evolved out of the jarring forces of Nature. It is this constant opening of new markets, exploration of new countries, organising of fresh enterprises, the alternate contest with and pacification of rude tribes and rulerships, the necessity of guarding our possessions and staving off our enemies, that cause the steady enlargement of our borders. And it seems to me, though the prospect is a very melancholy one, that these are the steps by which the strong nations are making a partition of the lands of the weaker races, and by which all uncivilised countries will finally be distributed under the ascendancy of the three or four powerful capitalist communities who are monopolising the world's commerce. In Europe all these States, except England, are for the present restrained, and their forces diverted, by the supreme necessity of guarding their home frontiers from each other, by mutual distrust, by the enormous standing armies, and by the system of conscription, which pursues emigrants into the farthest corner over which their State claims authority. But, if ever there come a general disarming on the Continent, leaving an immense population free to turn their energies and capital toward what is humorously called peaceful enterprise, we may expect to see the contest for mines, markets, and valuable tribal lands become much more acute; and then England will no longer have such an easy time upon her innumerable frontiers. The old continents will be parcelled out into protectorates; the inveterate feuds among the European nations will break out over new causes and upon fresh fields, while the antique societies and the inferior races will run much risk of being trampled under foot by the inexorable progress of our latest civilisation. For although we may be sincerely endeavouring to stave off and delay this consummation by various dilatory and benevolent expedients, it is difficult to resist the conclusion from experience that the system of protectorates implies nothing less than the gradual assumption of all the risks and responsibilities of ever-growing sovereignty.

ALFRED LYALL.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake
to return unaccepted MSS.*

ALL THE PUBLISHERS OF THE
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ELECTORAL FACTS, NO. III.

THE province of political forecast is entirely distinct from that of political philosophy. Political philosophy, taking for its point of departure the constitution of human nature, and the conditions appointed for its action in communities, has to determine or to inquire, with these data before it, concerning the proper laws applicable to the conduct of those human affairs which concern the public weal. Within this sphere, its business is to show what ought to be. Much humbler is the office of political forecast. It is strictly analogous to those forecasts of the weather, the utility of which our generation has been the first to recognise; it simply seeks to show what will be. Its method is the exhibition of facts, and of the reasonable inferences to be drawn from facts by just analogies.

These inferences cannot indeed pretend to certainty; and even the high probability to which they are capable of attaining, may be qualified or reversed by circumstances not yet in view. But persons in a rational frame of mind will not fail to see that shortcomings such as these are common to all, or nearly all, the reasonings which govern our daily life, but which nevertheless prudence or good sense does not permit us to disregard.

These introductory lines, and all that has to follow them, are little needed for those who at the present juncture have combined together to carry forward the Irish question to its inevitable solution. Further, they can be of small use to any whose mental habit it is,

when they dislike existing facts, simply to shut their eyes upon them ; or whose actual position has created for them a fatal necessity of perseverance in hardy error. These last, however, outside the walls of Parliament, are few. There is a larger section, which has even now arrived at no final judgment, but which retains the mental freedom necessary for appreciating the facts as they stand. In comparison with the community at large, this section is numerically small, and represents a margin only : but within that narrow space there probably lies, in a community divided like ours, the force which may determine a number of elections, and may have much to say towards fixing the degree, in which the approaching triumph of the Irish cause is to be a decisive and a final triumph.

It must in fairness be allowed that the election of 1886 was one calculated to mislead those whom it favoured. It did not blind the eyes of the defeated party : for they had built all their hopes, not on the humour of the moment, but on faith in the operation of principles broad and deep, and on the results of a world-wide experience. But the victors were excusably blinded by their numerical strength. In Great Britain they presented an array of 374 Tories and Dissentients, against 191 Liberals, or in round numbers nearly two to one. England, the senior partner in the imperial firm, had given them a still more overwhelming majority of 340 against 123, which the dissent of Scotland, emphatically backed by Wales, did little to impair in popular impression. The Liberal party had never before undergone such a discomfiture. Nor was it the party only or mainly which was condemned. It was the Irish demand which had been met with a loud, and for the moment a crushing, refusal. So that it was pardonable if, by the mouth of Lord Salisbury, the conquerors proclaimed this refusal to be final and irrevocable.

The defeated party, however, soon began to take comfort from the observation of the facts subsequent to the election. So early as in October, 1887, in the pages of this Review, it was shown, upon the limited range of evidence then forthcoming, that, so far as reliance might be placed upon that evidence, there would probably be upon any occasion supplied by a General Election a majority of not less than one hundred voices in favour of the Irish cause.

Again, after a further experience of two years and a quarter, it was shown in this Review for December, 1889, upon a greatly widened field of observation, and with strong collateral illustration from the municipal elections which had just before been decided, that similar conclusions must again be drawn, and drawn with an increased confidence in their soundness. The Liberals had then, upon a balance of gains and losses at bye-elections, won eleven seats. On this basis it was reckoned,¹ that a general election would give to Ireland a majority of eighty. Looking more closely at the basis of the

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, December, 1889, p. 1061.

computation, this figure should not, I think, have been put above sixty. But a comparison was also drawn with the results of the election of 1885, which supplied the Tory party with its favourite standard of comparison: and it was shown that on this basis of calculation, there would probably be a Liberal or Irish majority of not less than 109.

It was reasonable for the opponents of the Irish claim to lay stress upon the admission that these inferences from the facts fell short of demonstration; and it was natural enough, even if not reasonable, to struggle against the admission that they supplied, by probable evidence, a practical and sufficient indication of the future. But recalcitrating efforts of this kind grow weaker upon each repetition, if, through the lapse of time and accumulation of the facts, the previous conclusions come to be gradually more and more confirmed.

There never has been a time, since the first Reform Act, when indications were so largely supplied as they now are, to aid in reckoning what was likely to be the judgment of the people at an impending General Election. Bye-elections at former periods have, in many cases, been fought with comparative remissness in the several localities, and have hardly touched the general mind of the country. But, during the present Parliament, they have kept the nation in an almost perpetual fever: the figures of the polls have flown on the wings of the telegraph into every quarter, and have been minutely discussed by the metropolitan and provincial press, because it was known that in each of them each party had striven to develop its full strength; that the numbers polled largely exceeded those of 1886, and thus more fully revealed the public mind; and that, with the Irish question in the forefront, there had been raised in every case the great issues which govern a general election, the principal subjects in which improved legislation is desired, and the important question which is the party in whose hands the powers of government may be most hopefully and safely lodged.

As, then, we have before us a grave issue, and fair means for dealing with it, I proceed to deal with the figures of these bye-elections, and to exhibit their results in all the forms which can cast light upon the probable issue of the coming General Election. Such figures are common property. If an apology be required for varied or detailed exposition, it may readily be found in the fact that only by the careful statement of particulars can the fallacies of partial notices and of vague assertions be exposed. And it is not a little notable, considering the nature of the controversy, that the party now in power have never ventured to meet our expositions of the facts, or the inferences founded on them, with counter-statements of their own, constructed from their own point of view, unfolded in equal detail, and equally open to the testing power of scrutiny. If, however, on these grounds

we deal in particulars, it is not because we have to fear the most general and comprehensive statements of the altered mind of the country. -Why should we, how could we, fear them, when it is upon record and beyond all dispute, for instance, that the Liberals, who after the election of 1886 were 191, are now 213; the Tories and Dissentients, who were 393, are now 370; and the majority adverse to the Irish claim, which was 117, is now 71.

It is also worth remark, that the progress achieved by the Liberal party has not been owing to any such favourable accident as would have been found (for example) in the occurrence of particularly numerous vacancies in Scotland and Wales, which may be regarded as their strongholds. On the contrary, Dame Fortune has shown Tory leanings. She has behaved shabbily to our friends in those districts, and has given them but few opportunities of showing their mettle. But, in the Metropolitan district, which has been largely, indeed enormously, favourable to Toryism and to the Liberal Secessionists, she has opened a disproportionate number of doors. With a population under four millions and a quarter, there have been eighteen seats vacated in the Metropolitan district. Scotland and Wales, with a population exceeding five millions and a half, should by the same rule have had twenty-four seats vacated: but they have only had twenty-two. Now, as the Metropolitan unit of representation in Parliament is much higher than that of Scotland and Wales, the real disproportion is very great. Perhaps we should find, on a minute examination of the causes of vacating, in each case, that it has really been due to the action of Ministers, to whom it always falls to make a considerable number of vacancies on account of peerages, appointments, and the like, and who naturally enough are found in the long run to make them by preference in those parts of the country which are most favourable to their views. But this is only another way of stating what is sometimes disputed, but is in truth and logic indisputable, that bye-elections, as such, are, from a variety of causes, and this cause among them, less favourable to an Opposition, and especially to a Liberal Opposition, than the simultaneous movement of a General Election.

It will promote a clear understanding of the subject if, under the present circumstances, we separate entirely, as to elections, the case of Ireland from that of Great Britain. The deplorable circumstances which, at the close of last November, placed Mr. Parnell in a new light before the country, divided the Nationalist party, seriously in the House of Commons and to some small extent in Ireland, and placed a certain portion of his parliamentary followers, who could not bring themselves to part company with the deposed leader, in a somewhat sharp antagonism to the main body of the party. Parliamentary Nationalism is therefore no longer a homogeneous unit, and does not for the moment form in unbroken strength a portion of the Liberal

force. It does not indeed appear that Ireland is disposed to give countenance to the disintegrating movement. She has not been so blind as to fail in perceiving that every Irishman, who severs himself from the National combination of members, does not in the least mend the matter by claiming to be its genuine representative, and becomes effectively the enemy of his country. But Ireland is substantially in the same position in respect to Parnellism, as Great Britain holds with respect to Toryism and Dissident Liberalism. At the bye-elections, both have spoken pretty plainly; but they have only bye-elections to work by, and neither the one nor the other can shake off wholesale those who now thwart her wishes and trample down her interests, but to whom unfortunately the title of possession has been given for a term that has not yet legally expired. In this state of things the composition of Irish parties does not for the moment allow them to amalgamate for purposes of comparison with those of Great Britain, and it is accordingly with the larger island, and with nothing else, that the following figures and arguments will deal.

From the total of bye-elections since the end of August 1886, which stands at 123, we have to deduct twenty-five which have occurred in Ireland, and we thus reduce the figures to ninety-eight. But nine of these have occurred in places which have had a second opportunity of declaring their sense. They are, therefore, not available for the present purpose, which is to exhibit, in the light of the latest evidence, the mind of the electorate. Our working total, therefore, is reduced to eighty-nine.

The first trial to be made of these figures shall rest exclusively on matter of fact. We shall ask what is the state of public sentiment exhibited by these eighty-nine constituencies at the present time, as compared (1) with the obvious and proximate standard furnished by the General Election of 1886; (2) with the standard preferred by our antagonists, that of the election of 1885.

As to the first, we find that at the General Election of 1886 these eighty-nine constituencies returned

For the Government	.	.	.	62
For the Opposition	.	.	.	27

They were, taken together, even more favourable to the Government than was Great Britain as a whole; for while the entire island gave them a majority of somewhat less than two to one, these constituencies, yet more fervent in their allegiance, furnished a majority of nearly twelve to five. Their sentiment has upon reconsideration come to be very different. They now return—

For the Government	.	.	.	44
For the Opposition	.	.	.	45

In other words, they are about equally divided. The party which had a majority of considerably more than two to one, now reckons not quite one to one. As mere matter of dry fact, surely this result must offer to every thoughtful Tory or Dissident food for wholesome rumination. Fully two-sevenths of the seats held by the opponents of the Irish claim have been transferred to its friends.

Next comes the question of inference. From the fact thus presented, what inferences are we to draw as to the probable result in Great Britain of a General Election?

From the fact that the eighty-nine seats were more favourable to the Government than the country at large, we perceive that any assumption that they supply a fair sample of the whole, and therefore furnish us with a just basis for computing the general result, would be seriously injurious to the Liberals. Let us, however, in the teeth of the evidence supplied by the Election of 1886, assume that Great Britain will on the next occasion be, as a whole, not less gracious to the administration and its cause than the eighty-nine constituencies.

Upon this assumption, the first arithmetical operation before us is a very simple one. The Government have lost two-sevenths of their share of the eighty-nine seats. The total of their seats at the Election of 1886 was as follows:—

Tory	317
Dissident	72 ²
	<hr/>
	389
Two-sevenths of 389 are	111
	<hr/>
	278

And if we give to the Liberals, now 213, an addition of 111, their force is thus raised to . . . 324

And there is shown a Liberal majority for Great Britain 46

The second computation, on the same basis, stands as follows. The constituencies which have spoken are eighty-nine. The total number of constituencies which will have to speak is 567. Eighty-nine places have made over to the Liberals a gain of eighteen seats: how many will 567 give them? Now

$$567 : 89 :: 6\frac{1}{3} : 1 \text{ (nearly)}$$

And next—

$$89 : 18 :: 567 : 6\frac{1}{3} \times 18 = 114$$

The strengths of the Government and the Liberal Opposition respectively in 1886 were as follows:—

² Reduced from 76 by the loss of four members, reckoned during the Election as Dissidents, but, from various subsequent dates, again acting with the Liberal Party.

	English	Welsh	Scotch	Total
Government	340	5	29	374
Opposition	123	25	43	191
Majority for the Government		.	.	183
Transfer of seats as computed (2×114)		.	.	228

Besides the eighteen seats gained at bye-elections, four have been acquired by the reunion of those who hold them with the Liberal body. A deduction of eight has therefore, as before, to be made from the strength of the Government, which leaves it at 175.

So that the Government would be in a minority of 228—175, or 53

If any Tory reader is disagreeably startled at this figure, he has also to bear in mind that it is calculated on a basis unduly favourable to the party now in power.

If we pass on from the comparison of 1886, and adopt in preference that of 1885, what we find is that in that election, while several seats now anti-Irish were Liberal, and *vice versa*, the aggregate division of the 89 constituencies was precisely the same as it is now, inasmuch as they were divided into 45 Liberal, and 44 Tory or Dissident. As, then, we adopt the standard of 1885 for the 89 seats, we of course apply that standard to the Parliament as a whole, and take its general result.

It has already been observed that the 89 seats were less unfavourable to the Government in 1886 than the country at large. So also they were in 1885; and by passing from them to the larger stage we get rid of the flaw, noticed above, which makes their evidence partial and defective. In 1885 the 89 constituencies spoke, not as they spoke in 1886, but as they speak now: that is, they were as near as may be equally divided. When, however, they gave our opponents an equality with us, the country gave us a large majority, which may be taken at 85. By parity of reasoning, it will do the same again. On this basis, the Liberals will once more be in a majority of 85. It is a large majority; and, for the serious work of overcoming the obstacles which may be offered to a great measure by the non-representative part of the Constitution, only a large majority will suffice. But the Parliament of 1885 would have done well enough for the purpose, had quality been in that Parliament as unimpeachable as quantity in the Liberal sense.

Let us now advance to another criterion which is available for the argument, and which is also founded on the simple basis of the rule of three. We take—

1. The majority polled at the election of 1886 by the supporters of the Government.

2. The majority in Parliament, which was secured for them by that excess at the polls.

3. The majority of votes given in favour of the Liberals and against their opponents at the 89 bye-elections ending with the recent victory^a at Walsall.

4. The fourth term will be the figure bearing to the third the same relation as the second bears to the first.

Now (1) the aggregate majority of votes polled by the party of the Government at the election in 1886 was about 75,182.

2. The majority within the walls of Parliament obtained for them by that excess of 75,182 at the polls was 183, reducible (by the subsequent return of four detached Liberals to the main body of the party) to 175.

3. The votes given at the 89 bye-elections have been as follows :

For the Liberal Opposition	285,908
For the supporters of the Government	274,992
Majority for the Liberals on 89 elections	10,916

4. The remaining question is this : If 75,182 votes at 567 elections gave a Parliamentary majority of 175, and if 89 elections have now supplied a majority of 10,916 votes, what, taking the 89 elections as a sample, (1) will be the probable excess of Liberal votes at the coming General Election? And (2) what is the probable majority which such excess will yield?

(1) The probable excess on the aggregate vote would on this basis be six and a third times as large, or 68,501.

(2) If a majority of 75,182 at the polls gave a majority of 175 in Parliament, then a majority of 68,501 at the polls would be worked out thus—

$$75,182 : 175 :: 68,501 : 157 \text{ (nearly).}$$

This would be for Great Britain alone not very far from an exact reversal of the verdict of 1886. The figure is so large that we have to look carefully for any possible source of error. Can there be such a source of error in the uncontested seats? The number of these in 1886 was unusually large, and very much in favour of the anti-Irish policy. The total was 155: and of these only 40 fell to the Liberal side, and 113 to the Tory and Dissident. The administration therefore had on 567 elections a balance of 67 un-

^a Mr. Holden was only returned by a majority of 538, while in 1885 Sir Charles Forster beat his opponent by 1677, and in 1886 he was returned without a contest. It may seem at first sight that the recent victory does not supply much matter for Liberal exultation. But Sir Charles Forster sat by long prescription, local connection, high character, and universal popularity. It is within my knowledge that my lamented friend greatly doubted what would be the political colour of the seat after his retirement. So soon after the first Reform Act as in 1840, Walsall was represented in Parliament by a Tory.

I regret that the result of the election for Lewisham will not be known until the 27th inst. (August), and that under the arrangements for printing this Review it will be too late for notice in the present article.

contested seats in their favour. Have they, or have they not, enjoyed a fairly proportionate balance of uncontested seats on the 89 bye-elections?

The total of uncontested seats in 1886 on 567 elections was 155: more than one-fourth, but very much less than one-third. The aggregate of uncontested seats on the 89 bye-elections is 23: again over one-fourth, but much less than one-third. There is, therefore, no comfort to be had, for our opponents, by comparing the numbers of seats which were not contested at the last election, and among the 89-constituencies respectively. If the case stands so as to the aggregates, will it be seriously mended by our observing what proportion of the uncontested seats was taken by each of the two parties at the two periods?

The uncontested seats taken by the Government in 1886 were 115 against 40, or nearly three to one. Of the uncontested seats on the 89 bye-elections the Government have taken no less than eighteen against five.

It may be truly said that eighteen seats as against five form a very handsome proportion. It becomes a little less handsome when we observe that three of the eighteen (in Kent, at Dartford, in West Bristol, and in the Strand Division) represent ministerial re-elections, which do not stand in the same category as bye-elections proper. These three seats, then, I deduct from the total of eighteen, as in previous computations the ministerial re-elections at the commencement of the Parliament were excluded. Thus, the distribution of the uncontested seats stands as fifteen to five, or three to one. This is about the same proportion as that exhibited at the General Election. It may, I admit, be fairly contended by our opponents, that their majority of uncontested seats, as it now stands, is a reserve force which must be reckoned with, and which diminishes the efficiency of the Liberal as compared with a Tory excess at the polls; I do not contest the point. Striking off only their three re-elections, I admit that their remaining majority of ten uncontested seats among the eighty-nine indicates (on the basis of computation formerly assumed) a possible majority of sixty-three uncontested seats for the Tory and Dissident party at the General Election. Let us, then, at once deduct these sixty-three seats from the computed Liberal majority of 157: and upon this supposition we reduce that amount to 97.

But I must observe that this is a supposition extravagantly in favour of the opposite party, for no one can really suppose that the Liberals will leave as many seats uncontested when their opportunity arrives, as they silently surrendered during the dismay and discomfiture of 1886.

Thus, while endeavouring to rule every doubtful point against ourselves, we are landed at last in a conclusion which assigns to the

Liberals at the coming election a majority, from Great Britain alone, which may probably take rank with the remarkable majorities of 1868 and 1880.

It cannot be out of place to show that the Liberal cause is advancing at an accelerated rather than retarded pace. For this purpose I take the work done before, and since, the date when the subject was last noticed in this Review, namely, December 1889.

Since that date, in a period of twenty-one months, the Liberal party has gained a nett balance of seven seats, or one in every three months. Before that time they had gained eleven seats in thirty-nine months, from September 1886, or one seat in three and a half months.

Since that date Liberalism has gained seven seats on twenty-four contests, or over 29 per cent. Before that date it gained eleven seats in forty-two contests, or over 25 per cent.

In the entire period since August 1887, the Liberals show an excess of 10,916 votes polled in their favour, as compared with the opposite party, on the contested bye-elections. In the period of twenty-one months, they have polled an excess of 7,900 votes, equal to more than two-thirds of the whole.

Apart from these notices of the later portion of the period, there have now been exhibited four methods of estimating from the results of 89 bye-elections the probable strength of parties in the Parliament, as we are now authorised by ministerial declarations to term it in anticipation, of 1892. Of these four methods, all of them applied to Great Britain alone, the first (drawn from data known to do much less than justice to the Liberal case) showed a future Liberal majority of 46. The second, by getting rid of an inconvenient fraction (for the human unit cannot be divided like the unit which is only numerical), raised this figure to 53. Passing, thirdly, to the standard of the Parliament of 1885, and thus eliminating the vicious element in the previous computations, we find the probable British majority standing at 85. Then, again, adopting as a fourth criterion the aggregate superiority at the polls—adverse in 1886, favourable since the month of August in that year—the figure of the probable majority is again raised, and stands (probably too low) at 97.

And now to sum up the British case. It is admitted that these calculations may be modified, or undermined, from causes not now in operation, or not yet in view. It is also granted that no one of them, if taken alone, would warrant a confident reliance on the soundness of the prognostication which it suggests.

But, on the other hand, we say, as these figures are exhibited for criticism, whether hostile or judicial, let them be met, not by vague assertions, flying high in air and consequently 'out of shot,' but by computations as close and as minute as those which have been sub-

mitted. If this cannot be done, and until it has been done, surely it is not too much to say from the Liberal point of view, that the aggregate effect of the figures is to make good the case. The several calculations are like the strands of a rope: each of them may be sound in itself, but no one singly can bear the collective strain. But, when they are taken as a whole, they come as near to demonstration as the nature of the subject-matter will allow.

Such is the case for Great Britain. But the sister island has also to be heard. In Ireland there has been exhibited during the last nine months a contest absolutely without example in the history of politics. Not a word will here be said on any of its moral features. My duty is to behold it in the dry light of fact. What has the battle (for it may still be called a battle) been about? Let us see. After ages of contention, it has become a settled axiom of political philosophy that kings are made for nations, and not nations for kings. It would be still more freely admitted by those who are the strongest assertors of the necessity of party in a free state, that parties are made for nations, and not nations for parties. Yet there arose in Ireland last December a sect or group of politicians who teach, and act upon the teaching, that though kings and parties are made for nations, the leaders of parties are not: that nations are made for them, that national interests must stand second to their demands, and, when put into the scales against them, must kick the beam. This doctrine, alike incomprehensible and unexampled, has been emphatically condemned by Ireland on every occasion when a bye-election has removed the muzzle from her lips for a moment, and granted her an opportunity of speaking.

But she has still before her to complete the work of silencing a small minority of rebellious children. And as no one can deny that persistency is a marking quality of their chief, I will, in looking forward to the General Election, adopt the rational supposition that he, with such followers as he may then still command, will on that occasion do their utmost to break up the strength of nationalism. Let us go farther and grant, for the sake of argument, that although, thus far, each and every constituency has rejected them, yet some two or three, or even say five, places might, as it were by accident, return them, or return some Tory chosen by virtue of the schism they had introduced. Down to last year, the Irish representation was divided between 85 and 18, showing a clear majority of 67 in favour of the national cause. It may be that any Irish Dissentients, who may be returned to the coming Parliament, will be compelled to work with their countrymen. But let us even suppose Ireland to be so weakened that the figure of 67 should fall to between 50 and 60. Still a Liberal British majority would at the lowest figure bring this up to an aggregate majority of 100, at the highest would probably carry it to 160, and, even with some deduction from the figure last given, would

grievously puzzle, or rather put wholly out of joint, Lord Salisbury's cherished 'play of the other parts of the Constitution.'

Let me now release the reader from this tedious enumeration : and let its dulness be excused by its importance. If in truth 'coming events cast their shadows before,' we may here have a piece of the future already in our view. Surely it is the part of prudent men, of practical men, to take advice from it. A political conflict may, from being hopeful, become doubtful; from being doubtful, become hopeless. In the first of these situations, the combatants may be sanguine. In the second, nay, even in the third, their persistence need not necessarily be irrational. But there is a fourth stage, at which perseverance can no longer be a virtue : and that is the stage at which the struggle, besides being hopeless, has come to be also senseless.⁴

W. E. GLADSTONE.

⁴ In the modest obscurity of a note, the writer allows himself to indulge in a piece of egotism, as it has some bearing on the value of his argument. Nothing can be more natural than for his opponents to seek shelter in the belief that his calculations are really the offspring of his sanguine temper, and that the wish is the true father to the thought. He may therefore be allowed to state, that his first attempt to estimate the current facts of bye-elections with a view to a future and general verdict, was in the *Nineteenth Century* of November 1878; that he there (p. 967) estimated the coming Liberal majority of 1880 at from 56 to 76; and that when the election came, it was not less (perhaps somewhat more) than 115.—W. E. G.

THE BRITISH IN EAST AFRICA

THERE are some people among us who pose as Augustus young and conquering when in office, and as Augustus middle-aged and checking conquest when they are out of office. When in office they charge wildly into deserts as at Souakim, get Gordon to go to Khartoum, and support him with expeditions carefully arranged to be too late. Out of office they are full of quotations—classical renderings united to modern surrenderings—and are startled by the consequences of their own acts when in office. Flying to the opposite extreme of their former official care for the interests of the Empire, they exhibit a quaking palsy if any addition be made to the ‘responsibilities of empire.’ Surely, if we were not so happily divided into a Parliamentary game of see-saw, we should not be so desultory in our recognition of the only true foreign policy this country can pursue—the policy of guarding the paths where our duty or our trade-interests call us. ‘“Duty and trade-interests”—there you have it,’ sneer our friends the opponents of the enlargement of responsibility. ‘Of course it is the love of filthy lucre, and we are to believe the cant that calls this by the name of slavery-abolition or duty.’ But are the two so distinct? Is any enterprise in Africa so easily divisible from another? Must not British policy and interest march abreast into whatever region of Africa it leads us? Can we dissociate the Cape’s desire to rule from Table Bay to the Zambesi from the desire to win influence at the sources of the Nile—influence to be used in suppressing slavery and opening the country whose populations are numerous to the goods of Great Britain? Nominally, and at the commencement of such enterprise, we may do so; but soon it will be impossible to distinguish them. Behind the scheming politicians anxious to trip their adversaries, stand the public who look at broad facts, and who can see where their traditionary policy of introducing freedom into the dark places of the earth can be followed, without too great an ‘enlargement of responsibilities’—nay, with a hope that those responsibilities may turn out an investment loved of man as well as of God. ‘We don’t want another India in Africa,’ say our friends. No? Is India, then, so bad a bargain for the British public, and are the results so unedifying, looked at from the moralist’s point of view? The British

public has strangely altered if the pride in its Indian possessions is on a par with that of our politicians who can see 'patriotism' in nothing unless it be mouthed by a nationalist ally of their own on the benches below the gangway. The British Africa that will give our people another market for their goods will extend, for the purposes of commerce, from the Cape to Alexandria, from Zanzibar and Mom-bassa to the settlements at the mouth of the Congo. It will not be all under our flag; but our flag will fly on a continuous series of stations from south to north, whether our friends like the prospect or not, before another generation has come and gone.

New outlets for trade—in the far south new outlets for settlement—everywhere new outlets for that propaganda of freedom and beneficence which is begun by missionaries, followed by merchants, and acknowledged, however unwillingly, by politicians when—when they find it suits their palavering purposes. Yes, the thing has to be done, because it is ordered by a higher power than that of the wire-puller. Exception may be taken to the manner of doing it, to the place for doing it, to a part of the action of the great piece that, nevertheless, moves, with an action that cannot be seriously stayed, towards the full accomplishment of the drama. It is not by our hands in England alone that the determining moves may be made; other Governments, both foreign and colonial, have a hand in the matter, and would accomplish the design were we to fold our hands and do nothing. But it is not in us to do nothing. What had, then, best be done? Surely it is better for us to seek to enter Africa with the golden bayonet rather than with cold steel. The money wasted on attempting to pursue Osman Digma at Souakim would have been sufficient to buy out every Arab slave-dealer in Africa. Europe has seen that Africa is worth opening up, and we have not been remiss as yet in the enterprise. Are we to go on for ever spending money on a considerable flotilla cruising on the coasts in order to check slavery, the bane we have set ourselves to abolish for the last fifty years! That squadron costs a great deal and the number of slaves freed by it has been on an average about a hundred and fifty a year. More than four thousand slaves have been freed by the young East African Company in their brief career of eighteen months!

Any mere blockade can be 'run.' What cannot be 'run' is a broad track of civilisation cutting across the roads of the slave-traders. This a railroad to Lake Victoria, the command of its waters and of the Nile as far as Lado, would give us. When this line is once made there can be no slave-'running' towards the East coast. The slave-trade towards Morocco may flourish for a short time yet, but France and Belgium will be closing those outlets from Central Africa soon. The *onus probandi* how slavery can go on, once the railway is made, lies upon our obstructive friends. They have to justify their action in retarding this enterprise before the country. How will they do

it? Nothing more simple: they will first of all say that it is all 'cant' to talk of the abolition of slavery—that the merchants don't care about this at all—they want, they will say, their own gain, and don't care a fig for slavery.

They will then declare that domestic slavery flourishes under the Boers who support or have to be conciliated by the Cape Government, and that domestic slavery remains among the Arabs where the European 'spheres of influence' lie. This will hardly serve them. Throughout the British sphere of influence in East Africa the action of the English has uniformly been to insist on the domestic slaves being allowed to purchase their freedom, and this is so managed that the process is a very brief one—as brief as is consistent with the desire to avoid that war and bloodshed which an autocratic and arbitrary use of power would bring about with tenfold suffering to the domestics. The slave 'running'—the caravan carrying with it poor wretches in forks of timber, driven by the lash of the Arab slave-merchant—is arbitrarily stopped, and the miserable creatures are instantly freed. (One such caravan was lately found by Captain Lugard not far from the coast. It consisted of fifteen girls, who were being goaded along the road the deliverer was traversing. The Arab leaders were seen to fly into the forest. Lugard's men were pushed forward into the woods, the Arabs were captured, and swore that they were as innocent as our 'no responsibility' men would have them to be. Were they? A little further on, concealed in the woods, the girls were found and freed. All this was pure merchant-traffic; this freedom came only because a love of gain prompted it. Well and good, was it a bad thing? 'The Boers keep slaves.' Yes, they do; and do the 'no responsibility men,' who desire to be responsible for nothing, either in Ireland or Africa, dream that the Boers, too, will not be forced soon to give a fair wage for a fair day's work? If they do, they and the Boers are equally mistaken. No, the British march into the interior, slow though it may be, and encumbered by the torpid shufflers 'at home,' will drive these evil customs and horrid cruelties forth as the morning drives the night. But there is another argument for doing nothing and taking a back seat in all this business: 'It won't pay.' The stream of British emigration to the goldfields is probably a sufficient answer to this plea, as far as South Africa is concerned. With East Africa the complexion of the case varies. 'It won't pay?' Well, the only piece of evidence on which the most timorous can fasten, at this moment, is the fact that the once powerful and rich kingdom of Uganda, on the east of the Victoria Nyanza, has been much harmed by wars, the rival parties calling themselves, by a strange irony, the 'Protestant and the Roman Catholic parties.'

Perhaps the French missionaries have been too anxious to take a line which might induce France to help them in their desire to reform the country according to their own ideas; but this rivalry,

prompted more by nationality than religion, is now assuaged. The only power which may now be feared, if our action is paralysed, is the power of the Arabs, whose object is to reassert themselves in order to recommence their slave-purchasing.

Emin Pasha with a German force is doing good work on the south shore. We, with a force under Lugard, are pacifying, quieting, and getting into good shape the northern shore. This is the strong testimony of Bishop Tucker and of all who know the situation. Given peace and our presence, the country will quickly right itself. Emin's old provinces and the provinces of Usoga and Unjoro to the north of the Lake are full of men and cattle. A good trade can be made with ivory, with gums, with cattle, and, possibly, with minerals, for export; and for imports we shall find a large market for cottons, for salt, and implements of all kinds.

The customs revenue of the coast ports already exceeds by a considerable sum the rent given by the British for these ports to the Sultan of Zanzibar. These revenues must necessarily increase with the *Pax Britannica* and as roads are opened into the interior. Two rivers, the Tana and Juba, give access for steamers to rich districts. On the Tana a steamer has been placed, and preparations are being made for the exploration by a steamer of the Juba, in whose waters navigation is possible for a great distance.

With the Germans on the south, working in good friendship as they are doing with us, we shall be able to assure the people the good government of which they stand in need. M'Wanga, the king of Uganda, has some tendency to imitate the conduct of the kings of Dahomey, with whose sanguinary amusements we are all familiar. He has visibly improved in his manners even during the very short time Lugard has been able to devote to his reformation. Is it manly, is it just, to pause and falter, and throw obstacles in the way of the regeneration and improvement of these people? Even if the soft insinuation be made that we are doing it all for our own benefit—is our own benefit so wicked a thing?

At the first meeting held by the East African Company, the chairman told the shareholders that at first they must take out their dividends in philanthropy. It is not a trading, but a governing company. It has not traded, but encourages others to trade under the protection it affords by a government that suppresses slavery, ensures peace by an adequate police, and raises a revenue from Customs duties. It has obtained in perpetuity all the rights of the Zanzibar Sultan along the coast, and pays him an annual rent for these. It is sending surveyors for roads, and scientific men to explore the interior for minerals, which are likely to be valuable in the vast territories placed by international agreement within its sphere of influence. But is this matter to be looked at only from this point of view? Did not England invite only last year the Powers

of Europe to a conference at Brussels to see if common agreement could not be reached as to the best way of civilising Africa? Did not the Powers accept our invitation, and was not the first clause of the Agreement there solemnly concluded, a declaration, signed by all, that each Power pledged itself to do what it could to civilise Africa by making railways and by placing steamers on the waters? Depend upon it the English people, when fully instructed as to the noble work already done, and the ease with which more can be done—more that will pay in all ways, moral and mercantile—will not suffer the task to be delayed. We have been accustomed to lead in such matters. We now, in all we have done, invite inspection and inquiry. Faults there may be in all human undertakings; but the cause is a just and a righteous one, sanctioned and supported by European opinion, declared to be necessary and a blessing by all who have travelled, by all who have laboured, in Africa. The earlier years of this century saw England take in hand the task of bringing freedom to the miserable among the Africans, and we believe that we shall not, in the closing years, see her turn back and stand idle when the heart of the evil, whose foul wings she has hitherto only clipped, may be reached and paralysed.

LORNE.

*THE
LAST BIT OF NATURAL WOODLAND*

I CANNOT help thanking Sir H. Maxwell for his allusions—in his pleasant and chatty paper on Woodlands—to the New Forest, for it provokes me to ask the editor's kind permission to put before the public a plea for preserving—what is hardly now to be found elsewhere—a last fragment of natural woodland.

As regards these particular allusions, Sir H. Maxwell will forgive my saying that he has plunged a little rashly into a big controversy. Had he come down and made a certain stay in the Forest, sufficiently long not to write about the old woods as 'groves,' and fairly to see both sides of the question, whichever way his judgment had inclined, we all should have read the statement of his views with interest; but he is, I feel sure, too candid to profess that he has any real personal knowledge of the old woods of the New Forest—a knowledge which requires considerable time and trouble to acquire. He seems to have had a talk with our deputy-surveyor, Mr. Lascelles, perhaps a ride or two through Mark Ash, and to have completed his survey of the position by turning over the pages of a blue book. As ill luck would have it, during these last researches he has stumbled upon the one particular sentence of Mr. Lascelles, which a kind friend would have left buried at any depth, under earth or water, rather than dragged out into the light. Of the various Lascelliana that are in existence, none has been more famous than 'the wreck and the ruin' of the old woods. It is our favourite standing joke in the Forest, and whenever we pass a spot where the young growth is specially vigorous we are apt to call each other's attention to 'the wreck and the ruin' that force themselves on our sight. The only weak point in our joke is that, like other jokes, it is getting a little worn with use; but perhaps Sir H. Maxwell's grave quotation of it may impart some new freshness to it.

'Wreck and ruin,' however, are not the only remarkable matter in the passage which Sir H. Maxwell picks out of Mr. Lascelles' evidence before the Committee on Forestry (1877). I will only take the first nine lines of the paragraph; but in these nine lines (according to my calculation) there are not less than four misleading

statements—a pretty fair average of one such statement to about two and a quarter lines.

1. Mr. Lascelles complains that there are 40,000 acres lying 'idle and worthless.' Granted that there still are certain parts of the Forest which might repay the cost of draining and enclosing, nobody ought to know better than Mr. Lascelles, first, that it is only certain scattered parts of the 40,000 acres of which this could be said; that a large part of these 40,000 acres are notoriously of a very poor description; that a large part of them, though not bearing trees, are usefully employed—the higher ground carrying the furze and the heath, which are the winter food of the forest stock;¹ the lower ground, where streams are found, supplying 'the lawns' which form the summer pasturage; and, lastly, whilst some of the old woods are spreading in new directions, some of the open heath grounds are beginning—far quicker than one would have wished—to be planted by self-sown Scotch firs.

There is another point to be considered in this matter. Under the old rolling powers of enclosing and planting, the Department took the very best of the ground that there was in the Forest for their purposes. With what result? I suspect that even the Department itself is ready to confess that the value of the timber produced will never cover the labour bill, the supervision, and other expenses. Indeed, if the public ever does the sum for itself, I have reason to think that it will be startled at the ghastly deficit that will appear. If, then, the Department has failed with the best land, is there much encouragement to allow it to continue its 'prentice dealings with the inferior soils? Sir H. Maxwell's own knowledge ought to have put him on his guard in this matter. He himself calls attention to the fact that though the Forest of Dean 'is managed on commercial principles,' the wood being grown and cut 'with a view to the market,' for some years there has been no profit, and lately 'the sales have not covered the expenses.'

2. Then Mr. Lascelles, deploring how his hands have been tied by Parliament, states, 'But by s. 5 of the Act of 1877 no planting may be done there' (*i.e.* in the 40,000 acres). That may be so. But, as usual, in his happy disregard of an Act of Parliament, Mr. Lascelles has been planting. Hundreds of pounds have been most unhappily spent in planting species which don't belong to the Forest, and which entirely alter the character of the old woods. It is, however, refreshing to be able to record that the fateful blunders which usually accompany crime of all kinds have not been absent

¹ The heath is the food of the cows, the furze of the ponies. They are of such importance to the forest stock, that they should be placed—partly, at all events—under the charge of the verderers. At present they are under the management of the Crown, which, always unfriendly to the Commoners, simply neglects them. I am afraid in the future there will be a failure of furze. It has much diminished during late years.

here. The very stars in their courses have fought for us. The trees were badly selected, and most of them have died. It throws, however, an interesting light upon the lawless manner in which the Forest is governed to find Mr. Lascelles deploring that he may not plant, whilst he cheerfully goes on doing so.² Of these intrusive and ill-advised plantings, some have been done in the old woods, some in the open spaces. One flagrant instance comes back to my mind. An unfortunate ancient tumulus, that had heard unharmed through the centuries—I only dimly remember, and am sadly mutilating, the brilliant passage—the tread of four conquering races, has been adorned with a double ring of some foreign species—I forget at this moment which; one of the Canadian maples I expect—set at regular intervals from each other. Shall I be considered very profane if I wished that the Devil might fly away with all such examples of taste, carrying with him in the same cargo all the authors and patrons and admirers of it?

3. Next, Mr. Lascelles goes on to complain that there are several 'fine plantations of oak which are not only ripe and mature, but are going back rapidly, and he (the student of forestry) will wonder why the crop is not realised and the ground replanted, till he is referred to clause 6 of the same Act, by which he will see that 'ground may not be cleared of the crop.' Mr. Lascelles, I presume, was referring here to the William the Third woods, though with much discretion he forbore taking the public into his confidence too precisely in the matter. These woods are very beautiful and interesting woods, though generally not so beautiful as the still older woods, but they are in every way worthy of preservation. Unfortunately, they were not placed under the same protection as the older woods by the 1877 Act—the protection that was given them being the clause referred to, which directs that the ground should not be cleared. This prohibition is very vexing to the soul of our officials. The Forest being very extravagantly managed, large sums being taken for supervision, it is of course pleasant for those who are in office for a time to pay their bills easily and magnificently out of the timber they cut, and to exhibit a surplus to a Treasury, that only requires this one simple evidence of satisfactory stewardship.³ But would it be in any way justifiable to clear these King William the Third woods? Would it

² Mr. Lascelles may have meant that he might not enclose and plant. If so, it would have been better to have said it.

³ Some cuttings in the Forest are legitimate and right, some are utterly lawless and unjustifiable. I suspect that if even the legitimate cuttings which go on yearly in the modern plantations were critically examined by competent and disinterested persons, the judgment would be that in certain cases (where money was to be made) they were excessive; just as in other cases, where money was not to be made, they have been much neglected. Wherever management is extravagant, the managers are always tempted to live upon capital. This matter of excessive thinning calls for attention. I do not assert that it is so. I have not sufficiently examined into the matter

not be a great public misfortune to do so?—I plead for them as I plead for the oldest woods, for the sake of their beauty and historic interest. Though as a class they are less beautiful than the oldest woods, they are all beautiful and of a very interesting and distinctive type. What Mr. Lascelles would like to do with these woods is to clear and realise them. That, fortunately, he cannot do; but unfortunately he has powers of cutting which, if unfairly used, may quietly gain his object for him. The present danger is that some fine morning the English people will wake to find that, as the result of the sly cuttings that now go on, these woods have been gently removed out of existence. Then probably there will be squalls, and the well-deserved storm will break on the offending heads of Mr. Culley and Mr. Lascelles. In that day of wrath we shall have one chorus of indignant exclamation from many who are now apathetic, loudly asking, 'Who are these unmitigated savages that have destroyed our last examples of King William's forestry?'⁴

And here a rather bitter reflection arises. The Punic faith of the Department of Woods and Forests is, as a tradition, deeply graven in the minds of those who have had dealings with them, and these sentences of Mr. Lascelles supply a startling example of it. Some few years ago, Mr. Lascelles, quite new to his office, resolved to enclose 'Burley Old,' the very gem of these King William the Third woods. A large number of the residents entreated the Department not to do so. In the correspondence that took place, the strongest assurances were given⁵ that there was no intention of cutting. Those who knew the Department and its little ways only shook their heads, and now the incautious Mr. Lascelles—he, fortunately, is one of the most incautious men I know—blurts out the real truth. In fact, since the enclosure a large number of oaks have been cut. I have not my forest notes with me, but I have myself known about between thirty and forty oaks cut in one spring.

From a forestry point of view, Mr. Lascelles' desire to clear the ground and realise the crop can hardly be praised. Few foresters are in favour of clearing a crop. By doing it the moisture of the soil is lost, and with it certain invaluable elements of fertility. The opinion is held that many a tree-bearing piece of ground has been

⁴ A return ought to be moved for at once in the House of Commons, asking for the acreage of the King William the Third plantations, and the number of trees cut in each of these plantations during the last seven years.

⁵ In our memorial presented to Sir H. Loch, then one of the Commissioners for Woods and Forests, we said, 'For the same reason we are rejoiced to hear that there is no intention of any cuttings being sanctioned in Burley Old, except where such cuttings may seem absolutely necessary in the interest of the old trees themselves.' It is a pity that a public Department does not try to speak the truth. To fight this special Department, is like fighting an enemy that poisons the wells of a country and ignores the ordinary rules of warfare. I think Sir H. Loch would do well to inquire about the matter. It was his word that we took.

ruined by this treatment, and has gone back to its earlier sterile condition. It was rather unkind of Sir H. Maxwell to quote this passage, especially as he shows later on in the article that he himself is aware that the truer treatment, even where the market is the exclusive object, is to keep cutting but never clearing. Mr. Lascelles cannot clear; unfortunately he can keep cutting. It is this last power which should be taken out of his hands. There is also another consideration. From a forestry point of view it is interesting to have examples to show how plantations were formed in King William the Third's time. There is an object lesson of real value in woods of a certain date and grown in a certain manner. And now suppose that Mr. Lascelles and Sir H. Maxwell had their way. Suppose that the King William the Third woods were gradually cleared one after the other, and a certain number of thousands of pounds made by the transaction. Would the nation profit even from a money point of view? I doubt it. First of all the money gained would only go to bolster up for a few years more the flagrant waste of our administration; and, secondly, just as the Department has lost money on the plantations made at the earlier part of the century, so they would lose money again in replanting these woods. Why should they do better? They are the most absurd people of business. There are men still living in the Forest who helped to destroy the beautiful old woods, and they will tell you of instances where the wood they cut was sold at the very lowest prices, some of it even being left rotting on the ground. One friend of mine almost rises into poetry in his horror of the transaction in which he assisted. 'They were all slaughtered down—noble, fine trees—one a-top of another, and sold for just what they would fetch.' So it has been in the past. And much the same—a little more attention being paid to decent appearances—it would be in the future.

4. Then comes the famous sentence, in the paragraph which Sir H. Maxwell quotes, on which Mr. Lascelles' claim to immortality will rest—that the old woods are going to 'wreck and ruin.' Sir Herbert Maxwell, apparently taking his opinions at second hand, rashly endorses the opinion. He says, 'the extension of common grazing put an end *absolutely* [!] to the process of natural reproduction of wood,' and again, as if tumbling once into the same hole on the same occasion was not sufficient: 'the net result is . . . 4,600 acres of old and decaying wood, to replace which, as it dies out, no provision has been made.' Now, I am sure that Sir H. Maxwell does not wish to give currency to a mere fable; and had he, before writing in such rash vein, gone to any one of five or six gentlemen that I could have named to him, who know the Forest intimately, or even to myself, one of our number would have been glad to show him in almost every part of the Forest examples of young growth quite sufficient to convince him that such a statement is a myth of the myths, and deserves

public branding as such. Indeed, in order to make rash statements of this kind impossible, I followed the example of Mr. Esdaile of Burley, and had the young growth in some of the old woods counted. I picked out several of the most unfavourable examples, and one of the most favourable. These are given in the article referred to by Sir H. Maxwell; and how he could stumble into such rash declarations as those I have quoted above, with these figures looking him in the face, it is difficult to say.⁶ But there are certain disasters for which some persons seem to be predestined, and from which no warning saves them. There was, as it is recorded, one post on Salisbury Plain. A countryman, having to drive across the Plain, succeeded in upsetting his cart against it.

Sir H. Maxwell does not quite definitely state his own views about the Forest; but apparently, endorsing Mr. Lascelles, he would clear the King William the Third woods, and he would spend more public money in making new plantations, in face of the fact, that the old ones, as regards the repayment of expenditure, have failed. Then he would clear away 'a vast deal of useless rubbish;' he would remove old and decaying trees; he would 'fell,' 'cart,' 'bark,' and 'burn,' in order to give us the pleasing picture of these industrial operations; he would introduce exotic species for the purpose of testing them, and in return for permission to carry out these energetic proceedings, he would kindly spare for our sakes certain 'ancient groves and isolated groups.' In a word, without the least appreciation of what the New Forest is, and why it differs from other woods and pleasure grounds, he would convert it into a Windsor Park or a Lord Broadacres' domain, just as his own or Mr. Lascelles' taste might happen to suggest. Now let me state the other view. Out of a total acreage, exceeding 60,000 acres, there are left only about 4,500 acres of old wood, the last gems of the Forest—thanks to the persistent wastefulness of the Office of Woods and Forests and the remissness of the English people. There are over 17,000 acres of modern plantation, including the King William the Third woods; and between 40,000 and 50,000 acres of open lands. Now the position of the 4,500 acres of old woods is as follows. It was apparently the intention of Parliament absolutely to protect these woods, and it is only by the quibbling of the officials as to the mean-

* We found, taking young trees eight feet high and over, that in the worst class of woods, Class III., the proportion of young trees was as nine to nineteen old trees; in woods which we roughly classed as Class II., that the proportion of young trees was from one up to four (young trees) to one old tree; whilst I think in the best class, Class I., the proportion would rise to five or six young trees, up to ten or even more young trees, to one old tree. In the worst class, No. III., it must be remembered that in the larger part of these woods the young growth cannot grow at present. Young growth will not grow, even if planted, under dense beeches. In time the storm will open out clear spaces, and then the young growth will come. In all the woods belonging to Class I. this is exactly what has happened. Our counting was rapidly but quite fairly done. There were probably mistakes in it.

ing of the word 'ornamental,' and the careless fashion in which Parliament allows itself to be defied, that they have not been protected. The Act (1877) says: 'The ancient ornamental woods and trees in the Forest shall be preserved . . . and wood shall be provided for the satisfaction of fuel rights without the sacrifice of ornamental timber.' Well, the nation took these words in their plain meaning, at least that part of it which really cared for old woods, and was greatly rejoiced at them. Mr. Lascelles himself, till he discovered how safe it was to ignore and defy Parliament, used to acknowledge and bewail the restriction placed upon him. It was on the same occasion as that on which he complained that he could not cut—'smack and smooth,' to use the historic phrase—the King William the Third woods, that he also complained, 'Felling is forbidden, and planting is forbidden.'

Well, it will hardly be believed that, notwithstanding this decision of Parliament, notwithstanding Mr. Lascelles' recognition of it, Mr. Culley and Mr. Lascelles have gone on—year in, year out—cutting away at the old timber. Again and again we have complained; and last year we secured (through the Select Committee on Woods and Forests) a return of the trees cut in the old woods—not including the King William the Third woods—during the last seven years. During those seven years over 2,000 trees have been cut; and in one (exceptional) year each tree averaged in value over *5l. 10s.* Yet, in giving evidence before this Committee of 1890, Mr. Lascelles had the courage to say, 'There has been no cutting whatever of timber which could reasonably be called ornamental timber.'

And here I am tempted to digress for a moment to refer to that select committee. It will seem strange to many persons why a select committee to inquire into this very Department of Woods and Forests, which has committed all these sins, should not have helped the nation by throwing a little useful light upon what is going on. The truth is, that select committees of the House of Commons to inquire into public departments are much given to resemble those pasteboard fronts which figure on the stage and elsewhere. The leading spirits on them are men who either are in office, or who intend to be in office, and who—with rare exceptions—have exceedingly little inclination to quarrel with public departments, to probe matters too deeply, or to expose any underlying sore places. The consequence is that the examination into the matter consists of a process of the gentlest scratching of the surface—much like the Indian ryot scratching the soil with his wooden plough—with considerable care taken not to disturb any under-soil. If by any chance you happen to get on the committee a man of the old rugged independent type, with shrewd perceptions and the grip of a bull-dog, who cares only to drag a job into the light and values the special interests of the right honourable

gentlemen, who sit on the two front benches, at the smallest coin that circulates in her Majesty's realm, things would be different; but these men don't grow readily in our present political atmosphere, and therefore the tendency of a select committee for this particular purpose is to wear kid gloves and to handle things delicately. To give a humble illustration: If any person is good enough to read my evidence on the second day before the Committee (Blue Book 333, 1890), he will see the truth of what I am saying. I brought—rightly or wrongly—several serious accusations against the management of the Forest. I insisted—quoting the authority of Mr. Peebles, the Duke of Northumberland's forester, to confirm my statement—that the modern plantations were much neglected; I insisted that the accounts were improperly presented; that considerable expenses incurred for game were concealed under the head of 'maintenance-labour;' that trees were cut in the old woods in defiance of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the Act of Parliament; and I pointed out certain sources of waste and mismanagement. Any persons who are good enough to read that evidence (if they are students of human nature they will derive a good deal of amusement from it) can judge for themselves as regards the spirit in which it was met by the three right honourable gentlemen who directed the committee. No real attempt was made to ascertain how far such evils existed or did not exist. Sir W. Harcourt blustered; Mr. Jackson effervesced; and Mr. Fowler, with a strange imprudence, assured the committee that he himself had visited a certain plantation to which I had specifically referred. Now this plantation is over 800 acres; and to thoroughly ascertain its condition would require several days of real hard work devoted to the purpose. Did Mr. Fowler know more about it at that time than what could be learnt by having been once driven through it in a carriage by Sir W. Harcourt? I do not state that this was so; I ask Mr. Fowler, if it is true or not?

I don't want to press too hardly upon these points. We are all of us human—especially, of course, Sir W. Harcourt—but the moral is pretty plain. If the nation wants to know about the manner in which any public department carries on its work, it must not ask right honourable gentlemen to provide it with the knowledge. There is too much fellow-feeling; there are too many nervous fibres that inosculate. Ruder hands are required to deal successfully with a scandal that exists, to catch hold manfully of it, and drag it up by the roots. There are many gentlemen who are excellent surgeons, provided it is not their own flesh and blood on which they are called to operate. Let it be only an abscess on the little finger, and it is wiser to put the lancet in other hands.

In such a case, it may be asked, what should be done? A small body of three or four business men of keenness and integrity should

be appointed. They should have only one object to serve—that of ascertaining and making public the truth—and they should be under no obligations to the powers that be. Will the Government give us such a body to examine into ‘Woods and Forests,’ or does it prefer to continue ploughing with the Indian ryot’s plough?

From this digression I return to the question of our old woods. I ask the English people to try to understand what has taken place, and is now taking place. Towards the end of last century, and through all the earlier part of this century, the New Forest still remained the most beautiful and interesting spot in England. You might have passed through mile upon mile of natural woodland without drawing rein. It was a bit of country that had escaped modern changes. It was a bit of the older England—the England of the outlaw, of the singer of ballads, of the lover of the greenwood life—which, belonging to the past, had by some fortunate accident survived into the present. To a country like ours—crowded with this modern busy life—such a fragment should have been priceless. But to a public department, as to a French sapper, there is nothing sacred, whether in the earth below or in the heavens above. Bit by bit the old woods were destroyed, and the new plantations were put in their place. Hundreds and hundreds of acres of woodland, rich in beauty and historic interest, were sacrificed—and for what? The authorities knew—or might have known—that what they were doing could not pay. They knew that their expensive processes would eat up all profit, that salaries were piled upon salaries, and that the poor blindfolded nation could not watch over its concerns. Why, then, did they pursue this destructive course? I think the answer must be, first, that they did not in the least understand or care about the thing with which they were dealing; and, secondly, that they were possessed with a feverish wish to appear to be doing something, and to have something to show—whether the something was good or bad in itself, whether it would yield less or more than the expense incurred upon it—in return for the official salaries. And to-day there is the same feverishness, and therefore just the same danger. Rather than do nothing, rather than discharge carefully and conscientiously the ordinary useful duties of their office, our officials long to distinguish themselves by doing something big—to cut, to enclose, to plant, quite careless of what is destroyed in the process, quite careless whether they will be able hereafter to justify their last work any better than, if called upon, they could justify the earlier work of their predecessors.

Now let me state why I plead so strongly for preserving these remaining bits of natural woodland. I ask it on several grounds: (1) Because it can be shown that the old woods are reproducing themselves satisfactorily throughout the forest. No sane man can expect to find young growth under old beeches growing thickly together; but wherever gaps come, caused by time and storm, there

the tangle grows, and in the protective tangle grow the young trees—‘the self-comers,’ as they are called. Of course certain things must not be done: the fern must not be cut in these few open spaces, as it is now cut by our authorities, since the scythe destroys year by year both the tangle and the seedling. Given this one common-sense condition, and the reproduction of the old woods is absolutely certain. With some very few exceptions—not worth considering here—wherever there is open space, wherever there is light and air, in time the tangle must grow, and with the tangle must come the self-comers safely protected by it. The thing hardly admits of a question; it is, under present conditions of stock, a certainty.

(2) Because the object is not to grow as much timber as can be grown per acre, but to continue the natural woodland, which has come down to us from the past, with its many varying and beautiful incidents. From dense woods of beeches, so dense that nothing grows under their shade, you pass to groups of trees growing in their own fashion, from them to single trees, to open spaces of heath and fern, to glades of close-cropped lawn, to tangles of holly and thorn—each succeeding the other in charming variety—until you reach the boundary of the wood, where the eternal war of trees and plain goes on, each striving to encroach on the territory of the other. Nothing is more interesting than this warfare. The wood, constantly throwing out fresh outposts, wherever circumstances in the least favour an advance, gains in several directions, whilst it is apt to lose in the one special direction from which the strong south-west gales make their attack. Amongst the results of this warfare is that broken line of boundary which is so pleasant to the eye.

Now it has to be remembered that really natural woodland exists hardly anywhere in England. Plantations, mixed timber and coppice, parks, arboretums, pleasure grounds, you have in any quantity scattered over the country; but natural woodland—in the sense of forest, that through a long course of time has grown up untended, where art and artifice have had no part, where the cattle have roamed at will, where there is no need to cut the finest trees for purposes of market, where the young growth has to avail itself of those wiles and defences against its enemies, which those, who know how to look, find in all parts of nature—is so rare as to be hardly seen anywhere in England away from the New Forest.⁷

⁷ An opinion has been put forward, that certain of the old woods were in earlier times encoppiced, or fenced in. I believe, from the evidence of the ground, some were, some were not. The matter is of little importance, though it might be argued, by those who wish to take the old woods under their deadly protection, that if the fence was required then, it is required now. No comparison of value, however, can be made between the large head of deer, that has existed at certain times in the forest, and our present moderate stock of cattle and ponies. Deer in large quantities are, as I believe, far the most destructive of the three animals as regards the young wood; and it is since the removal of the deer that the larger part of the present young

(3) Because, granted that the object is not to grow timber but to preserve a bit of nature, no man is fit to meddle with these old woods and to improve their wild and varying beauty. There are, of course, plenty of persons who think themselves specially designed by their artistic perceptions to go into these old woods, cut here, clear there, and plant somewhere else. There are two great dangers that always threaten a beautiful bit of nature—meddlesomeness and conceit. There are, unfortunately, very few men who care much about what is beautiful in itself; but there are plenty of men who care about their own little ideas, and delight in peddling and pottering over fancy creations of their own. I hope Sir H. Maxwell will not compel me to put him mentally into this awful class of misguided human beings. When he complacently says, 'There is a vast deal of useless rubbish which should be cleared away to make room for vigorous growth,' he makes one feel as a good many unhappy people felt when Sir Gorgius Midas asked the young painter to put a little colour into his Rembrandt for him. What is rubbish? Is it the old trees past their prime? But to the lover of forest ground these are as beautiful and as interesting as their younger rivals. Is it the stunted, cramped, wind-blasted dwarfs of trees, which are here and there to be met with? But these, too, have their place among the many varied incidents of natural woodland, and tell the interesting story of the struggle where the forces were most adverse. Is it trees which have grown from youth almost intertwined with each other, forming, as painters know so well, the one head, as it were, of a gigantic tree? But what lover of trees would wish to separate these Davids and Jonathans from each other—independently of the opinion of many foresters that trees deprived of their intimate companions suffer and die in consequence? Is it the heath, the gorse, and the bracken? Is it the tangle of holly and thorn? To a careless eye these last might seem to injure the growth of the young oaks and beeches when they have reached a certain stage; but they do not. The young trees grow away both from the holly and the thorn, being of quicker growth; and when once they have topped the thorn which has so faithfully nursed them, then they behave as ungratefully as the rest of us, and, now that its useful purpose is ended, kill it with their drip and shade. The holly stands shade so well that it lives longer; but I do not think that it does any harm at all worth considering. The truth is, there is no rubbish: all is beautiful; all is part of a whole; all has its meaning and story; and the things which Sir Herbert Maxwell would probably sweep away are the very

growth has appeared. The deer were so pressed by hunger, that they kept a large part of the tangle down, and with it the young growth. Apart from the question of encroachment, or enclosure, one thing is important to observe. It is that the woods were allowed to grow in their own way, without thinning or interference. It is just for this reason that, from an artistic point of view, they are now so beautiful.

things which make the old woods of the New Forest different from the thousands of pleasure-grounds which are to be found anywhere and everywhere. 'Clearing away rubbish' is the historic phrase of every person who has spoilt a beautiful bit of nature because it failed to appeal to him.

(4) Then I plead for the old woods being left entirely alone, not only for the sake of the artist, but of the forester as well. I claim it in the first instance for the artist and the lover of nature. I ask the artist if it would not be a priceless boon for him that somewhere in England there should be a sanctuary of nature, where ash and beech, holly and thorn, fern and gorse, all struggled for possession of the soil, where trees were left to ripen and slowly decay to their fall, where the cattle wandered at will, forcing their own path through the undergrowth, where the 'self-comers' struggled up, eluding danger by nestling in the tangle, and bit by bit replacing the older wood, as the storms opened up for them spaces of light and air, where the hand of man played no interfering part, but from generation to generation the struggle of nature went on, and the battle of the 'trees' was lost here to-day and won there to-morrow. But I appeal also to the forester. I have no opposition of any kind to offer to a school of forestry, except to a Government school—on the grounds that it is much best for Government, with its cumbrous machinery and third-rate motives, not to play with any kind of science, not to undertake researches which those principally interested should be undertaking for themselves, not to dabble in providing posts for those who learn to serve them in some fashion or another, not always the worthiest fashion, nor to take money compulsorily from those who don't wish to apply it to such purposes. The science of forestry is like every other science in the world; it is rich in its own interests, rich in its own rewards, and worthy of hearty encouragement at our hands. All that I specially claim in this matter is that the 4,600 acres of old wood should not be used for *experimental* forestry. Preserved by some blessed chance in their wild condition, they are too sacred to be allowed to undergo experiments from the hands of any of us, simple or learned. But for all that they may be of the highest service to forestry as a science. It is a great gain to have a bit of wild nature—left absolutely without interference—where the forester may study the natural changes that tend to come, and the new results that from time to time show themselves, emerging from the conflict of forces. For those who desire experiment—and I have no word to say against experiment in its proper place—there are over 17,000 acres of modern plantation in the New Forest, and woods and timber of every kind in all parts of the country, which may very properly be subjected to experiment. But these special old woods, whose like we shall never see again, should be only for the forestry of observation. In them let us be content to watch natural

experiments without lifting a finger of our own. There are at this moment several interesting points—several little bits of evolution going on on a small scale—that deserve attention, if only dangerous people like Sir H. Maxwell can be locked up in their public departments, and persuaded to leave us—and what is to them our rubbish—alone.

I will conclude by stating what I practically advise. So long as the nation owns the New Forest—an owning which I do not justify, or attempt to justify—so long it should carefully guard these old woods. 1. It should stop in the most summary way the cuttings which are now carried on against the intention of Parliament; if necessary, it should strengthen the Act of Parliament; it should grant the same full protection to the King William the Third woods⁸ and to certain beautiful patches of old wood embedded in the recent plantations; in all these woods and fragments of woods it should allow no tree to be cut; no tangle of any kind to be interfered with; no young trees to be planted, above all, not of the new fancifully chosen (I accept Sir H. Maxwell's rebuke about the word 'fanciful') species that are dear to the heart of the dabbler; no thinning of any kind;⁹

⁸ The only cuttings which might possibly be permitted in the King William the Third woods are: (1) cuttings for Crown repairs. If permitted, a return should be immediately made to Parliament of the trees cut, and the purposes to which they were applied. It is, however, doubtful policy to allow the thin end of the wedge. (2) Where an old and decayed tree hangs dangerously over any road or track, or piece of private property.

⁹ Worthy souls need not be frightened at this prohibition. It is sufficient to remember that all the great natural timber forests were produced without thinning; and though thinning is desirable in cases where timber is being grown as quickly as possible for the market, Nature has her own methods of thinning. When young trees are growing close together, the stronger ones presently grow away from the others; a difference in the vitality of the seed (see Grigor) favouring this difference in growth. The weaker ones, when once topped, are then exposed to the drip and the shade of their successful rivals; they begin to grow in a horizontal direction so as to get to the light, and then their fate is sealed. Of course, in a naturally grown wood, many differences are to be seen in the fashion of growth. In some cases, as before described, three or four trees will form one group with one head, the outside trees sloping outwards and each tree getting sufficient air and light to hold its own. These groups are specially beautiful incidents of natural woodland. Every painter knows how beautiful they are, and how different in character the wood is where they are found from the wood where the forester (quite rightly from the timber point of view) has carefully separated every tree from its fellows. It should also be remembered that certain other circumstances help in natural forest to prevent overcrowding of the young growth. The young growth, when not protected by the tangle, is often (not always) destroyed (or retarded for some years) by the bite of cattle; and, moreover, there is no rush of uniform growth, as in the case of a plantation. The growth comes up at different moments, and is of different ages; all of which circumstances favour natural thinning. Any person who carefully examines certain of the old woods will see that they were not thinned during their growth; and that in consequence we have every variety of growth, trees growing close to each other and forming groups, and trees that have found room to develop into fine single types. The same thing is taking place now with the young growth. There are some interesting remarks in Grigor on its not being necessary to thin the natural forests of Scotch fir; and I am told that the custom has grown up in Germany to put off the

no paying of bills for forest management with timber from the old woods; and, above all, no 'clearing away of rubbish.' Except to remove a fallen tree—that has fallen, ripe with old age, or overpowered by the storm—the ring of axe should never be heard in the old woods.

2. The expenses of the Forest should be mercilessly cut down.¹⁶ Terms should be made with Mr. Lascelles, and his post should be filled up at much less expense by a working forester whose soul would not be above the daily work of his plantations; whilst all through the forest, supervision should be reduced. It is monstrous that in order to pay officials who are not required, trees should be cut and sold from the old woods, that the very existence of the William the Third woods should be endangered, and that some of the modern plantations should be severely thinned—if such is the case—with a view to the present rather than the future.

3. Certain mischievous privileges of the Crown as regards shooting should be done away with. The accounts should be properly, clearly, and fully presented; and the nation should not be made—unknown to itself—to contribute towards the shooting either of the Crown or of anybody else.

4. Fuel rights should be bought up, at all events to the point that those which were left should be easily covered by the year's windfalls. If it were shown to be desirable, the larger rights might be bought up, and the smaller rights left.

5. The recent plantations—which have been much neglected—should be carefully attended to. There is much room here both for the science and the practical art of forestry. If M. Boppe were allowed to walk carefully through that particular plantation through which I have always guessed that Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Fowler once drove comfortably together—perhaps discussing the coming of that golden future in which the English voter will amend the errors of his ways—well can I understand the wringing of his hands over English forestry. In special allusion to that plantation, Mr. Peebles (forester to the Duke of Northumberland) wrote: 'The point which most strikes anyone in the management of some of the plantations is their utter neglect.'

6. It should be considered whether, according to Mr. G. Briscoe Eyre's suggestion, the New Forest should not be transferred from the Office of Woods and Forests to the Board of Works. Some constitutional difficulties might possibly have to be got over; but Mr. W. H. Smith's excellent doctrine—very unhesitatingly pronounced some years ago—that Crown property was property held for

thinning of trees such as oak and beech till a late date, in order to favour the natural selection of the best individual.

¹⁶ I have tried to show elsewhere that a reduction of 2,000% or 2,500% could be made on our yearly expenditure.

the good of the people, may safely guide us in the matter. Being away from home, I cannot refer to the passage; but I think on the same occasion he thoroughly convinced his own party and a section of the Liberal party also, that Crown property was not only for the good, but at the disposal, of the nation.

I am always glad to send papers about the Forest to any person interested. My address is at present Cladich, Argyleshire; later, Old House, Ringwood.

AUBERON HERBERT.

FERDINAND LASSALLE

‘I HAVE made the inventory of my life,’ Lassalle said a few days before his death. ‘It has been independent, courageous, and sincere: futurity will do me justice.’ These words were prophetic. His fame is now world-wide, and his private reputation is gradually becoming cleared from some of the worst charges preferred against him.

To us in England, until within the last few years, Lassalle’s was a name cited by a few abstruse thinkers only. Now it instinctively occurs to all who wish to consider, even in the most superficial manner, the questions that are agitating the end of our century. Europe recognises that it was this ‘Jew adventurer’ who first gave shape to the deep-lying, indissoluble forces that had lain germinating in men’s minds since the publication of Rousseau’s nebulous *Contrat Social* and Voltaire’s irreverent *Dieu et les Hommes*, and seem likely to influence politics and society for many a decade to come.

Rodbertus, a contemplative scholar and country gentleman, had thought them out and restated them amidst the woods and gardens of Jagetzow; Karl Marx, in the centre of English metropolitan industry, had scientifically and philosophically winnowed much of the grain from the chaff; but it was Ferdinand Lassalle who first made of these forces a power to shake the timbers that upheld the petty principalities and princedoms in Germany, and a lever to free the industrial classes of the Fatherland from the paralysing restrictions on labour. If Frederick the Great gave laws and an extended constitution to the Kingdom of Prussia, if Bismarck effected the unification of the Empire, raising it to its present all-powerful position among the nations, Lassalle most certainly gave its people the idea of freedom, and within limits the right of free expression and free action. The wave of emancipated thought that rolled over Europe after the Revolution of 1848 would have fallen, beaten back from the shores of Germany, had not Lassalle skilfully and courageously taken it at the flood, bearing his countrymen out of a land of drudgery and mental imprisonment to one where labour was consecrated, and equality was understood as work in common and enjoyment in common.

Some of his German biographers have been so short-sighted as
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to say that he will be remembered for his philosophic and poetic work only. Germans are indulgent as to style, if learning enough be displayed; but Lassalle had neither the austerity of form nor the sense of proportion necessary to make a poet or a dramatist. Years hence, when 'Heraclitus the Dark' and his drama, *Franz von Sickingen*, have been swept away with the other rubbish that encumbers the shelves of the learned, the meeting at the sign of the 'Kleine Quellen' at Leipzig in 1863, when he addressed a numerically unimportant body of working men, and gave them what he called the 'Arbeiter Programme,' the 'Working Men's Programme,' will be looked upon as one of the events of the century.

In our day, when Socialism is a recognised agent, and an English Prime Minister has been heard to say that 'we are all Socialists now,' it is difficult to realise that the doctrines which on that occasion were promulgated by Lassalle were looked on as the theories of a revolutionary dreamer. General suffrage, State credit for productive associations, economic emancipation of the working man from the iron law of competition in wages were what he pleaded for—subjects that have formed material for many discourses in Parliament, and almost all the 'extra-Parliamentary' harangues of the last ten years.

Alexander von Humboldt, after reading one of Lassalle's speeches, laid it before his royal master, with the pertinent remark, 'Das ist ein Wunderkind.' There is something miraculous in his quick power of perception and analysis: sentences and words of his give us the pith and marrow of all that has been said or written on the subject of Socialism. They struck on men's minds at the time with a sudden flash, 'making them stand' (he says in one of his speeches) 'and watch with wonderment his and his fellow-thinkers' soaring flight, as they might watch a flock of cranes winging their way across the heavens, filling the air with strange and mournful cries.'

The records of biographers with regard to the great agitator are curiously scanty. His earlier biographers treat him as a 'superlative Hebrew conjuror,' the initiator of a clever scheme of social reconstruction; his private life is generally dismissed with contemptuous shortness of paragraph. Without trouble being taken to investigate motives or likelihood of guilt or innocence, he is credited with a not very reputable attachment to a woman old enough to be his mother; and the full measure of his sins seems in their eyes complete because he fell shot in a duel for the sake of Helena von Racowitza, whom he ardently loved and desired to make his wife. This last episode is treated by all his biographers, from Brandes, his most sympathetic reviewer, to Lindau, with stern brevity; and Becker, with an ingratitude rarely to be found, collected all the scandalous tit-bits, veracious or unvaracious, after his friend's death, and published them to a world that was still aghast at the magnitude of the calamity that had overtaken one of the greatest of her sons.

In the region of politics the standard of virtue fluctuates. Vehement condemnation of the sinner arises, as we have lately seen in England, from expediency, and a desire to drag down a political opponent, rather than from a genuine zeal for the proprieties of life. In Lassalle's case it is especially easy to understand how judgments became warped and views distorted. Christian and Constitutional authorities naturally sided against him. His own nationality never forgave his secession from their ranks. He imposed himself upon his following, and made them cohere, by his ardent enthusiasms, his bitter hates, and his strong prejudices; but propitiation of any particular sect or opinion, or an attempt to conform himself to social exigencies on prudential grounds, he never contemplated for a moment. The world saw him at his worst and at his best: there was for him no treading of the macadamized highroad marked off by the milestones of custom and routine.

We are enabled to consider more clearly the problem of this interesting life by the publication in Germany within the last few months of his diary kept during the winters of 1840 and '41, when he was still a boy. This day-to-day record of the development of an intellect already virile would be interesting amid any circumstances: it is doubly so when we remember that this intellect was destined to become a preponderating one in a decisive movement in the progress of European civilisation. All the peculiarities of his character and temperament are ruthlessly dragged into the light of day. We see the overwhelming determination, the unbending sincerity, the violent temper, the hatred of injustice, with many other meaner qualities that later became patent to the world. When we remember the age of the writer, we realise that there is a wonderful prescience in the boy's journal. 'Nature,' he says, echoing Heine, 'had designed Robespierre and Kant to weigh coffee and sugar; but destiny determined that they should weigh other things, and she laid on the scales of one a king, and on those of the other a god, and they weighed them exactly. So will I weigh our oppressors.'

The youthful century had passed through what some one has called its 'growing pains.' Literature and art were gradually recovering from the iron rule of shot and shell, which had reigned for twenty-five years, when, in the quaint old corner house at Breslau, by the sluggish waters of the Ohle, the young socialist first lifted up his voice in a protest against nature and society. That same year, 1825, Disraeli published 'Vivian Grey,' and O'Connell passed his Bill for Catholic emancipation. Heine went to Hamburg, to begin his career as a lawyer; at the fortress of Gaeta, Mazzini thought out his scheme for the unity of Italy, Alfred de Musset read 'Don Quixote;' and at the head of 'La jeune France,' Victor Hugo, Samson-like, pulled the temple of classicism, with its unities and monotonous alexandrines, about the ears of astonished critics.

The Lassals (at this time they spelt their name in the ordinary Jew fashion) were silk merchants; Ferdinand added the two letters when he went to Paris; the 'de,' however, which some of his French friends interpolated, he indignantly repudiated.

You have put before my name (he writes to Sophie de Solutzeff) a 'de' which does not belong to it. I have not the honour to be noble. Bourgeois by birth, belonging to the people by heart, I have neither the right nor the wish to use this 'de,' which is the distinctive title of families who call themselves noble because they possess some small village or estate, the name of which, with a 'de' prefixed, indicates the possession and the origin. But, as nothing belongs to me but the entire world, I cannot particularise, and I will not lessen my origin and possession by this distinctive sign.

Heymann Lassal, his father, with that industry and buoyancy of energy which characterises the race, accumulated a fortune amply sufficient to raise his children above the cares of want. He fulfilled his avocations in solemn routine, laying heavy honest hands on every prose detail of his silk mercery, letting all the poetic meaning of life slip through his fat fingers, while his narrow-minded wife, with her jealousy and her small vanities, ruled the household, and nagged at husband, daughter, and son in the Hebrew-German jargon familiarly called 'Mauschel,' of which we are given some specimens in the diary. They seemed to have lived the usual contracted life that most of the Nathaniels, the Benjamins, the Solomons, the Jacobsons, lived in other cities of Germany, occupied with their sordid money-making and worldly affairs, 'pocket-handkerchiefless and hooked-nosed,' bearing on every limb and feature the fell record of centuries of persecution; 'having fallen away,' as Lassalle says, 'from the ideal of their greatest genius, Christ, as Englishmen have fallen away from the ideal of William Shakespeare!' Some of the superior intellects, Heine, Mendelssohn, Auerbach, freed themselves from the chains of conventionality and prejudice that bound their co-religionists, and sought, in a freer, more expanded air, the development of their genius; but most of the oppressed race, bowed down by persecution and injustice, kept entirely to their own narrow circle, bought and sold, attended synagogues, and intermarried among themselves, as we see them now doing in every European capital other than our own.

His father was irritable and tyrannical. Lassalle, in spite of his affection for him, makes this evident in innumerable instances, immediately correcting the statement by an expression of tenderness and gratitude. Family dissensions were numerous and acrimonious; serenity was unknown in the domestic atmosphere; much of the hardihood of temper, hatred of injustice, and aggressive energy in Lassalle's tempestuous nature were undoubtedly developed by the daily jar of misunderstandings, sometimes breaking into open warfare, that reigned around him in his youth. The boy himself acknow-

ledges the mixture of good and evil that was so strangely interwoven in his nature, and made him a difficult problem for those who had the charge of his education. He forged both his parents' signatures on his master's reports, and then bitterly repented the deception.

The torture that I suffered is not to be expressed; I felt utterly overwhelmed. But how full of strange contradictions is the human heart! I, who had committed a crime, had forged my parents' handwriting, and become further and further involved in lies: at that moment I prayed, more fervently than I ever did in my life before that God might help me, and that this, the first deception in my life, should be the last. I felt calm directly I had prayed, as if I really believed that God would listen to my supplication.

Old Heymann seems to have been the only person before whom the boy trembled.

I do not know (he writes) how it is I played billiards and cards all Sunday evening, a thing my father has strictly forbidden me to do; I forged his signature on my reports; and yet I love my father with all the strength of my heart, as only a child can love. I would cheerfully lay down my life if it would avail him anything.

The day after this passionate outburst we find him coolly writing across his report '*Wahrheit und Dichtung*,' 'Truth and Romance,' and returning it thus defaced to the master.

There is, even in these early years, the manner of the tragic comedian in the incandescent youth. We give an incident as he himself relates it.

Mother bought me a cap; so far so good. In the afternoon I wished to change my inexpressibles: there were no buttons for the braces. There was immediately a fine row; no one had time to sew them on for me. Father told me to take them off and put on my old ones. 'I will not allow you to be so vain,' he said. 'They are both old rubbish,' I answered him impatiently. He was very angry, and tried to box my ears, whilst telling me he would not allow me to cry. Every word I said in excuse made him still more angry. 'I will not allow you to beat me like this,' I said between my sobs. On this he set to work and beat me violently. I stopped crying at once, dried my tears, and looked at him defiantly, pale as death. He almost struck me in the face, but restrained himself. I dressed quite calmly, said I was going to Hilbers, and went out fully possessed with the idea of throwing myself into the Ohle. When I reached the bank I stopped, and thought how I should do it. 'You go down the steps,' I said to myself. 'When you are on the last one you stick a foot in the water, then you raise the other one in the air, you fall forward, and are free.' At this moment I thought of my mother and my father; but so great was my excitement I went deliberately down the steps. Suddenly I heard some one calling 'Ferdinand.' I turned; my father stood behind me, paler than myself. 'What are you doing here?' 'I am looking at the river.' 'You need not go to school; come back home.' I followed, sat down on the sofa in the sitting-room, and in half an hour came to my senses. My father crept up softly several times, to make sure I was there; his pallor shewed me he had guessed my intention. Hu! I shudder now at the thought of drowning. 'Poor Tom's a-cold!'

His sister Frederika was some years older than himself. She had engaged herself to her cousin Ferdinand Friedlander, somewhat of

an adventurer, as we learn from Heine's life. He invested money for the poet in various securities that did not prove remunerative; and, in consequence of the unfortunate transactions, Heine quarrelled with him. The manner in which the family asked Ferdinand's opinion on this prospective son-in-law, and set him to discover the means and position of another suitor in the event of Friedlander's engagement being broken off, is remarkable, considering what an irresponsible 'Taugenichts' he represents himself to be. The son of Shem, however, seemed quite equal to the occasion, and treated the question of pounds, shillings, and pence with all the unromantic precision of an experienced matrimonial agent.

At this period, if we may judge from his financial transactions, Lassalle showed more aptitude for commerce than for literature. He 'shwopped' a pen-knife with his mother, and made half a silver groschen by the transaction; he lent his school-fellows books that belonged to the public library, and made them pay money for them. The stern tenet of his Semitic ancestors is his—'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.' In the course of a quarrel with his sister, he cast himself on his knees, and cried until he was hoarse, 'Snake, with your crocodile tears, you shall repent this hour! By God, I swear if I live fifty, if I live a hundred, years, I will not forget this hour on my death-bed; but you shall remember it too.'

When I read these passionate sentences (Paul Lindau, his biographer, tells us) I vividly recalled the same Lassalle, as I heard him later, in 1864, addressing thousands of workmen at Iserlohn, his right hand raised, his eyes flaming, thundering with raised voice, 'This is what the bourgeois of the "Fortschritt" Party have done for your workmen! Swear, swear that you will be revenged!'

His boundless self-confidence increased as time went on. He called it 'glorious belief in myself.' He compared himself to a noble eagle, whose flesh and eyes ravens, magpies, and other contemptible carrion tried to feed on; but he felt a new life awakening within him; spreading his rushing wings, he soared towards the sun, while the croaking ravens and magpies flew away.

'The croaking ravens and magpies,' by which he meant his school-fellows and masters, soon made Breslau too hot for the arrogant youth. They complained of his insupportable vanity, foppish tastes, and domineering spirit. 'Lassalle,' they said, 'likes to have an inlaid handle to his Jacobin poniard, and lace round his Phrygian cap.' His vanity, which was huge, was in a manner justified by his radiant appearance. Rather tall for his age, graceful, with a small head, the brow high and clearly defined by the crisp chestnut hair, a straight nose, and large blue eyes beaming with intelligence, he was undeniably attractive.

At Leipzig, to which, by his own wish, he was sent to study mercantile affairs at the commercial school, we find an expansion in

his intellectual horizon. He soon came to the conclusion that 'he never would become a tradesman,' and sat for hours at the window of his little room on the third floor at Leipzig, gazing out at the 'Bosisches Garten,' dreaming of going to Paris, and of being a great poet, 'forging on the anvil of his indignation words destined to make kings' and princes' teeth chatter with fear.'

His stormy, hope-filled boyhood merged at last into manhood. He was free to go to France—goal of his desires, land of his dreams. His first visit was in 1846. We can imagine the magical effect that the city of light produced on his impressionable nature. The town was then in the full meridian of intellectual and social splendour. The genius that had been crushed down under the iron winter of Napoleonic shot and shell had raised its head and again bloomed into flower. Men had leisure to turn to the arts of peace and dreams for the regeneration of society. The dominant belief was the passionate Saint-Simonian ideal of the illimitable possibilities of human progress, the upward movement of human perfectibility. Forty-eight was maturing in all hearts and brains; Proudhon was editing *Le Peuple*; Leroux was editing *La Revue Sociale*; Enfantin was preaching the 'Réhabilitation de la chaire,' and 'L'Exploitation de l'homme par l'homme,' with variations from which 'L'Exploitation de la femme' was not absent. For in the Saint-Simonian Renaissance 'L'éternel féminin' played a conspicuous part, of which the thinking, strong-minded portion of the sex—and there were many bright particular stars reigning in the world of literature of the day—were not slow to avail themselves.

The sick-room of Henri Heine, his compatriot and co-religionist, was almost his every-day resort; George Sand, in serge gown and man's coat, not guiltless of the smell of tobacco-smoke; Madame de Girardin, prattling delightfully of universal equality; and Madame d'Agoult, mother of Cosima, who afterwards married Bülow, Lassalle's great friend, fluttered round the incredulous poet's bedside, sighing as the ladies of a former day had sighed over Rousseau's 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' and discussing the last number of *Le Peuple*, replete, as one of them has expressed it, 'with remedies to heal at last the deep old wound of the injustice of man to man.'

I love Heine (Lassalle had declared at Leipzig); he is my second self. What audacity! what crushing eloquence! He knows how to whisper like a zephyr when it kisses rose-blooms, how to breathe like fire when it rages and destroys; he calls forth all that is tenderest and softest, and then all that is fiercest and most daring. He has the command of all the range of feeling. And this man has fallen away from the great cause—he has torn the Jacobin cap from his head, and put on a plain straw hat! It cannot be. It is sarcasm when he says, 'I am a Royalist; I am a democrat.' He believes, as I do, in the equality of social and political rights; he knows that no power in the world can avail to hinder the rising of the Sun of Freedom, which will give light and warmth to all the earth.

Alas ! Heine writes at the same time :—

Und scheint die Sonne noch so schön,
Am Ende muss sie untergehn.

When I was young, and the morning dew of enthusiasm was moist on my cheek, I also saw the sun arise, touching the pine trees, and chasing the mists away like ghosts flying at the third cockcrow. In those happy days of youth I wore on my head a crown of flowers of magical splendour, and I rambled in the forest like a king; and now my sun has gone down, the world is all awry, a Louis the Eighteenth is looked upon as the promulgator of the liberty of the future, and Guizot is the man at the helm.

Here was this young gladiator, telling him that the panacea for human happiness lay in equality and the sweeping away of all distinctions of rank and property. Heine, the sensitive, refined poet, looked upon the new Socialism with dread and distrust. Poetry, art, civilisation were destined to be swept away in a maelstrom of mob rule. 'Grocers will make "cornets,"' he sighed, with one of his cynical smiles, 'of the pages of my *Buch der Lieder*, to put their brown sugar in.'

The world-weary author of the Lazarus poems delighted in the young man's energetic, buoyant nature, and above all in his enthusiastic admiration for his own genius.

To his friend Varnhagen von Ense he wrote :—

Herr Lassalle is an undoubted son of the new time, who will know none of the renunciation and reserve behind which we in our time, hypocritically perhaps, sheltered ourselves. This new generation will enjoy, and make itself felt, in the open field; we, the old ones, bowed humbly before the unseen, mortified the flesh, languished after shadow kisses and blue roses, and I am not sure were not happier than these hardy gladiators who proudly march to their death-struggle . . . You and I are like the old hen who hatched duck's eggs, and watched with tremor and fear the young brood taking to the water and plashing about. In no one have I found united so much enthusiasm and practical intelligence. Well may he show audacity. We others only usurp this godly right—this divine privilege. In comparison with him I am but a modest fly !

Further down he alludes to the expected visit of Lassalle's brother-in-law, Friedlander, and his sister. 'I am looking forward with much interest to seeing Calmonious [nickname of a Jew-usurer at the Court of Frederick the Great, and passed on to Friedlander] and Lassalle's sister. I wonder if she has the same sensitive, passionate lips that he has. I am much attached to him. How could it be otherwise? He insists on people loving him.'

When he returned from Paris to Berlin, Lassalle's powers had ripened and expanded. He had tasted of the fruit of the tree of scientific and philosophic Socialism. Germans, it is said, think out a revolution philosophically before 'inaugurating' it. He, like his fellow-students, prohibited by the iron despotism of the Government

from any political action, threw himself into the transcendentalism of Fichte and the abstract deductions of Hegel, the two philosophers who sowed the seed of the æsthetic Socialism that became so effective a weapon in the agitator's hands. His was essentially a subjective mind. He whetted the weapons of his intellect on the problems of philosophy, but never lost himself hopelessly in the maze of theoretical abstractions. After letting off steam by writing a learned treatise on Heraclitus the Dark, the Ephesian sage who 'banished rest from the world' and taught the doctrine of 'perpetual flux,' he returned to congenial subjects. His reading was omnivorous. There were no exclusions: most of the political and democratic authors of the day, varied with Luther, Rousseau, and Voltaire, were eagerly devoured. All his life Lassalle was deeply susceptible to intellectual influences—above all to Voltaire's. In the events which now arose we see this very distinctly.

'Fate, for whose wisdom I entertain all imaginable reverence,' the Sage of Weimar says, 'often finds in chance, by which it works, an instrument not over-manageable.' While engaged in his philosophic studies, chance willed it that his friend Dr. Mendelssohn should introduce him to the Countess von Hatzfeldt. Even as the philosopher of Ferney made the cause of Calas and La Barre a peg on which to hang his intolerance of the organisation which made such things possible, Lassalle made Hatzfeldt's cruelty to his wife his plea for flinging himself into the battle against the sworn and chartered enemies of freedom and light. There is a certain likeness, too, between the woman for whom Lassalle sacrificed his life and the Marquise du Châtelet. 'Two great men, one of them in petticoats,' Voltaire is said to have remarked of the divine Emily and Frederick the Great. Both women were capable of strong, masculine friendships; they had both a hardy originality of character, and were certainly better than the malicious gossips who laughed at them. Lassalle thus writes of the Countess to Sophie de Solutzeff, the young Russian lady for whom he nourished a romantic affection.

She is a woman of whose elevation of soul I can hardly give you a just idea. But as rare as the nobility of her heart, and as deep as the depth of her mind, was the unhappiness of her fate. Her husband and cousin, Count Edmond von Hatzfeldt, ill-used and persecuted her in a manner so shameful that the wildest romances contain nothing equal to it. He had imprisoned her in his mountain castles; he had refused her a doctor in her illnesses; he constantly left her bare of all the means of existence.

What need to have recourse to scandal to account for Lassalle's defence of the Countess von Hatzfeldt? In studying a man's life certain events must generally be left to inference. We can argue from probability only: exact deductions are impossible. Lassalle continually goes out of his way to declare the filial love he bears the Countess.

She was twenty years older than himself. 'I am devoted to her,' he tells Sophie de Solutzeff, 'with the devotion of a son and companion in arms.' Let us add that Lassalle was a member of the outcast race. 'As you sow, so you shall reap,' was a precept as old as the Talmud that he had heard chanted by the Chasans in the Synagogue every Sabbath. In his boyish diary he describes himself as 'a true-hearted Jew'—not one of the oppressed, snivelling sort, but an energetic, combative, revolutionary Jew, feeling the contempt to which his people are subjected from the bottom of his soul, and carrying in his heart the wish, like the Maccabees, sword in hand to attack their persecutors. 'He would,' he tells us in one of his early letters, 'not shirk even the scaffold, could he again make the Jews an individual united people.'

Disraeli, in his 'Life of Lord George Bentinck,' alludes to the fact that existing society has chosen to persecute the Jewish race, which should furnish its choice allies. The consequence may be traced in the last outbreak of the destructive principle in Europe: every secret society for the confiscation of property has had men of Semitic origin at its head. 'The people of God,' as he says, 'operate with atheists; the most skilful accumulators of property ally themselves with Communists; the peculiar and chosen race touch the hand of all the scum and low castes of Europe. And all this because they wish to destroy that Christianity that owes to them even its name, whose tyranny they can no longer endure.' As Lassalle passed across the 'Platz' of Breslau every day, he saw frowning in front of him the portals of the great Hatzfeldt palace, until in his boyish imagination it became the type of tyranny and despotism, as the Bastille had become to the French Communist. To the national hatred between class and class, rife in the Germany of his time, was in his case added the specific hatred between Jew and Gentile. 'The heaviest burden that they lay on us,' wrote Spinoza, 'is not that they persecute us: it is the planting of hatred and scorn in our souls that crushes us.' Lassalle had met many of those victims of fanaticism in Paris, and had heard their tale of wrong; but the idea of fighting the hydra-headed monster had lain dormant until he met Sophie von Hatzfeldt.

The history of this nine years' war waged in her behalf is a most remarkable one, of which our space, unfortunately, will not permit of a detailed account. He pleaded before thirty-two tribunals, and defended himself from the charges of perjury and theft with reference to the famous Cassette affair, in which he, as well as his friends Oppenheim and Mendelssohn, was very creditably implicated. Passionate, indisciplined, carried away by the first impulse without regard to consequences, using might where right failed, he never doubted that the means justified the end. The end was a great and

holy one to Lassalle. We, who see all that is condemnable, must always remember the tyranny, the incomprehension of the age, that could goad a man so intelligent and so ambitious to instigate the purloining of Baroness Meyendorff's desk in the courtyard of an hotel, because he thought that he might prevent a deed of injustice by doing so. In estimating a general's method of waging war, we must try to estimate the time and the enemy. The time was out of joint, and the enemy unscrupulous and strong. A sensitive nature with any calm breadth of wisdom would never have used the weapons that Lassalle seized in the heat of the battle. There is little doubt that he bitterly repented the consequences and spent many years trying to reinstate himself in the good opinion of respectable society.

Intellectually he strengthened in fibre during the hand-to-hand struggle in which he spent the first years of his manhood; but his physical powers began to wane. 'How simple and expressive are your words!' he wrote to his friend Freiligrath the poet. 'I feel I have passed the meridian. I understand the sensation so well! All the better, perhaps, because I have always looked on myself (I know not why) as a type of eternal youth. I am still young in years; but old age comes on me in the shape of illness. For the last nine months I have suffered from lassitude and fatigue corporeally; I am no longer omnipotent, but intellectually strong as ever. I begin to crave for individual happiness; in spite of many friends, I have no absorbing affection, and fear I am idiot enough to require it. Resignation must be the sad silence of my soul.'

This nineteenth-century Ulysses who had steered out in mid-sea began to feel the limitations of human endeavour. Rolled to larboard, rolled to starboard, he found in the garnished threshold and sunlit terraces of calm domesticity a haven to which he yearningly turned. While in this frame of mind he visited Aix-la-Chapelle for the benefit of his health. It was here that he met Sophie von Soltzeff and her father. She, like Helena von Racowitza, has related the story of the love-episode, and published it in a Russian magazine. That Sophie was, according to her own statement, neither goodlooking nor clever, shows that he endowed her in his romantic fancy with the qualities he sighed for at the moment. Only nineteen, innocent and reserved, she represented his ideal of a wife. A deep friendship, ripening into love on his side and intellectual admiration on hers, began. In the easy intimacy of hotel life, once an introduction had been effected between the father, the young girl, and Lassalle, they met continually, and discussed politics, philosophy, literature, and art. When they separated, an interchange of letters was begun. Those of Lassalle were pitched in the key of ardent affection. 'Ah, if I could only address you in German,' he wrote, 'what life would permeate these letters! They would not be, as now, dead characters—simply

words and syllables : every word would have an individuality of its own, animated by the spirit I would infuse into it. They would, like little birds with sweet song and golden wings, fly over the barriers of ordinary communication, and flutter to kiss your hands and feet.'

On the return of the Solutzeffs to Aix, Countess Hatzfeldt joined the party, and they travelled to Cologne together. There Ferdinand asked the young girl's hand in marriage. She begged for time to consider. It was during the separation that followed that he sent the remarkable manuscript letter containing the history of his life, from which we have already made extracts.

It is (he says) the eternal glory of the Roman Manlius to have begun the battle and conquered under unfavourable auspices ; therefore I send you my manuscript. It contains nothing of which I am not proud ; but there may be much that you will not approve, and your acceptance of me must be no half-hearted one. If the idea of sharing my rude and warlike life repels you, then let us separate. In any case, oh, my sweet rose, your memory will always be sacred and adorable to me ; . . . and perhaps, sooner or later, the time will come when you will see it was not a small or contemptible recollection to have contemplated the idea of union with a man of my character. The first thing you have to consider, Sophie, is that I have devoted my life to the cause of the people, even to the last drop of my blood. It is a cause which is destined to triumph in this century, but which at present brings but danger and hardships to its partizans. In marrying me, you build your dwelling on a volcano ! Will you have the courage to bear, perhaps, exile, poverty, ruin, and certainly a life full of abnegation ? I am much admired and much hated, ' Viel geschmaht, und viel bewundert.' Vile calumnies have been circulated about me. But the love and veneration of the poor is mine. . . . Possibly, if certain events come to pass, a flood of splendour may be cast on your life as my wife ; but it is not right to make a selfish speculation of personal happiness out of impulses which ought to be the aim of the human race.

The Jew agitator's proposal of marriage caused great perturbation in the circles of aristocratic officialdom to which the girl's father belonged. It is one thing to discuss politics and the problematical rights of man with socialistic regenerators of society : it is another to accept as a son-in-law a man who, according to his own confession, ' lived on a volcano,' boastfully carried about Robespierre's swordcane, and had been times out of number under arrest for incendiary speeches and pamphlets. Her answer, as might have been expected, was in the negative. ' I have the most sincere admiration and esteem for you, but nothing more ; whatever may be your reply, it cannot diminish or change the sisterly affection which I shall never cease to bear you.' It is impossible to resist a sigh of relief in reading these lines : the gentle girl was not a dove made for an eagle's nest. Lassalle accepted his dismissal. And he declared ' she soon became but a bitter sweet memory.' Two years after, however, he reopened with the girl a correspondence which was purely platonic, and is only interesting to us as it gives glimpses of the ' fever and the fret ' in which he lived.

Lassalle's individuality is so remarkable that we are always tempted to hark back to his personal history, and to neglect his public career, which really in itself constitutes a chronicle of the development of Socialism. After the close of his love-dream he moved from place to place like an avenging angel, fusing thoughts into speech in the swift furnace of his fiery brain. Although he was no poet or dramatist, he could write treatises and pamphlets on economical questions, his universal knowledge of philosophy, jurisprudence, and commerce enabling him to appeal to all sorts and conditions of men. His work on 'Inherited Rights' is worthy of being ranked with Karl Marx's work on 'Capital,' and has become a standard authority on the question. In it he argued, with a touch of Jacobinism, that property, and more especially the modern institution of bequest, is not a logical but an historical legacy. The Roman testament, he declared, bequeaths the will rather than the property of the legator: the heir is primarily to act, and only secondarily to have. As time went on the idea of absolute ownership was developed, and property came to be regarded as individual: thus, exclusive ownership is an acquired, not a natural, right.

The foundation of all right (he continues) is might, much as we may wish the reverse to be true. . . . Every revolution creates new rights, which are only new 'consensus.' Positive and natural rights, however, are reconciled by the fact that the 'Volksgeist' thinks far more deeply and logically than the individual. Thus, 'every age is independent and autonomous.' The customs, traditions, and precedents of the past cannot claim validity in the present: a right exists only so long as society wills that it shall exist. Hence, so far as society changes and assumes new forms, the right of private possession ought to be modified, even to the extent of an expropriation of property without indemnification, provided always the consensus be general.

Then he proceeds to promulgate the Saint-Simonian doctrine of property proportionate to service. 'A chacun selon sa capacité. A more perfect and detailed philosophy of right shows us a more purified income. Machinery, co-operative societies, public works, etc., place chattels and effects more and more out of the sphere of private property, which modern culture and progress also tend to limit.' The fundamental idea of Lassalle's Socialism he had inherited to a great extent from Fichte, Saint-Simon, Rodbertus, and Marx; but so perfect was his assimilation of them, so vigorous and penetrating was the quality of his individuality, so independent his initiative, they were stamped with the express image of his personality and allied with the unquenchable fire of his eloquence. Thus, they have been transmitted to us and become watch-words of the Socialism of to-day, though we recognise that many of his statements were built on error, and many of the abuses which he justifiably attacked have begun to right themselves by a steady evolution of necessity and expediency.

Closely allied with the question of 'inherited rights' was the question of the 'iron law of wages' that brings the labourer's recompense down to the minimum upon which it is possible for him to live. According to him, this 'iron law' condemns ninety-six persons in every hundred to an existence of abject poverty, that the other four may squander money in luxury. He was not justified in this statement; nor was his political economy sound in evoking State aid for societies worked on the co-operative system, for loans from the State have been proved to be the ruin of working men's associations. The enormous growth and the practical activity of Trades Unions have shown a healthier and more workable way of regulating the price of labour. The workmen can now dictate the amount of wages up to the limits of what they think their employer can give and the trade can bear in competition with foreign nations.

The various meetings between Bismarck and Lassalle, and the negotiations that resulted are a curious outcome of parties at the time, and of the views of the two men. The negotiations are worth recalling now, for much injustice has been done to Bismarck on the question of his attitude towards the socialistic movement. A few years ago one of the taunts cast at him by his enemies was that 'he had borrowed' some of his political vestments from Lassalle's rag-bag. The young Emperor might rather be accused of having, in the recent Manifesto regulating the hours of labour, and in other schemes of socialistic tendency, borrowed the livery of his discharged servant.

Ex-ministers must often smile at the opinions they are made responsible for. Bismarck, at his retirement at Friedrichsruh, finds himself dubbed as the arch-enemy to Socialism; Pitt in his villa at Putney heard himself called a rabid Anti-Catholic, though he resigned his office because he could not carry Catholic emancipation. 'The king is dead, long live the king!' holds good in the intellectual as in the material world. The noble words so often and persistently spoken by Bismarck, even amid the superhuman labours in which he was engaged in effecting the unification of Germany, and the noble efforts he made for the financial, industrial, and economical condition of the country, are forgotten in his later repressive measures against the spirit of Confiscation and Nihilism, awakened in Germany by Bakunin and other revolutionists.

People talk about State Socialism (he said on one occasion) as if such things were to be disposed of in a phrase. State Socialism will have its day, and he who takes it up will assuredly be the man at the wheel. It is the outcome of an urgent necessity; we must find some means of relieving the indebted poor on the part of the State, and not in the form of alms.

Contentment amongst the disinherited classes (he says on another occasion) would not be dearly purchased by an enormous sum. They must be made to understand that the State is of some use, but that it does not only take, but gives as well. . . . If the result enables us to secure the future of our operatives, uncertainty

respecting which is the chief cause of their hatred to the State, the money will be well invested, for by spending it thus we may avert a Social Revolution which may break out fifty years hence, or ten, and which, however short a time it lasts, will assuredly swallow up infinitely larger sums than those we now propose to spend.

The estimates which Lassalle and Bismarck formed of each other are interesting from every point of view. Their *rapprochement* was principally effected by their common disagreement with the Fortschritt party. 'I went to see him,' Lassalle tells Helena in one of their midnight meetings. 'The great Iron Man wishes to take me captive, and iron is a valuable metal, strong, hard, and reliable: what has not iron done in the world? Almost everything is strengthened by iron. But there is another metal, more malleable, more easily bent, and yet more powerful than iron. Gold! What iron destroys, gold rebuilds. The shower which won the heart of Danae was golden! Yes: golden fox. In some circles they say gold is Jewish. Its real worth is only to be tested by a practical trial. . . . But as to what Bismarck wants of me and I want of him: It is enough for me to tell you it is out of the question and quite impossible! Were we not so well trained, we should laugh in each other's faces: as it is, we confine ourselves to the courtesy of social intercourse.' 'Do you think Bismarck clever?' she asked. 'Clever! What do you mean by clever? If you and I are clever, Bismarck is not. He is cutting and powerful—is, indeed, iron. Refine iron: it becomes steel, out of which we make polished sharp weapons! I like gold better: you will see, my heart, what you and I will accomplish with gold.'

'Lassalle,' Bismarck remarked, on the other hand, some years after in the Reichstag, 'had a particular attraction, apart from his great powers. He was one of the most intellectual and amiable men with whom I ever conversed, a person I would have liked as a neighbour in the country. He was ambitious in a great way: not a Republican; on the contrary, he was national and monarchical at the same time. The idea which he nourished was the unity of the German Empire, and that was our point of touch. As I said, he was ambitious in a large way. He was perhaps not quite certain if the German Empire was to culminate in the dynasty of Hohenzollern or the dynasty of Lassalle; but his opinions and mode of thought were monarchical. To the motley crew who now bracket themselves with him he would have fulminated a *quos ego*, and would have obliged them to retire with ignominy to the insignificance from which they have emerged on the magic of his name. Our conversations lasted for hours—generally, I must confess, carried on by him rather than by me; I was always sorry when they came to an end.'

In those interviews between the Socialist Agitator and the Chan-

cellor of the Empire, two important points were discussed: the establishment of universal suffrage, and the creation of manufacturing societies with State aid. Negotiations were broken off because Bismarck would not grant universal suffrage before the end of the Schleswig-Holstein War. Count Eulenberg has since admitted that the Chancellor had quite made up his mind to adopt Lassalle's ideas about manufacturing societies aided by State finances, but the Ministry had voted against him. Lassalle's colleagues, in consequence of those meetings, declared that he had thrown himself into the arms of the German Cæsar. Louis Blanc writes to warn Marx that 'Lassalle is not to be trusted: he has passed from democratic to feudal State Socialism.' 'Remember,' he adds, 'Bismarck has the making of an empire on his hands; Lassalle the making of a career.' The Frenchman misconstrued the position. Lassalle found it impossible to raise a subsidy from the working men themselves, and so applied to Bismarck for State aid. He never for an instant contemplated the possibility of an unconditional surrender to the Government.

In 1863 his father died. This, combined with pressure of work and the comparative failure of his agitation, broke him down. 'Life is but a sorry jest,' he said in a letter announcing his bereavement. The jest, such as it was, was nearing its end for him.

Helena von Dönniges was beautiful, clever, and audacious; we can imagine how audacious by the account she herself gives of her first meeting with Lassalle, which has been so admirably woven by George Meredith into the pages of his novel *The Tragic Comedians*. It was, she tells us, a *coup de foudre*. 'I had expected to see a small, insignificant, ugly Jew, and was astonished to find a tall, slight, handsome man, with a head like a Roman Emperor's, and lustrous eyes.' Henceforth there was but one human being in the world for her; and he, oblivious of the young Russian lady, and the 'Semper Idem' on her seal, for the first time acknowledged that he had met the woman who completed his life. They talked together all night, made mutual confidences, and applied the familiar 'du' to each other. 'At four o'clock in the morning, when Helena rose to go, Lassalle took her in his arms, carried her downstairs (there were three flights), and accompanied her home through the moonlight.' Well might Heine say that the sons of the new time knew nothing of abnegation and shamefacedness! She excused the peculiarity of her behaviour by confessing that he exercised a magnetic influence over her: she felt paralysed in his presence. 'If he will marry me,' she told Yanko Racowitza, her affianced husband, 'I will go with him where he lists.'

The next scene of this wild, impassioned love-story was enacted on the Righi, with mountain mists and fog as drop-scene. On the 27th of July he writes to his old friend the Countess: 'The day before yesterday I was sitting in my study writing, in the midst of the

most hideous weather, which has lasted without intermission ever since I came, when a message was brought to me telling me there was a lady on the terrace who wished to speak to me.' This lady turned out to be Helena. Before many hours had passed he was engaged to be married to her. 'Is it not truly a wonderful piece of luck that at the age of thirty-nine years and a half I should find a wife so beautiful, of such a free and (to me) suitable character, who loves me so dearly?'

'Cannot wisdom, friendship, and the beauties of nature satisfy you for a time?' asked the Countess Hatzfeldt in the letter she wrote in reply. 'Remember how little reason and judgment you have where women are concerned.' 'Barriers are made for those who cannot fly,' was his retort. Helena returned to her parents at Geneva, and from that moment the love story that had been nothing but sunshine and happiness turned into the direst tragedy. 'What ensued,' Helena tells us, 'is so terrible, so sad, that my heart shudders and trembles when I endeavour to recall the memory of it.' Where was now the flood-tide of the strength and success of which Lassalle had boasted? It was easy enough to pour forth burning words of eloquence to working men, to promise them a golden age of high wages and short hours: it was another thing to deal with a weak shiftily woman's heart. Yielding to her parents' and Yanko's representation, she wrote to her lover entirely repudiating the promise she had made. Lassalle immediately challenged her father to a duel. The old man refused to fight, and left precipitately for Berne; on the poor, much-despised Yanko fell the responsibility of defending his ladylove's honour. The duel took place on the 28th of August, 1864, at Carrouge, near Geneva. To the horror and surprise of all, including Helena, Lassalle fell mortally wounded, and he died after three days of unspeakable agony. Six months after his death Helena married Yanko. 'Here lies Ferdinand Lassalle, Thinker and Worker,' was the inscription on his tombstone.

Lassalle's life was one of unfulfilled promise. It was cut short ere his theory of communal life had been adequately tested. Germany was destined to pass through a probation of fire and sword before devoting herself to economic and industrial questions. Had Lassalle lived twenty years longer, he would have seen the cause of Socialism slowly but surely making its way both in the country and in the Reichstag. We must be careful, however, to distinguish between his Socialism and much that he has been made responsible for. In spite of the Jacobinism of some of his statements, generally made when harassed and persecuted by the authorities, Lassalle was and ever remained a socialist of the School of Comte and Saint-Simon. 'The ultimate type of society, perfected on a basis of maturer knowledge,' he says, 'will in the essential features of its constitution cor-

respond to the ancient constitution which it replaces ; the vital change in the organisation being that a democratic State will occupy the position of an aristocracy.'

According to the Bourgeoisie (he says in his *Working Man's Programme*), the perfect idea of the State is exclusively this, that the unhindered exercise by himself of his own faculties should be guaranteed to each individual. If we were all equally strong, equally clever, equally educated, and equally rich, this might be regarded as a sufficiently moral idea. But since we neither are nor can be thus equal, it leads to the stronger, the cleverer, and the richer fleecing the weaker and picking their pockets. The moral idea of the State, according to the working-classes, is this, that the unhindered and free activity of individual power exercised by the individual is not sufficient : something must be added in a morally ordered community—namely, solidarity of interests and reciprocity in development, regulated by the State. . . .

'The State should be the organisation, in fact,' he says elsewhere, 'in which the whole virtue of man should realise itself.' By that realisation, in necessary sequence, the State itself would become superfluous, as Socialism would be were the individual perfect. Lassalle knew well that the world is led by individuals, and is ever likely to be : democracy opens a way to the natural leader, necessity being the sieve which will sort him out. . He himself is a salient proof of this theory. Since his death, Socialism, widespread though its ramifications may be, has more or less remained an inoperative power in Germany.

Contemplative, inactive humanity is common enough ; but humanity ever ready to step forward and fight the battle of justice and mercy against injustice and oppression is rare. 'Not to take sides,' Lassalle says himself, 'means to prefer an ignominious indifference to the highest interests which thrill the heart of mankind—one's own quiet and ease—and so betray the duties which we owe to the fatherland. History can forgive all errors and all convictions, but not want of conviction.'

One of the accusations brought against Lassalle by his enemies was his luxury of life. 'What more contemptible,' they said, 'than supporting the cause of the poor man against the rich, while drinking champagne and eating truffles ?' Lassalle was certainly no ascetic, and openly affirmed his adhesion to the opinion of Saint-Simon that the best means of propagating new doctrines was the giving of good dinners. In spite of the luxury with which he surrounded himself, there was a certain grand unselfishness in his incessant toil, his superhuman efforts in the cause of humanity. Dives he may have been, but a Dives who did not allow Lazarus to lie untended at his gate : on the contrary, all his energy was devoted to finding a remedy for his sores.

The heroic work of helping the world forward happily does not wait to be done by perfect men ; but one thing is certain. Had

Lassalle effected nothing for the welfare of humanity beyond giving method to the inarticulate cry for help uttered by the starving weavers in the land of his birth, Silesia, or beyond issuing that celebrated programme to the working men at Leipsic on which all industrial agitation has since been based, he would have deserved well of his century, whatsoever his faults and shortcomings may have been.

MIRA H. KENNARD.

COMPULSORY INSURANCE IN GERMANY

INSURANCES are generally voluntary. But the poorer classes are less ready than the richer to insure, partly because they fail to recognise the advantages of insurance and the necessity of bearing its sacrifices, partly because their income is so small that they find it difficult to pay out of it the required premium. These difficulties have been overcome by the gradual education of the working-men to frugality, as in the English friendly societies; by liberal contributions of the factory-owners, who administer those funds in the interest of the labourers; or by compulsion.

This last is the method on which Germany has based her new insurance laws. But in this case the condition of success is that the insurance should be an effective one, *i.e.* that the working-man, by his contributions, really obtains the security against the dangers from which he is to be protected, and that he has the income from which the premium is to be paid.

Only on this condition can the aim be achieved of rescuing him from the propaganda of social democracy. To levy compulsory contributions which do not afford this security, or to demand contributions from those who have no sufficient income, would only produce bitterness and illusion.

In the German laws of insurance against sickness and accidents this security exists, and therefore in these cases the compulsion is justified, because, according to the peculiar danger against which the insurance is directed, that income from labour without which the premium of the working-man cannot be paid exists nearly always in case of sickness, and in case of accident always, until the unfavourable event takes place for which the insurance is calculated. For the danger of being visited by accidents menaces the working-man only so long as his occupation lasts, and in nine-tenths of the cases of sickness he will only be disabled from work by the beginning of the disease. It has, therefore, been enacted, that of the sickness insurance the working-men pay two-thirds, and the proprietors of the factories one-third, and that in the insurance against accidents the proprietors bear the whole burden, but that thirteen weeks' cost has to be borne by the insurance fund against sickness, so that the working-men contribute according to their means. Both

laws have acted fairly well during the several years they have been in activity ; but both concern a comparatively small part of the working classes—that, for instance, against accidents only an average of 8 per cent.—and in both cases the chief point to be secured is, that the premiums paid by the not disabled working-men cover the cost of the compensation granted to the sick and wounded.

But the insurance against old age and infirmity is a totally different question. It is, in principle, a saving fund and accumulation of capital for the purpose of future enjoyment by all by whom, or for whom, the premium was paid, and all will successively be entitled to its enjoyment who do not die or withdraw in case of accident ; this will be about 90 per cent. of the insured—ten to eleven millions of persons.

It is evident that such a project is subject to grave objections. The law gives to all invalids and persons above seventy years the same yearly amount without regard to the different wages they have earned. *i.e.* 120 marks (for women 80 marks), which, according to section 17, only after five years gradually rises to 250 marks, while the Prussian mining societies accord to their invalids at once more than 200 marks, and the printers' society 364 marks. The payment in case of old age only begins with entering the seventy-first year, although such persons will form a comparative exception, as the average of working-men scarcely reaches the fiftieth year, while the contributions beginning with the entering upon an occupation, which entails the duty of insurance, are to be paid for at least forty-seven weeks a year. Such pensions cannot be regarded as a competence in case of old age and invalidity, but only as a partial alleviation of the local poor-unions. The majority of the Berlin poor receive 144 to 180 marks a year, some even 360. This insurance protects the working-men from becoming alms-men by entitling them to receive a certain sum ; but it is so insufficient that the receivers will remain indigent persons, to be supported by local poor-funds.

Nevertheless, the burden upon those who have to contribute the necessary funds is very considerable. The law requires 21 pfennigs from each working-man per week, 14 pfennigs from women—*i.e.* for forty-seven weeks, 9 marks, 87 pfennigs (6 marks, 58 pfennigs). But from what source is the labourer to pay these contributions if he is without work, as must certainly happen very often till he becomes an invalid or reaches the seventy-first year? No answer is given to that, but section 18 says that, if the contributions are paid for less than forty-seven weeks, or not at all, the pension will be lessened by the insurance's worth of the falling off, so that even the above-mentioned scanty amount will not be reached, although the impossibility of paying the contributions will often be totally undeserved, and only be founded on the unfavourable situation of the labour market. We have as yet no reliable statistics on the average

number of unemployed working-men, but it is certainly considerable. In 1881, of 16,000 printers, 1,500 were without labour. It is calculated that in Berlin, of 1,000 decorator apprentices, 600 are unemployed for five months and 300 for seven months. In 1886, nearly half the German journeymen bakers were without occupation. The consequence is indebtedness, which makes the subsequent payment of the premium hopeless.

The second third of the necessary funds, which is calculated to amount to 55,000,000 marks, is to be borne by the proprietors of factories. Now it was well founded to lay upon them the burden of insurance against accidents, for it is equitable that the working-man should not become the victim of such misfortunes, which visit him severely enough, and the proprietor will add this cost to his account of charges. The indemnity paid for such cases amounted to about 13,000,000 marks in the last year; that paid by the proprietors for sickness is 15,000,000; but if to this sum 55,000,000 are to be added for insurance against invalidity and old age, the consequence will be that the employers will try to discharge part of this charge on the working-men by a reduction of wages.

The last third of about 55,000,000 is to be paid by the Imperial exchequer, a decision which is certainly open to strong objections, for to fix such a contribution as a legal claim of working-men is very different from the subsidiary local relief of the indigent. The State cannot make presents except from what its citizens pay as taxes. The German Empire does not dispose of direct taxes, which fall upon the higher classes; its revenue is derived from customs and inland duties on consumption, which are mostly paid by the poorer classes in the price of their food, the duties on corn alone having yielded 104.4 millions in 1889-90.

The result is that, notwithstanding the above-mentioned objectionable and burdensome means, the aim of the insurance will not be reached. The new French law on the *'retraites pour les ouvriers,'* which is now being discussed in the Chamber, has at least this advantage, that it remains dependent upon the free-will of the working-man whether he will submit to a deduction from his wages of at least five, and at the highest of ten, centimes a day. If he is not willing to do so, he has only to declare this before the local authority; if he submits, and pays his contribution regularly from his twenty-fifth year for thirty years, the employer is bound to pay as much for every working-man, and the State is obliged to furnish in addition two-thirds of the collective contributions of the employers and of the employed. Taking 290 working days in the year, the working-man will pay 14.28 frs. annually, and with the contributions of the employer and the State will, after thirty years, enjoy a pension of 300 to 600 frs.

This French system has the advantage of not being compulsory on the workman; but it is very questionable whether a working-men's

insurance can be organised at all by the State, for the greatest pressure upon the labouring classes is not invalidity and old age—because in these cases they are cared for by poor-relief—but the want of work; and if the men are thrown out of employment, even if it be only temporarily, the State does not provide for them, and cannot do so, because it can never assume a guarantee against the want of employment resulting from causes over which it has no power.

Every system in which the Government tries to play the part of Providence must break down, as did the State-socialism of Napoleon the Third, who dreamed of an extinction of poverty by employing large masses of workmen in public works. An insurance against old age, invalidity, and want of employment can therefore only be undertaken by private societies, as is done in England by the trade-unions, because they alone can adapt the support to be given to the individual exigencies. The same had been done by the German miners' and printers' societies; and if, later on, the German trade-unions have not done so well, the cause was that their leaders wanted to use them as political instruments, while the first condition of their prosperity is keeping aloof from politics and pursuing merely economical aims. Even such societies will only partially attain their ends. The State, therefore, may certainly favour them by its legislation, but it ought not itself to take in its hands their task, because it can never fulfil it, and therefore it only calls forth hopes destined to be disappointed. This is State-socialism in the dangerous sense of the word, the Government acknowledging the complaints and the aims of socialism to a certain extent and undertaking the necessary reform.

It is not at all indifferent, as Prince Bismarck maintained in the Reichstag that it is (April 2, 1881), whether any particular measure be called socialistic, for in every such step the social democrats see an acknowledgment of the truth of their principles, but at the same time consider any such measure only as an instalment wrung from the fears of the higher classes. And if, on January 9, 1882, the ex-Chancellor declared that his aim was fixed, but that the means to attain it were still to be sought, this is opposed to any sound social policy—which should never pursue aims without knowing the means by which they are to be reached. The Imperial message of the 17th of November, 1881, which Prince Bismarck fathered upon his aged sovereign, had only declared that 'more care should be taken than before by the State of those who become incapable of maintaining themselves through old age or infirmity,' but it had not contemplated a gigantic State organisation for insurance such as was established later on. This measure was the more dangerous, as in the sitting of the Reichstag of the 9th of May, 1884, Prince Bismarck openly recognised the right of labour—which is simply to acknowledge socialism in principle, for what else does it teach than the necessity of organising labour by the State? A right of labour is an impossibility, because

the State can neither find work for every one, nor is it competent to fix the wages for every labourer according to his merits. By such words, uttered from an authoritative position, and by outlawing social democrats at the same time by exceptional measures, the Chancellor accorded to the socialist movement that impulse which, according to all historical experience, is the strongest and most dangerous—the sting of being maltreated and suffering injustice, and at the same time the recognition that the socialist demands are just in principle. If the badness of the present economic system, the inability of the working-men to struggle against over-powerful capital, and the necessity that the State should take measures which would result in a total change of the present conditions, be undeniable—and if all this is called ‘practical Christianity,’ but defended by a terminology borrowed from the leaders of socialism, such as Marx and Lassalle—this will increase the excitement of the masses, but will certainly not be for the benefit of religion, of monarchy, and of the people at large. Prince Bismarck, in his speech on the 9th of January, 1882, himself admitted that the great mass of the working-classes maintained an attitude of distrust towards the attempts of the Government to ameliorate their condition, and preferred to confide the representation of their interests to deputies of the radical type. But should not this distrust be attributed to the fact that he chose the wrong means for a wrong end? particularly as he strenuously resisted all attempts of the Reichstag to pass a law for the protection of women’s and children’s labour, for Sunday rest, for the amelioration of factory inspection, &c.—measures which have only been carried after his dismissal, long after England, Switzerland, Austria, and other countries had enacted laws to that effect.

To revert to the law of insurance against invalidity and old age. It was carried only by a narrow and diffident majority, which acknowledged that it was a leap into the dark. It gave no satisfaction to the working-classes, and now, when it has been in force only six months, loud complaints are already heard about it. First, it is apparent that the administration of the law will require, as its opponents foretold from the beginning, an enormous bureaucratic apparatus. At present the principal paragraph in question is section 157, according to which persons of seventy years, who can prove that they were employed from 1888–90 for 141 weeks, shall be entitled to claim forthwith the pension for old age. This paragraph, defined principally to give an example of the working of the law and to make it popular, seems to be very simple, but has practically met with many difficulties. It is natural that persons who are nearly seventy should try, if possible, to obtain the pension; their interest, that of their relatives, and that of the poor-law administration, work together in order to construct a condition to justify a claim for receiving the pension; and in consequence many more claims of persons of seventy years have been

presented than were to be expected, according to the average statistics of the population. On the other hand, the administrative organs naturally raise objections to the admission of such claims whenever the latter appear in the least doubtful—they ask for proofs, medical evidence, witnesses, &c. ; and the consequence is that these authorities are burdened with work, while the claimants are often disappointed.

Another question is the following. Section 1 of the law declares that all persons over sixteen years are bound to insure, who are employed as working-men, apprentices, journeymen, or servants for wages or salaries. But the law has not defined who is to be considered a working-man. Now practically in the country the notions of employer and working-men are not always distinct. In Germany it is a frequent custom that the eldest son of a peasant inherits the estate, but that his unmarried brothers and sisters remain upon it as helps, with the right of having a permanent dwelling and board—a condition very different from a working-man simply receiving his wages. Now are these to be considered as employed or co-employers? Again, there are often aged persons who serve in families, receiving board and a small remuneration: are they to be considered simply as servants? The duty of insurance and the claim for pensions are very doubtful in such cases.

A further thorny point is the question whether the persons who claim a pension were still strong enough to be included in the organisation. For section 4 of the law excludes from the duty of insurance those persons who are not able to earn by their work at least a third part of the customary wages. Now those working-men who are nearly seventy have an evident interest in concealing existing debilities so as to obtain the claim to a pension by a short payment of the premiums, and the local authorities, in order to avoid the eventual poor-law relief for such persons, try to support their claims. The consequence is the necessity of medical investigation, which becomes often very difficult, and at the best results in a verdict of probability, offering no sufficient basis for the administrative decision.

All these questions render the working of the law very complicated; and yet all this refers only to the insurance against old age, not against invalidity, which will come into force in 1892. It is therefore evident that the administrative expense will go on increasing, but still more the cost of pensions, and for this increase the Imperial exchequer will remain responsible. The Secretary of Finance, Baron Maltzahn, has already alleged as a reason for maintaining the corn duties, that the Government is obliged to uphold this source of revenue because the cost of the insurance was sure to rise continually.

Altogether the law seems to us a failure, because it has undertaken to cover the polymorphous and complicated relations of life by a network of uniform paragraphs; and we greatly doubt whether this inheritance of Bismarck's State-socialism can be maintained.

Certainly the state of things has much improved since his fall. The tacit abandonment of the law against social democracy has had beneficent consequences: that law was the iron circle which kept this party welded together, and its victims were considered as martyrs. Now the socialists, having recovered their freedom, have begun to quarrel amongst themselves, and no more present a compact phalanx of opposition. The genuine care which the present Emperor has shown for the welfare of the working-classes has not failed to make an impression. The above-mentioned law for the protection of women's and children's labour, for Sunday rest, and the amelioration of factory inspection, will have a wholesome effect; useful reforms have been carried regarding the administration of rural communities, and the income tax, by which the wealthier classes will have to pay according to their real revenue.¹ In other respects the Government is still wavering; it has had the courage to break with Bismarck's prohibitive policy by concluding commercial treaties with Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, and other countries, by which the corn duty will be lowered, but it resists the growing popular demand to do away altogether with these duties, which enhance the price of living of the poorer classes. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the declarations of Chancellor von Caprivi, who in his speech of the 1st of June denied that a scarcity of food existed, this will probably not be the last word of the Government. In consequence of the prospect of a bad harvest the price of corn is constantly rising, and we must not forget that it was much more the famine of 1845 which led to the abolition of the Corn Laws in England than Cobden's agitation; and it will be the same in Germany. On the whole, we think the outlook for the working-classes is not unpromising. If the Government lacks decision in its reforms, it is at least well-meaning and open to reason, and the Emperor's excellent intentions will be carried out, notwithstanding the opposition of the agrarian interest and the great industrials, now deprived of Bismarck's all-powerful support.

F. HEINR. GEFFCKEN.

¹ The late process at Bochum, in which it was proved that wealthy inhabitants paid 59 per cent. less income-tax than they ought to have done, proves the necessity of the reform which establishes the duty of every taxpayer to declare himself his annual income.

THE REAL STATUS OF WOMEN IN ISLÂM

I HAVE read with some surprise the article by Mrs. Reichardt on Mohammedan Women in the June number of this Review. I should have thought that a Christian lady, and presumably an English woman, would speak with some reserve of a teacher who is regarded with veneration by forty millions of Her Majesty's subjects in the East, and would have the good taste not to offend their religious susceptibilities by the unnecessary use of mediæval vituperation. I am not concerned, however, with the manner of the writer's statements, but with the matter thereof. The standard of good taste is variable, and differs in each individual. Mrs. Reichardt has strung together a number of stories, partly ridiculous and partly disgusting, the scenes of which are laid in Syria and Egypt, where the lady seems to have resided, and upon the force of them she asks her readers to declare that the Islâmic system is a curse, and the status of women under it low. No doubt her manner of attack will to some extent answer its purpose, and create, or rather accentuate, the existing aversion to Islâm—an aversion which, fostered originally by designing ecclesiastics like Pope Gregory the Seventh, has existed in Christendom from the time of the Crusades.

Few of Mrs. Reichardt's readers will stop to consider whether her tales are genuine or probable—whether they have any bearing on the wider issue she has raised, namely, the comparative status of women under Islâm and Christianity—or to think that the same abuses which she recites as occurring in some Mohammedan families, exist sometimes in grosser form in Christian families. They will be carried away by the disgust of the moment. Some of her stories, instead of reflecting any discredit on the Mussulmans, to my philistine mind convey a decidedly favourable impression. For example, even Mrs. Reichardt may approve of the feeling (however ignorantly expressed) which actuated the water-carrier in giving a warning to her before entering her apartments. And I think that modesty, however exaggerated, is not out of place in this planet of ours.

As regards the other stories, I will not indulge in *tu quoques*. I

shall not point to the tale told by the daily reports of trials in the police courts—a tale not dependent on the veracity of gossips or the colouring of missionary imagination—of parents maiming their offspring or beating them to death, of husbands trampling on their wives with hob-nailed boots, of the abominable brutalities inflicted on women and children by professed Christians; I shall not dwell upon the revelations in the divorce courts (not to refer to anything else); nor speak of the seething mass of immorality, depravity, and cruel heartlessness existing in the heart of Christian England. I would not be justified in pointing to the revolting sights one sees in the populous towns of Christendom as the outcome of Christianity. I would only ask Mrs. Reichardt to recognise that the crimes or the follies committed by Moslems may spring from other causes than their religion. Neither virtue nor vice is the peculiar property of any race or creed, and the lower nature of man will find expression in spite of the teachings of Christ or Mohammed.

The writer, however, is neither logical nor historically correct in her exposition of the status of women in Islâm. She compares, albeit unconsciously, the status of an Englishwoman in the year 1891 with a state of society in Syria and Egypt resembling more the conditions of life in Europe in the fifteenth century. But regarding this I shall have to say a few words later. Is she not aware that in many continental countries, in Russia specially, in the Spanish Colonies of South America, and in Mexico, the position of women is open to the same criticisms which she has levelled against the Syrian and Egyptian Moslems? Is it just or honest, by retailing stories, poured into willing ears, of possible and impossible incidents among semi-civilised people, to create a prejudice against all Moslems?

With these preliminary observations, I proceed to deal with the gist of Mrs. Reichardt's arguments. 'U'pas-tree,' 'baleful influence,' and other such-like phrases apart, her indictment against Islâm, if I understand her rightly, resolves itself into four charges—viz. the seclusion of women and the low status assigned to them; the plurality of wives and the facility of divorce. It is the old oft-repeated story which has formed the burden of ecclesiastical attacks on Islâm for several centuries. Mrs. Reichardt takes credit to 'the Old and the New Covenant,' for the position which women now occupy in Christendom.

An examination of the position of women under what the writer calls the 'Old Covenant' will show how groundless that assertion is. The Hebrew maiden, even in her father's house, stood in the position of a servant; her father could sell her if a minor. In case of his death, the sons could dispose of her at their will and pleasure. The daughter inherited nothing, except when there were no male heirs. Marriages were invariably arranged by the parents, and wives were bought upon a recognised method of valuation. The Mosaic law set

down the price at a uniform rate of 50 shekels—nearly 4*l.* sterling of English money—but it nevertheless varied in practice according to the station in life of the bride and bridegroom. Unrestrained polygamy was practised among all classes. Child-marriage was frequent, as it still is, among the Jews of Palestine. There was no limitation on the power of the husband to divorce the wife. It was sufficient 'to write a bill of divorcement' and dismiss the wife for no cause whatsoever: the wife having no power to divorce the husband nor to apply even to the judge to release her from an irksome bondage. This was the condition of women under the vaunted 'Old Covenant.'

Before I deal with their position under the 'New Covenant,' it may be as well to show what their condition was among the settled pagan Arabs, and in the neighbouring empire of Persia. Among the former, who were mostly influenced by the corrupt and effete civilisation of the neighbouring empires, a woman was considered a mere chattel; she formed an integral part of the estate of her husband or her father, and the widows of a man descended to his eldest son by right of inheritance, as any other portion of his patrimony. Hence the frequent unions between stepsons and mothers-in-law, which, when subsequently forbidden by Islâm, were branded under the name of *Nikâh-al-Makt* ('shameful or odious marriages'). Even polyandry was practised by the half-Jewish, half-Sabæan tribes of Yemen, and female infanticide was common.

The corruptness of morals in Persia was fearful. There was no recognised law of marriage, or, if any existed, it was completely ignored. In the absence of any fixed rule in the Zend-Avesta as to the number of wives a man might possess, the Persians indulged in a multitude of regular matrimonial connections, besides having a number of concubines.

What did Christianity do to improve the position of women? It may be, as it is said, that Jesus mixed familiarly with women, and discoursed to them about His teachings. But of Christianity in its relation to womankind the less said the better. In the early ages, when the religion of the people, high and low, the ignorant and educated, consisted only of the adoration of the mother of Jesus, the Church of Christ had placed the sex under a ban. The 'Fathers of the Church' wrote upon the enormities of women, their evil tendencies, their inconceivable malignity; and Tertullian, that holy saint, described them as 'the devil's gateway, the unsealer of the forbidden tree, the deserter of the divine law, the destroyer of God's image—man.' And St. Chrysostom pronounced women to be a 'necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, a painted ill.'

The Orthodox Church excluded women from the exercise of all but the lowliest religious functions. They were excluded absolutely

from society, they were prohibited from appearing in public, from going to feasts or banquets. They were directed to *remain in seclusion*, to observe silence, to obey their husbands, and to apply themselves to weaving and spinning and cooking. If they ever went out they were to be clothed from head to foot. Such was the position of women in Christianity when Mariolatry was recognised and practised by all classes. In later times, and in the interval which elapsed between the overthrow of the Western Empire and the rise of modern society in Europe, a period which has been described as one of 'rapine, falsehood, tyranny, lust, and violence,' Christianity, by introducing convents and nunneries, in some respects improved the lot of women. But the convents were not always the haunts of virtue, nor the inculcation of celibacy the surest safeguard of chastity. The *Registrum Visitationum*, or the diary of the pastoral visits of Archbishop Rigaud, throws a peculiar light upon the state of morality and the position of the sex during the most glorious epoch of the Age of Faith. The rise of Protestantism made no difference in the status of women. Jesus had treated woman with humanity; his followers excluded her from justice.

The age of chivalry is generally supposed to extend from the beginning of the eighth to the close of the fourteenth century—a period, be it noted, almost synchronous with the Saracenic domination in Spain. During this period, in spite of the halo which poetry and romance have cast around the conditions of society, women were the frequent subjects of violence. Force and fraud were the distinguishing characteristics of the golden age of Christian chivalry. Polygamy was practised by all classes; morganatic and left-handed marriages were not confined to the aristocracy. Even the clergy, frequently forgetting their vows of celibacy, contracted more than one legal or illegal union. History proves conclusively that, until very recent times, polygamy was not considered so reprehensible as it is now. The German reformers, as Hallam points out, even so late as the sixteenth century, admitted the validity of a second or a third marriage contemporaneously with the first, in default of issue and other similar causes. Charlemagne, as is well known, had several wives.

Whether the unlicensed polyandry prevalent among certain classes in the West is preferable to the licensed polygamy practised by certain sections in the East, is a question on which I do not offer an opinion. Sufficient it is for me to say that the position of women under Christianity—until culture and progress in material development and humanitarian science called into existence that unwritten code of honour which is now in force among the *really* civilised communities of the West—the lot of Christian women was by no means so enviable as Mrs. Reichardt would fain make us believe. Under Justinian, the champion of orthodoxy, the streets of Constantinople

were the scenes of the grossest and most revolting outrages. In the streets of Alexandria, a woman, whose only crimes were her beauty and her learning, was torn to pieces by the following of a Christian saint. Had St. Cyril written a book on women he would probably have agreed with the Hindoo legislator, Manu, who declared that a wife guilty of disobedience to her husband should be torn to pieces by wild dogs where the four highways meet. In mediæval times, women were outraged, carried into captivity, thrown into dungeons, scourged by the feudal chiefs of devoutly Christian Europe. They were burnt, they were drowned.

Mohammed appeared at this epoch. It was not his business to go about the countryside unhinging people's minds by announcing the immediate advent of 'the Kingdom of Heaven.' He applied himself to evolve order out of chaos. He had seen the immorality of the Syrian Christians; he had before his eyes the depravity of the settled Arabs and Jews. He restrained the power of divorce; practically forbade polygamy and concubinage, and placed women on a pedestal hardly approached (say what fanatics may) up to that time.

I have already shown the cruel powers possessed by the Hebrew husband under the 'Old Covenant' to divorce his defenceless wife. Among the Romans, the legality of the practice of divorce was recognised from the earliest times. The laws of the Twelve Tables admitted divorce; and if the Romans, as is stated by their admirers, did not take advantage of this law until five hundred years after the foundation of their city, it was not because they were more exemplary than other nations, but because the husband possessed the more cogent power of summarily putting his wife to death for acts like poisoning, drinking, and the substitution of a spurious child. But the wife had no right to sue for a divorce; and if she solicited separation her temerity made her liable to punishment. In the later republic, the frequency of divorce was at once the sign, the cause, and the consequence of the rapid depravation of morals.

'The ambiguous word which contains the precept of Jesus is flexible to any interpretation that the wisdom of the legislator can demand.' We may well suppose that at the time Jesus uttered the words, 'What God has joined, let no man put asunder,' he had no other idea than that of stemming the torrent of moral depravity, and he did not pause to consider the ultimate tendency of his words. The subsequent rule, which makes fornication (using the translated word) the only ground of valid divorce, shows how abundantly Jesus was alive to the emergency. But the 'wisdom' of later Christian legislators has not confined itself to a blind adherence to a precept laid down probably to suit the requirement of an embryonic community, and delivered verbally. The rule may be regarded as inculcating a noble sentiment; but that it should be considered as

the typical law of divorce is sufficiently controverted by the multitudinous provisions of successive ages in Christian countries.

Two of the Christian Gospels make no mention of the reason for which Jēsus allowed his followers 'to put away' their wives (Mark x. 11 and Luke xvi. 18). If the traditions recorded in these two Gospels be considered of higher authority than those passing under the name of Matthew, then one can easily perceive the force of what Selden says, that by an evasive answer Jesus wanted to avoid giving offence either to the school of Shammai or that of Hillel.

Among the pagan Arabs, the power of divorce possessed by the husband was unlimited. They recognised no rule of humanity or justice in the treatment of their wives. Such was the position of woman when Mohammed appeared. All his recorded sayings show that he looked upon the custom of divorce with extreme disapproval and considered its practice as calculated to undermine the foundations of society. He repeatedly declared that nothing pleased God more than the emancipation of slaves, and nothing displeased Him more than divorce. It was impossible, however, under existing conditions to abolish the custom entirely. His mission was to mould the minds of an uncultured and semi-barbarous community to a higher development: The custom was interwoven with the habits of the people, and had become sanctified by the practice of ages; and accordingly he allowed the exercise of the power of divorce to husbands under stringent conditions. He permitted to divorced parties three distinct and separate periods within which they might endeavour to become reconciled and renew their conjugal intercourse; but should all attempts to become reconciled prove unsuccessful, then the third period, in which the final separation was declared to have arrived, supervened. In case of conjugal disputes, he advised reconciliation by means of arbiters chosen by the two disputants.

As usual, 'the Fathers of the Church' (and 'Fathers' are to be found in every church) have taken up the temporary permission as the positive rule, and ignored the principles of humanity, justice, and equity inculcated by the Master. I consider, however, that the rules laid down by them are far more humane and just towards women than those of the most perfect Roman law, developed in the bosom of the Christian Church. According to the Moslem legists, the wife also is entitled to demand a separation on the ground of ill-usage, want of proper maintenance, and various other causes, and the Kazi (the judge) is empowered to decree separation if the facts are established. In every case where the divorce originates with the husband, he has to give up to the wife everything he settled upon her at her marriage. The frequent admonitions in the Koran against separations, the repeated recommendation to heal quarrels by private reconciliation, show how sacred the Arab legislator held the marriage tie:

And if ye fear a breach between them (man and wife), then send a judge chosen from his family, and a judge chosen from her family, &c. &c.

Mrs. Reichardt says, as other Christian controversialists have said before, that Mohammed allowed his followers, besides the four legitimate wives, to take to themselves any number of female slaves. A simple statement of the regulation on this point will show at once how opposed this notion is to the true precepts of Islām.

Whoso among you hath not the means to marry a free believing woman, then let him marry such of your maid-servants whom your right hands possess and who are believers. This is allowed unto him among you who is afraid of committing sin; but if ye abstain from allying yourself with slaves it will be better for you.

Concubinage, the union of people standing to each other in the relation of master and slave, without the sanction of matrimony, existed among the Arabs, the Jews, the Christians, and all the other nations. The Prophet did not in the beginning denounce the custom, but towards the end of his career he expressly forbade it.

And you are permitted to marry virtuous women who are believers, and virtuous women of those who have been given the scriptures before you, when you have provided them their portions, living chastely with them without fornication, and not taking concubines.

How favourably does the tolerant spirit displayed in the first part of this commandment compare with the exclusiveness of Christian ecclesiasticism, which refused to recognise as valid or lawful the union of a Christian with a non-Christian, unless he happened to be a king! The stake was the lot of the 'infidel' who had the temerity to marry a *Christian*! Mohammed's rule, it must be admitted, was a distinct advance in humanity.

Now as regards polygamy, which is always cast into the teeth of Islām by unthinking antagonists, Mohammed found it practised, not only among his own people, but amongst the people of the neighbouring countries, where it assumed some of its most frightful aspects. There was no limit to the number of wives a Jew or a Zoroastrian might marry; and in spite of the endeavour of Justinian to correct the evil, the case was the same with the Christians. Polygamy flourished unchecked among all classes of people, and the wretched women, with the exception of the first wife selected according to priority of time, laboured under severe disabilities.

Mohammed enforced as one of the essential teachings of his creed 'respect for women,' and his followers, in their love and reverence for his celebrated daughter, proclaimed her 'the Lady of Paradise,' as the representative of her sex. Our 'Lady of Light' is the embodiment of all that is ideal in womanhood—of all that is pure and true and holy in her sex. And she has been followed by a long succession

of women, who have consecrated their sex by their virtues. Their noble lives and works have always furnished an example to the women of succeeding ages to venerate and follow.

'Paradise is at the feet of the mother,' said the Prophet of Islâm. This sweet and holy teaching which inculcates that love and devotion to the mother is the greatest act of piety, gives some idea of the high position which women occupy in Islâm. The Arabian Prophet prohibited the custom of conditional marriages, and, though at first temporary marriages were tacitly allowed, in the third year of the Hegira these also were forbidden. Mohammed secured to women, in his system, rights which they had not before possessed, and placed them on a footing of perfect equality with men in the exercise of all legal powers and functions. He restrained polygamy by limiting the maximum number of contemporaneous marriages, and by making *absolute equity towards all* obligatory on the man. It is worthy of note that the clause in the Koran which contains the permission to contract four contemporaneous marriages is made dependent upon the condition that the man is able to deal *equitably* and *justly* with all the four wives. The condition, therefore, cuts down the permission to its legitimate dimensions. The passage runs thus: 'You may marry two, three, or four wives, but not more.' The subsequent lines declare, 'but if you cannot deal equitably and justly with all, you *shall* marry only one.' The extreme importance of this proviso, bearing especially in mind the meaning which is attached to the word 'equity' (*adl*) in the Koranic teachings, has not been lost sight of by the great thinkers of the Moslem world.

Even so early as the third century of the Hegira, during the reign of Al-Mâmûn, the first Mutazalite doctors taught that the developed Koranic laws inculcated monogamy. And though the cruel persecutions of the mad bigot Mutaw-wakkil prevented the general diffusion of their teachings, the conviction is gradually forcing itself on all sides, in all advanced Moslem communities, that polygamy is as much opposed to the teachings of Mohammed as it is to the general progress of civilised society and true culture.

In India more than 95 per cent. of the Moslems are monogamists; in Persia 98 per cent., according to Colonel Macgregor's testimony. In Arabia and Turkey the practice of plurality of wives is confined to a very small class of people (compare Van Lennep and Niebuhr, both as worthy of credit as the authoress of the article under notice).

As regards divorce, speaking from a somewhat extensive experience of this province—which alone contains nearly twenty-two millions of Mussulmans—I know of only half-a-dozen cases occurring within the space of twenty-five years among the respectable classes—one of which, however, emanated from the wife. In all these cases there were faults on both sides. If the women nowadays have not the same facility as before for obtaining a divorce on the ground of

ill-treatment, &c., the blame lies at other doors. Under the British rule, there seems to be no machinery for administering that branch of the Mohammedan law. In this respect, it must be said, the English in India have acted differently from the French in Algeria, who have maintained and improved the indigenous institutions. I hope, however, that the time is not far distant when the Moslems will prefer to follow the Prophet instead of the 'Fathers'; and will, in the absence of the Kazi, decide conjugal disputes by 'arbiters' instead of imitating the followers of the 'Old Covenant.'

The system of the seclusion of females where it exists among Moslems is a survival of an older growth. It had been in practice among most of the nations of antiquity from the earliest times. The gynai konitis was a familiar institution among the Athenians; and the inmates of an Athenian *harem* were as jealously guarded from public gaze as the members of a Persian household then, or of an Indian household now. The gynai konomoi, like his Oriental counterpart, was the faithful warder of female privacy, and rigorously watched over the ladies of Athens. The seclusion of women naturally gave birth to the caste of Hetairai, various members of whom played such an important part in Athenian history. Were it not for the extraordinary and almost inexplicable spectacle presented by the Byzantine Empire and modern Europe and America, I should have said that in every society at all advanced in the arts of civilised life, the growth of the unhappy class of beings whose existence is alike a reproach to humanity and a disgrace to civilisation was due to the withdrawal of women from the legitimate exercise of their ennobling, purifying, and humanising influence. The Babylonians, the Etruscans, the Athenians, and the pre-Islamite Meccans furnish the best exemplification of this view in ancient times.

The enormity of the social canker eating into the heart and poisoning the life-blood of nations in modern times is due, however, to the spread of a godless materialism covered with a thin veneer of religion, be it Christianity, be it Mohammedanism, or any other form of creed. Mohammed had, in early life, observed with pain and sorrow the terrible depravity prevailing among the Meccans, and he took the most effective step suited to the age and the people to stamp out the evil. Among the women of the Arabs fashion was as strong as in other ages and countries. It was the fashion among them to imitate the example of the Hetairai (*Kiyân*) and walk in the streets jingling their anklets with their bosoms half exposed. Those who have travelled in Upper Egypt or Lower Bengal will probably understand the immodesty to which I am referring. The Prophet of Islâm found the custom of seclusion of women existing among the Persians and other Oriental communities; he perceived its advantages, and it is possible that in view of the widespread laxity of morals among all classes of people, he recommended to women

the observance of privacy. But to suppose for a moment that he ever intended his recommendation should assume its present inelastic form or that he ever allowed or enjoined the *seclusion* of women, is wholly opposed to the spirit of his reforms. The Koran itself affords no warrant for holding that the seclusion of women is a part of the new gospel.

O Prophet! speak to thy wives and to thy daughters, and to the wives of the faithful, that they let their wrappers fall low.

And speak to the believing women, that they refrain their looks and observe continence; and that they display not their ornaments except those which are external, and that they draw their kerchiefs over their bosoms.

The women were also enjoined not to take off their outer garments in the presence of any male except their fathers, husbands, or brothers. (This is supposed to mean unveiling themselves.)

The reasons for these directions are easy to understand in the midst of the social and moral chaos from which he was endeavouring, under God's guidance, to evolve order. They were wise and beneficent injunctions, having for their object the promotion of decency among women, the improvement of their dress and demeanour, and their protection from insult. It is a mistake, therefore, to suppose there is anything in the law which tends to the perpetuation of the custom. Considerable light is thrown on the lawgiver's recommendation for female privacy, by the remarkable immunity from restraint or seclusion which the members of his family always enjoyed. Ayesha, the daughter of Abû Bakr, who was married to Mohammed on Khadija's death, personally conducted the insurrectionary movement against Ali. She commanded her own troops at the famous 'Battle of the Camel.' Fâtima, 'our Lady of Light,' often took part in the discussions regarding the succession to the Caliphate, and her sermons, breathing that sweet nobility, that divine purity, which distinguished her character, are still extant. The grand-daughter of Mohammed, Zainab, the sister of Hussain, shielded her youthful nephew from the Ommeyyodes after the butchery of Kerbela, and by her indomitable spirit awed the ferocious soldiery of Yezid.

According to Von Hammer,

the *harem* is a sanctuary: it is prohibited to strangers, not because women are considered unworthy of confidence, but on account of the sacredness with which custom and manners invest them. The degree of reverence which is accorded to women throughout higher Asia and Europe (among Mohammedan communities) is a matter capable of the clearest demonstration.

Hamilton, the translator of the Hedâya, dealing with the chapter on Decorum, says, 'This seclusion is a result of *jealousy* or *pride*, and not of any legal *injunction*, as appears in this and several other parts of the Hedâya.' And Maraden, in his *Travels*, says, 'The Arab

settlers in Java never observed the custom (of seclusion of women), and the Javanese Mussulman women enjoy the same amount of freedom as their Dutch sisters.'

In the early centuries of Islâm, almost until the extinction of the Saracenic empire in the East, women continued to occupy as exalted a position as in modern society. Zobeida, the wife of Hôrûn, plays a conspicuous part in the history of the age, and by her virtues, as well as by her accomplishments, leaves an honoured name to posterity. Humieda, the wife of Fârûk, a Medinite citizen, left for many years the sole guardian of her minor son, educates him to become one of the most distinguished jurisconsults of the day. Sukinah, or Sakina, the daughter of Hussain and the grand-daughter of Ali, was the most brilliant, most accomplished, and most virtuous woman of her time—'la dame des dames de son temps, la plus belle, la plus gracieuse, la plus brillante de qualités,' as Perron calls her. Herself no mean scholar, she prized the converse of learned and pious people. Bûrân, the wife of the Caliph Mâmûn, Ummul-Fazl, Mâmûn's sister, married to the eighth Imâm of the house of Ali, Umm-i-Habil, Mâmûn's daughter, were all famous for their scholarship.

In the fifth century of the Hegira, the Sheikha Shuhda, designated *Fakhrunnissa* ('the glory of women'), lectured publicly at the Musjid-i-Jâma of Bagdad, to large audiences, on literature, rhetoric, and poetry. She occupies in the annals of Islâm a position of equality with the most distinguished *ulemas*. What would have befallen this lady had she flourished among the fellow-religionists of St. Cyril can be judged by the fate of Hypatia. Possibly she would not have been torn to pieces by enthusiastic Christians, but she would to a certainty have been burnt as a witch. Dzat-ul-Hemma, corrupted into Dzemma, 'the lion-heart,' the heroine of many battles, fought side by side with the bravest knights.

It is a calumny, therefore, to say that the Islamic system has lowered the status of women. The Teacher who, in an age when no country, no system, no community gave any right to woman, maiden or married, mother or wife—who, in a country where the birth of a daughter was considered a calamity, secured to the sex rights which are only unwillingly and under pressure being conceded to them by the civilised nations in the nineteenth century—deserves the gratitude of humanity. If Mohammed had done nothing more, his claim to be a benefactor of mankind would have been indisputable. Even under the laws as they stand at present in the pages of the legists, the legal position of Moslem females may be said to compare favourably with that of European women. As long as a Mohammedan woman is unmarried she remains under the parental roof, and until she attains her majority she is to some extent under the control of the

father or his representative. As soon, however, as she is of age, the law vests in her all the rights which belong to her as an independent human being. She is entitled to share in the inheritance of her parents along with her brothers, and, though the proportion is different, the distinction is founded on the relative position of brother and sister. A woman who is *sui juris* can under no circumstance be married without her own express consent, 'not even by the Sultan.' Centuries after this principle was laid down by the Moslem jurists the sovereigns and chiefs of Christendom were in the habit of forcibly marrying women to their subjects. On her marriage she does not lose her individuality. She does not cease to be a separate member of society. An ante-nuptial settlement by the husband in favour of the wife is a necessary condition, and on his failure to make a settlement the law presumes one in accordance with the social position of the wife. A Moslem marriage is a civil act needing no priest, requiring no ceremonial. The contract of marriage gives the man no power over the woman's person beyond what the law defines, and none whatever upon her goods and property. Her rights as a mother do not depend for their recognition upon the idiosyncrasies of individual judges. Her earnings acquired by her own exertions cannot be wasted by a prodigal husband, nor can she be ill-treated with impunity by one who is brutal. She acts, if *sui juris*, in all matters which relate to herself and her property in her own individual right, without the intervention of husband or father. She can sue her debtors in the open courts, without the necessity of joining a next friend or under cover of her husband's name. She continues to exercise, after she has passed from her father's house into her husband's home, all the rights which the law gives to men. All the privileges which belong to her as a woman and a wife are secured to her, not by the courtesies which 'come and go,' but by the actual text in the book of law. Taken as a whole, the legal status of a Mohammedan woman is not more unfavourable than that of many a European woman, whilst in many respects she occupies a decidedly better position.

Nineteen centuries of progressive development working with the legacy of a prior civilisation, under the most favourable racial and climatic conditions, have tended to place the women in certain parts of Europe and America on a higher social level than the men—have given birth to a code of etiquette which, at least ostensibly, recognises the right of women to higher social respect. And yet a great and civilised empire, the professed champion of Christianity, condemns women to the punishment of the lash and the outrages of fiendish guards in Siberian mines, and the people who wept so profusely over the wrongs of the Italian Poerio have not a tear for the miseries of these wretched women; they who went into hysterics over the myths wafted from Bulgaria to the shores of Great Britain have no word of

reprobation for the sufferings of the women of a race to which belonged Mary and Magdalen !

If the Mohammedan women in the present day are not so advanced as their Christian sisters in the West, their backwardness is not due to the Koranic teachings, but to the general extinction among the Moslems of culture and progress under the avalanche of savagery which issued from the wilds of Tartary in the thirteenth century, overwhelming the whole of Western Asia with ruin and desolation. But if they do not in another hundred years attain to the social position of European women, there will be time enough to declaim against Islâm as a system and dispensation.

AMEER ALI.

Calcutta : July 1891.

CAN RAILWAY-PASSENGER FARES BE LOWERED?

COMPARISONS between England and Hungary in political matters are no new thing. That Hungary is the only Continental country whose mediæval freedom was never wholly crushed beneath the heavy weight of eighteenth-century despotism; that the Hungarian system of land-tenure is not unlike our own; that the Hungarian aristocracy resembles the English in its devotion to a country life and its fondness for field sports—all this we have heard times without number. On all these points a comparison between England and Hungary seems possible enough. When it comes, however, to the railway systems of the two countries, comparison between them must surely be out of the question. In size—at least, that is, in the number of square miles which they contain—the two countries are almost absolutely identical, the area being 124,000 square miles in the case of Hungary, as against 120,000 in the case of Great Britain. The population of Hungary is about 17,000,000—a little less, that is, than half our own. Its railway mileage is, in round figures, 6,500, or say one-third of ours; and about three-fifths of this length is owned and worked by the State. There are, however, railways and railways, and in the twelve months prior to the introduction of the zone system in August 1889, the 3,800 miles of the Hungarian State Railway system only carried about 5,700,000 passengers; in other words, barely three-quarters of one per cent. of the number of those who travelled on the railways of Great Britain during the same period. Moreover, Hungarian passenger travel, so far from increasing, was not merely stationary, but actually declining, for in the year 1886 the numbers had very nearly reached 6,000,000.

It is worth our while to realise how absolutely insignificant the passenger traffic of Hungary was. It would not be fair, perhaps, to say that the little North London Company, with its twelve miles of line, carried six times as many passengers as the whole of the Hungarian State Railway system, for London naturally needs more railway accommodation than Buda-Pesth; nor to say that a petty company like the North Staffordshire carried more passengers by half

a million, for even the North Staffordshire serves a thickly populated district. Perhaps a fairer comparison would be put this way: the three railways which serve Ulster—the Belfast and County Down, the Belfast and Northern Counties, and the Great Northern of Ireland, with one-quarter of the mileage, carried between them half as many passengers again; the two railways which serve the far north of Scotland—the Great North of Scotland and the Highland, with one-fifth of the mileage, carried just about four-fifths of the number of passengers. In other words, in the portion of Great Britain where population is sparsest and railway traffic least developed, there were four times as many passengers per mile of line open as there were on the State railways of Hungary, averaging the whole of the country over. I am anxious to make quite clear at the outset how absolutely different the railway conditions of the two countries are, as, once we realise this, we shall have no difficulty in understanding that, though the great Hungarian experiment may have important lessons for us here in Great Britain, these lessons can only be of an indirect character, and that any proposal to transplant bodily into England Hungarian methods would be simply childish.

Another preliminary point should be noticed. In spite of Juliet's sceptical question, there is a great deal in a name, and the Hungarian zone system would perhaps hardly have become as famous as it has if the name had not seemed to give promise of some remarkable novelty. Let us see wherein the novelty consists. In one sense, every railway that ever existed has a zone tariff. The English zone, for example, has a breadth of one mile; we pay, that is, the same fare for a hundred yards beyond forty-nine miles as we do if we complete the entire fifty. Common sense suggests the necessity of some such method, unless the fares were to be worked out by the booking-clerk to five places of decimals. The Hungarians have only carried the universally-adopted system one stage further. Instead of increasing the fare by single pennies for each single mile, they increase it by jumps every ten or fifteen miles, as the case may be. Our own fares, one might say, go up at a slope; the Hungarian fares mount like a flight of steps. Evidently in this there is a convenience to the railway management, which has to do fewer sums in arithmetic, and those of simpler nature; which is enabled to keep a smaller stock of tickets, and to employ less intelligent persons to issue and to check them. Equally evidently, however, there is no concession to the public. Supposing the fare to be the same to all stations distant more than ninety but not more than one hundred miles from Paddington, the man who travels ninety-one miles obviously pays just as much as the man who travels ninety-nine miles; the man who travels ninety-nine miles pays less. In fact, we shall not be wrong if we say that the zone system, strictly so called, is neither more nor less than a simple piece

of administrative machinery of absolutely no interest to the public at large.

There are, however, two real novelties in the Hungarian system. The first is, that no through tickets are issued from stations on the one side of Buda-Pesth to stations on the other. That all roads lead to Rome is an old saying; the Hungarian Minister of Railways is determined that all roads in Hungary shall lead to the capital. From a political point of view he may well be right; his example, however, is scarcely one to be imitated in this country, where the danger is, not that London should be neglected, but that London should become too great, and exercise too domineering an influence over our national life. But, for a reason which shall be given in a moment, M. Baross's action in this respect goes far to neutralise to the Hungarians the value of what on paper is a most remarkable concession. The Hungarian fares, as has been said, advance by steps of so many *kreuzers* for each zone, or distance of ten miles. This rule, however, only holds up to the commencement of the fourteenth zone—say, 135 miles. Beyond that point the fare is uniform; that is to say, the boundaries of the fourteenth zone extend right up to the frontiers of the country. It is as though, once a man had booked from Euston to Stafford, or from Paddington to Bridgwater, he could travel on to Wick or Penzance without extra charge. So that, owing to the impossibility of booking through the capital, it will be seen that, on the Hungarian system, the fare from Dover to Stafford, say 200 miles, would be almost double that charged for the 740 miles from London to Wick. Now, it needs no argument to show that such an arrangement as this is impossible in Great Britain, with its numerous independent railway companies interchanging traffic with one another at hundreds of different points. It is conceivable, no doubt—to take a simple instance—that the Great Northern might charge the same fare—on the Hungarian basis it would be 8*s.* third-class express¹—to Retford (138 miles), to Doncaster (156 miles), and to York (188 miles). But if the same fare was charged onwards to Berwick, to Perth, and to Wick, what profit would the North-Eastern, the North British, and the Highland companies make out of the transaction? It may possibly be answered that, even if each of the four companies charged independently on the Hungarian basis, the result would be to reduce the cost to a passenger to Wick by over 50 per cent. No doubt, but in practice the question would hardly arise; for on the equally eligible West-Coast route there are only three companies concerned instead of four. If, therefore, a passenger could

* I take leave to ignore first-class and second-class fares altogether, and this for two reasons: third-class passengers are nine-tenths of the whole already, and the proportion is rapidly increasing; and, secondly, third-class fares are a necessary, first- and second-class fares a luxury, for which the companies are fully justified in charging all they can get.

book through from Euston for three fares of 8s. each, franking him to Carlisle, to Perth, and to Wick respectively, it is hardly likely that he would ever trouble the four East Coast companies at all. The same consideration applies to a very large proportion of the whole through traffic of the country. But to return from this digression on what are, after all, only minor matters.

Though the system of reckoning by zones of ten miles instead of by single miles may be of no interest to the public at large, there are a certain number of theorists to whom its adoption appears of the utmost importance, for they regard it as constituting the first step taken by the railways in the direction of what we may call the penny-postage system. For nearly half a century there have been those who have believed that Rowland Hill's great principle of uniformity was applicable to railway-passenger service; and it may be said with tolerable accuracy that William Galt, an Englishman, whose first publication dates from 1843, was, if not the father, at least the grandfather, of the Hungarian zone tariff of 1889. Mr. Galt has never wholly lacked followers from that day to this; a list of the chief amongst them will be found in an interesting article by Professor James, of the University of Pennsylvania, in the *Harvard Quarterly Journal of Economics* for January last. It must be confessed, however, that the votaries of the penny-post idea have been met with in the ranks of the professors rather than among men with practical railway experience. This is not the place for a discussion of the whole matter, but perhaps I may give in half a dozen lines the reason which, to my mind, renders the adoption of any uniform system of railway fares absolutely chimerical. Let us say that the average cost of transporting a passenger in Great Britain is $2\frac{1}{4}d.$, including in that average not only the passengers between the Mansion House and Blackfriars, but also those between Euston and Inverness; and let us suppose that we fix a uniform fare of $2\frac{1}{4}d.$ accordingly. What now will happen? That the number of passengers from Euston to Inverness, each of whom presumably costs more than $2\frac{1}{4}d.$ for carriage, will multiply enormously, can hardly be questioned. But what of the passengers from the Mansion House to Blackfriars? Will not ninety-nine out of every hundred abandon the twopenny-half-penny railway, and go above ground by omnibus for a penny? The shortest-distance—that is, in other words, the least expensive—passengers—having been driven away, it is evident that the average cost of carriage to the railway will be somewhat increased. Let us say that the average cost is driven up to $3\frac{1}{4}d.$, and that the uniform fare is raised to that figure. The same thing occurs once more; this time it is the passenger from the Mansion House to Victoria who is shaken out. Again the average cost of transport is raised against the railway company; once more the uniform fare is raised in corre-

spendence; once more the shortest-distance passengers are shaken out: and so on *da capo*. In fact, the advocates of uniform fares are in this dilemma: that a fare high enough to cover the average cost of the journey is too high to attract the short-distance passenger, to whom rival means of locomotion must always remain open.

We are, then, I think, justified in regarding the adoption of zones as only an accident in the great reform with which the name of M. Baross is associated. Its essence consists in the sweeping reduction of the scale of fares by which the introduction of the zone system was accompanied. Accurately to compare the old fares, calculated per kilometre, with the new, reckoned at so much per zone of varying width, is of course impossible. But if we say broadly that the old fares were a penny a mile third-class express, while the new fares are a good deal less than a halfpenny, we shall get an idea sufficient for all practical purposes of the revolution that has been wrought. As for its effect in Hungary itself, the figures have been quoted often enough. Where two passengers travelled in 1889, five are travelling to-day. The gain to the public is undeniable; and the gain to the railways themselves is, likewise, no small one, for *under Hungarian conditions* it is more profitable for the railway to carry five passengers at a halfpenny than two passengers at a penny. The carriages, which formerly ran almost empty, are now well filled, and it will be a long time yet before the lines and the stations become insufficient to accommodate all the traffic which is likely to come upon them. Whether Hungarian conditions have much in common with ours is the point to which we shall come directly.

Hungary has fired the match, and the train has exploded all over Europe. Roumania has followed suit. Austria has adopted a modification of the Hungarian system, known by the name of the *Kreuzer* tariff, but involving even more sweeping reductions from the old fares than its predecessor. Russia is said to be on the eve of moving in the same direction; in the Swedish and Dutch Parliaments there have been animated debates on the subject, and the adoption of the Hungarian system, with some modifications, is expected before long. The Prussian Ministry of Railways has circulated throughout the kingdom a project of reform involving very large concessions in passenger fares; which, however, has been received in some quarters with outspoken disapproval, on the express ground that the concessions do not go far enough. The French Government is negotiating with the great railway companies for a reduction of about 30 per cent. in the third-class passenger fares, in return for the abandonment of some portion of the very heavy taxes to which the companies are at present liable. Even in the United States, where the vast area of the country, the fact that the railways are all owned by private corporations trading for profit, and the federal system of government, all combine to render

any uniform action in the direction of reducing fares a practical impossibility, the Hungarian experiment has been watched with the keenest interest. Newspapers and magazines have been full of communications and discussions on the subject, and Bills for compulsory reductions of fare have been introduced into more than one of the State Legislatures. Last, and it must be confessed least, though the credit due to those concerned is none the less on that account—for the Irish railway management is not as a rule the most progressive in the world—a zone system has actually been put in practice on the tiny line of the Cork, Blackrock, and Passage Railway Company.

England, for all her supercilious insularity—it may be added, for all her well-grounded conviction that, in railway passenger traffic at least, she still leads the world—can hardly afford to look on at these great changes as a mere uninterested spectator. English passenger fares stand to-day practically where they were fixed by the Cheap Trains Act of 1844; at the level, that is, of one penny a mile. It is true that at the earlier date a passenger got in return for his penny the right to travel by one train a day, starting usually not later than six in the morning, in a cattle-pen, generally without a roof, frequently without a seat, at a rate seldom exceeding fifteen miles an hour. At the present day he may take his choice of a dozen or twenty expresses, and travel in a luxuriously cushioned carriage²—far superior, very possibly, in comfort to any chair to be found in his own house—at a speed of forty or even fifty miles an hour. But the fare per mile still remains fixed at the Parliamentary penny, though the volume of traffic has multiplied tenfold in the interval.

It is, of course, fair to remember that, what with workmen's trains and excursion trains, tourist tickets, season tickets, and other similar concessions, a vast number of people travel at fares far below the normal penny. It is also true that in England any reasonable quantity of luggage is carried free, that excess fares for express speed are practically unknown, and that England is the only country in which the crack trains are accessible to third-class passengers. But when all is said and done, the fact remains that, for a single journey from A to B, the cheapest possible fare is, under ordinary circumstances, one penny per mile.

In every other country in Europe it is possible to travel at a cheaper rate; in many of them, at a rate which is very much cheaper. American railways are, let it in fairness be acknowledged, probably

² 'In Germany,' says the estimable and usually veracious Mr. Baedeker in the introduction to his guide-books, 'the carriages of the second class with spring seats are often better than the first in England.' Speaking with some knowledge of the subject, I will venture to say that the third-class carriages from King's Cross to Edinburgh are better, and more comfortable, and run immeasurably more smoothly, than the first-class carriages supplied by the German Government for an important international mail service, such as that between Flushing and Berlin.

some 10 to 20 per cent. dearer. But a comparison with American railways, would lead us too far afield. It is sufficient to say here that, considering the vast and thinly-populated territory which they cover, and considering the quality of service that they give, it is highly creditable to American railway management that the difference is not still greater. Confining ourselves, however, to Europe, a recent number of the German official *Archiv für Eisenbahnwesen* gives the fares for every country from Sweden to Italy. The price at which it is possible to travel third class ranges downwards (I leave the figures in their German form, as the ratio between them is the only point of importance for our present purpose) from 5·5 pfennigs per kilomètre in England and 5·42 in France, to 4·25 in Holland, 4·16 in Switzerland, 4·07 in Italy, and 3·92 in Sweden. It varies from 4·67 to 3·0 on the various German railways. It is 3·24 in Hungary, 3·0 in Belgium, 2·81 in Russia, and finally falls to 2·0 in Austria; while in North Germany there are fourth-class fares, ranging from 2·5 in Oldenburg to 2·0 in Prussia, Saxony, and Hesse, for carriages without seats, that are made use of on occasion for the conveyance of cattle.

An intelligent Englishman, with no special knowledge of the subject, looking at these figures, naturally and properly asks: How comes it that, with a volume of passenger traffic unapproached in the world, in a country which, for so large an area, is more thickly populated than any other non-Oriental country, the fares remain at so high a standard? Is it not possible that something could be done to reduce them? Might it not be that, if the fares were reduced to one-half to-morrow, the traffic would treble itself, and so the railway companies be more than recouped? The question is one whose importance can scarcely be overrated. The existence of England as the commercial centre of the world, as the home of a prosperous and increasing population, depends, more perhaps than on any other single cause, on facilities of railway communication. Adequately to answer the question would require a volume, not to mention knowledge and information to which the present writer can make no claim; but the outline of an answer may, perhaps, be given in the pages that follow.

One thing should be noticed at the outset. A mere comparison of money tariffs is entirely misleading. It is no accident that passenger fares in the United States range over a penny per mile; that in England they fall to nine-tenths of this sum; that on the Continent they drop gradually from French and Dutch rates down to something like one-third of a penny in Hungary and Silesia; while in India they reach their lowest point, of less than a fifth of a penny per mile. Indeed, it would be no paradox to assert that, measured in terms of the ability of the average wage-earner to pay them, railway fares are highest in India, and lowest in England and the United States. As

I have pointed out elsewhere,³ in India a workman's time is worth about 2d. a day; in England, it is worth about 9d. an hour. The Hindoo, therefore, who wastes half a day to save three halfpence is a gainer, while the Englishman who spends an hour to save sixpence is a loser.

Railway fares, then, are high in England for two reasons: the one, that money is plentiful, and therefore, in accordance with the ordinary laws of supply and demand, will purchase a less quantity of commodities, whether eggs and butter or railway service is absolutely immaterial, in England than in Hungary; the other, that time is valuable, and that passengers are therefore ready to pay a comparatively large sum of money in order to economise a comparatively small amount of time. The Indian ryot goes down to the station and squats on his haunches, contented to wait till the next train arrives, perhaps twelve hours hence, and satisfied then to travel packed like a sardine in a box with his fellows. The Hungarian peasant is almost equally complacent. The Englishman grumbles—at Leicester, for example—if he has only thirteen expresses a day from London. Naturally, fares in England must be calculated on a higher scale than in Hungary; for the cost of hauling fifty passengers—and English railway companies are accustomed to run a train as soon as fifty passengers, on an average, have had time to collect—is for all practical purposes the same as that of carrying the couple of hundred passengers which the less extravagant requirements of Hungary or India suffer to assemble between the departure of one train and that of the next.

‘Well, then,’ it will be said, ‘by all means cut off the unnecessary trains—those competing expresses to Manchester and to Scotland, of which we have heard so much lately, for instance—and then, with half the number of trains to Scotland, it will be possible for us to travel at half the fare.’ The argument sounds plausible, but unfortunately will not bear much examination. In the first place, it is more than questionable whether the abolition of competition would really enable the number of trains to be seriously reduced. It is perfectly true that there are three expresses all leaving London at 2 o'clock, and all reaching Manchester within five minutes of one another; but one of them serves Northampton and Birmingham and Wolverhampton, as well as London; a second accommodates the enormous population of Sheffield; while the third passes through Leicester and Derby, affording at the same time an express connection both to Nottingham and to Buxton. It is very doubtful whether English public opinion would submit to any wholesale cancelling of competing trains. German experience on this point is instructive. In the old days, before Prince Bismarck took possession of the

³ *The Railways and the Traders*, p. 202

Prussian railways, there was keen competition between the two rival lines from Berlin to Cologne and the Belgian frontier. When both lines were bought up by the State, the management found that local interests were strong enough to prevent the suppression of the existing expresses. The heavy hand of the State was able to arrest all improvements and accelerations for a period of nearly fifteen years; but the Kreiensen route and the Hanover route each succeeded in preserving the service they had already secured. Further, it should be noted that, though the crack expresses run by the great companies in competition with one another bulk large in the public eye, they only form a small fraction of the total passenger mileage of the country. The vast proportion of the trains are run simply to accommodate local traffic. If the number of trains on the Little Pedlington branch were halved to-morrow, it would be no question of putting an end to cut-throat competition, but only of depriving the public of the district of the facilities to which they had grown accustomed.

But there is more than this. The cost of running a train is only the smallest part of the expense of providing and maintaining the railway service. Speaking in round figures, and avoiding intricate questions of railway accounting, it may be said that, of every penny a passenger pays, it is only one farthing that is devoted to what the Americans would call 'train-movement expenses.' Of the rest, one farthing is absorbed in payments for the maintenance of the railway, the bridges and stations, in signalling, office expenses, rates and taxes, and similar charges, which are incurred to almost an equal extent whether five hundred or ten thousand passengers travel over the road *per diem*; while the remaining halfpenny goes to pay 4 per cent. interest to the capitalists whose money has built the road, and so made it possible for the public to travel at all. Matters are, of course, further complicated in practice by the fact that the railway carries goods as well as passengers, and that it is impossible to separate, with any approach to accuracy, the expenditure incurred in dealing with goods traffic and passenger traffic respectively. There have been, for instance, critics with some knowledge of the subject found to say that the passengers on English railways are made to pay for the carriage of coal at a loss; others equally qualified assert that it is only the coal that enables the railways to give their present passenger accommodation at such inadequate prices. Here, however, we must be content to ignore this possible source of error, and to look upon our railways as though the passenger traffic were the only string to their bow.

Bearing in mind the rough analysis of railway expenditure that we have just made, it is easy to show that a sweeping reduction in passenger fares must mean bankruptcy to a railway company unless highest ^{and} ~~highly~~ compensated by increased passenger travel. The trains and B, let us say, used to earn at penny fares four shillings

per mile travelled. One shilling was required for train-movement expenses, one shilling for fixed charges, two shillings were left to pay interest on capital. Now imagine the fares reduced to a half-penny, and let us assume for the sake of argument that the number of passengers remains stationary. If no alteration is made in the number of trains, each train now earns only two shillings a mile; in other words, nothing at all is left for interest on capital. Even! suppose that the number of trains is reduced to one-half, and that each now carries twice as many passengers, and earns therefore four shillings per mile, the same as before. The fixed charges remain as heavy as ever. They were a shilling a mile on, say, ten trains; now that there are only five trains they will absorb two shillings per train-mile. This, after another shilling has been deducted for movement expenses, means that only one shilling per mile is left as the earnings of capital. Capital, therefore, which used to receive ten times two shillings, now receives only five times one shilling; in other words, the dividend is cut down from 4 to 1 per cent.

(Of course, in practice it is impossible to imagine half the trains being taken off, just as it is impossible to doubt that a reduction of fare by 50 per cent. would enormously increase the number of passengers. Let us assume for the sake of argument that the same result would happen here as has already taken place in Hungary: that for every two passengers travelling now, five would travel in the future, and that the railway companies would receive five halfpennies where now they obtain only two pennies. At first sight it seems as though they would have made an uncommonly good bargain. But let us look at the facts a little closer. It is all very well for theorists in their libraries to manipulate figures: to say that the average train at present carries only 50 passengers, while it has ample seating accommodation for at least 200; and to reckon that it will surely carry 125 without any difficulty. But, in fact, railway passengers refuse to be averaged; as it is, with the fares at their existing level, they pack every carriage to the last seat in the trains running into the great towns every morning. If every train is full from end to end at present, and the trains are following one another—as everybody knows they are—as close as they can at this present moment, where is room to be found to put the new passengers who desire to travel citywards? There is room enough and to spare, no doubt, in the trains running in the reverse direction; but will business-men be ready to leave their offices and go home at eleven o'clock in the morning, even if the companies undertake to carry them gratis? Again, it is quite easy to intensify the rush out of the City in the afternoon; but, unless the railway companies are prepared to supply free tickets, not only for the railway journey, but for the theatres and music-halls, it is not easy to see how they ever can fill their

trains into London of an evening. Or, again, just as the average railway day is made up of a few hours that are overcrowded, and a large number of hours that are not half-crowded enough, so the year is made up of the average of all the months from January to December. The expresses may be running in triplicate and quadruplicate in the first week of August, while in the first week of February they are hardly earning enough to pay for the grease of their wheels. Will the cheapest of cheap fares induce the British public to go to Scarborough or to the Highlands in February? Will they not, rather, add to the tremendous rush in August by which our railways are almost overwhelmed already? Yet once more. It is, I believe, almost impossible to set bounds to the potential traffic between, say, Liverpool and Manchester, or London and Brighton, if only the fares were low enough; but no possible reduction of fares can develop to any great extent the traffic along country lines, for the simple reason that the people are not there to travel.

If there is any force in the foregoing considerations we are, then, brought down to this—that the effect of a reduction of fares would be to intensify the existing congestion of traffic. The ‘bread-and-butter’ trains, as they have been called, are quite full already; they would become still fuller. The lines are—at the busy hours of the day—overcrowded with trains now; they would become still more overcrowded. The terminal stations are inadequate even now; they would become still more inadequate. But what does this mean? It means that the introduction of halfpenny fares would imply to every railway company in the country the doubling of its accommodation in and in the neighbourhood of the large towns on its system. Is this, then, commercially possible? The Great Eastern, calculating on the basis of the penny-a-mile passenger, has spent 3,000,000*l.* sterling at and near Liverpool Street Station. The expenditure has been very fairly remunerative; but what prospect is there that another 3,000,000*l.* spent in order to enable the company to accommodate 160,000,000 passengers at a halfpenny a mile, instead of as at present 80,000,000 passengers at a penny, would receive any dividend whatever? And if there is no prospect of dividend to be found in the transaction, is it reasonable to blame a commercial company for not going into it? Put in a nutshell, the railway-passenger problem in England is this: Public opinion insists on English speeds, English frequency of service; insists on termini in the heart of our great cities, where the value of land is reckoned in pounds per foot. The ingenuity of English railway management has been taxed to give this accommodation at existing fares, and yet maintain the level of a four-per-cent. dividend; what hope is there that the companies can continue to give the same accommodation if the fare per passenger is reduced by one-half? Each square foot of Liverpool Street and the

lines approaching it can be made by extreme care to accommodate just enough passengers *per diem* to pay a reasonable rental for the space that is occupied. How is the space now required for one passenger to be made to hold two? And if not, how can the railway company afford to reduce fares in the Hungarian fashion.

Throughout this paper I have assumed that the only reduction worth mentioning is one on something like the Hungarian scale. To bring down the fares between London and Croydon from 10*d.* to 9*d.*, or between London and Brighton from 4*s.* 2*d.* to 3*s.* 9*d.*, is possible, no doubt, but is hardly a reform so heroic as to be worth much discussion. I used to think at one time that, though general reductions were impossible, tentative reductions in certain selected places, as, for instance, between Liverpool and Manchester, or Leeds and Bradford, would be quite worth making. Further reflection has, however, convinced me that even this would be more than questionable policy. A change of this kind would be, to use the threadbare simile, like a stone thrown into a pool. The local traffic from Manchester to Liverpool is, no doubt, very large, but the traffic through Manchester from Sheffield, from Hull, from Newcastle and Leeds and Bradford is probably at least as large; and the reduction of the local fare, which no doubt might stimulate local travel, would also compel the reduction of the through fare, without in that case bringing with it any compensating advantage. Practical railway-men can testify too that there would be not a little difficulty in preventing astute individuals from taking an unfair and unintended advantage of the change. Further, it may be questioned whether a railway company which made so great a concession to Liverpool would be able, at the bar of public opinion, to justify its conduct in refusing similar concessions to Bolton and Blackburn, to Leeds and Huddersfield and Sheffield. On the whole, the railway companies are probably wise to let sleeping dogs lie.

For all that, few subjects are better deserving serious public attention. It would be absurd for an individual to attempt on his own account to find the solution. However right and proper his proposals might be in the abstract, it would be useless to make them unless there were some prospect of their being acceptable to public opinion; and if the present writer were to assert that England is the only country in the world—not excepting the United States, be it remembered—in which the railways have never received one shilling of public money, and if he were to go on to suggest that there is no reason in the nature of things why a Government which devoted millions of public money at the beginning of the century to the improvement of our national highways should not devote other millions of public money to their improvement at its close, he would probably not find half a dozen Englishmen to agree with him.

But one suggestion shall be thrown out in conclusion. Let us have cheap fares all over the country by all means if we can; but cheap fares for long-distance travel are very frequently only a luxury; in the neighbourhood of our great towns—of London, above all—they are rapidly becoming a necessary, at least if any adequate solution of the problem of the housing of the working-classes is ever to be found. Yet it is precisely round the great towns that cheap fares as a commercial speculation appear the most hopeless of attainment, owing to the enormous cost of the terminal accommodation required. If there is one thing which adds more than another to that cost, it is the preposterous burdens which are laid on the railway companies by the municipal authorities.

In their own interest, the municipalities would be wise to lighten, as far as in them lies, these burdens. The grotesque injustice of rating the lines and stations of the railway companies in order to pay for the wear and tear of the public roads by the competing omnibus companies, which pay no rates, has been pointed out often enough. But this is not all. It has never yet, that I am aware, been proposed that theatre proprietors, or the owners of great shops, should be called on to widen the streets in front of their places of business because of the extra traffic which they bring into the neighbourhood. Yet a railway company is seldom permitted to enlarge its own station without being called on to contribute to the cost of improving the adjacent streets simultaneously. Of course, in one sense, municipal pressure of this kind is legitimate enough. The more golden eggs the railway shareholder is goose enough to lay for the benefit of the hard-pressed ratepayer, the better. Railway managers and railway directors can be abundantly trusted to protect their own interests. If, with their eyes open, they undertake to contribute large sums to the cost of municipal improvements, there is no possible reason why they should not be held to their bargain. The question is, whether the bargain for the public is really as good as it looks to be on paper; whether municipalities do not eat, in the form of contributions to street improvements and borough-rates, cake which they might have in a more profitable form of increased suburban service. Twenty years ago it used to be a favourite saying that the wise statesman was the man who remitted taxation, and left the money to fructify in the pockets of the people. If local authorities in this country, instead of striving to exact the last farthing from the railway companies, would endeavour to facilitate to the utmost their development and extension within and near the city limits, they would, I am persuaded, be consulting the best interests of the urban population.

It may be said that such a course would only result in swelling the dividends of the railway shareholders. I venture to think not, but to assert, on the contrary, that it is impossible for railway shareholders in the long run to obtain more for their capital than the normal rate

of interest obtainable in similar undertakings. If railway construction can be cheapened, the public will be able to take the benefit, either in improved accommodation or in decreased fares, as it prefers. If, on the other hand, the cost of construction is maintained at its present high and steadily-increasing figure, the public must either suffer by restricted accommodation, owing to the refusal of capital to provide new facilities, or else must consent to pay the bill in the form of fares as high, if not higher, than those in force in England to-day. And the higher our railway passenger fares and goods rates, the less able is England to compete on advantageous terms with Continental countries in the battle for supremacy in the great markets of the world.

W. M. ACWORTH.

*A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S
REMINISCENCES*

MY most prominent colleague in the Russo-Turkish war was Mr. Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, by extraction an Irishman, by birth an American. Of all the men who have earned reputation in this profession of ours, I regard MacGahan as the most brilliant. He was the hero of that wonderful lonely ride through the Great Desert of Central Asia, to overtake Kaufmann's Russian army on its march to Khiva. He it was who stirred Europe to its inmost heart by the terrible, and not less truthful than terrible, pictures of what have passed into history as the 'Bulgarian Atrocities.' It is no exaggeration indeed to aver that, for better or worse, MacGahan was the virtual author of the Russo-Turkish war. His pen-pictures of the atrocities so excited the fury of the Slave population of Russia, that their passionate demand for retribution on the 'unspeakable Turk' compelled the Emperor Alexander to undertake the war. MacGahan's work throughout the long campaign was singularly effective, and his physical exertions quite stupendous, yet he was suffering all through from a lameness that would have disabled altogether eleven out of twelve men. He had broken a bone in his ankle just before the declaration of war, and when I met him first the joint was encased in plaster of Paris. He insisted on accompanying Gourko's raid across the Balkans; and in the Hankioj Pass his horse slid over a precipice and fell on its rider, so that the half-set bone was broken again. But the indomitable MacGahan refused to be invalided by this misfortune. He quietly had himself hoisted on to a tumbril, and so went through the whole adventurous expedition, being involved thus helpless in several actions, and once all but falling into the hands of the Turks. He kept the front throughout, long after I had gone home disabled by fever; he chronicled the fall of Plevna; he crossed the Balkans with Skobelev in the dead of the terrible winter; and finally, at the premature age of thirty-two, he died, characteristically, a martyr to duty and to friendship. When the Russian armies lay around Constantinople waiting for the arrangement of the treaty of Berlin, typhoid

fever and camp pestilences were slaying their thousands and their tens of thousands. Lieutenant Greene, an American officer attached to the Russian army, fell sick, and MacGahan devoted himself to the service of nursing his countryman. His devotion cost him his life. As Greene was recovering, MacGahan sickened of malignant typhus; and a few days later they laid him in his far-off foreign grave, around which stood weeping mourners of a dozen nationalities.

Another colleague was Mr. Frank Millet, who, still young, has forsaken the war-path, and appears to be on the high road to the inferior position of a Royal Academician. Millet, like MacGahan, is an American. He accompanied Gourko across the Balkans after the fall of Plevna. The hardships he blithely endured when men were frozen around him in their wretched bivouacs among the snow, and when to write his letters he had to thaw his frozen ink and chafe sensation into his numbed fingers, move admiration not less than the brilliant quality of the work performed under conditions so arduous. Lieutenant Greene, in his work on the campaign, which constitutes its history, remarks that of the seventy-five correspondents who began the campaign, only three, and those all Americans—MacGahan and Millet of the *Daily News* and Grant of the *Times*—followed its fortunes to the close. But this is not strictly correct; one other member of our profession—for that profession surely includes the war-artist—saw the war from beginning to end, Frederic Villiers, the artist and correspondent of the *Graphic*.

The first serious fighting in the campaign occurred on that June morning when General Dragomiroff's division of the Russian army forced the passage of the Danube under the fire of the Turkish batteries about Sistova. Of that crossing it happened that I was the only correspondent who was a spectator.

It was about midnight when we threaded our way through the chaos in the streets of Simnitsa, and at length made our way down into the willow grove on the Danube side, where Yolchine's brigade was waiting until the pontoon boats should be ready for its embarkation. It was a strange, weird time. The darkness was so dense that nothing could be seen around one; and the Turkish bank was only just to be discerned, looming black and dark up against the hardly less dark and sullen sky. Stumbling forward, through mud and over roots, I struck against something like a wall, yet the wall was soft and warm. It was a column of soldiers, silent and motionless till the time should come to move. Not a light was permitted—not even a cigarette was allowed to be smoked. When men spoke at all it was in whispers, and there was only a soft hum of low talk, half drowned by the gurgle of the Danube, and broken occasionally by the splash caused by the launching of a pontoon boat. The grey dawn faintly began to break. I could dimly discern Dragomiroff, mud almost to the waist, directing the marshalling of the pontoon boats, close to

the water's edge. Here come the 'Avengers,' a stern, silent band, the cross in silver standing out from the sombre fur of their caps. They have the place of honour in the first boat. As it is pulling off, Liegnitz, the gallant German attaché, darts forward and leaps on board. The stalwart linesmen of Yolchine's brigade are manning the other boats. The strong strokes of the sailors shoot us into the stream. The gloom of the night is waning fast, and now we can faintly discern, across the broad swirl of water, the crags of the Turkish bank and the steep slope above. What if the Turks are there in force? A grim precipice that, truly, to carry at the bayonet point, in the teeth of a determined enemy! And an enemy is there, sure enough, and on the alert. There is a flash out of the gloom, and the near whistle and scream of a shell thrills us, as it speeds over us and bursts among the men in the willows behind us. There follows shell after shell, from due opposite, from higher up, and from the knoll still higher up, close to which the minarets of Sistova are now dimly visible. The shells are falling and bursting on the surface of the Danube; they splash us with the spray they raise; their jagged splinters fly yelling by us. There is no shelter; we must stand here in the open boat, this densely packed mass of men, and take what fortune Heaven may send us. The face of the Danube, pitted with falling shells, is flecked, too, with craft crowded to the gunwale. Hark to that crash, the splintering of wood, and the riving of iron, there on our starboard quarter! A huge pontoon, laden with guns and gunners, has been struck by a shell. It heaves heavily twice; its stern rises; there are wild cries—a confused turmoil of men and horses struggling in the water; the guns sink, and drowning men drift by us with the current down to their death. From out the foliage, now, in the little cove for which we are heading, belches forth volley after volley of musketry fire, helping the devilry of the shells. Several men of our company are down ere our craft touches the mud of the Danube shore. The 'Avengers' are already landed: so is Yolchine, with a handful of his linesmen. As we tumble out of the boats with the bullets whizzing about our heads, and swarm up on to the bank, we are bidden, by energetic orders and not less energetic gestures, to lie down. We fall prone in the thick glutinous slime, under the cover of a little bank. Already dead and wounded men lie here thick among the living. Boat after boat disembarks its freight. At length Yolchine thinks he has men enough. He who, with young Skobelev, has never lain down, gives the word, and the two spring up the ascent; a billow of strong supple Russian soldiers, released from restraint, surges with resistless rush up the steep bank. The detachment of Turkish militiamen holding the post are overwhelmed, but they do not run. No; they die where they stand, neither quailing nor asking for quarter. For that brave band of Mustapha, Abdul Kerim Pasha unconsciously furnished a noble epitaph. 'They have

never been heard of since,' he wrote. No, nor will they, till the last trumpet sounds !

The day after the passage of the Danube had been made good, the Emperor crossed the river to congratulate and thank his gallant soldiers. In front of the long, massive line formed on the slope below Sistova awaiting the coming of the Great White Czar, stood Dragomiroff, Yolchine, and Skobeieff, the three generals who had been the leaders of the successful attempt. Dragomiroff, the divisional commander, the Emperor embraced, and gave him the Cross of St. George ; he shook hands warmly with Yolchine, the brigade commander, and gave him, too, a St. George to add to the decorations which this cheery little warrior had been gathering from boyhood in the Caucasus and Central Asia. Then the Emperor strode to where Skobeieff stood, and men watched the little scene with intent interest ; for it was notorious that Skobeieff was in disfavour with his Sovereign, and yet of him the camps were ringing with the story of his conduct on the previous morning. Would Alexander maintain his umbrage, or would he make it manifest that it had been dispelled by Skobeieff's heroism ? For at least a minute the Czar hesitated, as the two tall, proud, soldierly men confronted each other : you could trace in his countenance the struggle between disapproval and appreciation. It was soon over—and the wrong way for Skobeieff. The Emperor frowned, turned short on his heel, and strode abruptly away, without a word or a gesture of greeting or recognition. A map of strong prejudices, he was not yet able to exorcise from his mind the calumnies that had blackened to him the character of Skobeieff. That officer, for his part, flushed scarlet, then grew deadly pale, and seemed to conquer an impulse as he set his teeth hard and maintained his disciplined immobility. It was a flagrant insult, in the very face of the army, and a gross injustice ; but Skobeieff endured it in a proud silence that seemed to me very grand, nor did I ever hear him allude to the slur. The time soon came to that gallant and brilliant soldier when he could afford to be magnanimous. As the campaign progressed, he distinguished himself again and again, so that his name became a synonyme in the army for splendid daring as well as for opportune skill. On the 3rd of September, Skobeieff, after exploit on exploit, devised and led the storm of the Turkish position in Loftcha, and drove his adversaries out of that strong place. On the following night, at his own dinner-table in the Gorni Studen headquarters, the Emperor stood up, and bade his guests to honour with him the toast of 'Skobeieff, the hero of Loftcha !' It is not given to many men to earn a revenge so full and so grand as that.

In campaigning in Bulgaria we correspondents had to rely entirely on our own resources ; it was like going a-gipsying, with now and then a battle thrown in by way of variety. When our Russian friends crossed

the Danube, it became necessary for us to abandon the flesh-pots of Egypt, in the shape of the civilisation, beauty, and good cooking of Bucharest, and to depart, so to speak, into the wilderness, there to join the army. My companion in this, as in several previous campaigns, was Frederic Villiers, the artist of the *Graphic*. Villiers is an excellent fellow, but he has, like the rest of us, his weak points. Perhaps his weakest point was that he imagined going to bed in his spurs contributed to his martial aspect. He may have been right, but as I shared the bedplace on the floor of a narrow waggon, I did not see the matter in that light. We had for joint attendant my old Servian courier, Andreas. Andreas was a capital servant, but there are spots even on the sun. Andreas had a mania for the purchase of irrelevant poultry, and for accommodating the fowls in our waggon, tied by the legs, against a day of starvation. I don't know whether any reader has ever had any experience of domestic poultry as bed-fellows; to any one thinking of making the experiment, I would give *Punch's* advice to those about to marry—'Don't.' Andreas was a capital cook, but his courses had a curious habit of arriving at long and uncertain intervals. After a dish of stew, no other viands appearing to loom in the near future, Villiers and myself would betake ourselves to smoking, and perhaps on a quiet day would lapse into slumber. From this we would be aroused by Andreas to partake of a second course of roast chicken, the bird having been alive and unconscious of its impending fate when the first course had been served. Another characteristic of Andreas was his habit of awakening us in the still watches of the night for the purpose of imparting his views on recondite phases of the great Eastern question. Our coachman was a Roumanian Jew, who could survive more sleep than any human being I ever knew. Let me describe our travelling equipage. We had found in Bucharest a vehicle which, when covered with leather and fitted with sundry appliances, made a sufficient habitation for two men who could pack tight, and give and take one with the other. By a simple arrangement the floor of this carriage became at night a bedplace, the cushions—and the poultry—serving for a mattress. Our waggon was drawn by two sturdy grey horses, one of which was blind—a characteristic which the man who sold him to us cited as an important advantage, as calculated to make him steadier in a crowd. The vehicle I have described was not a waggon only. Cunningly contrived in a roll fastened to one of its sides, we carried a sort of elementary canvas apartment. Villiers and I have been 'at home' in our canvas drawing-room to some very distinguished personages. If you were within there was no pleading 'not at home,' for, as the awning was open on at least two sides, you were visible to the naked eye a long way off.

Our cooking appliances consisted of a stewpan and a frying-pan. You don't require any more weapons than these to perform where-

withal the functions of a plain cook. I am a plain cook myself; perhaps, to be more explicit, I should say a very plain cook. Of one grand discovery in culinary science I can boast. I have found out that when you attempt to fry lean meat without fat, lard, oil, or butter, you not only burn the meat, but you burn the frying-pan also.

In the early days of this campaign, with MacGahan away with Gourko and Millet far off in the Dobrutcha with Zimmermann, the task was mine of covering Bulgaria from the right flank to the left flank of the Russian main advance, and I had to be in the saddle morning, noon, and night, for I had to try at least to see everything, and I had generally to be my own courier back to the telegraph base at Bucharest. General Ignatieff, the famous diplomatist, was a good friend in giving me timely hints of impending events. When we were parting after my first visit to him, the General said: 'Come to me when you want anything. I like your paper because it is a Christian paper, and I am a very Christian man, and if I am not mistaken you are so also.' I regarded this last observation as strong proof of the aphorism that discerning penetration is one of the leading attributes of a great diplomatist.

Probably there is no harder toil than that which the earnest war correspondent must undergo in a country destitute of communications and when important events are crowding fast one on the other. The telegraph wire is his goal; for us in Bulgaria the nearest available telegraph office was, in Bucharest, scores of long miles away. The supply of trustworthy couriers was scanty, and the best courier will not strain ardently when he is not working for his own hand. I write in constant consciousness of being over-egotistic; but one would like the reader should know how he is served with war news. To this day I shudder at the recollection of those long weary rides on dead-tired horses from the Lom, or the Balkans, or the Plevna country, through the foodless region down to Sistova on the Danube, where the bridge of boats was. It was mostly night when I reached the Danube. Leaving my horses in Sistova, I would tramp in the darkness across the bridge, and over the islands and flats, ankle-deep in sand, the three miles trudge to Simnitza, the village on the Roumanian side of the great river. I have reached Simnitza so beaten that I could scarcely stagger up the slope. Once when I got to the bridge I found that it was forbidden to cross it. Two pontoons in the centre, said the officer, were under water, and there was no thoroughfare; nobody, he said, was allowed to go upon it. I represented to him that, as I did not belong to the Russian army, it was nothing to him what might happen to me. He laughed, said if I drowned it was no affair of his, and, to quote his own lively expression, that I might go to the devil if I had a mind. I found the two pontoons submerged as he said, and a fierce current running over them, but

the hand-rope was above water. This I clutched, and crossed the interval hand over hand along it, sloshing down with the current as the slack of the rope gave to my weight. Simnitza reached somehow, there were still about ninety miles to Bucharest. Off, then, to Giurgevo, fifty miles' night drive in a country rattletrap drawn by four half-broken ponies harnessed abreast. I have been upset freely all along that dreary plain; spilt into a river, capsized into a village, overturned by a dead horse into a dismal swamp. During the railway journey from Giurgevo to Bucharest it was possible to begin my round-hand telegram, writing a few words at a time when the stoppages occurred.

Bucharest finally reached, I had to finish my message without delaying even to wash, that it might be in time for next morning's paper in England. I have reached Bucharest so smeared with mud, so blackened with powder, so clotted with inch-deep dust, so blistered with heat, that the people of the hotel had difficulty in recognising me. The telegram finished—long or short, there was no respite till that were done—came a bath and then food (they used to charge me double price for those meals, and I rather think they lost money); and then a few hours' sleep till the evening train back to Giurgevo should start. Up and off again by it, and so back without a halt to the position which I had quitted to despatch the telegram.

Villiers and myself were the only civilian spectators of the desperate and futile attack which the Russian soldiers, commanded by Krüdener and Schahoffskoy, made on that lovely June day of 1877 upon the girdle of earthworks with which Osman Pasha had surrounded the obscure little Bulgarian town of Plevna. Up among the oak shrubs on the height of Radischevo, while the Russian cannon thundered over our heads, we watched the noble, hopeless assault of the Russian infantrymen on the Turkish redoubts on the gentle swell of the great central valley. Plevna lay down yonder to the left front in its snug hollow among the foliage, quiet and serene like a sleeping babe amidst a pack of raging wolves, the sun glinting on the spires of its minarets. Behind us the Russian cannon belching fire and iron. Close to us the General, with set face and terrible eager eyes, the working of his lips and fingers belying his forced composure. And at our feet hell itself, raging in all its lurid splendour, all its fell horror. A chaos of noises comes back to us on the light summer wind; the crackle of the rifle fire, the ping of bullets, the crash of near exploding shells, loud shouts of reckless men bent on death or victory, shrieks and yells of anguish—aye, even groans, so near are we. Look at that swift rush; see the upheaval of the flashing bayonets; listen to the roar of triumph, sharpened by the clash of steel against steel! There is an answering hurrah from the gunners above us, for the Russian infantrymen have carried at the bayonet point the first Turkish position.

But they get no further. There are not men enough for the further enterprise. See the stubborn gallant fellows, standing leaderless—for nearly all the officers are down—sternly waiting death there for want of leaders either to cheer them forward or to march them back! Noble heroism or sheer stolidity, which? ‘For God and the Czar!’ is the shout of answer that comes back on the wind, as the gaps torn by the Turkish shell fire are restored and the ranks knit themselves closer and closer. The utter pity of it! A craving that is almost irresistible comes over one to abandon inaction, and to do something—something, no matter what, in this acme, this climax, of concentrated strife. The mad excitement of the battle surges up into the brain like strong drink. O reader, calmly perusing these cold lines, you cannot realise how hard it is, in such a convulsion of emotion, to bide at rest and write out a telegram in pencil with industrious accuracy; how difficult to compose coherently when the brain is on fire and the pulses are bounding as if they would burst!

The sun sank in a glow of lurid crimson. The Russian defeat was assured. The *débris* straggled sullenly back, companies that had gone down two hundred strong returning by fives and tens. For three hours there had been a steady current of wounded up from out of the battle to the reverse slope on whose face we watched, back into comparative safety. All around us the air was heavy with the low moaning of the wounded, who had cast themselves down behind us to gain relief from the agony of motion. A crowd of maimed wretches had gathered around the fountain at the foot of the slope, craving with wistful longing for a few drops of the scanty water. Bad was their plight; but one's blood turned at the thought of the awful fate of the poor fellows who, too severely wounded to move to the rear, lay on the maize-slopes down there, waiting for inevitable cruel death at the hands of an enemy who not only gave no quarter but savagely mutilated before he slew.

The Turks spread over the battle-field slaughtering as they advanced, and were threatening to carry the ridge, when the wounded who lay behind it would have been at their cruel mercy. Few troops were available to hold it; what was left of the force was mainly dispersed. ‘Gentlemen,’ said Schahoffskoy to his staff, ‘we and the escort must give our aid to hold the front; these poor wounded must not be abandoned!’ We extended along that grim ridge, each man moving to and fro on a little beat of his own, to show a semblance of force against the Bashli-Bazouks. Through the growing darkness one could watch the streaks of flame foreshortened close below us; and nerves tried by a long day of foodlessness, excitement, fatigue, and constant exposure to danger, quivered under the prolonged tension of endurance as the throbbing hum of the bullets sped through or over the straggling line. At length dragoons from the reserve relieved us, and so, following the general who had lost an army going in search

of an army which had lost its general, we turned the heads of our jaded horses, and, threading our way through the wounded, rode slowly away from the blood-stained ridge. It was only to spend a night of wretchedness. No sooner had we established a bivouac, and general and aide-de-camp, Cossack and correspondent, had thrown themselves on the dewy ground and fallen into slumber, than the alarm arose that the Bashi-Bazouks were surrounding us. Again and again the little band wearily arose and struggled its way through the loose environment of the Turkish marauders. At length daylight came, and I rode away on the journey to Bucharest, the bearer to the world of the details of the catastrophe. Mile after mile of that dreary road my good horse covered loyally, weary and foodless as we was; but I felt him gradually dying away under me. The stride shortened, and the flanks began to heave ominously; I had to spur him sharply, although I felt every stab as if it had pierced myself. If he could only hold on to Sistova, rest and food awaited him there. But some three miles short of that place he staggered and went down. I had to leave the poor gallant brute where he fell, and tramp on into Sistova with my saddle on my head.

The personal aspect and bearing of the Russian Emperor were for me always of the deepest interest. No man was so engrossed and centred in the varying phases of the campaign as was this puissant monarch, whose bodily and mental health vibrated to every success and to every reverse. On the day he crossed the Danube, of which I have already spoken, he was a singularly imposing figure. Anxiety and ill-health had not then broken him down, and the most indifferent spectator could not but be impressed by the commanding nobility of his presence as he returned the greeting of his victorious soldiers. A man not far off sixty, he then looked exceptionally young for his age; the long dark moustache showed scarcely a streak of grey, the majestic figure was as straight as a pine, and he looked a very king of men. The late Colonel Charles Brackenbury it was who first wrote of him as 'The Divine Figure from the North,' but he did not invent the title. It was the exact translation of the phrase in which the Bulgarians of Sistova hailed the mighty potentate who on that afternoon, when first his foot touched their soil, shone before their eyes as the more than mortal being who was to be their saviour, their redeemer from their bondage to the heathen. The glamour of the hour stirred to idealisation the stolid Bulgars; at that moment they would have worshipped the Great White Czar. His health suffered later from the squalor of Bjela, and during his residence at Gorni Studen, when the evil days of misfortune weighed him down, he suffered from low fever, rheumatism, and asthma. He lived in discomfort there in a dismantled Turkish house, in the balcony of which I had an interview with him late in August, on my return journey from the Shipka with the tidings that Radetski was holding

his own there against the furious assaults of Mehemet Ali. I had a difficulty in recognising his Majesty, so changed was he from the early days at Simnitzer and Sistova. He had shrunk visibly, he stooped, his head had sunk between his shoulders, and his voice was broken and tremulous. He was gaunt, worn, and haggard; his nervous system seemed quite shattered. There was a hunted expression in his eye, and he gasped for breath in the spasms of the asthma that afflicted him. I left him with the vivid apprehension that he was not to break the spell which was said to condemn every Romanoff to the grave before the age of sixty.

He was in the field during the six days' struggle around Plevna, in the September of the war. The sappers had constructed for him, on a little eminence, a look-out place, from which was visible a great sweep of the scene of action. Behind it was a marquee, in which was a long table continually spread with food and wine, where the suite supported nature jovially while men in their thousands were dying hard by. As for Alexander himself, after the first two days no man saw him either eat or drink. Anxiety visibly devoured him. He could not be restrained from leaving the observatory and going about among the gunners. I watched him in his strained solitude on the little balcony of the look-out place, late in the afternoon of the fifth day of the fighting—it was his fête day, save the mark!—as he stood there in the sullen autumn weather, gazing out with haggard eager eyes at the efforts to storm the great Grevitza redoubt. Assault after assault had been delivered; assault after assault had failed: now the final desperate struggle was being made, the forlorn hope of the day. As the Turkish fire crashed down his Russians battling their way up the slope slippery already with Roumanian blood, the pale face on the balcony quivered, and the tall figure winced and cowered. As he stood there, bearing his cross in lonely anguish, the Great White Czar was a spectacle of majestic misery that could never be forgotten.

The Emperor returned to St. Petersburg in December. The fall of Plevna and the enthusiastic welcome of his capital had restored him, spite of his chronic hypochondria, to apparent health and spirits. I watched him as he moved round the great salon of his palace, greeting his guests at the home-coming reception. He strode the inlaid floor a very emperor, upright of figure, proud of gait, arrayed in a brilliant uniform, and covered with decorations. A glittering Court and suite thronged around the stately man with enthusiastically respectful homage; the dazzling splendour of the Winter Palace formed the setting of the sumptuous picture; and as I gazed on the magnificent scene, I could hardly realise that the central figure of it in the pomp of his Imperial State was of a verity the self-same man in whose presence I had stood in the squalid Bulgarian hovel—the same worn, anxious, shabby, wistful man who, with spasmodic utter-

ance, and the expression in his eye as of a hunted deer, had asked me breathless questions as to the episodes and issue of the fighting.

In many respects the monarch whom the Nihilists slew was a grand man. He was absolutely free from that corruption which is the blackest curse of Russia, and whose taint is still among the nearest relatives of the Sovereign. He had the purest aspirations to do his loyal duty toward the huge empire over which he ruled, and never did he spare himself in toilsome work. He took few pleasures; the melancholy of his position made sombre his countenance, and darkened for him all the brightness of life. For he had the bitterest consciousness of the abuses that were alienating the subjects who had been wont in their hearts, as on their lips, to couple the names of 'God and the Czar.' He knew how the great nation writhed and groaned; and he, absolute despot though he was, writhed and groaned no less in the realisation of his impotency to ameliorate the evils. For although honest and sincerely well-intentioned, there was a fatal weakness in the nature of Alexander the Second. True, he began his reign with an assertion of masterfulness; but then unworthy favourites gained his ear, his family compassed him about, the whole huge inert mass of immemorial rottenness and obstructive officialism lay doggedly athwart the hard path of reform. Alexander's aspirations were powerless to pierce the dense, solid obstacle; and the consciousness of his impotency, with the no less disquieting consciousness that it behoved him to cleanse the Augean stable of the State, embittered his whole later life.

One of poor MacGahan's most sanguine beliefs was, that a time would come, if the millennium did not intervene, when the war correspondent should overhang the battle-field in a captive balloon, gazing down on the scene through a big telescope, and telegraphing a narrative of the combat as it progressed along a wire with one end in the balloon and the other in the nearest telegraph office. I don't profess to be very sanguine myself that this elaboration of system will ever be carried into effect, and I am sure that I should prefer, were it attempted, that some one else than myself should make the aerial experiment. But I remember once beating time, or at least apparent time, in rather a remarkable fashion, in the transmission of war news across the world by means of the telegraph wire. In the early morning of the 22nd of November, 1878, a British division under General Sir Samuel Browne occupied the Afghan fortress of Ali Musjid, up in the Khyber Pass. I rode back ten miles to Jumrood, where the field telegraph was, and sent the news to England in a short message, bearing date 10 A.M. There is five hours' difference of time between India and England in favour of the latter; and the *Daily News* containing this telegram dated 10 A.M. was selling in Fleet Street at 9 A.M.—one hour of apparent time before it was despatched. Its anticipation of time did not end here. Owing to

the five hours' difference of time between London and New York, the message was in time for the regular editions of the New York papers the same morning. It was immediately wired across the American continent; and, owing to the difference in time between the Atlantic coast and the Pacific slope, the early-rising citizen of San Francisco, purchasing his morning paper at 6 A.M., was able to read the announcement of an event which actually occurred over two hours later in apparent time some 13,000 miles away on the other side of the globe from the fair city inside the Golden Gate. Puck professed himself able to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, but this telegram sped half round the globe in two hours less than no time at all!

The Zulu war was my last campaign, and during it the cost of necessarily copious telegraphing bore hard on newspapers. Writhing under the expenditure, newspaper managers of reactionary tendency were heard to bewail that Benjamin Franklin had ever been invented; a regret which most of their correspondents have, I am sure, over and over again shared in. I had not reached South Africa when there occurred that ghastly misfortune, the massacre of Isandlwana. But I was of the first party which visited that fatal field, and the spectacle which it presented I can never forget. A thousand corpses had been lying there in rain and sun for four long months. In the precipitous ravine at the base of the slope stretching down from the crest on which stood the abandoned waggons dead men lay thick—mere bones, with toughened, discoloured skin like leather covering the skeletons and clinging tight to them, the flesh all wasted away. Some were almost wholly dismembered, mere heaps of clammy yellow bones. I forbear to describe the faces, with their blackened features and beads blanched by rain and sun. The clothes had lasted better than the poor bodies they covered, and helped to keep the skeletons together. All the way up the slope I traced, by the ghastly token of dead men, the fitful line of flight. It was like a long string with knots in it: the string formed of single corpses, the knots of clusters of dead, where, as it seemed, little groups had gathered to make a hopeless, gallant stand, and so die fighting.

Still following the trail of bodies through long rank grass and among stones, I approached the crest. Here the slaughtered dead lay very thick, so that the string became a broad belt. On the bare ground on the crest itself, among the waggons, the dead were less thick; but on the slope beyond, on which from the crest we looked down, the scene was the saddest, and more full of weird desolation than anything I had ever gazed upon. There was nothing of the stark blood-curdling horror of a fresh battle-field. Nothing of all that makes the scene of a yesterday's battle so sickeningly ghastly shocked the senses. A strange dead calm reigned in this solitude of nature. Grain had grown luxuriantly, sprouting from seed scattered

from the waggon-loads, and falling on soil fertilised by the life-blood of the brave men whose poor remains were visible in the intervals of the maize-stems. As one strayed aimlessly about, one stumbled in the long grass over skeletons that rattled to the touch. It was the miserablest work wandering about the desolate camp, amid the sour odour of stale death, and gathering mournful relics—letters from home, photographs of loved ones, blood-stained books, and other sad souvenirs.

The poor Prince Imperial I had met occasionally at home, but came to know him with some degree of intimacy in the early days of the Zululand campaign. He was a young man of great brightness and active sympathy, full of aptitude for military study, and with a keen sense of duty and discipline. He was fond, in the intervals of work, of gossiping with me about the events of the Franco-German war, and he told me some very interesting stories regarding the early days of that struggle, which had so changed the future of his young life. On the voyage to South Africa, as I have heard, he had expressed the wish that he might be wounded by an assegai stab at close quarters with a Zulu. Poor fellow, he was covered with assegai stabs from head to foot when I saw him lying, stone dead, on the blood-stained sward by the Ityotyosi river. We found him lying on his back, stripped, his head so bent to the right that the cheek touched the sward, the right arm stretched out, the left bent inward towards the thigh. The face, whose features were nowise distorted, but wore a faint smile that somewhat parted the lips, was stained with blood from a cut on the chin. On the trunk were a score and more of assegai wounds; most were superficial stabs, but there were two deep wounds on the side, one in the throat, and one destroying an eye and penetrating the head. His wounds bled afresh as we moved him. His slayers had left a little gold chain which was clasped round his neck, and on which were strung a locket containing a miniature of his mother and another enclosing a relic. The relic was that fragment of the true cross which was given by Pope Leo the Third to Charlemagne on his coronation, and which dynasty after dynasty of French monarchs have since worn as a talisman.

Very sad and solemn was the scene as we stood around, silent all, and with bared heads, looking down on the untimely dead. An officer detached the necklet, and placed it in an envelope, with several locks of the Prince's short dark hair, for transmission to his poor mother, who a year later made so sad a pilgrimage to the spot where we then stood over her dead son. Then the body, wrapped in a blanket, was placed on lance-shafts, and on this extemporised bier it was borne by officers up the slope to the ambulance that was in waiting. It was a miserable ending, truly, for him who had once been the Son of France! It was strange that it should have happened to me to have stood by the first gun fired by the Germans from

the heights of Saarbrück on that August morning of 1870 when the Prince Imperial received what his father grandiloquently styled the boy's 'baptism of fire,' and to stand thus by the corpse of him untimely slain in the obscure corner of a remote continent. I had seen the Emperor his father at the pinnacle of his Imperial power; I saw him in the hour of his bitter humiliation after the defeat of Sedan; I saw him lying dead in the corridor of Camden Place, and witnessed his coffin laid down in the little chapel under the elms of Chislehurst. And now I had lived to see his only son lying dead in a grassy hollow of Zululand, pierced to death by assegai stabs. It has been my lot to gaze on many dead who have died of wounds at the hands of an enemy; but never have I stood by death with profounder emotion than when I looked down that mournful morning on the corpse of the last heir of a splendid name.

After many delays the day at length came when, as our little army camped on the White Umfaloosi, there lay on the bosom of the wide plain over against us the great circular kraal of Ulundi, King Cetewayo's capital. After two days' futile delay, on the third morning the force crossed the river and moved forward across the plain, preserving on its march the formation of a great square, until a suitable spot was reached whereon to halt and accept the assault of the Zulu hordes that were showing in dense black masses all around. This point attained, the whole force then halted. Already there had been ringing out around the moving square the rattle of the musketry fire of Buller's horsemen as they faced and stung the ingathering impi.

The time had come. Buller's men, having done their work, galloped back into the shelter of the square till their time should come again. And lo! as they cleared the front, a living, concentric wave of Zulus was disclosed. On the slope towards Nodwengo the shells were crashing into the black masses that were rushing forward to the encounter. Into the hordes in front the Gatlings, with their measured volleys, were raining pitiless showers of death. Le Grice and Harness were pouring shell into the thickets of black forms showing on the left and rear. But those Zulus could die—ay, they could dare and die with a valour and devotion unsurpassed by the soldiery of any age and of any nationality. They went down in numbers, but numbers stood up and sped swiftly and steadily on. The sharper din of the musketry fire filled the intervals between the hoarse roar of the cannon and the scream of the speeding shells. Still the Zulus would not stay the whirlwind of their converging attack. They fired and rushed on, halting to fire, and then rushing on again. There were those who had feared lest the sudden confront with the fierce Zulu rush should try the nerves of our beardless lads; but the British soldier was true to his manly traditions when he found himself in the open, and saw his enemy face to face in the

daylight. For half an hour the square stood grim and purposeful, doggedly pouring the sleet of death from every face. There was scarce any sound of human speech, save the quiet injunctions of the officers—'Fire low, men; get your aim; no wildness!' The Zulus could not get to close quarters simply because of the sheer weight of our fire. The canister tore through them like a harrow through weeds; the rockets ravaged their zig-zag path through the masses. One rush came within a few yards, but it was their last effort. Their noble ardour could not endure in the face of the appliances of civilised warfare. They began to waver. The time for the cavalry had at length come. Lord Chelmsford caught the moment. Drury Lowe was sitting on his charger watching with ears and eyes intent for the word. It came tersely. 'Off with you!' The infantrymen made a gap for the Lancers, and gave them, too, a cheer as they galloped out into the open—knees well into saddles, right hands with a firm grip of the lances down at the 'engage.' Drury Lowe collected his chestnut into a canter, and, glancing over his shoulder, gave the commands—'At a gallop; front form troops!' and then, 'Front form line!' You may swear there was no dallying over those evolutions; just one pull to make good the cohesion, and then, with an eager quiver in the voice, 'Now for it, my lads! Charge!' The Zulus strove to gain the rough ground, but the Lancers were upon them and among them before they could clear the long grass of the plain. It did one good to see the glorious old 'white weapon' reassert once again its pristine prestige.

Lord Chelmsford on the evening of the battle announced that he did not intend to despatch a courier until the following morning with the intelligence of that victory, which was conclusive and virtually terminated the war. So I hardened my heart and determined to go myself, and that at once. The distance to Landsmann's Drift, where was the nearest telegraph office, was about 100 miles, and the route lay through a hostile region, with no road save that made on the grass by our waggon wheels as the column had marched up. It was necessary to skirt the sites of recently burned Zulu kraals, the dwellers in which were likely to have returned. The dispersal of the Zulu army by the defeat of the morning made it all but certain that stragglers would be prowling in the bush through which lay the first part of my ride. Young Lysons offered to bet me even that I would not get through, and, when I accepted, genially insisted that I should put the money down, since he did not expect to see me alive again. It was dreadfully gruesome work, that first long stretch through the sullen gloom of the early night, as I groped my way through the rugged bush trying to keep the trail of the waggon-wheels. I could see the dark figures of Zulus up against the blaze of the fires in the destroyed kraals to right and left of my track, and their shouts came to me on the still night air. At length I altogether lost my way,

and there was no resource but to halt till the moon should rise and show me my whereabouts. The longest twenty minutes I ever spent in my life was while sitting on my trembling horse in a little open glade of the bush, my hand on the butt of my revolver, waiting for the moon's rays to flash down into the hollow. At length they came. I discerned the right direction, and in half an hour more I was inside the reserve camp of Etonganeni, and telling the news to a circle of eager listeners. The great danger was past ; it was a comparatively remote chance that I should meet with molestation during the rest of the journey, although Lieutenant Scott-Elliott and Corporal Cotter were cut up on the same road the same night. The exertion was prolonged and arduous, but the recompense was adequate. I had the good fortune to be thanked for the tidings I brought by the General Commanding-in-Chief and by the Governor of South Africa ; and it was something for a correspondent to be proud of that it was his narrative of the combat and of the victory which Her Majesty's Ministers read to both Houses of Parliament as the only intelligence that had been received up to date.

It may perhaps have occurred to some among those who have done me the honour to read this and a previous article under the same heading that the profession of war correspondent is a somewhat wearing one, calculated to make a man old before his time, and not to be pursued with any satisfaction or credit by any one who is not in the full heyday of physical and mental vigour. My personal experience is that ten years of toil, exposure, hardship, anxiety, and brain-strain, such as the electric fashion of war correspondence now exacts, suffices to impair the toughest organisation. But given health and strength, it used to be an avocation of singular fascination. I do not know whether this attribute in its fulness remains with it under the limitations on freedom of action which now are in force.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

GUILELESS AUSTRALIA

A REJOINDER

IT is in no spirit of false modesty that I confess my surprise on hearing, directly or indirectly, that my paper on the 'seamy side of Australia' has attracted attention both here and in the Antipodes. The investing class has, I am told, taken note of it; and this is indeed surprising. For the Briton who holds securities outside the United Kingdom rarely interests himself in financial, political, or social developments among the peoples that have done him the honour to borrow his money until roused by actual default in the payment of half-yearly interest. In Australia, too, the paper has found readers; and, more than that, has brought me a reply and criticism from so distinguished a colonist as Mr. Willoughby. This is an honour for which I did not look. I know Mr. Willoughby by reputation as an earnest and patriotic journalist, who steadily sets his face against corrupt and extravagant administration, and I might therefore have anticipated that he would give strong support to some of my own views. And so indeed he does. But at the same time he shows pretty clearly that he deprecates English criticism of Australian finance, on the ground that it is a matter with which Australians alone are concerned. This view I cannot admit. The colonies (according to the *Melbourne Argus* of June 5th) owe at this moment 184,000,000*l.* on Government debentures, held for the most part by English investors, nearly all of which are now maturing year by year. These during the next thirty-five years they will have either to convert or to pay off at par, thus requiring fresh loans in the English market at the rate of 5,000,000*l.* per annum for these purposes alone. I venture therefore to think that Australian financial administration or maladministration concerns England quite as nearly as Australia.

Mr. Willoughby tells me at the outset that I have been misled, and am misleading others. How does he prove this? He takes as the sum and substance of my indictment my assertion 'that the Australian public debt increases not only in absolute amount, but relatively also in respect of the indebtedness per head of population and of the multiple of the revenue.' I thought and still think that my indictment covers more ground than that; but for the present

I can let the matter pass. Mr. Willoughby objects that my calculation of the burden of Australian debt is based on its total amount, instead of on the interest annually payable thereupon. He then applies his own test, and finds that the Victorian debt does grow rather faster than the population, though certainly not faster than the revenue. To explain away the former fact he asserts, with the vague magniloquence usual on such occasions, that 'immense gains' in the shape of public works are to be placed on the credit side of the account. Even thus did Moses point to his gross of green spectacles with silver rims and shagreen cases. But I have always been sceptical as to the soundness of Victorian appraisements of their public works. Even in New Zealand we heard stories from Victoria about the Coliban waterworks enterprise involving a loss of hundreds of thousands sterling, principal and interest; about the State Exhibition at Melbourne in 1888, which saddled the colony with a debt of 250,000*l.*, and about other similar 'national investments.' Mr. Willoughby himself fails to reassure me when he tells me that a million sterling has actually been advanced to dubious 'irrigation trusts,' although the problem how 'irrigation is to be financed and conducted in the colony' is still unsolved. 'Public works,' he boldly declares nevertheless, 'are more productive at the end of the term 1879-89 than at the beginning.' I turn to Mr. Hayter's official tables, and find that the earnings of the railways, the chief of the Victorian reproductive works, are smaller in 1889 than in 1881, and that, after some fluctuations, they have settled down to a steady decline since 1885. Mr. Willoughby then tells me that railway construction has indirectly enriched the landed interest to the extent of 10,000,000*l.* If this calculation be trustworthy, it would be instructive to know why the rural population of Victoria is stationary or decreasing, while the metropolitan population increases in dangerous disproportion.

But, indeed, I think that Mr. Willoughby has been himself misled by the tables which he quotes from Mr. Hayter, as to the proportion of the debt per head and its percentage of the revenue. In the first place, the recent census returns show that Mr. Hayter has steadily over-estimated the population of Victoria. The increase of the debt per head is therefore higher than his figures represent. In the second, the revenue of the two last periods quoted by Mr. Willoughby was really to a great extent 'fictitious—unduly swelled (as Mr. Murray Smith showed in the *Melbourne Argus*) by customs duties levied on enormous imports of foreign goods bought with borrowed money which were shipped to the colony during a period of reckless public and private extravagance. Such an abnormal state of things could not be permanent; and any one might have foreseen that when borrowing was stopped the revenue must fall. This is exactly what has happened; and Mr. Willoughby, with the last revenue-returns before him, must be well aware of the fact, for they show a deficiency of over

300,000*l.* on Mr. Gillies' last estimates. He must, therefore, know that the revenue of the 'sham-prosperity' years 1887-90 forms no sound basis for calculation of the incidence of interest payable by the colony. If he had brought his figures up to date he could not have avoided this conclusion; for though the revenue may rise for a time with the flow of borrowed money, the debt does not fall with the ebb of the revenue. Compulsory cessation of extravagance has brought down the revenue; it has not brought down the debt. In my former paper I modestly gave the Victorian debt at 34,627,000*l.* I find from the *Argus* of the 23rd of April that at the end of 1890 it had risen to 41,443,216*l.* Three millions more, raised in London this spring, brings the total (with expenses) to close on 44½ millions. There is also, at this moment, unless I am mistaken, a floating debt of over a million more, which must be liquidated by a fresh loan or taxation. Mr. Willoughby might have given these figures himself, since he has such a yearning for accuracy, but he does not.

Mr. Willoughby then observes that the figures quoted by me as to the net earnings of the Victorian railways are unknown in Victoria, and require serious correction. They do, I know, require serious correction, if one only knew from what source to correct them. I, in my innocence, took them from Hayter's official 'Victorian Year-Book,' a work which, I believe, is not unknown in Melbourne. There I find that in 1887-8 the net earnings of the railways are returned at 3·80 per cent. on their capital cost—that capital cost being set down at somewhat less than the amount of the loans outstanding for Railway Works. The rate of interest payable on the borrowed capital is stated to average 4·20 per cent. In plain figures, the railways earned 1,003,000*l.*; the interest payable annually was then close upon 1,114,000*l.* Mr. Hayter's tables also fully bear out Mr. Fairfield's statement (over which Mr. Willoughby makes so merry), that the railways never have honestly earned a sum in excess of the interest on their capital cost. Mr. Hayter's figures may be wrong; most likely, though through no fault of his, they are. As the official surpluses of recent years were admittedly fictitious, the official net earnings of the railways are open to grave suspicion. And, indeed, there may well be difference of opinion on the subject, for I learn from the pages of 'A Plea for Liberty' that 'the Audit Commissioners and the Railway Department did not even agree as to the real amount of the railway capital account, . . . while expenditure which by any solvent railway in England would be charged to revenue was habitually charged to a floating capital account, to be recouped out of future loans.' Is this true or is it not? Mr. Willoughby is silent on this point; but it is a matter of fact and not of opinion, so that his distrust of the writer's opinion is of little avail.

Evidently there is a conflict of experts on this difficult question. God forbid that I should decide between them. I am myself very

well content with Mr. Willoughby's method of explaining my 'error.' He reminds me that the Victorian railways have paid the interest, and sometimes more, on the money borrowed for their construction, in virtue of a 'free gift' of 3,000,000*l.* from the Government, on which no interest is charged. This method of making public works pay is highly interesting. I have encountered a somewhat similar system among children (of rich parents) who keep poultry. The father supplies land, buildings, labour, stock, and food; he buys the eggs and chickens at something over the market price, and the children reckon the entire proceeds of the sale as net profit. Often as I have witnessed this little drama, I never dreamed that it could be exalted to the dignity of a serious financial operation.

But, it may be asked, if the Victorians prefer this singular method of making their railways pay, have they not a perfect right to adopt it? The principle, as Mr. Willoughby points out, is generally recognised and widely practised. In the matter of the Post Office and of Education 'the Australians prefer low rates and a subsidy from the Treasury to heavy postal charges and school fees.' 'Reasons why the principle is not to be applied to railways are,' he says, 'obvious.' Why, then, is it so applied? What are the three millions made over to the Commissioners as a 'free gift' but a subsidy from the Treasury?

A graver question remains behind. Granting that the principle may be applied to railways, why is it not, as in the case of the Post Office, frankly and openly acknowledged? If Victoria now closely approximates to the Imperial model' in her book-keeping, why is not interest reckoned on this 'free gift'? Mr. Willoughby admits that if it were the gain showed by the Railway Commissioners would be turned into a loss. Why this zeal to represent the railways as worked at a profit, whether they be so really or not? Sober and serious colonial politicians can hardly desire that their favourable railway returns (at one time so much trumpeted abroad) should be the means of misleading the British capitalist, the British investor, and the British public. Did it never occur to them that such a *suppressio veri* would, in the case of a private borrower, amount to something like obtaining money under false pretences? Evidently not. It is an instance of their guileless simplicity, whereof we shall not lack further example.

The really distressing thing is that this admirable system should have broken down. And, indeed, Mr. Willoughby frankly admits the railway management in Victoria is far from satisfactory. 'Great annoyance,' he says, 'is felt in the colony that the railways should now be worked (free gift and all) at a loss, and a new Government has been installed whose special mission it is to get rid of the deficiency.'

I am glad to note all this. Mr. Willoughby gives one excellent reason why the railways ought not to have paid even 3 per cent., on their capital cost. The 'independent' Commissioners have, it appears, been 'directed' to get rid of all surpluses by reducing freights and

fares! The effect of this fatal operation must be decisive. Surpluses perish even before birth. Hence, of course, no railway sinking funds, nor reserves to meet the cost of repairs, to say nothing of the enormous sums levied on the Treasury whenever a serious accident occurs.

I am also pleased to learn from Mr. Willoughby that 'a reform in this direction is required,' and that 'there is a large and growing party in the colony which is determined that the railways shall be treated as a commercial institution.' The present Premier is of this party, and took office 'pledged to the hilt' to enforce its policy, 'and it is difficult to see,' adds Mr. Willoughby pathetically, 'how he can turn his back upon it now.'

Surely if he be 'pledged to the hilt' he can have no desire to turn his back upon it. But Mr. Willoughby is right to doubt. The question is, Can the Australian State railways ever be managed on commercial principles? 'Will a people in power' consent to the reduction of train mileage, the raising of freights and fares, the increase of working hours for State railway employes, the purchase of well-constructed and durable rolling-stock in the cheapest market instead of from a favoured manufacturing ring in the colony, and the strict supervision of railway labour generally—and all this merely to set the foreign bondholders' mind at rest. I doubt it very much indeed. A 'people in power' is an awkward thing to handle. So far its progress in the path of railway reform has been rather tortuous. It is attempting, in the first place, to fasten the responsibility for the failure of the political railways on the 'independent' Railway Commissioners: their 'independence' is to be still further curtailed by a new Act handing the railway system back once more to the politicians. It proposes, in the second place, the virtual seizure and confiscation of all land belonging to private owners that may be required for purposes of railway construction in future.

How these schemes will commend themselves to Mr. Willoughby I do not know. For suddenly he becomes, to use his own phrase, semi-socialistic or, say, demi-semi-socialistic (since socialists appear to be as susceptible of division as quavers), and proceeds to argue that Victorian railways need not be managed too strictly on commercial principles. It can, he says, hardly affect the holder of Australian debentures whether the railways are (as I said) or are not 'managed for the benefit of those who use them,' so long as interest on the debentures be regularly paid. 'Even if the semi-socialists (a race that, like the marsupials, seems peculiar to the continent of Australia)—even if the semi-socialists win the day,' it will not matter much. There will, he observes cheerfully, be discontent, inquiry, sharp criticism, and ultimately reform. What, then, I am inclined to ask, becomes of the statement, reiterated by Australian speakers and writers, and inserted in the official prospectus of every fresh Australian loan floated in London, that Australian railways represent a genuine

investment of public money in reproductive public works? This phase of the question seems never to have presented itself to the Australians; but who shall sound the depth of Australian simplicity?

In my former paper I ventured to question the value of a statement quoted by Lord Carrington, that the railways of New South Wales could be sold at any time for a price equal to her debt. I must, in passing, offer my sincere apologies to Lord Carrington for inadvertently ascribing to him as original an assertion which was avowedly quoted. Mr. Willoughby defends Lord Carrington's quotation, and adds that the Victorian Government is 'credibly informed' that it can dispose of its railways at their full cost, or lease them to pay all expenses and a profit besides. These assurances that the public debt could be wiped out at once must, Mr. Willoughby thinks, be 'pleasing to investors,' and go to show that the public debt should be called the 'national investment.' Investors, I know, are easily pleased, but what are these 'assurances' and 'official assertions' worth? On whose authority are they made? Did the calculator 'grasp the local situation' comprehensively, or was he speaking merely in the abstract as a railway expert? Mr. Willoughby, who does 'grasp the local situation,' gives us the best of reasons for believing that any private company or syndicate which should take up the Government railways, even at a heavy discount on their cost, would embark on an extremely perilous venture. 'Private owners,' he says, 'would send up freights and fares, and otherwise squeeze the users' (in plain English, they would try to earn a dividend on their capital), 'and the users do not wish to be squeezed.' Now what sane syndicate would buy the Victorian railways at the Victorian price with such a prospect before it? Is it probable that the British investor would sink several score of millions in the purchase of these railways without first inquiring whether the control of the property offered would really be made over to him—whether he would be allowed by the 'labour majority' in future Australian Legislatures to regulate freights, fares, wages, and hours of labour, and to buy and import materials on commercial principles? Is it likely, again, that the 'users' of Australian railways will overcome their disinclination to be squeezed? Is it likely that they will permit the sale of the railways with such possibilities of compression as are connoted by the words 'commercial principles'? Really Mr. Willoughby should not confound intrinsic credibility with official credulity. Enough of the railways.

Mr. Willoughby touches next on irrigation, and considerably strengthens the doubts expressed in these pages in April, as to the success of Victorian experiments in that province. His admissions and his account of the relations between the State and the 'irrigation trusts' are exceedingly gloomy. He cheers up, however, and remarks that, if no immense gains are to be expected in this instance,

'there can be no great loss, as the works will always be worth something, and we shall have that invaluable asset—experience.' I cannot help recalling the well-worn anecdote about the partners who brought the one money and the other experience to some venture. In that case the money and the experience changed hands; but in the Antipodes matters are perhaps arranged differently. Mr. Willoughby, in order to prove that 'the State has not always failed,' cites the Yan Yean Waterworks, which supply Melbourne and suburbs. Herein he misconceives the sense in which I use the word irrigation. I did not thereby mean water-supply for an artificially-fostered urban population: nor I imagine does Mr. Willoughby hold that such 'irrigation' will be the 'salvation of parts of Australia.'

We now come to Australian finance. Mr. Willoughby here discovers that in following Mr. Fairfield I 'go head over heels into another pitfall.' He very kindly pulls me out, and sets me on ground which seems to me strangely like the bottom of the pit from which he plucked me. He justly claims to speak with authority on the subject, so we will take his version of the story of the Victorian 'sham-surplus' scandal:

An improper system had grown up in Victoria of charging forward a mass of expenditure actually defrayed during the year, because that expenditure had not been sanctioned by Parliament. The bulk of this expenditure occurs in connection with the Railway Department, whose outgoings are necessarily guess-work when the outlay for the ensuing twelve months is authorised. As all the revenue was placed to credit and these paid accounts were not placed to debit, a large surplus was shown, which had really no existence in fact, and which was destroyed in the new year's books by the 'carried forward' items. The surplus from one year was inflated, and so was the expenditure of the next, and the two inflations killed each other. No actual harm was done, but a false impression was created which was mischievous in itself.

Let me add a further quotation from Mr. Fairfield:

A memorandum to the Premier (by an old public servant), published in the *Argus* for December 4, 1889, showed that (according to the Victorian Audit Commissioners) for years past large sums had been expended without the sanction of Parliament, improperly withdrawn from the debit side of the public accounts and carried forward for subsequent adjustment. Since 1885-6 this charging forward amounted to 3,500,000*l*.

And yet Mr. Willoughby quarrels with me for saying that the Victorian public accounts are or were a 'delusion.' He puts the word into my mouth, but I adopt it with a slight alteration. I do assert that such accounts showing such surpluses are delusive. 'A false impression was created,' are Mr. Willoughby's own words, 'which was mischievous in itself.' Only mischievous in itself! Had these unsophisticated financiers no idea that the official announcement of these surpluses would have weight with the British investor and the British public? Obviously not. Such is Australian simplicity! 'No actual harm was done,' says Mr. Willoughby. Alas! I did not live for four years in

the Antipodean colonies without discovering that the public conscience is less sensitive in such matters there than in the mother country. It is not so in the Crown colonies. I remember the case of an official of high rank in a Crown colony, who once carried forward unauthorised expenditure on the Victorian principle. The poor man had not time to erect the practice into a system, for the Governor discovered it in four months, without the help of the public press. As in Victoria, there was no question of personal gain whatever; but the official was none the less tried before the Executive Council, and narrowly escaped dismissal. His prospects in the service, too, were irretrievably blasted. Most Australians have an immense contempt for Crown colonies. May not this help us to understand why?

Mr. Willoughby then goes on to say that in the year of the 'sham surplus' the treasurer paid his way out of revenue and 'came out with a small but genuine balance of 142,000*l.* at the end of the term.' Our ground here is full of pitfalls, and I am afraid that Mr. Willoughby has fallen into one; or else, to use his own phrase, he is misled and misleading. For this assertion about the 'small but genuine credit balance' can only be justified on the peculiarly Victorian theory that interest on the public debt which has accrued between January and July is to be debited not to the half-year just expired, but to the succeeding half-year. The Victorian treasurer is accustomed to make himself a present, in his loan-account statement, of six months' interest; and Victorian treasurers, so far as I can gather, have been for some years trying to 'jump over their financial shadow' in this simple way. Mr. Willoughby then leads the bewildered English reader into the maze of Victorian book-keeping. 'In the Budget of 1891 supplementary estimates for 1890 (really 1889) were introduced, and the finances were put straight without the slightest confusion.' It would be interesting, had I space, to tell the story of Victorian supplementary estimates, and disentangle the web spun by Mr. Willoughby for his readers in England.

And as with the first part of Mr. Willoughby's explanation, so with the second:

The sting of the paragraph (from the 'Plea for Liberty') is that the treasurer was authorised by Parliament to raise loans of 5,000,000*l.* in all in order to 'square his accounts.' In an innocent sense this is correct; but it was the loan account and not the revenue account which had to be adjusted. Heavy works had been authorised in advance of authority being given for raising the money, and the time came when the total of the liabilities thus incurred had to be ascertained, and the amount of the loan had to be fixed. There were complaints in the colony that the system of ordering works first and raising loans afterwards was dangerous and improper, but there was no charge of financial impropriety.

I remember that during an epidemic in the West Indies, some ten years ago, the doctors in one island tried to allay panic by substituting for the dreaded words 'yellow fever' the euphemistic phrase

'bilious intermittent fever of a malarial type.' The virulence of the disorder was, however, unabated by the change of title. Is it otherwise in the present case? 'Complaints that the system was dangerous and improper, but no charge of financial impropriety.' But of what nature was this impropriety, if not financial? Was it administrative or economic? These include and connote finance. Was it merely ethical? Obviously not. A treasurer blunders into liabilities to the extent of some five millions, and then presents a pistol at the head of Parliament with a demand for a huge loan to save the Treasury from bankruptcy: yet it is only 'in an innocent sense' that it can be said that he had to raise this loan to square his accounts. I wish that the charity granted to young communities were extended to younger sons, that they, too, might, quite in an innocent sense, 'carry forward' some liabilities, transfer the rest to 'loan account,' and thus show a 'small but genuine credit balance' on their incomes. But the world is ever unjust.

Meanwhile, I cannot find that any penalty was exacted for this anything-but-financial impropriety. The Ministry remained in office for nearly a year after its exposure, and then retired on its laurels. Mr. Willoughby strikes at this system of book-keeping with a feather. He admits that the public accounts of the colonies 'are not kept so clearly as they might be.' 'Victoria,' he says, 'now closely conforms to the Imperial model, but the rest do not.' Is it quite certain that Mr. Willoughby understands what the Imperial model is, and what the colonial model has actually become? Manifestly he was kept in the dark as to Mr. Gillies' 'dangerous and improper' methods until 1889. He even now, I regret to see, reproduces Mr. McMillan's meaningless statement that 'New South Wales is always represented as worse off by 1,000,000*l.* than she really is.' I have before me the Budget statement of that worthy but incoherent financier for 1890. It consists of a sort of rhapsody over some impossible statistics as to the so-called 'realised private wealth' of the colony (omitting, of course, some sixty millions' worth of registered mortgages), and contains a rather remarkable specimen of public account keeping. Mr. McMillan, during the preceding year, omitted to spend 1,000,000*l.* voted by Parliament for specific purposes. From the proceeds of these unexpended votes he has applied 500,000*l.* towards the reduction of a deficit of 2,600,000*l.*, which dates from 1886.

'Again, during the general election in New South Wales, a few weeks ago, it was clearly proved that an item of 200,000*l.*, being the proceeds of a sale of Government land, had, quite innocently, been allowed to figure on the credit side of the Consolidated Revenue Account, though the sale had never taken place, and the money had never been received. A judicious telegram in reference to the matter was sent to London from Sydney, and the whole affair was hushed up. How wide is the range of Australian simplicity!

In respect to the Chinese question Mr. Willoughby has not been quite fair to me. I told the story avowedly to illustrate the proceedings of colonial politicians, and to show that their conduct in other affairs by no means raises them above suspicion in matters of finance. This point Mr. Willoughby resolutely avoids. He contents himself with saying that I am angry because the Australians refuse to permit the development of the Northern Territory by Chinese labour; and he talks of the 'Black District' in America, and of the warning which it inculcates against a 'Yellow District' in Australia. This latter argument is reasonable enough so far as it goes, but it ignores two important considerations: first, the climate; secondly, the relations of Great Britain with China. After all, what is a 'coloured district' in any country owned by a white race, but the price or penalty which the white man pays for engrossing a territory wherein the climate forbids him to work. 'It is,' says Mr. Willoughby, 'the fixed intention of all Australia to allow the Northern Territory problem to stand over for a time, and to reserve the continent, for this generation at any rate, for our own kith and kin.' What is the authority for this 'reply'? Sir Henry Parkes, the leader of the anti-Chinese movement, does not confine himself to one generation, but boldly prolongs the Australian 'intention' to eternity. As to Mr. Willoughby's less unreasonable view, I ask, wherein will the lapse of a generation aid the solution of the problem? Will the climate change to order within that or any other measurable period? Let Mr. Willoughby read Lord Kintore's report on the Northern Territory, and learn something about the question.

Further than is shown in the brief extract quoted above, Mr. Willoughby declines to follow me, because the question is 'independent of financial considerations.' As regards Victoria and New South Wales it may be; in respect of the other colonies it certainly is not, for in it is bound up the question of the development of their resources. My former criticisms, too, were not limited to financial considerations. Mr. Willoughby himself admits it when he characterises my paper as an attack on Australian credit. He must know very well that the credit of any community depends on its general administration, whereof finance, although a most important item and (when honestly exhibited) the most trustworthy index, is, after all, but a part. 'Our debts may be large,' so the Australian colonies have said for years, 'but look at our boundless resources—millions of fertile acres, &c. &c. &c. What are our debts to such assets as these?' Those blessed words 'boundless resources' have cost the British investor countless millions. That foolish and confiding person listened for years to similar pleas and representations from the Argentine borrower. I do not compare Australian with Argentine borrowing, but I contend that in the case of all countries that pawn their future with the British investor, the question is not one of natural resources alone. ⁴ There

are few States, I imagine, at any rate in the New World, which could not make out, with perfect relative truth, a table of assets based on natural resources which would swallow all their liabilities. But such tables are worthless—worthless as the fancy valuations of Australian railways. For there is also the question of the development of those resources; the questions of administration and of management, of the class of men at the head of affairs, of their character, their capacity, their good faith, of their ability to divine what is wisest and best for the country which they govern, and of their power to carry it into effect. Take Egypt. What has restored Egyptian credit? Not great discoveries of precious metals, nor talk about boundless natural resources, but sound, wise, and honest administration. The Australians are quite aware of this, and accordingly they seek to inspire confidence by occasionally descending from generals to particulars. They show surpluses and net railway earnings, obtained in their own peculiar fashion, and then they call upon the world to admire, and to embody its admiration in loans.

And now we come to my remarks as to the chances of repudiation. These Mr. Willoughby rejects as the ‘babble of the bar and the cynicism of the club.’ ‘The Australians,’ he proudly says, ‘have the integrity of the British race.’ Of course they have. They have proved it by the publication of balance-sheets which are false and returns which are fictitious. The ‘babble of the bar and the cynicism of the club,’ if I had based my opinion upon them, could not be more misleading than Australian official assertions. But I stated, with I think sufficient clearness, the true grounds of my belief, and these Mr. Willoughby carefully ignores. Perhaps he will be surprised to hear that that belief is shared by some people, at any rate, within the colonies themselves. Let me quote the following extract from a leading newspaper, published in Wellington, New Zealand:—

As regards Repudiation, when we see the individual debtor scouting and flouting and jeering at his creditors, we form a pretty correct surmise that he contemplates repudiation on a small scale; and the rule which holds good of individuals also applies to nations. Perhaps no politician of a high class does favour national repudiation, but we have not many politicians of that class. The major part of our politicians are sick for office, and do not permit many scruples to stand in the way of its attainment. Repudiation has been, and is, more than whispered among a certain class of Australian politicians, and the word has been publicly spoken in New Zealand. These are facts from which there is no getting away, and which Mr. Fortescue had perfect right to record.

Let me point out further that the recommendation of the Victorian Railway Committee, that freehold land required for future railways shall be virtually confiscated, does not inspire me with confidence as to the impossibility of Australian repudiation. The obligations of a community are not subject to enforcement by legal process: the sole security for their fulfilment lies in the moral sense of the community

itself. And the sanctuary of the moral sense once invaded, the sanctity of the moral obligation is gone. When, therefore, the members of a community in financial straits break faith among themselves and take to plundering each other, its creditors may well feel uneasy, and ask whether faith will be kept with them. For it is by so much the simpler plan that debtors should combine to defraud a creditor, than that they should rob each other to pay him in full. Further, creditors as a class are not popular. Any man of the world, however ignorant of Australian finance, could guess from the furious abuse heaped on the mother-country by a section—and that no unimportant section—of the Australian press, that Australia is heavily in her debt. In our foolishness we have looked to Australia for the love of a child toward her parent; we find the hatred of the mortgagor toward the mortgagee. We can get no more, and we may get less. Loyalty cannot be bought, but confidence may be betrayed and sold.

Meanwhile Mr. Willoughby is surprised that I should have selected New Zealand to illustrate my views. I venture to think that I know more about New Zealand than he does. 'In New Zealand,' he says, 'there occurred the greatest over-borrowing and the greatest extravagance and mismanagement which the colonies have witnessed. Nothing so bad is likely to happen again.' This is true Australian complacency. New Zealand at her worst was not one whit worse than Victoria, New South Wales, South Australia, and Queensland. Ten millions of her debt were incurred for the conquest of the country. Australia has no such excuse. New Zealand never systematically showed 'sham-surpluses.' Can complacent Victoria say as much? Further (if the argument were worth sixpence, which it is not), New Zealand in point of natural resources has, relatively speaking, immense advantages as compared with Australia. 'The people ordered borrowing to be stopped, and summarily disposed of the plungers.' The people could get no more loans, and then, but not till then, they drove the chief 'plunger' from office. The 'plunger's' opponent and successor adopted his financial policy—a heavy protective tariff—which still remains in force. If the 'plunger' had not run home to England he would very likely be Premier of New Zealand at this moment. It is true that there was retrenchment in New Zealand. I watched the process on the spot through the years 1887–1890, and I saw offices abolished, salaries cut down, and all the outward phenomena of a reduction of establishment. I also saw good men turned away and bad men retained, and a civil service disheartened and disorganised. But I saw no real effort to abolish the corruption, the jobbery, the waste, and the extravagance of former days. These flourished and continue to flourish as of old—to secure the labour vote. The people, as I said, are demoralised, and have not the pluck to face the realities of their position.

It is useless to urge that there are plenty of good men (though

they take no part in politics) in New Zealand and Australia, and that sound administration would soon put things right. I know this well; but I know also that the good men have hitherto been helpless against the 'labour majority,' and that sound administration is not to be hoped for. These colonies have never ceased borrowing so long as they could float a loan. The labour party, in fulfilment of my prediction, has established itself in the Parliament of New South Wales as in that of New Zealand, and is bent upon extending its sway over that of Victoria also. As to the present New Zealand Government, I shall give one proof why I consider it no worthier of trust than its predecessors. It came into power, I should state, ostensibly on a policy of retrenchment, in reality as the tool of the Labour Unions. The last Government, though defeated at the polls late last year, clung to office, and actually met Parliament early in this year, principally, I am sorry to say, for the personal advantage of one of its members. Having kept Parliament together for a week or two, that Government resigned, and the present Ministry was formed. The new Government, of course, required a little time before it could meet Parliament, and accordingly proposed a prorogation. Now, members of the Lower House in New Zealand are paid a salary of 150*l.* not per annum, but per session; and a prorogation, therefore, meant double salary to all the members. One of the few upright men in the House moved, as an amendment, that the House should be adjourned instead of prorogued, in order to save the expense of a double session. What did the retrenching Government do? Accept the amendment? Certainly not. It made it a matter of 'want of confidence,' and defeated it by a large majority. It could then claim that it enjoyed the confidence of the country; and the majority, thus openly bribed, could explain that they voted as they did, not for the sake of base gain, but from the patriotic motive of strengthening the hands of the Government. And we are called upon to believe that such a Government is in earnest about economical and prudent administration. I decline to believe it. I decline to accept pinchbeck for gold; the similitude, however cunningly counterfeited, for the reality. I speak in no spirit of hostility to New Zealand, for my own feelings towards it are of the warmest; but when Mr. Willoughby points to its administration since the collapse of the borrowing policy as worthy of confidence, and indeed as the pattern which will be followed by Australia when (as must soon happen) Australia's credit fails, I feel bound to point out that, though he be not aware of it, he is misled and misleading. The labour party is supreme throughout the Australasian colonies, and there can be no hope of sound administration while that supremacy lasts. The question that remains is, Will that supremacy be overthrown before it meets its natural death in bankruptcy?

And now I have done with Mr. Willoughby. 'If Mr. Fortescue

had checked his data,' he says, 'he would never have penned his accusation.' Mr. Willoughby has 'checked my data' for me, and I reiterate and emphasise all my former accusations. And so with all gratitude and good will I take my leave of him. For I do not forget that in reality we are fighting on the same side; and I have some faint reason to hope that my two little papers may strengthen the hands of the serious and moderating party whereof he is the mouth-piece. Should that hope in never so small a degree be realised, I shall think that they have not been written in vain.

J. W. FORTESCUE.

OUR WORN-OUT PARSONS.

WHEN a man has the audacity to propose any important reform in the management of property which has for ages been left in the hands of administrators, who have dealt with it as their own, he must be prepared to be denounced as a dangerous fellow with a bee in his bonnet. His scheme is proclaimed by some to be a veiled plot for introducing wholesale robbery; by others he is denounced as an idle dreamer: by the majority, who have never thought at all about the matter, his proposals are confidently declared to be impracticable. I have lived long enough to see too many 'impracticable' measures become legislative enactments to the enormous advantage of the community, to be frightened by a sounding word, even though it be an adjective of five syllables; and I have read enough history to convince me that any scheme which has the merit of striking at the root of great evils, and has in it the germ of such reform as insures healthy growth for a great social or religious organism, is quite safe to work its way to acceptance sooner or later. Also, I have observed that the authors of such schemes very rarely receive what men usually understand by reward. Why should they? They are not labouring for *that*. The man who would fain be the bringer-in of new things has to suffer for his temerity. The Philistines protest that he is stealing their weapons, and invading a territory where they have planted their flag. The Have-nots shriek at him as a traitor in league with the Haves, and as only anxious to keep off the hands of *the People* from their own. Timid spokesmen of the orderly and well-to-do classes, whose temptation is to mistake indolent inaction for a policy of defence, earnestly advise prudent reticence, and warn him with mournful insistence, *Quieta non movere*.

That chilling maxim—the wet-blanket of enthusiasm—has its good or its bad side, according to the point of view of him who uses it. If there be real quiet—the quietness and assurance of living energy, the quietness that results from stable equilibrium—no wise man will wish to disturb it. But if there be *no* security and *no* stability, then to let things be is to let them fall without an effort to avert catastrophe.

Every sincere and loyal churchman—be he layman or cleric—must needs be *ad hoc* a Conservative. But there are three kinds of Conservatives. The Retrospective Conservative, who is for ever whimpering for the days that are gone, and is for ever trying to put back the clock. He knows so little of history that he believes he can restore the past by dressing up the present in antique costume, and returning to plate armour and bows and arrows. Let him have history. He and I are one in this, that I too love the past, and have lived in it, perhaps a little more than most men, but my eyes are not in the back of my head as his are. For me and those who are of my way of thinking 'Our path is onward—onward into light.'

Secondly, there is the Retardative Conservative, whose mission is to keep down the pace of progress, to put the drag on, even when we are travelling up hill, to prophesy ruin as the certain consequence of any meddling with things as they are. With him, too, I sympathise often enough to make myself uncomfortable. Meddling and muddling somehow do seem to be near akin, and the late Mr. Lowell was quite right when he wrote—

Change just for change is like them big hotels
Where they shift plates and let you live on smells.

But this earth of ours will go on spinning about its axis and wheel in its orbit round the central sun though you hang on with all your weight to the pendulum that swings in Greenwich Observatory. You can no more stop the great clock that keeps on marking centuries with the minute finger than you can put it back.

Lastly, there are the Progressive Conservatives. These are they who cling with a grateful love to all in the past that is still instinct with life and force and energy, and still full of promise of abundant fruitfulness. They are more, much more, than merely Liberal Conservatives, for there is a certain ring of condescension in the sound of those very ambiguous words; they are *Radical* Conservatives, in that they look to the root of things, and if it comes to root-pruning of a living institution, they will not shrink even from that at the last resort.

I shrink not from avowing myself one of these Radical Conservatives. In my love for the Church of my baptism I yield to none, nor in my loyalty to her as an institution whose history ought to be the pride of every Englishman; but in our Church polity I see there are some things that call for change—change for the better, that the future may not be less glorious than the past. Change for the better, that is true reform, but it *must* go to the root of evils that call for remedy, or it is a spurious reform—mere political quackery or something worse.

We talk of this Church of England of ours as the *Established Church*. It seems to some of us that that is exactly what it is not. As a divine society, the Church is a body with which I am for the present not concerned. But in the lower sense, as a society holding property, and recognised as such in the body politic, it seems to me that the Church exists on sufferance only, tolerated *ad interim*, and if allowed to hold its own as an institution, yet with very hard measure dealt out to it; an institution or society restricted in its action, crippled in its natural growth, fettered in its liberty. Call this Church the *non-Established Church*, and you call it by a name which may truly describe it.

This anomalous *polyp* is a very big something, which in one form or another makes itself seen and heard wherever we move. It is so bulky that it is felt to be a power whose formidable mass compels politicians of all shades of opinion to reckon with it. It is so huge a mass that they know not how to deal with it.

There are those who would destroy it by pillaging it—who would despoil it of its resources, and so deprive it of its means of material activity. These men are for *dise-establishment*—that is, they demand that the Church, as an institution recognised by the State, shall cease to exist; that its property shall be confiscated; and that the clergy, if any remain, and the churches, if any be left standing, shall be supported, as the hospitals are, by holding round collecting-boxes in the streets.

There are others, again, who plead that it is no more than fair and just that the Church should be put upon a footing of equality with every other great corporation. They demand that the Church shall be allowed to 'live of her own,' to frame for herself a reasonable constitution, to govern herself according to some intelligible principles, to exercise her functions, whatever they are, without fear of external dictation, and to manage her property without menace of periodical plundering. They who claim this are they who, in very truth, are asking that the Church shall be *established*.

Lastly, there are those who call upon us to let well alone. These are they who are content with the Church being *not* established. They are content with the position of the Church as an institution which is just tolerated; they tell us that she may last as long as she is harmless. Too much activity, any semblance of an aggressive movement upon the vices or the supineness of the 'classes,' or any sign that she is acquiring a preponderating influence over the 'masses,' would be the signal for withdrawing even the measure of toleration at present vouchsafed to her, not to speak of the haughty protection and support of the politicians.

That things should be allowed to go on as they are, and that the Church should be left for another generation without being subject to some organic changes, or, failing these, should continue even to

be tolerated as a political institution, seems to some of us an assumption entirely untenable. *Quieta non movere* will not do. There are only two ways of escape from the present position of the Church : we must either boldly embark upon some statesmanlike experiments in the direction of reform, or we must make up our minds to submit to extinction.

Because I believe that this latter alternative would be found to be the heaviest calamity that could befall this country, and because I believe that the keeping up the existing old-world *régime* on its present footing is impossible, I have already ventured to mark out the lines on which I humbly conceived some constitutional reform in the Church should be carried out. I believe they are such reforms as are imperatively called for, without, of course, being so presumptuous as to hope that any proposal for conservative reconstruction would ever be accepted in its entirety. Reform of our political institutions in every department has been accepted by the nation during the last half-century. It was felt to be inevitable, and our national life has become incalculably more vigorous by the great changes that have been effected. Reform of our ecclesiastical polity must follow.

Assuming that some important changes in the tenure of Church property in England and in its administration are inevitable, common prudence suggests that we should all endeavour to take an intelligent view of the outlook and prepare ourselves for what is coming. No question is pressing itself more upon the attention of churchmen at the present moment than this, how provision may be made for aged and disabled clergy, and something like a maintenance fund may be raised for their widows and families. The initial difficulty suggests a painful reflection. Every other profession is going up, the clerical profession alone is going down. It may be, as it is, saddening to confess the fact--to deny it is impossible.

A great economist of the last century is reported to have said that 'the clergy of the Church of England bring more into their benefices than they take out of them.' I believe there never has been a time when, in the ranks of the beneficed clergy of this country, there was not a considerable number of men who had 'private means,' from which their professional incomes were supplemented. In the times before the Reformation we are perpetually coming upon such instances. In the century that followed we find the pages of Walker in his *Sufferings of the Clergy* full of bitter complaints, not only that the dispossessed clergy under the Commonwealth were ejected from their livings, but that their 'temporal estates' were sequestered also. When Goldsmith wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*, he made a great deal of the interest of his beautiful story turn upon the good man's loss of his private fortune; and down to our own time it may be said to have been the rule that the country clergy have

had resources outside their clerical incomes. Unhappily, the number of clergymen who are in any sense men of fortune is diminishing year by year, and their place is being supplied more and more by men who look to live by their benefices, and by them alone. Meanwhile, we have begun to provide for the maintenance of such clergymen as are no longer able to discharge their duties, and who are anxious to resign their livings—not to speak of the compulsory retirement of others, which is advocated as a needful measure of reform by not a few of our magnates. According to our recent legislation, it has been laid down that whatever pension is to be awarded to the superannuated or retiring clergyman is to come out of the income of the benefice which his successor is presented to. In the same proportion that the retired officer is thus provided for—in that proportion is the new man's income diminished, and the parish suffers by the withdrawal of the funds supplied for the maintenance of the superannuated, who, as a rule, removes from the scene of his earlier labours. The method adopted is not unlike that which prevailed under the purchase system in the Army. An officer paid for his *step*, and sacrificed the income derivable from the sum paid down, receiving in return an increase of pay and a higher rank in his regiment. If he were fortunate, he recouped himself sooner or later; if the reverse, he might lose his all.

But in the case of the retiring rector, his pension becomes a first charge upon the living he vacates; or, in other words, the benefice becomes less in value as long as the pensioner lives. During all his term of service this pensioner may have contributed nothing to any pension fund—he has not been called upon to make any provision for old age; as far as his benefice is concerned, he has lived from hand to mouth, the pension he enjoys has cost him no sacrifice of income during the term of his incumbency; it is paid by his successor, and by him alone.

Surely this is hardly fair to the working man, who takes over all the duties and responsibilities of his new charge. As a financial arrangement it is open to very grave objections; on higher grounds it is even less defensible. Whether a better scheme might not have been proposed and a better arrangement been formulated it is hardly worth while just now to discuss, and the less so because no attempt to deal with the problem before us should stop at considering the claims which any one class of the clergy may put forward. It is a problem in the solution of which all the clergy, beneficed or unbeneficed, are interested. When this matter is discussed people seem to forget that the numbers of the unbeneficed are steadily increasing upon the others, and that curates, too, grow old, and, as time goes on, become less fit for the discharge of their exhausting labours.

Why should we begin to make provision for old age only when old age has begun? Why should they who are in their full vigour

be excused from sacrificing any of the comforts and luxuries of life in preparation for a time when they will need them more than now?

If the clergy of the Church of England were indeed an organised body, subject to real, and not merely nominal, discipline; if they were really doing their duty in some sort of subordination to their commanding officers; and if the same sort of solidarity existed between the clergy of every diocese and their bishop as does exist between the officers of every regiment in the Queen's army and their colonel—it would be a matter of no difficulty to insist upon a certain quota of every man's pay being *stopped*, and invested as an insurance fund, accumulating at compound interest, and payable only on the retirement or the death of the contributor. Nor would there be any difficulty in so taxing the clergy for the benefit of themselves and their families if the clergy were, as some pretend, they are, a department of the public service. It is because they are neither the one nor the other that any proposal for introducing compulsory life assurance among the clergy of all grades is denounced by some as impracticable, and by others as a scheme flagrantly Erastian in its character. As long as the clergy continue to hold their livings on their present tenure—*i.e.* as long as a man's benefice is his freehold for life, with, practically, no trustee responsible for impeachment of waste, and no tenant in tail who can interpose to prevent mismanagement—so long will *any* scheme be impracticable which contemplates the taxation of an incumbent, even for his own benefit, or which interferes with his liberty of spending the income of his benefice *exactly according* to his own pleasure, and without any regard for the interests of those who may come after him in his cure, or of those whom he may have brought into the world.

It was stated in the Convocation of Canterbury the other day that the numbers of the unbeneficed clergy at this moment stand to the beneficed clergy in the proportion of more than two to one, and, therefore, that not more than one clergyman in three can ever hope to receive any but a subordinate charge. Meanwhile, it was added, these latter are marrying in the most reckless fashion, and bringing large families into the world, who, as a rule, are 'dragged up,' no one knows how. In other words, a class of pauper clergy is rapidly increasing upon us, and the hat is being held round every week for the support of those who find themselves left absolutely unprovided for. They cannot dig; to beg they are not ashamed. It is a scandal and a reproach to somebody. The question is—to whom does the reproach belong?

The enforcement of clerical celibacy is not to be thought of. Can nothing else be enforced? Granted that they who preach the Gospel have a right to live of the Gospel; yet it surely is too much to claim that they who preach the Gospel have any right to expect

that their widows and families should be supported and advanced in life out of the alms of the laity indefinitely. It is a discipline of finance that we want, and we want it grievously. As for those who are already ordained, and have been so for years, they must, I suppose, be left to take their chance. As for those who are admitted into the clerical body in the future, they ought to be protected from themselves, in the interest of the community at large. Let us begin at the beginning.

It is not too much to assume that the average stipend which the deacon expects when he enters upon his first cure is 100*l.* a year. As a rule he is then twenty-three years of age. The sum is not large, but somehow the young men live upon it; they very rarely get into debt, which proves that they can and do live upon it. Let this stipend be charged at starting with an abatement of 10 per cent., for which the paymaster, not the payee, is liable. Let this abatement be placed to the credit of the payee, as a premium upon a policy of insurance standing in his name—a policy not transferable, and not negotiable in any way. That is, let it be impossible for the assured to mortgage his policy, or borrow money upon it, or deal with it in any way as property which he can dispose of except by will, and even so let his power of appointment over it be limited by reasonable restrictions. Let the premium be at once invested by some board, or commission, or other duly-authorised body, incorporated *ad hoc*, and let the interest as it accrues be added to the premium in the ordinary course. Let this be done year by year, the annual premium in all cases increasing by compound interest, and the capital growing continually, in which the clergyman or his representatives have a reversionary interest. Assume that our young curate never gets more than his original 100*l.* a year, and is therefore never called upon to pay more than his annual 10*l.*—a very unusual case; and assume, further, that the premiums accruing are invested at only 2½ per cent. Even so, the aggregate standing to the credit of this account after forty years will be something over 690*l.*, the clergyman being then only sixty-three years of age. Or let the process go on for another ten years at only the original rate of payment, and instead of 690*l.* there will be a very little short of 1,000*l.* to the credit of the account, though the aggregate of annual payments has amounted to no more than 500*l.*, and the clergyman is no more than seventy-three. At this age many a man has still some vigour, and is far from unfit for the discharge of his clerical duties.

But this example puts the case at its worst, and applies to those who never get more than 100*l.* a year all their lives. Moreover, it assumes that the premiums are invested annually, at no more than the low rate soon to be the normal rate of interest of Consols. It assumes, further, that the premiums are always invested at par. But it is very seldom that a man's clerical income remains at 100*l.* a

year during his life. If he chooses to take one of those 'small livings' which yield him a mere nominal income, the presumption is that he has some private means from which he supplements his professional stipend. In such cases—and they will be very few—the annual abatement of 10 per cent. upon his net clerical income will be less than 10*l.*, the amount to his credit will go on increasing more slowly than before, and the aggregate at the end of thirty or forty years will be proportionately less than in the previous instance. But in this case the presumption is that there will be less need for making provision for a family than before, and less chance of the wife and children being left destitute.

But take a more frequent case. Our curate who starts with 100*l.* a year at twenty-three, finds himself with 150*l.* a year at twenty-six, gets a living of 300*l.* a year at thirty, is promoted to one of 500*l.* at forty, and at fifty is advanced to the discharge of archidiaconal functions, with an increase of income corresponding to the lofty title to which he has succeeded. Then, at every step up the ladder of preferment the 10 per cent. abatement increases at the same rate as before; every successive increment goes on at compound interest to swell the aggregate that stands in his name; till, in the case of that favoured few who are born to succeed in their profession, and who do succeed in carrying off the prizes, their credit balance in the end will count, not by hundreds, but by thousands—the increase of the fund going on automatically, the annual premium rising as the man's income rises, and at the same rate at which this latter grows.

But other cases will present themselves for special consideration. Many men are admitted to Holy Orders without any stipend. Assistant masters in our endowed schools are very frequently ordained in some dioceses—and I wish with all my heart this were the practice in all dioceses, and that many more were so admitted to the ministry of the Church; such men do excellent work as kindly helpers to their clerical brethren, and are among the most valuable of those clerical volunteers who, to the parochial clergy, are their best friends—their friends in need. Such men, it may be said, have no *clerical* income that can be dealt with as stipends can, but they continue to be members of the clerical profession; they are eligible at any moment for preferment, and, for the most part, they look to obtain such preferment sooner or later; they are not at all anxious to renounce their Orders.

These men, being (as they undoubtedly are) by far the most cultured and learned of the clerical body, and having acquired, by their long training, habits of business and the faculty of making the most of their time, make very good working clergy when they take to pastoral work; while, on the other hand, during those years that they pass in, what I may call, the reserve, they are usually

making a far larger income than they ever make afterwards when they join the ranks of the town or country parsons.

It is almost certain that such men would willingly contribute their annual payments to their own assurance accounts: no pressure would be required in their case. But if there were any reluctance, and if some should object, and if in their case compulsion were objected to, might it not well be insisted that any clergyman whose name did not appear upon the register of the assured should be considered as having retired from the profession, and should therefore be considered as no longer eligible for preferment by reason of his having so retired?

And this brings us to another aspect of the scheme proposed. The annual payment, which I have hitherto treated as an insurance premium only, would really be something more: it would be an annual levy upon the members of the clerical *profession*. It would be a *fee* which all the members of the *profession* would be called upon to pay. Just as every graduate of Cambridge or Oxford who has not withdrawn his name from his college books; or every barrister, whether practising or not, who still continues to be a member of his inn; or every solicitor whose name remains upon the rolls—is called upon to pay his annual fees for the privilege of belonging to a learned corporation or a profession of which he is a member, so should every clergyman be compelled to pay his annual fee; though in his case such fee would be, not only a payment in the nature of a tax upon him as a member of the clerical profession, but it would be also the principal of a fund which would be accumulating for his own benefit, and standing to his credit against the time of his death or voluntary retirement.

That word 'retirement' introduces another question: What is to prevent any clergyman retiring from the profession at any moment and claiming his savings?

(1) In the first place, it will have been seen that the annual abatement, or fee, or subscription—call it what you will—is not to be regarded or treated as an insurance premium and nothing more. It is also the annual fee which a man pays as an equivalent for his continuing to be a member of the clerical *profession*. Of course, he may retire from his profession if he chooses; but would it be equitable that, on his retirement, he should claim, not only all the principal sum which he has been called upon to contribute, but the compound interest as well?

Without venturing at this stage to go into details, it seems to me that in some cases it would be wise and equitable, in others it would not. Every case would have to be dealt with on its merits. At the worst, there would be the case of the clerical scamp whose career as a clergyman is practically closed, who could never again hope to make any professional income. At the other end of the

scale there would be the hopelessly disabled man, who could no longer continue to pay his fees, and whose future in this world was a blank. In the one case there should be reserved the right to withhold at least the accumulated interest; in the other, it might easily be provided—sometimes that the annual fee should be remitted, sometimes that the whole of the fund standing to his credit should be handed over to him without conditions, sometimes that a portion of the accumulated interest should be reserved for his family in the event of his death. Where a clergyman deserted his profession—either because he was practically compelled to resign, or because he was tired of it, or because he was in debt, or from any other unworthy motive—it might be provided that a certain discretion should be left in the hands of the body in whom the management of the fund was vested; and where, in their judgment, the retiring cleric could not make out a good case for himself, the accumulated interest at least might be withheld, such interest being paid over to a general fund, which might go to swell the resources of the corporation, and thus become a bonus fund for the benefit of the assured.

(2) Very different from the cases of clergy retiring from the profession on insufficient grounds, from caprice, or because of some moral pressure brought to bear upon them, would be the cases of those who were really past work and past hope of professional usefulness.

(i.) In the case of the disabled clergyman *still retaining a benefice*, I incline to think that, *as a rule*, he should not have control over the sum standing to his credit during his lifetime. On the other hand, he might be relieved from all compulsory subscriptions at the age, say, of sixty-five. If he chose to go on adding to his accumulations, he could, of course, do so.

(ii.) In the case of the clergyman retiring with a pension paid out of his former benefice (always supposing that this vicious practice should be allowed to continue), it would certainly be advisable that any sum for which he was liable for *dilapidations* might be paid out of the accumulations standing to his credit; but, inasmuch as he would be still receiving some income from his profession, it would be advisable that the balance should be paid over only to his representatives at his death.

(iii.) In the case of the *unbeneficed* there might be, and there would be sure to be, instances where a poor man would find himself without employment for months at a time, and even for longer periods. Would it not be hard to compel him to pay even the minimum annual fee when he was earning nothing? (Observe that here, again, it would be no harder than it is for a lawyer to pay his annual subscription while earning nothing by *his* profession. But there always is, and there always would be, so much sympathy among the laity for the unbeneficed clergy that there would be very rarely any difficulty in providing for the minimum annual professional

charge. There would be sure to spring up societies and associations for arranging this; and, moreover, it would be found pretty certain that, as time went on, the financial position of the assurance fund itself would be such as to allow of the annual increment being placed to the credit of many needy clergy, whose cases might be considered and dealt with from time to time.

What would be the effect of a clergyman's retiring and claiming a return of his money? He would cease to be a member of the clerical *profession*, and be incapable of accepting preferment or officiating as a *licensed* curate.

But might he not again return to work if he returned to a better mind? Clearly a *locus pœnitentiæ* should be allowed in all cases which admitted of being satisfactorily explained. On the other hand, it would be impossible to allow of a man's withdrawing from his profession (and so withdrawing from all restraints of discipline and responsibility) for as long as he pleased, and yet to give him the option of coming back to it at any moment, and being presented to a benefice without passing through some period of probation, or being subject to a searching inquiry as to how he had been spending his time and as to his present fitness to resume professional duties.

It may be said that the minimum annual payment to be required of the clergy under this scheme is too large.

In the first place, it may be answered that such payments are not to be levied from the receivers of stipends in the case of the unbeneficed, but from their paymasters, whoever they may be. The curate would not be called upon to pay back anything that he had received. It would be his rector or vicar who would be chargeable.

In the case of the beneficed clergy, again, the annual payment would be a *first charge* upon the income of his living; and in accepting preferment the incumbent would take this annual charge into account in making his calculations, just as he now takes into account the amount of land-tax for which he is liable, or the interest upon any mortgage effected through the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty.

Thus far but little has been said on that part of the problem before us which is concerned with the pensioning of the aged clergy. We have assumed that they will leave families behind them, and for them our scheme aims at making some provision. But suppose the reverend gentleman has never married—what then? Then, on his retirement after loyally serving his time in the ranks, and finding himself, say, with a thousand or two pounds standing to his credit, two courses would be open to him: he might either withdraw his capital, and so withdraw from the profession; or he might compound for a life annuity, surrendering all claim upon the principal and interest due to him. If he declined to accept either of these alternatives, a middle course would be at his option whether married or not,

whether a celibate or the father of a family: he might leave his capital where it was; but instead of adding to it he might, on superannuation, be entitled to receive interest upon it during his life. This would be his pension. At his death his family would receive whatever sum stood to his credit at the moment of his retirement.

In putting forth a proposal like this, which aims at dealing with a great and acknowledged evil, an evil which is rapidly growing to the proportions of a scandal, I repeat that I am not so presumptuous as to expect that it will be received without objections more or less reasonable, wrathful, or contemptuous. This generation is very strong in criticism; we all have to run the gauntlet of that—we get quite as much of that as is good for us. What we really do want, however, is not such criticism as goes no further than pointing out faults, but such as may help forward the cause of reform wherever reform is urgently needed. This scheme may be as crude as you please. The present writer may be a mere country parson, as ignorant and silly as—of course—they all are; but he does not speak without having long and honestly thought over the measure he advocates. He has at length felt himself compelled to say his say in all earnestness, and with the deep conviction that in this matter the time for taking action has come.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT THE COURT OF CHARLES II.

DURING the first five years following upon the restoration of the Stuarts France was represented in England by men of importance as diplomatists and soldiers, such as Godefroy Comte d'Estrades, Gaston Comte de Cominges and others, whose correspondence is still kept in the archives of the French Foreign Office. With the exception of some extracts printed by Lord Braybrooke and by the Comte de Baillon, the bulk of this correspondence has been allowed to remain unpublished to the present day. Having had, recently, to read it, it seemed to me that, apart from the purely political and diplomatic point of view, many passages in those official despatches, especially when the Ambassadors spoke more freely their mind and gave their opinions on the men and institutions of the country, deserved to be better known. To fulfil this object I selected the following extracts, which, bearing as they do on important persons and events, on men of letters and Court beauties, on the British Parliament and the British navy, on lord mayors and City banquets, on English fogs and on the Great Plague, correct, confirm or complete, on several points, Pepys, Evelyn, and Gramont.

I. THE WATIEVILLE AFFAIR.

On the morning of the 10th of October (n.s.), 1661. Mr. Pepys rose very early; it was five o'clock, and the moon still shone in the sky. He had much to do, business to transact and things curious to observe. On this day the Swedish envoy was to make his *entrée*, and there was to be 'a fight for the precedence' between the French and the Spanish Ambassadors. Nothing could better enliven the dull streets of the town than such a fray, and therefore Mr. Pepys was all the day long on tip-toe.

As soon as morning light came there was a great noise of 'soldiers and people running up and down the street'; and Mr. Pepys hastened to and fro and bustled about as best he could. He peered at 'the Spanish Ambassadors and at the French, and there saw great preparations on both sides; but the French made the most noise and ranted

most, but the other made no stir almost at all; so that I was afraid the other would have too great a conquest over them.' Bent upon making a day of it (as indeed it was in the history of the French and Spanish kingdoms), he ran to Cheapside, as soon as he had had his meal, there to hear that 'the Spanish hath got the best of it, and kill three of the French coach-horses and several men, and is gone through the city next to our King's coach: at which it is strange to see how all the city did rejoice.' Not so strange, however, for 'we do naturally all love the Spanish, and hate the French.'

'As I am in all things curious,' Mr. Pepys continues, writing at a time of the day when it was not so well known as it is now that he was, indeed, curious in all things, 'I ran after them, through all the dirt and the streets full of people, till at last, at the Mewes, I saw the Spanish coach go, with fifty drawn swords at least to guard it, and our soldiers shouting for joy. And so I followed the coach, and then met it at York House, where the Ambassador lies; and there it went in with great state.' After which this *mouche du cocke* ran to 'the French house,' to enjoy the discomfiture of the hated ones; and a treat it was to see them, 'for they all look like dead men, and not a word among them, but shake their heads.' To make things complete, Mr. Pepys gathers and notes with delight that 'the French were at least four to one in number, and had neare 100 case of pistols among them, and the Spaniards had not one gun among them: which is for their honour for ever and the others' disgrace.' He could now go home, 'having been very much daubed with dirt,' and triumph upon his wife, silly thing, who sided with the French—a result, probably, of her being so well read in *La Calprenède* and *Scudéry*.

But, as 'il n'est si beau jour qui ne mène sa nuit,' what was to be Spain's honour for ever did not long keep its lustre. Great was the anger of the young Prince of twenty-three who reigned then over France. Contrary to the advice of his own Minister, De Lionne, who was for a more conciliatory policy, he felt as if he had read Mr. Pepys's own diary, and did not rest till he had washed away the memory of this 'disgrace.' His prompt action could be no surprise to his Ambassador, Count d'Estrades, Lieutenant-Général de ses Armées, and, later, a Marshal of France—one of the promotion of eight that took place at the death of Turenne, 'la monnaie de M. de Turenne,' as they were called, being, however, no false coin, as Marshal de Luxembourg, who was one of them, took care to testify. The unpublished instructions to D'Estrades when he was sent to England foresaw the very case that had happened, and showed that the matter would not be treated lightly. His Majesty enjoins

à son Ambassadeur d'être jaloux d'en conserver la dignité en la cour en laquelle il est envoyé, parce que c'est sur le maître que rejaillissent les injures qu'il y reçoit, et qu'il est obligé d'en avoir les derniers ressentiments, non seulement parce que son Ministre a été maltraité, mais parce que sa propre dignité a été méprisée.

And further on

Le Sieur d'Estrades en toutes rencontres conservera les prééminences qui sont dues au roi, ne se souffrant précéder par aucun ambassadeur que celui seul de l'Empereur, s'il en envoyait en Angleterre; souffrira à sa gauche l'Ambassadeur d'Espagne, comme ceux de tous les rois qui ne relèvent leur couronne immédiatement que de Dieu. Mais pour ceux de Venise. . . il ne les souffrira que derrière lui.

What followed is well known. While King Charles the Second asked the other great diarist of his time—that is, John Evelyn—to draw up a ‘narrative in vindication of his Majesty and the carriage of his officers and standers-by,’¹ King Louis the Fourteenth got from his father-in-law all the satisfaction he wanted, namely, that henceforth Spanish ambassadors would cease to compete for precedence with the Most Christian King's envoys. That (contrary to what is usually admitted) all this was due to Louis's personal action, is shown by a private letter of De Lionne to D'Estrades, in which the Minister says—

J'oubliai dernièrement, en accompagnant la lettre de S. M., de vous dire quelque chose en mon particulier sur l'incident que vous avez eu avec Bateville.² Vous aurez sans doute appris qu'il a fait grand bruit ici, et beaucoup plus que l'affaire ne méritait. Je vous assure que j'ai fait mon devoir pour ce qui vous regarde . . . en modérant autant qu'il a été en mon pouvoir tous les termes et sentiments avec lesquels S. M. vous en a écrit. Et vous en pourrez mieux juger, si vous avez su combien d'abord S. M. témoigna par ses discours d'en être touchée.

D'Estrades was shortly after appointed Ambassador to Holland. He was on his way thither when asked by the English King to come again to London for a matter of importance. The matter was the sale of Dunkirk, which, after much bargaining on both sides and several sham break-offs, was arranged for 5,000,000 livres. D'Estrades had the honour to take possession of the town in the name of his master on October 22, 1662. The first two millions were at once embarked on five boats and taken to the Tower, where they were honoured with a personal visit from the King.

II. COMINGES. THE TONE AND MANNER OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

D'Estrades having now left for good, Louis and his adviser Lionne chose, to replace him at the British Court, the Comte de Cominges, the well-known soldier and diplomatist, who was, according to St. Simon, *important toute sa vie*. He was now in the fiftieth year of his age, and had done and seen much.

Gaston Jean Baptiste de Cominges, Seigneur of St. Fort, Fléac, and La Réole, born in 1613, took part in the sieges of St. Omer,

¹ *Evelyn's Diary* under the date Oct. 1, 1661 (O. S.).

² Or *Watteville*, from *Wattenveil* in Thurgovia; he died in 1670.

Hesdin, Arras, and Aire, and was made, in 1644, lieutenant of the Gardes du Corps of the Queen-mother. From this date he always enjoyed the confidence of Anne of Austria, who entrusted to him several missions not a little difficult to perform, in which, however, he proved successful. To him it was she applied to have the notorious and popular Broussel, the 'idol of the people,' removed from Paris in the midst of the Fronde agitation; to him again was assigned the no less delicate task of conveying from the very Louvre to the Donjon de Vincennes the Princes Condé and Conti, and the Duke de Longueville³ (1650).

In the intervals of his military duties and of his various missions he found time to study; he enjoyed consideration at Court for being a man of thought and knowledge not less than a good swordsman and a good guitarist. We find him fighting a duel in 1639. 'Et comme ce mois,' writes Bassompierre, 'fut accompagné de force noces, il le fut aussi de force duels, comme celui d'Armentières, de Savignac, de Bouquant, de Roquelaure, de Chatelus, de Cominges, et autres.'⁴ His skill on the guitar is honourably mentioned by Madame de Motteville, who relates how young Louis the Fourteenth, being very fond of music, asked her own brother to play his part with Cominges in his guitar concerts. 'Dans les concerts de guitare qu'il faisait quasi tous les jours, il lui donnait une partie à jouer avec Cominges.'⁵ Adorned with such accomplishments, and an equally acceptable companion in times of peace and war, he found, as it seems, no great difficulty in pleasing the beautiful Sibylle d'Amalbi, whom he married in 1643. She too became famous as the Césonie of the Précieuses group, and as 'la belle Cominges' of the Great Monarch's Court.

Césonie est une précieuse de cour. Elle a beaucoup d'esprit, la gorge belle, et se sert quelquefois des choses que produit l'Hespérie [*i.e.* Spanish paint]. Elle aime la comédie et ne tient pas d'alcove réglée, parce que les femmes de cour n'observent point de règles en cette rencontre. Elle loge dans le palais de Sénèque [*i.e.* Palais-Royal, built by Richelieu].⁶

In 1653-4 Cominges followed the wars in Italy and Spain; from 1657 to 1659 he was ambassador to Portugal, and not long after his return was appointed a knight of the Saint-Esprit (December 1661). The following year saw him ambassador to England. This, his last mission, is the one for which he especially deserves to be remembered.

Cominges reached London on the 23rd of December, 1662, after

³ Cominges wrote an account of it, and it has been published with biographical notes by M. Tamizoy de Larroque (*Recueil des Questions historiques*, Oct. 1, 1871). Several despatches of Cominges, as ambassador to Portugal, were published by the same (Pons, 1885).

⁴ *Mémoires*, 1870, iv. 293.

⁵ *Mémoires*, 1876, iv. 90 (1657).

⁶ *Sommaire, Dictionnaire des Précieuses*, ed. Ch. Livet, 1886, i. 55.

having had a very bad crossing 'dans le yach de monsieur le duc d'Yorch.' In his first letter to the King he thus describes his journey in his usual Court style :—

Sire, je ne parlerais pas à Votre Majesté des incommodités que j'ai souffertes dans le voyage, par le débordement des eaux, si je n'y étais nécessité pour excuser le peu de diligence que j'ai fait. Ce n'est pas que je n'aie quasi forcé les éléments à se rendre favorables à Ses desseins, mais tout ce que j'ai pu faire, après avoir évité deux ou trois naufrages sur la terre et souffert la tourmente sur la mer, s'a été de me rendre ici le 23 Décembre, style d'Angleterre.

From this day forth a double, not to say a treble, correspondence begins: an official one with the King, a more familiar one with Lionne; and then we find traces of a third one, containing only Court news, and destined again for the King, but not in his kingly capacity. Young Louis greatly appreciated those separate sheets of worldly information, and Lionne several times reminds the Ambassador of the necessity not to forget them. No wonder with a young Prince of twenty-four: the real wonder is the personal care and attention with which the official correspondence was attended to by him, to the extent indeed of his being jealous of the private letters sent to Lionne by Cominges.

Quoique je fasse toujours voir au Roi Lionne writes les lettres particulières dont vous m'honorez, et qu'il semblerait, cela étant, que ce fût la même chose d'écrire à S. M. ou à moi, puisqu'Elle est toujours également bien informée, il faut, s'il vous plaît, écrire toujours directement à S. M. quand même vous n'auriez d'autre chose à lui mander que de l'avertir que vous n'en avez aucune matière, et à moi seulement trois lignes pour l'adresse du paquet*. Ce qui m'a fait juger qu'il vaut mieux en user de la sorte, c'est que quand j'ai lu à S. M. la dernière lettre dont vous m'avez favorisée, Elle me demanda pourquoi vous n'écriviez pas plutôt à Elle; à quoi je repartis que c'était peut-être par défaut de matière assez importante . . . mais il me semble que S. M. ne se paya pas entièrement de cette raison et qu'Elle aimait mieux que vous en usassiez autrement. Vous lui ferez aussi grand plaisir de continuer ce que vous avez commencé si galamment, en lui envoyant dans un feuillet séparé les nouvelles de la cour les plus curieuses.—(Aug. 5, 1663.)

Cominges, there is no doubt, continued to send those *feuilles séparés*, but as the King appropriated them to himself, and perhaps handed them round to his more intimate friends, they are not to be found in the Foreign Office archives. As to the official correspondence, there are frequent allusions to the care with which the King read it himself, and to the remarks which it elicited from him.

The means of conveying this correspondence were various. There were special messengers; but the Ambassador used also the '*ordinaires*,' that is, the common post; and then he was careful to cipher his letters. In his correspondence with his sister, Madame, Duchess of Orleans, Charles the Second constantly complains of their letters being opened at the post. There was only one delivery each week in London and in Paris; the *Paris ordinaire* left every Sunday.⁷ Another means

* And, later, every Saturday. (Cominges to Lionne, Sept. 11, 1664.)

of corresponding was to use the cover of a third person, in order not to rouse the curiosity of postal officers.

Si vous voulez quelquefois m'écrire sous l'enveloppe d'un marchand [Cominges writes to Lionne], vous pourrez adresser vos lettres à Monsieur Aymé, chirurgien, Rue Rose Straet {sic}, au Commun Jardin, et moi j'adresserai mes lettres à Mr. Simonnet, banquier à Paris.—(Jan. 8, 1663.)

III. ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

'Rue Rose Straet' reminds us of the important fact that the French Ambassador did not know a word of English—not even, as we see, the word 'street.' He seems, to his honour be it said, to have objected on this account to his own appointment to London; but his objection was overruled, as well it might: appointments to England would have been difficult indeed if, the King had expected from his envoys a knowledge of English: but he did not. Cominges, as well as his predecessors and successors (for a long time), made not the faintest approach to an understanding of words or sounds. He writes of the Duke of 'Boquinguan,' of the religion of the 'Kakers,' of the Queen going to 'Tonnebriche,' of the province called 'Yorkcher.' A very witty letter being read at Court in the Royal circle, the Ambassador thus describes the admiration it excited:

Sur ce raffinement, un chacun cria *Very wel, very wel!* Le Comte de Gramont expliquera l'énergie et la force de cette phrase anglaise à V. M.—(To the King, Nov. 6, 1664.)

We see at a later date Cominges, Courtin, and Vernueil, the three having been appointed together ambassadors extraordinary to England, forwarding to France the speech from the throne, and remarking as to its contents, 'Nous nous en rapportons à ce qu'il [i.e. the interpreter] en dit, ne sachant pas cette langue,' Nov. 1, 1665. In the same manner the Comte de Broglie, ambassador during the Regency, goes sometimes to the 'Drerum,' and sometimes to the 'Driwrome,' of the Princess of Wales, and describes at great length in his correspondence the political feuds between the 'wichs' and the 'thoris.'

As for Cominges, he did his best to make up for this deficiency, and, as everybody in society spoke French, his troubles on this account were not unendurable. They were great only when he had to do with lord mayors and aldermen; then he had to call in an interpreter. He gathered information on English politics as best he could, to the satisfaction anyhow of his Government. 'Sans flatterie,' writes Lionne on the receipt of a despatch on the variety of religions in England, 'rien ne peut être plus clair, mieux couché par écrit, plus judicieux et plus solide, et vous pouvez facilement à ce prix-là vous consoler de ne pouvoir pas articuler un mot anglais.'

In one circumstance, at the least, the Ambassador's anxieties, one

may suppose, ought to have been great. For the King himself, strange as it may seem, wrote to have a full report, not on politics, religion, or trade, but, of all things, on literature. This, undoubtedly, sounds very much to his honour; by this curious move the Great Monarch was on the verge, long before Voltairian times, of discovering Shakespeare. I have pointed out elsewhere that copies of the books of the master dramatist were then in existence in some French libraries; Surintendant Fouquet had one, which was sold with the rest of his books after his trial; another copy was to find its way to quite an unlooked-for place—into the very library of the patron of Racine and Boileau, in the collection of the Sun-King himself. There it lay, very little read, one may be sure, looking so queer, so unexpected, so uncouth, that the royal librarian, when making his catalogue, thought it proper to add to the name and title a few observations, for the King, courtiers, and savants to know what the thing was they handled; and the thing was accordingly thus described by Nicolas Clément, *bibliothécaire royal*, in one of his slips, the original of which is still preserved in the public library in Paris, where I found it some years ago:

Will. Shakspeare poeta anglicus . . . Ce poète à l'imagination assez belle, il pense naturellement, il s'exprime avec finesse; mais ces belles qualités sont obscurcies par les ordures qu'il mêle à ses comédies.—(About 1680.)

To the royal question what would be Cominges's answer? Just what would be expected from such a perfect courtier, well read in his classics and a sincere admirer of his own country's literature:—

L'ordre que je reçois de V. M. (de m'informer avec soin et circonspection des hommes les plus illustres des trois Royaumes qui composent celui de la Grande-Bretagne, tant aux arts qu'aux sciences) [The passage between parentheses was ciphered in the original!] est une marque de la grandeur et de l'élévation de son âme; rien ne me paraît de plus glorieux, et V. M. me permettra, s'il lui plaît, de la féliciter d'avoir eu une pensée si digne d'un grand monarque et qui ne le rendra pas moins illustre dans les siècles à venir que la conquête d'une place et le gain d'une bataille. Mu de curiosité, et l'esprit toujours tendu au service et à la gloire de V. M., j'avais déjà jeté quelque plan pour m'éclaircir, mais je n'avais pas encore été fort satisfait. Il semble que les arts et les sciences abandonnent quelquefois un pays pour en aller honorer un autre à son tour. Prêsentement elles ont passé en France, et, s'il en reste ici quelques vestiges, ce n'est que dans la mémoire de Bacon, de Morus, de Buchanan et, dans les derniers siècles, d'un nommé Miltonius qui s'est rendu plus infâme par ses dangereux écrits que les bourreaux et les assassins de leur roi. Je ne manquerai pourtant pas de m'informer fort soigneusement et avec d'autant plus de joie que rien au monde ne me semble plus digne de V. M.—(April 2, 1663.)

What further information Cominges gathered we do not know; he found perhaps his difficulties to increase as he sought to improve his knowledge, and had to encounter insuperable obstacles when he had to ascertain what was the literary worth of 'le nommé Miltonius' in his capacity as Lycidas or Penseroso Milton. Shakespeare, at all

events, was suffered to remain unnoticed and the Sun-King could well pity his neighbours whose literature consisted in the works of four Latin authors, one of them an infamous man.

Cominges's despatch is the more remarkable as he was, conformably to his own assertion, a great friend of books, literature, and authors. He used to beguile the long empty hours of the days he spent in London by reading the best writers of antiquity. He finds himself, he declares to Lionne, in a country

où l'oisiveté règne comme dans son trône. Si je n'aimais l'étude, je serais le plus malheureux de tous les hommes, mais je fais conversation avec tous les plus honnêtes gens de l'antiquité, qui ont assez de complaisance pour souffrir que je les quitte et les reprenne sans leur faire ni civilité ni excuse.—(Dec. 3, 1663.)

He would have, it may be here observed, bitterly suffered in his ambassadorial pride if he could have imagined why so much 'oisiveté' was his lot. The political part he had to play consisted in preparing arrangements, knitting into closer bonds France and England, the latter being on the verge of war with Holland and the former being obliged by treaty to help the States-General. But while Cominges fondly believed himself—a perhaps excusable, because a so very common feeling—to be on the best terms with the sovereign to whom he was accredited, Charles the Second repeatedly declared to Madame, his sister, that he would have nothing to do with the punctilious and susceptible soldier. The French King, on his side, entertained similar feelings towards Lord Holles, the English Ambassador, who may perhaps have also suffered from 'oisiveté' in Paris. From this concurrence of circumstances arose the great influence of Madame and the paramount part she played by consent of both Kings in bringing France and England to sign at last (1670) a treaty of alliance.

Cominges was curious not only about books but about men also. We find him giving dinners to the more interesting among those he knew, philosophers and savants. We see thus at his table no less illustrious guests than Huygens of Zulichem, well known already by his invention of the pendulum clock, and Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury. The latter he patronises very much, seeing in him a useful 'bonhomme,' worthy to be enrolled among Louis the Fourteenth's servants as a defender of royal authority and of the divine right of kings. He appeals to Lionne to pension him on this account and to let the pension be delivered through his own ambassadorial hands.

Cominges on this occasion sends home the following characteristic account of the *bonhomme*, then in his seventy-fifth year:—

Dans deux jours messieurs de Zulchom, d'Hobbes et de Sorbières* doivent

* Sorbières wrote a book, full of slanders and calumnies on English society; for which piece of mischief Louis the Fourteenth exiled him to Brittany. He was allowed to return to Paris later, with the assent of Charles.

dîner chez moi ; ce ne sera pas sans parler de vous après que nous aurons fait le panégyrique de notre maître. Le bonhomme Mr. Hobbes est amoureux de Sa personne ; il me fait tous les jours mille demandes sur Son sujet, qui finissent toujours par une exclamation et par des souhaits dignes de lui. Comme souvent il a pris envie à S. M. de faire du bien à ces sortes de gens, je ne craindrai pas de dire que jamais il ne peut être mieux employé qu'en celui-ci. On peut le nommer *Assertor Regum*, comme il paraît par ses œuvres, mais du nôtre il en fait son héros. Si tout cela pouvait attirer quelque libéralité, je vous prie que je puisse en être le distributeur ; je la saurai bien faire valoir, et je ne crois pas que jamais bienfait puisse être mieux colloqué.—(July 13, 1663.)

In his answer Lionne assures Cominges of the intention of the King to give something to Hobbes. but it remains doubtful whether the inclination of Louis to benefit 'ces sortes de gens' was extended in fact to the author of 'Leviathan.'

Je voudrais bien avoir pu faire le quatrième de vos convives en ce dîner que vous deviez donner à messieurs de Zulchem, Hobbes et de Sorbières. Je vois grande disposition au Roi de gratifier le second, mais n'engagez point Sa Majesté à rien que je ne vous le mande plus précisément. Si on prend la résolution de lui donner quelque chose, il ne passera que par vos mains. S. M. s'en est déjà expliquée de la sorte.—(Aug. 1, 1663.)

Among the men with a name in literature whom Cominges used to meet at the English Court were, besides the three above named, Gramont, whose mad pranks Cominges notices, usually with some indulgence, from time to time with sharpness and severity—as, for example, when having signed one of his despatches, the body of which is written by his secretary, he adds in the margin with his own hand—

M. le Chevalier de Gramont est arrivé depuis deux mois ; il n'a point changé depuis le mariage, si ce n'est qu'il est devenu le plus effronté menteur du monde. — (To Lionne, January 28, 1665)

Saint Evremont also is named here and there in Cominges's letters, and the Ambassador does his best to show that the old man deserves a better fate and that the order for his exile ought to be repealed. On the occasion of his official 'entrée,' Cominges writes to the King—

Les Français qui se sont trouvés en cette cour ont fait leur devoir, et le Chevalier de Gramont y a paru avec la même magnificence qu'il a accoutumé de faire en semblables actions ; le pauvre St-Evremont, moins brave, mais plus affligé et inconsolable s'il n'avait quelque espérance qu'enfin V. M. lui pardonnera une faute où son esprit a plus de part que son cœur.—(April 19, 1663.)

This appeal to pity was reiterated the next year by the Marquis de Ruigny, who had been sent to England on a temporary mission ; but this, too, was of no avail :

St-Evremont se trouve en grande nécessité de santé et d'argent. Le Roi d'Angleterre lui donna hier une pension de trois cents Jacobus. Il fait pitié— (Ruigny to Lionne, Jan. 22, 1665.)

IV. ETIQUETTE AND COURT NEWS.

Having had to replace D'Estrades, it is no wonder that Cominges paid a very great attention to etiquette, and that his letters are full of particulars as to ceremonial and precedence. The stiffness of the rules and the importance of the smallest items seem at the present day very strange, people being no longer accustomed to such a tone of deep seriousness in such matters, except in despatches referring to Imperial Courts in Asia. When he first came to England Cominges had to face the unpleasant necessity of making his solemn *entrée* into London.* Personally he was for eluding the thing altogether, for a cause very often alluded to in his despatches, namely the expense. He felt the more inclined to this as a splendid *entrée* had just been made by Muscovite envoys, and the poor Ambassador experienced great anxiety how, with an indifferently well furnished purse, he could compete with these wondrous northern people. A few days after his arrival in England he informs Lionne of the coming of 'l'ambassadeur du grand-duc de Moscovie que l'on nomme ici empereur,' and thus describes his *entrée* :—

Vous saurez donc, Monsieur, que l'on lui a fait une *entrée* tout-à-fait extraordinaire; tous les marchands ont pris les armes; les aldermans, qui sont les échevins, ont été le voir et le congratuler de son arrivée; le Roi le défraye et le loge, et après un mois de séjour il a eu aujourd'hui son audience où quinze ou seize cents hommes de pied se sont mis sous les armes. . . . Son carrosse a entré dans Whitehall contre la coutume. Il est vrai qu'il ne s'est pas couvert en parlant au Roi de la Grande-Bretagne, mais pour moi, quoi que les Anglais disent, je ne crois pas que ce soit tant par déférence que le Moscovite rend à S. M. B. que par vanité, voulant par ce moyen exclure l'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre de se couvrir parlant à lui. Je crois que ce que nous pouvons raisonnablement prétendre et demander, c'est l'entrée dans Whitehall, parce que pour l'entrée de la ville c'est une chose qui ne regarde que le bien que tirent les marchands de Londres du commerce de la Moscovie, qui, de leur propre mouvement, ont fait toute cette fanfare.

Cominges goes on suggesting that as he cannot constrain the merchants to honour him with a similar 'fanfare,' it would be advisable for him to abstain altogether and not to make any *entrée* at all. It would save him a large sum of money, and everybody would be pleased, 'puisque l'on ne saurait jamais satisfaire les officiers, quelque méchante chère que l'on fasse et quelque libéralité que l'on pratique' (Jan. 8, 1663).

The King answers that he wants time to think about it and take counsel, for it is an impossibility to give at once an opinion 'en des matières si graves' (Feb. 25, 1663). Later on we see that he has made up his mind, and writes accordingly—

Pour ce qui est d'éviter, comme vous le proposez, une *entrée* publique dans Londres, je ne le puis approuver; [for several reasons, the main of which is that] cet exemple s'introduirait bientôt et bien facilement pour tous les autres ambassa-

deurs, et quand il y aurait à l'avenir un ambassadeur d'Espagne à Londres, et que l'occasion de pareilles fonctions n'arriverait plus, je n'aurais plus de moyen de faire voir au public qu'il cède le rang au mien sans le contester, et ne concourt plus avec lui en exécution de l'accommodement qui a été fait entre moi et le Roi mon beau-père sur l'insulte de Batteville.—(January 21, 1663.)

The King, as we perceive, was bent upon preventing Mr. Pepys, and all the Pepyses innumerable in London and elsewhere, from recording the Batteville incident as being 'a disgrace for ever.' to the French name. Cominges made, therefore, his *entrée* and was able to send home a glowing account of the ceremony.

Many were the questions and long were the discords raised by the then all-powerful goddess Etiquette. The presence in London of the Muscovite envoys was a constant source of perplexity to the Ambassadors. The despatches to and from home are full of learned discussions as to the real reason why, as we have seen, they forbore to put on their hats before Charles the Second. Cominges is instructed to try and ascertain the true cause of such strange conduct, which could not fail to be full of meaning. He must, besides, consider and weigh carefully within himself what he will do when they come to see him :

En cas que vous jugiez à propos de leur accorder la main chez vous, il reste encore à savoir si vous la devez accorder à tous trois . . . (The King to Cominges, Jan. 21, 1663.)

When any breach of etiquette had been committed, it is needless to say, after what had taken place with D'Estrades, that Cominges was not slow to resent it. On the [9th of November] 1663, Mr. Pepys happened to dine with the Lord Mayor, for it was his luck to be usually present when something memorable was to take place. They had, he says, 'ten good dishes to a messe, with plenty of wine of all sorts;' but 'it was very displeasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes. It happened that, after the lords had half dined, came the French Ambassador up to the lords' table, where he was to have sat ; he would not sit down nor dine with the Lord Mayor, who was not yet come, nor have a table to himself, which was offered ; but in a discontent went away again. After I had dined . . . I went up to the *ladys'* room, and there stayed gazing upon them.' While Mr. Pepys was enjoying this last amusement, Cominges was writing to Louis Quatorze and describing how, though he had arrived at the appointed hour, people had sat at table before his coming ; and how he had done all he could to prevent, or at least extenuate, this 'incivilité grossière et barbare.'

On me conduisit jusqu'à la salle du festin, où je trouvai M. le Chancelier et le Conseil du Roi, qui étaient déjà à table. Je fus surpris de cette grossière incivilité. Néanmoins, pour éviter de faire une affaire, je pris le parti de donner lieu à ces messieurs de réparer cette faute, si elle s'était faite par ignorance ou par mégarde . . .

Je marchai droit à eux, à dessein de leur faire une raillerie de leur bon appétit. Mais je les trouvai si froids et si interdits que je jugeai à propos de me retirer.— (Nov. 9, 1663.)

A flow of despatches then passed between London and Paris on the subject; the municipal officers hastened to present the excuses of the Mayor; then Lord St. Albans came in the name of the King; then the Lord Mayor himself came in state to explain matters.

Le lendemain à 11 heures, on m'avertit que le Maire était parti pour me faire visite; il arriva un moment après, suivi de dix ou douze carrosses et une assez grande troupe de peuple qui suivit ce cortège par curiosité. Il entra chez moi avec les marques de sa dignité, c'est-à-dire l'épée [etc. etc.]. Il arrêta un moment dans ma salle basse, peut-être en intention que je l'y allasse recevoir; mais un de mes secrétaires lui ayant dit qu'il y avait du feu dans la salle haute et que je n'étais pas achevé d'habiller, ayant employé toute la matinée à faire mes dépêches, il monta en haut, et sitôt je l'allai prendre, pour le conduire dans ma salle d'audience. Je ne voulus point l'entendre qu'il ne fût assis. D'abord il me témoigna qu'il était bien fâché qu'il ne pouvait s'expliquer en français, mais qu'il avait amené un interprète.

My lord then begs to be excused for what had taken place, and asks Cominges to come again and dine with him. 'Comme l'interprète ne s'acquitta pas trop bien de son devoir' the Ambassador requested the town provost, 'qui parle assez bien français,' to translate his own harangue, which was to the effect that he would, with the assent of his master, forget entirely the indignity he had suffered and would willingly dine with his lordship, provided the same company be present, which being agreed to, the Lord Mayor rose to go.

Je conduisis le Maire jusques à son carrosse, lui donnant toujours la porte mais conservant toujours la main droite. Le tout se passa avec satisfaction des deux côtés. — (Nov. 12, 1663.)

It would be unfair to Cominges not to state that his English colleague made himself scarcely less troublesome in Paris. Lord Holles, 'a man,' says Burnet, 'of great courage, but of as great pride,' wanted to be addressed as 'Your Excellency,' but not to have to return the compliment. De Lionne, who had long given him the desired appellation, ceased, seeing that he was not answered in the same way. The same thing happened with Chancelier Séguier; on the request of Lord Holles it had been agreed they would call each other 'Your Excellency.'

et M. le Chancelier ayant commencé, l'autre lui répondit 'Vous,' dont il fut offensé au dernier point. Cependant rien n'avance, dont je suis au désespoir, trouvant qu'il est bien fâcheux que pour des choses de cette nature tout demeure.⁹

If the fly-leaves of Court news which Cominges used to enclose in his parcels, for the amusement of his master, appear to have

⁹ Madame to her brother, Charles the Second, June 22, 1664.—*Henriette-Anne d'Angleterre*, by the Comte de Raillon, 1886, p. 155.

been lost, we may gather from several of the official despatches some idea of their contents. For there was only a *nuance* then between Court news and political news, and we constantly find the one mixed up with the other. The Ambassador's statements do not contradict, but rather confirm, the impression to be gathered in reading Gramont and Pepys. We see one by one appear in his pages the names of Mlle. Stewart, Mlle. de Hamilton, Madame Middleton and the other famous names to be seen to-day written under the portraits at Hampton Court. The painter, the ambassador, the diarist all agree. Cominges has descriptions of the King dining at the Embassy :

Ma maison sera ouverte demain. . . . Le Roi et Monsieur le Duc d'York me feront l'honneur d'y dîner. Ce n'est pas que j'aie prié sa Majesté, mais il a voulu être de la partie de tous les illustres débauchés de son royaume.—(To Lionne, Feb. 15, 1663.)

The Queen goes to take the waters :—

Le Reine avec sa cour, qui est assez nombreuse, est toujours à Tonnebridge, où les eaux n'ont rien produit de ce que l'on avait espéré. On peut les nommer les eaux de scandale, puisqu'elles ont pensé ruiner les femmes et les filles de réputation —j'entends celles qui n'avaient pas leurs maris. Il a fallu un mois entier, et à quelques-unes davantage, pour justifier leur conduite et mettre leur honneur à couvert, et même l'on dit qu'il s'en trouve encore quelques-unes qui ne sont pas hors d'affaire.—(To the King, Aug. 1663.)

If the waters do not produce any effect upon poor Catherine of Portugal, the case is quite different with the 'Sultanes-Reines.'

La suite des divertissements et des plaisirs va à l'ordinaire. La Sultane-Reine est un peu changée, mais, comme l'on a contribué à ce changement, au lieu de donner du dégoût, il produit de nouveaux charmes.—(To Lionne, July 28, 1664.)

The 'divertissements,' however, were sometimes of a less attractive sort, and Charles had to take part in university festivities, concerning which Cominges, lover as he was of the ancients, writes—

La cour n'est point de retour de son progrès : c'est ainsi que l'on parle ici. Elle doit arriver aujourd'hui à Oxford, où elle doit séjourner quatre jours dans les divertissements que peut donner une université dont les acteurs ne sont pas pour l'ordinaire de la plus agréable ni de la meilleure compagnie du monde. L'on parle de diverses comédies, de plusieurs harangues, de panégyriques, d'épithalames où le grec, le latin, l'hébreu, l'arabe, le syriaque seront les langues les plus connues. Je suis assuré qu'après tous ces mauvais divertissements l'on sera bien aise de retourner à Whitehall pour en prendre de plus agréables.—(To the King, Oct. 10, 1663.)

What those Whitehall amusements were is thus described in a letter of the same year :

Il y a bal de deux jours l'un et comédie aussi ; les autres jours se passent au jeu, les uns chez la Reine, les autres chez Madame de Castlemaine, où la compagnie ne manque pas d'un bon souper. Voilà, sire, à quoi l'on passe ici le temps. L'approche de la tenue du Parlement donnera bientôt d'autres pensées ; les plus

habiles ont déjà commencé à faire leurs cabales, et les autres attendent l'occasion pour faire valoir leur talent dans une si célèbre assemblée.—(January 25, 1663.)

V. THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND.

Other curiosities of the land sometimes attract the notice of the Ambassador; foremost among them that strange thing he has just named—the Parliament. The importance of this institution was well known in France, where its working was the cause of unceasing wonder. When D'Estrades was sent to England he was provided with instructions drawing his attention to the Westminster assembly and to its democratic tendencies. The royal despatch supplied him, on the subject of the English nation and its representatives, with the following important particulars:—

Le Sieur d'Estrades n'ignore pas que la monarchie d'Angleterre est composée de trois royaumes, dont les habitants diffèrent d'inclination et de mœurs. On a même accoutumé de dire de leurs propensions que les Anglais sont Italiens, les Ecossais sont Français, et les Irlandais Espagnols. Ils ne conviennent tous qu'en une seule et même chose, qui est de travailler avec application en toutes rencontres à diminuer l'autorité royale et la rendre le plus qu'ils peuvent dépendante de leurs Parlements, qui sont les états-généraux de chaque royaume, et non pas un simple corps de justice, pour la rendre aux particuliers, comme en France.

In the same way as he had been questioned about literature, Cominges was asked by the King to draw up a report concerning parliamentary institutions. Louis, in his letters, several times alludes to the expected report, and assures his Ambassador of the care with which he will read it. The report comes,¹⁰ and the King at once writes—

J'ai reçu . . . votre discours sur l'institution, les fonctions et l'autorité du Parlement d'Angleterre, que je me propose de lire avec grand plaisir et d'en tirer une idée qui me demeurera dans l'esprit pour ma pleine instruction sur une matière si importante et que l'on a tous les jours occasion de traiter.—(April 8, 1663.)

He did not delay much before fulfilling his intention, for Lionne writes on the *same* day—

Depuis que le Roi a signé la lettre qu'il vous écrit, S. M. a eu le temps d'écouter avec grande attention, d'un bout à l'autre, la lecture du bel écrit que vous lui avez adressé touchant les Parlements d'Angleterre. Je vous avais toujours bien cru, monsieur, un cavalier fort éclairé et très habile, mais je vous demande aujourd'hui pardon du tort que je vous ai fait longtemps de ne vous avoir pas cru de cette force. Jamais je n'ai rien vu de mieux couché par écrit, de plus judicieux et de plus curieusement recherché.

The working of the liberal institutions of England is very often noticed by Cominges. A subject and correspondent of the Sun-King, he could not but blame them, but his astonishment at such customs and his very blame redound not a little to the honour of the country. The personal liberty enjoyed by citizens in a town unprovided with a Bastille is, for the Ambassador, a cause of endless wonder. Think of

¹⁰ This report seems unfortunately to be lost.

a Parliament 'où les membres n'ont pas seulement la liberté de parler, mais encore de faire des choses surprenantes et extraordinaires, jusques à citer les plus qualifiés à la barre!' Think of an earl of Bristol remaining free about town when he has accused the Lord Chancellor of high treason!

Voilà un procès dans les formes [writes Cominges, utterly bewildered], entre un particulier et le Chancelier appuyé de sa dignité, de ses services, de la bonne volonté du Roi, de celle de la Reine-mère, du duc d'York (dont madame sa femme accoucha hier d'un garçon), de tous les courtisans, et cependant il se promène sur le pavé comme un autre et ne désespère point d'un bon succès. J'avoue à V. M. que je perds la tramontane et que je crois être plus loin que le cercle de la lune.— (To the King, July 23, 1663.)

So extraordinary is the case that Cominges recurs to it in his private letters, and, addressing De Lionne, writes again—

Je m'imagine à tous moments être transporté aux antipodes quand je vois un particulier se promener par les rues, assister comme juge dans le Parlement, être visité de sa cabale, et n'en pas faire une moins bonne vie, après avoir accusé de crimes capitaux le premier officier de l'État, parfaitement bien auprès du Roi son maître, appuyé de la Reine-mère, et beau-père du fils de la maison.

To which Lionne answers with a great appearance of truth—

Si quelqu'un avait attaqué ici Mr. le Chancelier au Parlement, vous croyez bien qu'il ne jouerait pas tous les jours au boulaingrain et qu'il y aurait peu de presse à avoir son alliance.—(Aug. 5, 1663.)

The navy of England, the religions of England, are also causes of wonder, the former being also one of deep and sincere admiration. Cominges accompanies the King on a visit to the dockyards by the Thames.

Nous vîmes dans ce lieu-là tous les vieux généraux et capitaines de Cromwell, qui sont fort affectionnés et pleins de confiance à cause de leurs dernières victoires contre les Hollandais. Le Roi me dit devant eux qu'ils avaient tous eu la peste, mais qu'ils étaient parfaitement guéris et moins susceptibles de maladie que les autres. Je vous avoue, sire, qu'il n'y a rien de plus beau à voir que toute cette marine, rien de plus grand ni de plus majestueux que ce grand nombre de vaisseaux faits et à faire, cette nombreuse quantité de canons, de mâts, de cordages, de planches et autres machines nécessaires à cette sorte de guerre.—(Nov. 6, 1664.)

All that machinery was put to use in the following year, with no small effect, as everybody knows.

VI. ENGLISH AND FRENCH RELIGIONS.

As for the variety of religions in England, the Ambassador was greatly puzzled by them. His tone when he speaks of 'Kakers' and 'Millénaires' is not very respectful, and he anticipates catastrophes from this want of uniformity in creeds. A devout Christian himself, he was no bigot, and spoke of the minor beliefs of his co-religionaires

with a freedom not at all unusual in his time. Madame de Sévigné, as is well known, would never accept the not unimportant dogma of a possibility of endless punishments after death. Cominges spoke with no great admiration of indulgences and consecrated beads.

Jouissez donc à loisir [he writes to Lionne] de la vue de monseigneur le Légat, qui vous fera, si je ne me trompe, un très favorable accueil, ayant autant travaillé que vous avez fait à sa mission. Sans ingratitude il ne saurait vous refuser un bon nombre d'indulgences et de grains bénits, puisque, après les emportements de sa famille et la fermeté du Roi, il vous doit l'honneur d'un si beau et si magnifique emploi. S'il vous en tombe sous la main — je ne dis pas des emplois — je n'en veux pas de si ruineux — envoyez-m'en une bonne quantité, car voici un pays où l'on peut les employer, bien que la plus grande partie des hommes et des femmes qui l'habitent n'en fassent guère d'état.

The other part, however, is in such a need of them as to

épuiser le fond qu'en aura fait le Légat au sortir du lieu de leur source.—(June 19, 1664.)

When the question was of the main problems of our lives Cominges's tone was quite different. Having been advised by Lionne to take some diversion, because it would do good to his mind and improve his health, he answers—

Mon âge ne me permet plus ces inutiles occupations, et ce qui me reste de temps à vivre je veux l'employer à mourir, regardant le passé pour le détester, et l'avenir pour l'éternité. Que vous semble, monsieur, de ces réflexions? Ne sont-elles pas chrétiennes et ne valent-elles pas mieux que celles de certaines gens qui, à cinquante ans, volent le papillon et vont se brûler à la moindre lumière qui les éblouit? Je n'ai que trop longtemps suivi de si mauvais exemples.—(Dec. 24, 1663.)

His feelings were, in fact, similar to Montaigne's, who in a famous passage of his 'Essays' declares that the great thing in life is to '*build one's death.*'

Looking around him Cominges was struck with the multiplicity of beliefs entertained by the nation, and his forebodings were accordingly very sombre. He shudders when thinking of 'cette nation qui est tellement perdue et abîmée dedans les fausses religions que je ne sais s'il ne faudrait point plus d'un miracle pour la sauver' (to the King, Sept. 13, 1663). On another occasion he informs Lionne of the burial of a Dissenting minister: 'Depuis six jours l'on enterra un ministre de l'opinion de la troisième monarchie, qui fut accompagné de plus de dix mille hommes.' Lionne having enquired what was meant by the 'third monarchy,' the Ambassador answers that he had mistaken; he ought to have spoken of 'la cinquième monarchie, qui est celle des justes, sous laquelle le monde doit finir, assez semblable à l'opinion des millénaires, auxquels se joignent les anabaptistes, les kakers et beaucoup d'autres extravagants.' Add to this a number of prophets and soothsayers as well in society as out of it, and who pestered Cominges with their visits and with attempts to convert him. Vain, however, were their efforts, as this letter testifies:—

La curiosité naturelle que j'ai de prendre quelque connaissance des choses qui se passent dans le monde m'a attiré les visites du Comte de Pembroke . . . Ce seigneur, qui n'a non plus de malice qu'un mouton . . . est tellement plein et coiffé de toutes les révélations dont je vous ai entretenu ces jours passés, et a une telle envie que chacun soit aussi égaré de bon sens qu'il l'est, qu'il emploie toute sa plus fine rhétorique à me jeter dans son parti. . . . Il est convaincu que vous êtes un parfaitement honnête homme, capable des plus grandes choses, mais il dit que ces grandes qualités ne suffisent pas, et que beaucoup d'excellents personnages qui les possèdent traitent le plus souvent toutes les prophéties de ridicules. Je lui avouai sincèrement que je vous croyais un peu touché de cette maladie, et que l'on aurait assez de peine à réduire votre esprit à une soumission aveugle . . . Voilà le seul divertissement que j'aie en Angleterre, mais s'il continue je suis résolu de quitter la ville . . . ces fols s'étant mis dans la tête de me persécuter et de me vouloir ériger en prophète, qui, dans le bon sens, n'est autre chose que de courir les rues, faire beaucoup de grimaces, répondre hors de propos par monosyllabes, lever les yeux au ciel, n'ôter point son chapeau et être fort malpropre. . . .

C'est trop faire le fol dans la semaine sainte; il faut du moins mettre quelque intervalle entre ces folies et les ténèbres que je vais voir. Le Roi m'a fait l'honneur de me prêter sa musique française, qui attire chez moi beaucoup de beau monde, et principalement madame de Castlemene, que je vas régaler de mon mieux.—(To Lionne, April 17, 1664.)

A Catholic chapel was annexed to the Embassy by diplomatic privilege, and there Cominges had the pleasure not only to 'régaler' with good music 'madame de Castlemene' and people in society, but to secure every day a large attendance to the masses said there by his chaplain. His pleasure on this score would have been unmixed, but for the expense, which was heavy; but he considered it unpolitical, as well as unchristian, to retrench on this item. In one of his numerous complaints concerning his insufficient salary and the high prices one had to pay for everything in London we read—

Sans contredit voici bien le lieu du monde où il se fait le plus de dépense et où l'on fait le plus de litière d'argent. Je trouve que nous sommes bien heureux qu'il n'y ait point ici d'ambassadeur d'Espagne. Il faudrait bien que notre Maître ouvrit sa bourse. Il n'est pas possible de vivre ici pour deux mille écus par mois. Sans parler des choses extraordinaires, le louage des maisons, le change de l'argent et le port des lettres consomme un tiers de ce que me donne S. M. Je ne me plaindrais pas si j'avais de quoi soutenir cette dépense, mais la honte de succomber serait pour moi le dernier des supplices . . . Je ne vous ai pas seulement parlé de la dépense de ma chapelle, sur laquelle je n'avais jamais fait d'état, et si il est vrai qu'elle est forte et si nécessaire qu'il vaudrait mieux retrancher toutes choses que de ne pas faire cette dépense avec magnificence. J'ai tous les jours six messes qui ne suffisent pas à la foule qui se trouve pour les voir. Il y a jusqu'à soixante et quatre-vingt communions tous les dimanches et le nombre va bien augmenter sitôt que l'on donnera la chasse aux prêtres.—(To Lionne, April 10, 1663.)

VII. LA CÉLÈBRE AMBASSADE.

For a few years this correspondence went on, thickly inlaid on both sides with compliments and congratulations. Many other subjects were adverted to concerning the various parts of the world—America, Morocco, the Guinea coast, the Indies. We sometimes

hear that the English have captured three thousand Moors off Tangiers, and Cominges is instructed to barter for them and try and obtain them as a gift or for a money consideration, and to have them sent to row in the French galleys. But the negotiation fails, the English Government preferring to keep their slaves for themselves (Aug. 12, 1663 ; May 5, 1664). Sometimes presents are brought from the Indies for Charles ; among them 'une fort grosse perle . . . que la nature avait eu dessein de faire ronde et blanche, mais elle n'a pas réussi' (Aug. 18, 1664). On other occasions news comes from the Court of Rome of a very great prodigy : one of the arms of the angel at Castle Sant' Angelo has been struck off by lightning ; upon which Lionne remarks, 'surquoi cette cour la plus superstitieuse qu'aucune autre ne manque pas de faire de belles prédictions' (To Cominges, March 14, 1663).

Business, however, did not progress at all. The great question of the time, the question of the treaty, remained where it was. Cominges complained of his enforced inactivity, quite unaware that something was being done, and a negotiation conducted apart from himself. The real ambassador from England to France, and from France to England, at that time was one and the same person, namely, as we have already seen, Madame, Duchess of Orleans. Charles the Second never liked Cominges and is loud in his denunciations of him in his letters to his sister ; and as for Louis, his opinion concerning the English Envoy never varied, and he was wont to write of 'milord Ollis,' 'Je le tiens trop peu capable d'une négociation de cette importance et doute fort qu'on la lui voulut confier' (To Cominges, Nov. 25, 1663). Several attempts were made, however, to follow a more regular line. In 1664 Cominges was supplemented with the Marquis de Ruigny, a Protestant allied to several great English families,¹¹ but with little result. Later on Louis decided upon sending 'une célèbre ambassade extraordinaire en Angleterre.' There were to be three Ambassadors, instead of one : le Duc de Verneuil, a natural son of Henry the Fourth and Henrietta de Balzac, Marquise de Verneuil ('Isaw,' writes Evelyn in his Diary, 'the Duke of Verneulle, base-brother to the Queen-mother, a handsome old man and a greate hunter') ; Courtin, chosen by the King because he would have in England 'un homme de son conseil qui ait une intelligence particulière de la jurisprudence ;' and then Cominges himself.

From this time the part played by Cominges dwindled very much ; the real Ambassador was Courtin, who, however, completely failed, he too, in his mission. The object of it was to prevent war between England and the Dutch Republic ; and the instructions to the three explain that if war is not averted, the English will very possibly have the better of it ;

¹¹ The Russells, for example. Ruigny became naturalised in England in 1680, and died at Greenwich in 1689.

après quoi il serait très difficile aux autres Puissances de contester aux Anglais cet empire de la mer auquel ils ont de tout temps aspiré, et dont aujourd'hui ils se montrent si avides qu'on peut dire que ce dessein et celui de s'emparer de tout le commerce du monde sont les deux véritables causes de tout ce trouble et de toutes ces querelles qu'ils suscitent présentement aux dits États (viz. to Holland).

The three Ambassadors set to work in order to fulfil the instructions thus drawn for them, not without wisdom and foresight; but their efforts were of no avail. War broke out. The machinery described by admiring Cominges the year before was put to use, with the result that the Dutch fleet was scattered to the winds and the waters by the Duke of York (June 1665). There were great rejoicings in London, and bonfires in the streets. Owing to their capacity as mediators, the French envoys considered they had to abstain from taking part in them, which angered the mob very much; they were hooted and their windows broken. But while any breach of etiquette by officials was resented to the extent, as we have seen, of bringing nations to the verge of war, the doings of mobs were (not unwisely) esteemed as of no import. Cominges had already had some time before an 'émeute' before his house, but he had taken almost no notice. It is strange to compare the tone of the despatches concerning the affair at the Lord Mayor's banquet, and the way in which the Ambassadors report the siege laid round their abodes on the occasion of the victory.

Mon histoire n'est pas longue [writes Courtin to Lionne]; j'en ai été quitte pour une douzaine de vitres cassées dans la chambre de M. votre fils, et M. de Cominges a plus de sujet de se plaindre que moi; si nous n'eussions été sages, vous eussiez oui parler d'une grillade d'ambassadeurs, car toutes les rues étaient pleines de charbon fort allumé.

'If I were not afraid of Fame,' writes classical Cominges, 'of Fame that is wont to magnify things, I would not even mention what has taken place.'

Vous saurez donc, monsieur, pour l'oublier un moment après, que, pour ne rien faire d'indécent ni de contraire à la qualité de médiateur, j'ordonnai à mes gens de ne point faire de feu devant ma porte, mais bien de donner du bois pour augmenter celui des voisins en cas qu'ils en demandassent. Soit que d'abord ils n'y prissent pas garde, ou que les fumées du vin ne leur eussent pas encore monté à la tête, l'on me laissa en repos jusques à minuit. Mais peu après il sembla bon à une multitude de canailles, qui croyait sans doute témoigner son zèle pour la patrie et son aversion pour les Français, d'attaquer ma maison avec leurs sobriquets ordinaires, et ensuite avec une grêle de cailloux qui me fit abandonner ma chambre pour éviter d'être blessé dans une si belle occasion. Mes gens, braves comme des lions enchaînés, s'émuèrent aux insolences et coururent aux armes, chacun selon sa profession, c'est-à-dire que les broches faisaient l'avant-garde et les pistolets et mousquetons le corps de la bataille. Les choses ainsi ordonnées, je crus qu'il était à propos de calmer cette fougue militaire. Ainsi, après une harangue de remerciements, je fis retirer mes troupes. . . . Les ennemis profitant de ma prudence, qu'ils

appelaient faiblesse, marquèrent toutes les avenues de ma maison d'un nombre infini de croix blanches, avec une inscription qui disait : 'Dieu veuille avoir pitié et miséricorde de cette pauvre maison !' et, comme si véritablement la peste en eût déjà ravagé les habitants, chacun se retira avec des cris et des huées.—(June 22, 1665.)

The son of Lionne, whom Courtin mentions, had been sent over to England, very much in the same manner as Chesterfield would have had his own to live in France, in order to see the world, to improve his manners, and to lose his timidity. On this last score no better place could be appointed for a young gentleman than the Court of Charles the Second; and it is very curious to see with what sort of fatherly care Courtin watched over the young man's successes. His letters on this subject read very much like Chesterfield's; the difference of time and place is scarcely perceptible; the worldly wisdom of 'l'ancien régime' was true to itself from the beginning to the end.

Mr. votre fils [Courtin writes to Lionne] commence comme les honnêtes gens font : il est un peu honteux; mais nous lui avons donné du courage et Mr. d'Irval [?] l'a si bien servi qu'enfin il a fait sa déclaration, qui a été fort bien reçue par une des plus jolies filles d'Angleterre. C'est mademoiselle Genins, qui est auprès de madame la Duchesse d'York; elle est petite, mais d'une fort jolie taille; elle a le teint admirable, les cheveux comme vous avez vu autrefois ceux de madame de Longueville; les yeux vifs et brillants et la peau la plus fine et la plus blanche que j'aie jamais vue. Madame la Duchesse, qui est assez sévère aux autres, trouve qu'ils sont si bien assortis qu'elle est la première à les favoriser; la Reine-mère, le Roi, toute la cour est dans les mêmes sentiments. On en rit, mais je vous assure que l'affaire va bien et qu'elle ne vous doit donner aucune inquiétude, car vous pouvez bien croire que je mettrais comme on dit le 'holà !' si je voyais que notre cavalier allât trop avant. Mais sa galanterie est justement au point où il faut qu'elle soit pour le rendre honnête homme et je vous en ferai savoir le progrès. — (May 24, 1665.)

More Chesterfieldian even is the next letter, where the respective merits of youth and age are compared.

Mr. votre fils est un infidèle; le Roi d'Angleterre l'a découvert et la vérité est, comme je vous l'ai mandé, qu'il s'est piqué d'honneur et qu'il n'a pas voulu que nous le puissions soupçonner d'être capable d'aller trop loin. Ainsi à cet égard il n'y a rien à craindre. Ce qui est de fâcheux seulement, c'est qu'il ne saurait aimer, à ce qu'il dit, que de jeunes filles, et cependant il faut que les gens de son âge soient dressés par des vieilles, qui leur fassent perdre la honte qui les rend muets et les empêche de rien entreprendre.—(June 8, 1665.)

Women of fashion [writes Chesterfield]—I do not mean absolutely unblemished—are a necessary ingredient in the composition of good society. . . . In company every woman . . . must be addressed with respect—nay, more, with flattery—and you need not fear making it too strong. Such flattery is not mean on your part nor pernicious to them, for it can never give them a greater opinion of their beauty or their sense than they had before. Do not forget to pay your court to the older ones, for if you do they never forgive it; and I could suppose cases in which you would desire their friendship, or at least their neutrality.¹¹

¹¹ Oxford, 1890, p. 176.

Thus wrote, in the eighteenth century, godfathers to godsons; godson being in this last case *œtatis suæ* 10.

One more letter on the subject of young Lionne may be quoted, for it gives a curious side-light on the character and morals of the father, and very strange it seems at the present day that he could leave such letters behind him, to be preserved and bound at the French Foreign Office with the official correspondence concerning peace and war and treaties.

The Court has retired to Kingston on account of the plague; young Lionne has been recalled to Paris, but he is remembered in England.

Jeudi soir, le Roi d'Angleterre tourmenta fort en ma présence mistris Genins sur le sujet de M. votre fils: la petite fille en rougit et jamais je ne l'ai vue si belle. S. M. me dit que M. Porter avait été prié à Calais par M. votre fils de lui faire savoir quelle mine elle aurait faite le jour de son départ, et en même temps Sadite Majesté m'assura que jamais il n'avait vu un homme si désolé ni si triste que le galant lui parut sur l'hyact de la Reine-mère. Je vous assure qu'il avait raison, car la demoiselle l'aimait bien, et si celle qui vous réduisit à prendre cette eau qui sent la thérébentine eût été aussi belle, votre estomac aurait eu bien de la peine à se rétablir. J'ai de quoi lui redonner une nouvelle vigueur, et je n'attends que le retour de Persod pour vous envoyer deux tablettes de chocolat dont M. l'Ambassadeur d'Espagne m'a fait present.—(July 27, 1665.)

Lionne thereupon writes to have more particulars, not at all concerning Miss Jennings, who was to marry, two years later, George Hamilton and to die many years after Duchess of Tyrconnel, but this very rare and curious Spanish dainty, chocolate. How is it to be prepared? Lionne seems to have laboured under the delusion that eggs ought to be mixed with it. Courtin answers, 'Je ne sais pas bien la manière dont on l'accommode; il me semble néanmoins que j'ai ouï dire qu'on n'y met point d'œufs.' The true Spanish recipe is then secured and forwarded to the Minister, and it proves to be the same as to-day.

While the Ambassadors were talking chocolate, a change had come over the capital. Signs of mourning were to be seen everywhere; the plague had made its appearance. 'La peste nous assiège de tous côtés.' Courtin writes on the 18th of June, 1665. Even before it had come the three had greatly suffered from the English climate. The fog-complaint is not a recent one; it constantly recurs in the despatches of foreign ambassadors; means were devised even then by clever persons to provide some abatement in the nuisance, which seems, however, to have persisted. Evelyn was one of those reformers, and he notes in his Diary that he had an important conversation with Charles the Second on the subject. The King 'was pleased to discourse to me about my book inveighing against the nuisance of the smoke of London, and proposing expedients how, by reforming those particulars

I mentioned, it might be reformed; commanding me to prepare a bill against the next session of Parliament, being, as he said, resolved to have something done in it.'

In the meantime ambassadors coughed, sneezed, and nearly died.¹² Cominges was once given up; so much so that he had his secretary to write and send his last 'compliments' to the King and Queen; for to his death-bed he remained attentive to etiquette, and had the recommendation conveyed to his wife not to come, for she would probably arrive too late, and suffer, therefore, unnecessary pain. Cominges, as many did in his time, acted up to the recommendation of La Fontaine, who wanted men to go out of life 'ainsi que d'un banquet,' with thanks and compliments to their host. Cominges's secretary, Bruchet, writes to Lionne—

Monseigneur, le mal de M. l'Ambassadeur augmentant de jour à autre, il ne veut plus songer qu'à mettre sa conscience en repos, sans plus penser aux affaires du monde . . . M. l'Ambassadeur vous prie de faire ses derniers compliments au Roi et aux Reines et de témoigner à Leurs Majestés que le plus grand regret qu'il ait en mourant c'est de ne rendre pas les derniers soupirs à leurs pieds.— (March 30, 1665.)

He did not die, however, but remained an invalid, or nearly so. Courtin gives an appalling account of the effect of the climate on the health of the members of 'la célèbre ambassade.' He writes to Lionne—

Il est nécessaire que le Roi jette les yeux sur quelqu'un qui ait les épaules larges pour remplir l'ambassade d'Angleterre, car M. de Verneuil est en fort mauvais état; M. de Cominges a un rhume éternel qui l'accompagnera jusques au tombeau ou jusques en France, et moi, qui ai naturellement la poitrine fort délicate, je perds la voix depuis quatre ou cinq jours, et j'ai un si grand feu dans l'estomac, avec des douleurs de côté, que la peur commence à me prendre, et si cela continue je serai bientôt hors d'état de faire aucune fonction.— (June 4, 1665.)

They saw physicians, but with little effect. Cominges lacked one very necessary item, which ought always to be mixed with remedies for them to be of any avail, namely, faith. He constantly derides them, even certain baths which he had praised at first, but which did nothing in the end but 'flatter sa douleur.' Cough recurs; in 1665 he spends scarcely four hours out of his bed each day; Courtin, who is barely thirty-eight, is in no better plight. Then there is the plague; 4,000 deaths occur in London in the third week of August, 5,319 in the fourth, 7,492 in the first week of September, and it goes on increasing; it is to be found on the very threshold of the royal palaces: a sentry at Hampton Court dies of it, and an order is issued to the troops that any soldier who has the plague and does not

¹² 'Tout ce que je désirerais, ce serait que le brouillard, l'air et la fumée ne me priassent pas si fort à la gorge' (Duc d'Aumont to Marquis de Torcy, January 19, 1713).

declare it will be shot (Courtin to Lionne, Aug. 6, 1665). Innumerable quantities of houses are marked in earnest with those crosses which Cominges had seen painted by derision over his own doors. Stringent orders are published by the Lord Mayor for the shutting up of 'visited' houses, and prescribing that 'every house visited be marked with a red cross of a foot long, in the middle of the door,' and 'printed words, that is to say, "Lord have mercy upon us!" to be set close over the same cross, until lawful opening of the same house.'¹⁴ This visitation was the famous one described later by Defoe, and during which 'le nommé Miltonius' retired to Chalfont, and there placed in the hands of his friend Ellwood the newly completed MS. of his 'Paradise Lost.'

A few months later there could remain no doubt that 'la célèbre ambassade extraordinaire' had irremediably failed in its mission: war had not been prevented, mediation had not been accepted. Bound by treaty to Holland it was difficult for Louis longer to remain inactive; he recalled his ambassadors and war broke out between England and France; it was ended by the peace of Breda in 1667, when diplomatic relations were resumed and the Marquis de Ruigny sent again to England, this time as an ambassador. As for the three, they had to find their way home—no easy matter on account of the quarantine they would have to undergo. The choice of a convenient place was for some while under discussion: the Duc de Montausier was for certain uninhabited islets of the Norman coast (to Lionne, Nov. 16, 1665). After some negotiation with their own Government, they were allowed to establish themselves in the hamlet of Pandé, where they were shut up in an unfinished house—a very cold and uncomfortable one, as they alleged.

They were at last set at liberty again, and followed separately each his own fate. Courtin was to continue, not without *éclat*, his diplomatic career, being, with d'Estrades, plenipotentiary for France at Breda; Verneuil to die, an old man of over eighty, in his Château de Verneuil in 1682; and Cominges, 'si attaqué des vapeurs de la rate' that he could not write a quarter of an hour 'sans courre risque d'un éblouissement' (to Lionne, January 12, 1666), to live only till 1670. In No. 38 of the *Gazette* of that year the following notice occurs:—

Le même jour [i.e. 25th of March, 1670] M^{re}. Gaston Jean Baptiste de Cominges, chevalier des ordres du roi, lieutenant-général de ses armées, gouverneur et lieutenant-général des ville, château et sénéchaussée de Saumur, décéda ici [i.e. at Paris] en son hôtel, âgé de 57 ans, après avoir reçu les sacrements avec des marques d'une singulière piété. Il est beaucoup regretté en cette cour, tant pour les belles qualités qui le rendaient recommandable que pour les services considérables qu'il

¹⁴ In the number of July 6, 1665, of the *News*, 'published for the satisfaction and information of the people.'

a rendus à la couronne, non seulement dans ses charges, mais encore dans ses ambassades extraordinaires d'Angleterre et de Portugal.

Cominges now sleeps in St. Roch's Church, Rue St. Honoré, beside Créqui, Le Nôtre, Mignard, and several other illustrious servants of the Grand Roi. As for 'Césonie,' she survived her husband, as well as the Précieuses group, many years, and she had long ceased to be 'la belle Cominges' when she died in 1709.

J. J. JUSSERAND.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION

I

AN ENGLISH VIEW

It is perhaps hardly necessary to insist on the advantages of maintaining the unity of the empire. To the Mother-country the Colonies afford a vast and ever-widening field for trade, emigration, and the profitable employment of capital.

The celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee was the occasion for passing in review the expansion of England during fifty beneficent years. Sir George Baden-Powell summed up the statistics in a concise and telling statement. In the fifty years 1837 to 1887 the area governed by the Queen, exclusive of Great Britain, increased from 1,100,000 to 8,400,000 square miles; the European population of the Colonies increased from 2,000,000 to 10,000,000; the coloured population from 98,000,000 to 262,000,000; and the State revenues from 24,000,000*l.* to 122,000,000*l.* The value of our over-sea imperial trade is computed at twelve hundred millions a year. One-third of this total is carried on between the Colonies and the Mother-country. Of our exports in manufactured goods—the most important, as giving employment to the teeming millions of our industrial population—one-half are consigned to the Colonies. Trade follows the flag, Australia takes of our manufactures an amount equal to 8*l.* per head of the population; Canada takes at the rate of 2*l.* per head. In France, the consumption of our manufactures falls to 9*s.* 3*d.*, in Germany to 8*s.* 4*d.*, per head. It is important to notice that the trade of the Colonies with the Mother-country largely exceeds their trade with all other countries put together, although the Colonies are under no obligation to trade with the Mother-country rather than elsewhere.

To quote the Report recently issued by the Royal Colonial Institute—

The British people in the Colonies are the best and most profitable consumers for the manufactures produced by their fellow-countrymen at home; and the Colonies form the true and proper outlet for the employment of the surplus labour and capital of the Mother-country. The statistics of the Board of Trade prove that the percentage of British exports to British possessions over those to foreign parts is annually and steadily increasing. In addition to the profits of this large

trade, the people of this country are receiving an income of not less than 40,000,000*l.* a year from investments in the British colonies and dependencies.

It has been computed that the public debts of the empire, exclusive of the British National Debt, amount to 528,000,000*l.*, of which nearly the whole is held in Great Britain. In addition to the public debt, British capital to the amount of several hundred millions has been privately invested. As borrowers on the Stock Exchange the Colonies hold a position inferior only to that of the Mother-country herself. The lowest rate at which the Australian colonies have been able to borrow is 3½ per cent. The present average rate of their indebtedness is 4½ per cent. Canada borrows on equally advantageous terms. A policy of union, steadily pursued, will improve the position of the colonists on the London Exchange. A policy of separation would destroy confidence. The more recent efforts to raise money have been less successful than those of earlier date, because separation has been under discussion. The money raised by loans is applied to objects of the highest public utility. Railways have absorbed by far the largest proportion of the expenditure. The other heads of outlay include water-supply, schools, public buildings, defences, and harbours. The development of Colonial prosperity would be seriously hampered by any change which made it more difficult or more costly to borrow money in London. Great Britain lends the money required to raise wool, mutton, and minerals. She offers the best market for the sale of all surplus Colonial produce.

The Colonies are of value to us, not only as a market, but as a field for emigration. When other nations are vainly seeking an outlet for their surplus population by annexation within the tropics, we are peculiarly happy in having acquired for the British people a wide stretch of territory in the temperate zone. The climates of Australasia are exceptionally favourable to a British population. The death-rate ranges from 16 per thousand in Victoria to 10·29 per thousand in New Zealand.

In relation to defence, to remain united is of equal advantage to the Mother-country and to the Colonies. As a military Power we do not aspire to compare with the nations of Central Europe; but we have an army of more than 200,000 men. We have a first-class army-reserve of 50,000. We have 116,000 in the militia, and a third of that number in the militia-reserve. We have 227,000 volunteers.

The sea-power of Great Britain is as necessary to the Colonies as to the Mother-country; and they could not create it for themselves. In their observations on the report by Sir Bevan Edwards, the Colonial Defence Committee insist that the security of Australasia rests mainly on naval-defence. The transport for a large expeditionary force could not be prepared in the advanced bases of any European Power without the fact being known. Such an expedition

could not reach its destination until the British navy had suffered disaster.

Our navy has been brought to its present condition by the traditions of the past, by the experience of service in every part of the globe, by peace-manceuvres on a vast scale, and, lastly, by the maintenance in the highest attainable perfection of training-establishments for every branch of the service. Our gunnery and torpedo schools, the Naval University of Greenwich, the schools for the training of naval architects and naval engineers, are indispensable for efficiency, and could not be provided by the comparatively narrow resources of independent Colonial Governments.

While the Mother-country must take the main responsibility for the naval-defences of the empire, the Colonies, on their part, can give substantial aid. The census of 1881 showed that Australasia had a population of over 450,000 males of from twenty to forty years of age. The volunteer movement is popular and an efficient army of 30,000 to 40,000 could be maintained. The most important cities and ports are protected by formidable works and modern armaments. A commencement has been made, notably in Victoria, in providing flotillas and naval brigades, for coast and harbour defence. A fleet of cruisers has recently been completed, at the joint charge of the Mother-country and the Colonies.

Canada has a population of five millions, and an active force of some 38,000 militia. With a registered tonnage of over a million and a quarter, and a seafaring population of over 47,000 men, Canada ranks fourth among the maritime nations of the world. She possesses elements out of which a powerful naval force could be organised, if occasion required. An Imperial naval reserve force should be enrolled and drilled in the Canadian ports. An important addition has recently been made to the general defensive means of the empire by the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

If we remain one empire we have at our command forces which are practically irresistible. If we separate, our small over-peopled island and the young communities which we have called into existence, scattered over the globe, would present, in their weakness, a contrast painful to contemplate, beside the solid weight, dignity, and power of a united empire.

The sentiment of unity is strong in every part of the empire. The people of the Dominion of Canada are firmly resolved on working out their own future apart from the United States. They have been resolutely and successfully building up, not only a political, but a material independence. In Lower Canada, the French population support the British connection as the best guarantee for the preservation of their institutions and their language intact. In the province of Ontario, traditions of loyalty to the British connection maintain a potent influence over the descendants of those who with-

drew during the War of Independence across the Canadian frontier. We find the same opinions held even in colonies where the British settlers are a minority of the population. At the Cape I had the opportunity, during a recent visit, of learning the views of Sir Gordon Sprigg, then the Premier, and of Mr. Hoffmeyer, the leader of the Dutch party in the Cape Parliament. The Dutch population well know that, if our protection were withdrawn, the important strategical position at the Cape would be occupied by one or other of the Great Powers. They would look in vain, under other rulers, for the liberty and considerate treatment which they enjoy under the British flag. The late Lord Carnarvon left the Cape impressed with the firm conviction that England, if well advised in her policy, might implicitly put trust in the loyalty of our Dutch fellow-subjects at the Cape. Turning to Australia, the assembly of the Federation Convention afforded an occasion for an eloquent declaration on the part of Sir Henry Parkes of loyalty to the old country. The Australians, while wishing to become one people, to share one destiny, and to convey to the world that they had the resources, the intellect, and the enterprise which would enable them to win distinction among the nations of the earth, earnestly desire to remain in the constellation of free States which form the British Empire. It has been said by Lord Rosebery, with equal eloquence and truth, that we have never had any difficulty with regard to the feeling which it was our wish to discover and promote. That feeling exists everywhere. We have never had to light the fire, so to speak, of Imperial Federation. We have only had to breathe on the burning embers and kindle the flame.

The pride of the Mother-country in the Colonies has been attested by many proofs: by the success of the Colonial Exhibition and by the warm welcome extended on all sides to our visitors. The same cordial feelings were once more aroused on the yet more important occasion of the Conference of Delegates from all parts of the empire, called together, with wise statesmanship, by the present Government in 1887. In reply to a deputation from the Imperial Federation League, which urged the desirability of summoning such a conference, Lord Salisbury used these sympathetic words:—

I do not ever remember any feeling having grown up so suddenly and obtained such a rapid increase, both in this country and in the Colonies, as the desire which is expressed for Imperial Federation. . . . The great object which is before this League, and which it has been the desire of this deputation to enforce, is that the Mother-country and the Colonies should act together on those matters which concern their common interest. That is a desire which, I believe, statesmen will always have to keep before them, and I am sure that her Majesty's Government will reciprocate the feelings which have been expressed in this room. We shall consider the representations of this deputation, feeling that we are dealing with questions that will affect for many generations to come a vast portion of the earth's surface and many many millions of the subjects of the Queen.

At the close of the Colonial Conference, Lord Salisbury, in bidding farewell to the delegates, said—

We are all sensible that this meeting is the beginning of a state of things which is to have great results in the future. It will be the parent of a long progeniture; and distinguished councillors of the Empire may, in some far-off time, look back to the meeting in this room as the root from which all their greatness and beneficence have sprung.

The Imperial Federation League has recently been urged by Lord Salisbury not to rest content with the advocacy of general principles. The time had almost come when schemes should be proposed. In Canada and in Australasia there was an unwillingness to acquiesce precisely in the present state of things. Hitherto we had been following in the lines traced by the late Mr. W. E. Forster, taking every opportunity of showing that we considered the colonists our countrymen, and every colony part of the common country. It had been held that the League fully justified its existence, if it could contribute in any degree to foster and to spread a feeling of affection for the Colonies in the Mother-country, and could send across the ocean from time to time to our Colonial fellow-citizens a message of good will.

Many schemes of federation have been propounded, and many degrees of federal union are possible. Lord Rosebery has not gone further, as yet, than the enunciation of a general principle.

The federation we aim at (he has said) is the closest possible union of the various self-governing States ruled by the British Crown, consistently with that free development which is the birthright of British subjects all over the world—the closest union in sympathy, in external action, and in defence.

Sir Charles Tupper, the successor of Sir Alexander Galt in the office of High Commissioner, in an able speech at a meeting of the Imperial Federation League, claimed for his Colony that it should have a voice in foreign affairs. He asks that the High Commissioners for the three great Colonial dominions which will shortly be constituted in Canada, South Africa, and Australasia should be ex-officio members of the British Cabinet. The electric telegraph has made daily consultations possible between the Governments of the Colonies and their representatives in London. The High Commissioners would go out of office when the Government which they represent is changed. Members of the cabinet of a Colonial Government representing that Government in England would be ex-officio privy councillors. On the fiscal question Sir Charles Tupper takes the view that a common tariff is impracticable. Tariffs must depend on the circumstances of the country. He holds that a fiscal policy would be devised, eventually, beneficial to Canada and Great Britain. Sir Charles Tupper is opposed to the policy of demanding contributions from the Colonies for Imperial defence. If you levy a contribution

for Imperial defence you take away the means required by those young countries for their self-defence. There are more effective means, he argues, of strengthening the defence of the empire than by levying a contribution. Canada, as it has already been observed, has made a large contribution by constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway.. In 1889 she expended two million dollars on militia, mounted police, and military schools.

Many able writers in the Colonies have been engaged in drafting federal constitutions. We have given in brief the proposals of a Canadian statesman. In another quarter of the globe President Harvey, of Illawarra College, has produced a federal plan for the union of all the possessions acknowledging the sovereignty of the British crown in one Britannic confederation. The several States should be represented in the Confederation Parliament on the basis of trade. The parliament would have supreme authority in relation to imperial taxes, foreign policy, and defence.

The representation of the Colonies in the Privy Council has been viewed with favour, both by statesmen and by theoretical writers. Earl Grey has proposed the appointment of a Federal Committee, selected from the Privy Council, to advise with the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The idea thus shadowed forth has been worked out with greater amplitude of detail by Mr. Creswell, in an essay to which the prize offered by the London Chamber of Commerce was awarded. 'The Imperial assembly which we want,' says Mr. Creswell, 'must be an independent body, constitutional in its origin, representative in its character, and supreme in its decisions. Such a body we have already in existence in the Privy Council. Its members are chosen, irrespective of party considerations, from among the most eminent of those who have done service to the State. To this body colonists of distinguished public service could be elected. In constituting the Imperial Committee of the Privy Council, representation might be given to every part of the empire, in proportion to the several contributions to expenditure for Imperial defence.

The constitution of a great Council of the Empire, with similar functions in relation to foreign affairs to those which are exercised in the United States by a Committee of the Senate, is a step for which public opinion is not yet prepared. In the meanwhile the utmost consideration is being paid at the Foreign Office to Colonial feelings and interests. No commitments or engagements are taken which would not be approved by Colonial opinion.

Another proposal which has been warmly advocated, especially by the Protectionists, is that for a customs-union between the Mother-country and the Colonies. It cannot be said that at the present time proposals for a customs-union are ripe for settlement, or even for discussion, at a conference of representatives from all parts of the empire. The Mother-country has been committed for more than a

generation to the principle of Free-trade. By our policy of free imports of food and raw materials we have so cheapened production that we are able to compete successfully with all comers in the neutral markets of the world. Half the bread which is eaten in this country is made from imported flour; half the products of our looms are sold in foreign markets. Vast as is its volume, our trade is sensitive in the highest degree to the smallest alteration of conditions. It is only by a small percentage that we have an advantage over our competitors in cheapness of price; and if we were to lose that advantage the consequences would be fatal to a large section of our industrial population. It would be impossible to entertain the idea of a reversal of our fiscal policy, in however restricted a sense, without careful and exhaustive enquiry. It may be alleged by those who argue for a customs-union that some readjustment of our fiscal system in favour of the Colonies would be attended by no appreciable or permanent enhancement of price in this country, while, on the other hand, we should be far more than compensated by the monopoly which we should enjoy in the Colonial markets. The late Sir John Macdonald believed that some form of customs-union was not impracticable, and that a duty too small to affect the retail price of bread in England might confer immense benefits on wheat-growers of Canada. Sir Charles Tupper asserts that a duty of ten shillings a quarter on corn imported from foreign countries would not add a halfpenny to the price of the four-pound loaf. A duty of five shillings would give an enormous advantage to the Colonies, and would never reach the consumer. Colonial statesmen are not in a position to form a wholly unbiassed opinion. The difficulties of the case were clearly stated by Lord Salisbury in his reply to a deputation of the United Empire Trade-League:—

If you give preferential treatment to your Colonies it must be that you tax the similar goods to the rest of the world, and that the Colonies are to command a better price for their goods than they would obtain under restricted competition. A better price for the vendor means a more disagreeable price for the consumer; and we have yet to receive proof that the people of this country are in favour of a policy of preferential taxes on wheat, on corn, and on wool.

Lord Rosebery has recently declared that in his opinion it is impracticable to devise a scheme of representation for the Colonies in the House of Commons and House of Lords, or in the Privy Council. The scheme of an Imperial customs-union, ably put forward by Mr. Hoffmeyer at the last Colonial Conference, he equally rejects. Lord Rosebery would limit the direct action of the Imperial Government for the present to conferences, summoned at frequent intervals. Our first conference was summoned by the Government at the instance of the Imperial Federation League. It was attended by men of the highest distinction in the Colonies. Its deliberations were guided by Lord Knutsford with admirable tact and judgment; it considered

many important questions of common interest to the different countries of the empire ; it arrived at several important decisions, and it cleared the air of not a few doubts and delusions. The most tangible, the most important, and the most satisfactory result of that conference was the recognition by the Australian colonies of the necessity for making provision for the naval defence of their own waters by means of ships, provided by the Government of the United Kingdom, but maintained by the Australian Governments.

Lord Rosebery holds that the question of Imperial Federation depends for the present on frequent conferences. In his speech at the Mansion House he laid down the conditions essential to the success of conferences in the future. They must be held periodically and at stated intervals. The Colonies must send the best men to represent them. The Government of the Mother-country must invest these periodical congresses with all the authority and splendour which it is in their power to give. The task to be accomplished will not be the production of statutes, but the production of recommendations. Those who think that a congress that only meets to report and recommend has but a neutral task before it, have a very inadequate idea of the influence which would be exercised by a conference representing a quarter of the human race, and the immeasurable opulence and power that have been garnered up by the past centuries of our history. If we have these conferences, if they are allowed to discuss, as they must be allowed to discuss, all topics which any parties to these conferences should recommend to be discussed, Lord Rosebery cannot apprehend that they would be wanting in authority or in weight.

Lord Salisbury, in his speeches recently delivered in reply to the Earl of Dunraven in the House of Lords, and in reply to the deputation of the Imperial Federation League at the Foreign Office, has properly insisted on the chief practical obstacle to a policy of frequent conferences. Attendance at conferences involves grave inconvenience to Colonial statesmen. They should not be called away from their important duties unless we have questions of adequate importance, and proposals fully considered and clearly defined, to submit for consideration. On the other hand, Lord Salisbury admitted that it was impossible to come to decisions on grave questions affecting the empire as a whole without personal communication with Colonial statesmen.

In appealing to the Imperial Federation League for some practical suggestions as to the means by which the several parts of the British Empire may be more closely knit together, Lord Salisbury threw out some pregnant hints. To make a united empire both a *Zollverein* and a *Kriegsverein* must be formed. In the existing state of feeling in the Mother-country a *Zollverein* would be a serious difficulty. The reasons have been already stated. A *Kriegsverein*

was, perhaps, more practicable, and certainly more urgent. The space which separates the Colonies from possible enemies was becoming every year less and less a protection.

We may take concerted action for defence without the necessity for constitutional changes which it would be difficult to carry out. An inquiry by a Royal Commission into the means and requirements for Imperial defence is a first essential step, which has been already delayed too long. We have it on the authority of the Royal Commission on the Administration of the Admiralty and the War Office, that 'no combined plan of operations for the defence of the empire in any given contingency has ever been worked out or decided upon.'

We owe the measures recently taken to secure our coaling-stations to the labours of a Royal Commission. A Commission on Imperial Defence would collect information from the intelligence branches of the army and navy, and might establish, at least for some years to come, the standard of strength at which the British Navy should be maintained. With a careful and exhaustive report in their hands, embodying the views of those most competent to advise, the Government could determine how much of the naval force required should be provided by the Mother-country. This point being decided, we could then proceed to summon the Colonies to a conference, at which it would be our duty to submit definite proposals for consideration. To maintain themselves in security it will not be sufficient for the Colonies to work with a view merely to the passive defence of their own ports. If the communications between the Australias and the Mother-country were interrupted the consequences would be not less fatal to the Colonies than to ourselves. It is as much their concern as our concern that the defence of the coaling-stations should be secured by adequate garrisons, works, and guns, and that the ocean-routes converging on their ports should be guarded by a fleet of sufficient strength to give security to the trade of the empire.

To the Australasian colonies the most probable danger lies neither in territorial aggression nor, so long as efficient land-forces are maintained, in raids upon Colonial ports, but in the loss of mercantile ships in the neighbourhood of their ports. The costly fleets of battle-ships and their auxiliaries required for defensive operations in European waters could not, for many years, be sent forth from the Colonies. Auxiliary cruisers could be provided. The Colonial naval forces could operate under the general direction of the Imperial naval commander-in-chief of the station. Unity of action and the disposition to provide the ships and the men required would be promoted by conceding the privilege, too long withheld, of flying the white ensign of the Royal Navy on the public vessels maintained by the Colonial Governments.

In what has preceded the grave difficulties of the subject have

not been ignored; but Imperial Federation is a problem which may worthily engage the best intellects and the most accomplished statesmanship for its solution. In the *Halifax Evening Mail* it has been well said by an able Canadian journalist:

It is true there is a great deal that is vague and undetermined as to the scope, the constitution, and the consequence of Imperial Federation. The limits of the jurisdiction of Imperial and local legislatures are not settled as yet; neither is the mode of contributing the proportionate contribution; neither is the extent of the Imperial liabilities of the partners; neither is the method of electing Imperial representatives. It is not determined whether a measure of commercial reciprocity between all parts of the Empire will precede or follow Imperial Federation. But there are some things that are pretty clear and easy to understand in connection with Imperial Federation. It means a pooling of the offensive and defensive resources of the Empire, the gaining of strength by cohesion, the binding of the bundle of sticks by firm cords, the hooping of the staves of the barrel, of which operations Judge Haliburton and Joseph Howe long ago clearly foresaw the need. It involves the representation of the self-governing colonies in some Imperial legislative body, and their participation in the Imperial government and Imperial expenses. It means paying our shot and shouldering our reciprocal responsibilities like Britons. The consummation of this scheme will make us part owners in every Imperial establishment in every part of the world, peers with our fellow-Britons, instead of colonists or dependants. It is like going into partnership with one's mother, instead of staying tied to her apron-strings. Our recent troubles with the United States certainly argue that we cannot prudently wait as we are till we are rich enough and populous enough for independence. Federation would force the thoughts of our public men to expand. It would oblige our voters to consider their Imperial as well as their provincial interests. It would breed statesmen, instead of parochial politicians. It would not be as costly as independence, and certainly not more costly than union with the United States.

BRASSEY.

II

AN AMERICAN VIEW

THE time seems opportune for acting upon the suggestion of the Editor of this Review that I should elaborate an idea expressed in a previous article touching the unity of the English-speaking race, and the relations which the parts thereof are to bear to each other, for the 'Imperial Federation' and the 'Empire Trade League' are prominently upon the stage, and the monthly magazines and daily press freely discuss the subject. Each of the two societies named has recently been granted an interview with the Prime Minister, and each has been advised by him in turn to take the first forward step and furnish at least rough outlines of its plans. It is a fact of much significance that so antagonistic are the views held by these two organisations that the second to be heard by Lord Salisbury thought necessary, previous to its interview, to request that he should not commit himself to the ideas of the first—evidence of an anxiety which seems to have been wholly unnecessary, as it is evident from Lord Salisbury's reply that neither of the societies, so far, has been able to lay before him anything requiring consideration. He has wisely called for a bill of particulars, having had enough of glittering generalities. This is a challenge which admits of no denial if these societies are to justify their continued existence. If they cannot formulate a plan, surely they will retire.

Before the permanent relations of the parts of the race to each other can be properly considered, however, we must pay some attention to the two phases of the 'Federation Idea' represented by them.

The 'United Empire Trade League' attends strictly to business; there is no sentiment about it; trade all over, and nothing but trade. We have, therefore, only to consider, as far as it is concerned, whether Britain and her colonies would make good bargains by banding together against the outside world, and giving to each other more favourable terms than to outsiders. Reduced to this, it becomes simply a matter of figures. The Zollverein idea is here, but the *Kriegsverein* absent. Let us, therefore, first consider how Britain would fare under the proposed new departure. She exports about 250 millions sterling of her products yearly. Of these, the English-speaking self-governing colonies take 31 millions, or one-eighth; India takes about the same amount; all the other British possessions

20 millions sterling; in all, about 82 millions, leaving fully double that amount taken by other countries. It is proposed to discriminate against the customers who consume 166 millions sterling in favour of those who consume half that amount. With British imports it is just the same, for in 1889 imports and exports to colonies, &c., were only 187 millions out of a total of 554 millions sterling—one-third to the dependencies against two-thirds to the foreigners. If there were a prospect of the former trade growing more rapidly than the other, it might be held that the future would justify the sacrifice, but there is nothing to encourage this view; on the contrary, colonial and Indian trade both tend to decline, while that with foreign nations increases. The reason is clear: the older nations have developed their resources, and trade with them is now practically upon its final basis; the colonies have only recently begun to supply their own wants, and are yet to extend their capacity greatly in this direction. It is scarcely to be expected that with double their present population their demands upon Britain will be much increased. Indeed, the present tendency to decline may continue for a time.

The important question is, What response would the nations of the world make to a declaration of industrial war against them? Had Britain and her colonies remained a compact free-trade Empire, like the forty-four States of the Republic, which furnish the world with the best proof of the blessings of free trade, other nations would have no right to object. It is quite a different matter, however, if, when their trade has been established and business built upon the other basis, change and disaster should now be visited upon them. A change in the policy of Britain towards other nations, I submit, must now be followed by a change of their policy towards Britain. Discrimination must produce discrimination. The Republic of the United States, for instance, is Britain's greatest customer, taking more of British products than all the English-speaking colonies combined, and more and more every year, while the trade with the colonies is, at best, stationary, notwithstanding their increase of population. It has slightly declined during the past five years. What the Republic would do if she were discriminated against needs no guess, for she has already lodged in the President power to go so far as to prohibit entirely the products of any country that does. Britain is called upon to justify her discrimination against American cattle, for instance, and nothing is surer than that the American people will have to be entirely satisfied that there is good cause for it, or the President will be forced by public sentiment to exercise this power, conservative, patient, and most peace-loving though President Harrison be. There would not be two parties upon this issue.

How about Germany? She takes from Britain every year products

to the amount of about eighteen millions sterling, twice that taken by the whole of British North America, and not far from that taken by the whole of Australasia (twenty-two millions sterling). She sends Britain about three millions sterling per year of flour and cereals, of butter and eggs one million and a half sterling, of timber one million and a half sterling. What is to be the answer of the young irrepressible Emperor, if the products of his country are discriminated against in favour of the food products and timber of Canada and Australia? Italy, again, takes about as much of British products as the whole of British North America, seven millions sterling, and she finds here each year a market to the extent of three millions sterling for her hemp, fruits, &c. The Argentine Republic takes ten to eleven millions sterling per annum from Britain; the whole of British North America only eight millions sterling. What is to be the return shot fired by her if her mutton, wool, and grain, which she sends here are to be discriminated against? But why continue the list? it is the same story everywhere.

Britain has the foreign trade of all her colonies almost exclusively already, except that of Canada, of which she has nearly one-half, the United States possessing rather more. All the other colonies deal with foreign nations only to the extent of five to ten per cent. for articles which Britain does not produce. The parent-land, therefore, has nothing to gain by any change in fiscal relations between herself and the colonies; her colonial trade could not be increased thereby. Why, then, should she jeopardise the control of the markets of the world to the extent of two-thirds of her total exports for nothing? The fabled dog which dropped the bird from his mouth, had for excuse that its shadow in the stream seemed infinitely larger. The 'Imperial Trade League' is not so excusable. It would sacrifice a real turkey in hand for nothing in the bush. This wondrous little island is dependent upon the world for two-thirds of its food supply; equally dependent upon the markets of the world for the sale of its products. There never was so great a people so artificially maintained. What the race has accomplished here under these conditions dwarfs the triumphs of all other races; it is marvellous, and if it were not before our eyes, it would be held impossible that a nation so placed could yet have led the world. One asks instinctively what such a breed of men will do when controlling continents possessed of unbounded supplies of agricultural and mineral resources combined; but that she, being so placed, should be counselled by a body of able men to inaugurate an industrial war against the world seems something not to be accounted for by any process of reason. Russia, the Argentine or the Brazilian Republics, with their ports blockaded for ten years, would suffer only more or less inconvenience. The United States would emerge from such an embargo stronger and more independent of the world than before. Close the ports of this island for

a year, and her people would suffer for food. Britain's house is a whole Crystal Palace—she of all nations should be the last to begin stone-throwing.

From something in the national character, but much more in the part she has had to play in the world, Britain has excited the envy, jealousy, and ill will of some of the most powerful nations; but I do not believe that my native land has an enemy so bitter as to wish her to plunge into an industrial war which would be so cruelly fatal to her, for even the worst foe must feel that the human race owes an incalculable debt to Britain. It would be a different matter if the imposition of protective duties were proposed bearing equally upon the products of all other countries, for this is a matter for each nation to settle for itself, and other nations could take no offence if Britain decided to reimpose such duties. This would be no declaration of industrial war against other nations, but only a matter of home policy. There is no vital objection to this being tried; although I am as certain that free trade is Britain's only policy as I am a thorough disciple of John Stuart Mill, and, I am pleased to add, of his worthy successor, Professor Marshall, in believing that the countries which have the necessary resources within themselves, do well to encourage the starting of industries by protecting them for a time against the competition of those firmly rooted in other lands, always, however, with the view of ultimately obtaining a surer and cheaper source of supply within themselves. But the question for Britain is this: Given a nation with a thoroughly equipped manufacturing system producing more than its own people can consume, and which, on the other hand, is dependent for its food supply upon other nations, what is its policy? The answer seems clear: 'Peace and free trade with all the world.' Cobden and Bright were right for Britain, and only wrong in assuming, in their enthusiasm, that what was wise for an old country producing more articles than it could consume, was necessarily wise for every country, including those which had diversified home industries yet to establish. Mill and Marshall are right for new countries, always provided such have within themselves the necessary resources and adequate market to eventually furnish the articles at less cost to the consumer than would have to be paid if dependent upon a foreign supply. Thus the United States has succeeded by protection in getting her millions of square feet of plate-glass she uses per annum at less cost than a similar article costs from Europe. She often has her steel rails at less than these could be imported free of duty. She has failed, however, to produce cheaply her supply of sugar by protection. Hence she wisely abandons the attempt and makes foreign sugar free. Now, because Britain has not the requisite territory to increase greatly her food supply, any tax imposed upon food could not be temporary but must be permanent. The doctrine of Mill does

not therefore apply, for protection to be wise must always be in the nature of only a temporary shielding of new plants until they take root. It will surprise many if Britain ever imposes a permanent tax upon the food of her thirty-eight millions of people, with no possible hope of ever increasing the supply, and thereby reducing the cost, and thus ultimately rendering the tax unnecessary. A tax for a short period that fosters and increases production, and a tax for all time which cannot increase production, are different things.

But if, in the near future, Britain decides to try the old system of protection again, no irremediable injury need ensue, for results will soon prove that free trade is for her the very breath of her nostrils, and she may be able successfully to return to it because she will not have outraged the feelings and incurred the hostility of her former best customers. All will have been treated alike, and therefore none will have reason to complain; although it is always to be remembered that trade once diverted is most difficult to regain. The loss owing to this will not be small. While, therefore, it is open to Britain to try 'Protection' and pay the cost of the experiment, and retrace her steps, he is a bold man who ventures to place an estimate upon the permanent loss to his country which is surely involved in entering upon the 'Empire Trade' crusade.

Turning from the British and the foreigners' points of view in regard to the proposed industrial crusade against the world, the reply of the colonies to an invitation to join it has yet to be considered.

Let us begin with Canada, the greatest of these. As already stated, she finds a market for more of her products in the neighbouring Republic than in the parent-land. She also finds it to her advantage to purchase more from the former than from the latter. During the winter months she is indebted to the courtesy of the Republic for regular communication with the outside world; her steamships land at Portland in Maine, and her traffic in bond, and her people, travel through American territory to reach Quebec or Montreal. Her boasted east and west railway system would scarcely pay expenses; it certainly would yield no returns except that the Republic generously permits it to connect with American railways and compete with them upon equal terms for the traffic to and from Chicago and the great West to Boston, New York, and the East. The Canadian Pacific traverses the entire width of the State of Maine. All the ships of Canada receive rights in American ports which are denied to American vessels in Canadian ports. Any day the Republic thinks proper to resent the acts of her saucy little neighbour, which have recently been annoying, she can practically 'bottle-up' Canada without giving any cause of complaint from an international point of view. She has simply to withhold privileges now generously granted. It need not be feared that so strong and forbearing a nation will act tyrannously to one so completely in her

power. The Republic has always been the kindest and most neighbourly of neighbours to all her less powerful sisters; *but the power is there*, and this being so, I should like to ask our 'United Empire Trade League' friends what answer Canada would likely make to their proposition to discriminate in favour of Britain as against the Republic. Canada may yet in justice to herself be compelled to do just the reverse. There is a large party in favour of such a step. An invitation from Britain to enter upon the policy of discrimination would require Canada to consider in whose favour the discrimination should be for her own interests. The idea suggested by the League may thus return to plague the inventor. Truly our friends of the Trade League have found and are brandishing a dangerous weapon.

With the Australasian colonies the case is different. These have no overshadowing giant alongside; but there is another element there which I submit is equally potent. New South Wales, the largest of the group, imports twenty-three millions sterling; exports just about the same. Her total trade with Great Britain, exports and imports, is only one-third of this—something over fifteen millions. Victoria, the other great colony, imports and exports thirty-seven and a half millions; Britain has of these between twelve and thirteen millions—just about one-third, as in the case of New South Wales.

But Britain need not be jealous in regard to the remainder, for, with the exception of from five to ten per cent. of the total which she cannot supply, she has it all. So far has Australasia advanced under the policy of encouraging home manufactures, that the various colonies are able to supply the wants of each other to the extent of about two-thirds of their total requirements—a most encouraging state of affairs, as promising the creation of a mighty nation of English-speaking people in the near future. Does any member of our 'Fair Trade League' believe that a proposition would be entertained for a moment to lower duties upon articles from Britain, and hence to injure or destroy the manufactures of their sister colonies? Has any indication been seen of a desire upon the part of any of these colonies to abandon the high aim they have set before themselves of becoming a great power with diversified industries, capable of supplying its own necessary wants? The members of the League should endeavour to place themselves in the position of Canada and of Australia, and judge in the case of Canada what its reply to their idea *must* be, and in the case of Australia what it *would* be. The officials of that society are, no doubt, preparing their answer to the challenge given by the Prime Minister, and it is to be hoped that it will deal with the points here suggested.

Turning now to the 'Imperial Federation League' we find no business whatever in its programme; no considerations of trade; bargains are not thought of; sentiment reigns supreme. Still it is

not so grandly sentimental as it was. A painful falling away is noted. In its early days, it pleased many to note, that in their praiseworthy desire for Federation, the majority of the English-speaking race in the Republic was never forgotten, but we find no trace of this in the recent proceedings; even my friend, Mr. Bolton, seems to have abandoned the great idea which first roused his enthusiasm, and which still stirs mine. In his article in the July number of this Review he regretfully says:

If it may not be given to us to realise that grand idea, the confederation of *all* the nations which have sprung from the race nurtured in these isles, should we not at least use all our energies to promote the union and political consolidation of that Greater Britain which still owns one flag and acknowledges one sovereign?

We have not yet heard from Lord Rosebery, the President, for reasons which call forth for him the deepest sympathy of all. It is still possible we shall find, in the first address he delivers upon the subject, that his hopes of the union of the entire race may still be brighter than those expressed by officials who have spoken for the Federation in his absence. For the present, I take it, we must assume that, like the 'Trade League,' it seeks no longer harmony and co-operation among the various parts of the race. It stands now as a body, whose effort is to combine only the minority of the English-speaking race in a solid phalanx, leaving out the majority. While in the case of the first society, it was necessary to go into particulars, in that of the latter it seems only necessary to examine its aim as recently presented.

It is deemed possible to create a solid empire, under one head, of part of the English-speaking race, one in Canada, another in Australia—thousands of miles apart—each with different environments, and totally different problems to solve; and one of the three parts under wholly different institutions from the other two; the latter being democracies without a trace of hereditary privilege, aristocracy, Church and State, or entails of the soil, and the very air breathed there instilling ideas of political equality in the citizen. It is notable that this hope is confined to the parent-land, and to those born here who have played great parts till now in the colonies, such men as Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Henry Parkes, Sir Samuel Griffith and others, who are natives of the parent-land and must ever reverence and love her. But the population of Australasia, Sir Henry Parkes has recently told us, is now native-born as two to one. This is evidently a misprint, for at the Census of 1881 there were nearly four native- to one British-born in New South Wales.

In Canada in 1881 more than four-fifths were native-born, and every year the percentage of British-born grows less and less. Not one of the five thousand native-born Canadians, nor of ten thousand born Australians, has ever seen or ever can see Britain, which to the masses is only a name. No doubt a name which they can never

mention without pride and gratitude, but still only a name, not a country, and a country every man worthy of the name of man will have and worship. The native-born Australian is Australian first and last, the native-born Canadian the same. The public ear of my native land is sadly led astray about the feeling of her colonies, because she hears only the voices of her own people, native-born Britons, or a few rich visitors speaking in the name of the colonies. It is these who principally visit the old home, crossing the seas, drawn hither by longings as pilgrims to their Mecca. The masses of the people in the colonies permit and even encourage upon the part of these native-born Britons the expression of the tenderest sentiments towards their native land; for they know that men are not worthy of the confidence and respect of the communities in which they dwell if they fail in affection for the land which gave them birth, and that the colonist who does not love his native land is not likely to prove much of an acquisition to his adopted one. But it will save much disappointment if the people at home can be made to understand and believe that the following truly represents the sentiments of ninety-nine out of every hundred native-born Canadians and Australians. I quote the words of the Premier of the important province of Quebec, Mr. Mercier, who, being asked whether he was opposed to Federation, replied :

Yes, I am. I regard that policy as treason to Canada. Imperial federation means that Canada must join Britain in her wars throughout the world, and must weigh the interest of the whole Empire before looking to her own. A tie that would thus subject Canada completely to European dominion would be a most unnatural one, and there are not fifty men in the province of Quebec who are favourable to so unpatriotic a policy. The time has, in fact, come to consider in a very peaceful yet very serious way the right of European Powers to govern people living on the continent of America, whose interests and general tendencies, commercial or other, are in certain respects opposed to those of the people of Europe. Accordingly, instead of being disposed to strengthen the ties at present existing between Britain and Canada, we are, in fact, looking forward with some anxiety to the time when we shall ask for our independence. We shall request it with all due respect to Great Britain, and without any ill feeling towards her people, just as a young man of full age, on leaving his father's home, may sometimes do it with reluctance, but with the proud feeling that he, too, is called upon to take a free and independent share in life. What I say about the province of Quebec may, I believe, be said of the inhabitants of all the other provinces.

It surely cannot have failed to attract the attention of the members of the 'Imperial Federation League' that even Sir John Macdonald, a native-born Briton, was forced, certainly much against his will, to announce that Canada was no longer to be the dependant, but the ally, of Britain.

In future, England would be the centre, surrounded and *sustained by an alliance*, not only with Canada, but with Australia and all her other possessions; and there would thus be formed an immense confederation of freemen—the greatest confederacy of civilised and intelligent men that ever had an existence on the face of the globe.

Alliances are made between independent nations. Sir John must also have embraced the Republic, for this is necessary to make the greatest confederacy of intelligent and civilised men.

Sir John asserted the independence of Canada to the fullest extent, when he recently commanded Lord Salisbury to tear up a treaty which had been agreed upon by Sir Julian Pauncefoot and Secretary Blaine, with Lord Salisbury's cordial approval, which the British Government had presumed to make without consulting Canada. The recent protest of Newfoundland is another case in point. The public is informed that the difficulty has been compromised, but the compromise has necessarily been all on one side. The form of arbitration with France is to be adhered to; but after this has been duly performed, Newfoundland's demands will be complied with. There was no other course open to Britain. She cannot govern her colonies; for they are full grown and almost of age and now dictate to her. They must be provided with homes of their own speedily if the filial tie is to be preserved.

It is not necessary to await the bill of particulars which Lord Salisbury has demanded the 'Imperial Federation' to produce, for it has only to grapple with the initial difficulty to be overthrown, which is this: The native-born Australian wants at maturity a country of his own to live for, fight for, and if necessary to die for; the native-born Canadian wants the same. The native-born Briton has this, the American, German, Frenchman. Why not the people of Canada and Australia? The native-born colonist has not the slightest idea of permitting the parent-land, distant thousands of miles, or any land, to have anything to say in or to his own country. That any of their statesmen should favour the proposition that the representatives of his country should be sent across seas to be swamped in a Parliament in London, and the destinies of his country subjected to the votes of strangers, would probably be considered by the medical faculty of the colony as a *prima facie* case of mental aberration; his incarceration in a lunatic asylum would be imminent. To endeavour to satisfy this commendable and patriotic devotion to the idea of country by offering them part of a land they can never see is futile. They might as well be asked to consider themselves 'citizens of the moon,' and so to rest and be thankful. These ambitious, enterprising peoples with British blood in their veins are not crying for the moon. There is no rest for such movements; once started, national aspirations are not to be quenched. The sooner they are gratified, the better for all.

What lesson has the past to teach us upon this point? Spain had great colonies upon the American continent: where are these now? Seventeen republics occupy Central and South America. Five of these have prepared plans for federating. Portugal had a magnificent empire, which is now the Brazilian Republic. Britain

had a colony. It has passed from its mother's apron-strings and set up for itself, and now the majority of all our race are gathered under its Republican flag. What is there in the position of Britain's relation to Australia and Canada that justifies the belief that any different result is possible with them? I know of none; on the contrary, all that I know of the sentiment of the people in the colonies satisfies me that there exists this healthy growth towards national life. They would be unworthy of their sires if they did not possess it. It was not a question of taxes that produced the independence of the United States; this was the incident only which precipitated what was bound to come a few years sooner or later, independent of any possible home policy. Franklin and Adams had no idea of separating from the mother-land when they led in the refusal to be taxed from Westminster; but they soon found themselves compelled by a public sentiment, until then latent, to advance to independence. Australasia has begun the natural movement towards change in her relations. Her leaders—native-born Britons chiefly—kindly propose that Britain may still be allowed to send an ornamental Governor-General. The tie will be slight, but it is now seen, especially in the most important of the colonies, New South Wales, that, as in the case of America, the British-born leaders may be pushed into a movement for complete independence by the native-born Australians. If it does not evolve now it will later, for the *Speaker* (July 18th) truly says:

It is the fading class of the home-born which keeps alive the traditions and sentiment of the English connection. Every five minutes throughout Australasia an Imperialist dies, every four minutes a Republican is born.

The constant reader of the *Spectator* knows that journal to be equally well-informed, and the *Times* has more than once recently shown that it is not ignorant of the true state of colonial affairs. But these able organs of public opinion seem to be almost alone.

It is of the utmost importance that the people of Britain should promptly realise her true relation to her colonies, which is just this: she is the mother-land, and no nation has ever been blessed with a family so numerous, enterprising, and creditable. The only part open to her is to play the mother, and as her children grow beyond the need of her fostering care, to endeavour to inculcate in them the ambition to go forth and manage for themselves. She should doubt the blood in any weakling content to remain under her protection when the age of manhood comes. True, few departures from the old home are unaccompanied by tears, but, after all, tears of affection, of joy, in the happiness of the child who starts in life for himself. There are only two modes that can be pursued: either the colonies shall leave the parent nest with the parent's blessing, carrying in their hearts undying love and reverence for her to whom they owe all, or the parting shall be made under conditions which must necessarily

bring both parent and child life-long bitterness and life-long sorrow. The American boy is for ever to be in youth the hater of the old home, for in his early years he is fed with stories of the Revolution ; of the struggles and sufferings of Washington and his patriot army ; of the desire of his native land for independence, and of the mistaken efforts of Britain to hold it in subjection.

This early impression of Britain as the oppressor of his country is not easily removed. It is a thousand pities that the majority of our race is to learn first that the parent-land was its country's only foe. Britain can choose whether Australia and Canada and her other colonies, as they grow to maturity, can set up for themselves with every feeling of filial devotion towards her, or whether every child born in these lands is to be born to regard Britain as the cruel oppressor of his country. There is no other alternative, and I beseech our friends of the Imperial Federation to pause ere they involve their country and her children in the disappointment and humiliation which must come, if a serious effort be made to check the development and independent existence of the colonies, for independence they must and will seek, and obtain, even by force if necessary.

Lord Salisbury has recently said that, if Home Rule were granted to Ireland, other portions of the Empire might be 'wrenched from the power of the Queen.' As he could not mean that there was a danger of foreign nations attempting to 'wrench' any of the colonies, he must have meant that the colonies would 'wrench' themselves away. Nothing should be left undone to prevent such 'wrenches' from coming. To encourage the colonies to follow the example of their mother-land and become nations themselves is the only way to prevent such a 'wrench' as took place between the parent and the Republic. I should prevent all feeling of 'wrenching' upon one side or the other by having the parent-land start her children in life in due course, as her Majesty starts her children. With rare wisdom, she favours early marriages. Britain, as a nation, should imitate the example of her wise Queen, and start her colonies for themselves in homes of their own as soon as they become restless under the old roof-tree, with a 'God speed,' and a fond, proud mother's blessing.

It may be said that the destiny indicated for the parent-land is one unworthy of her past. I cannot share such a thought. The world is still young. As each child of Britain reaches proper growth and departs, another child will be born to her. No limit can be set to this stage of the world's development ; no time fixed when the mother will not have quite enough of a family to care for. Centuries must elapse before the two hundred and eighty millions of India are ready to federate into a great nation and govern themselves, while Africa was born to her only yesterday. Besides this, the United Kingdom, even of itself, and without colonies, would remain one of the principal nations. Her colonies weaken her powers in war, and confer no ad-

vantages upon her in peace. Her population about equals that of France, and will, I believe, eventually equal that of Germany. Her store of minerals surpasses all others, except the United States; she has at her foot the markets of the world for manufactured articles, for, whatever may be said of foreign competition, it cannot possibly amount to much in the future: her navy can control the seas. One of the purest fallacies is that trade follows the flag. Trade follows the lowest price current. Britain's greatest customer is the American Republic; and, as we have seen, Germany and France, with a tithe of the population, consume as much as India of British products, and more than all the Australian and Canadian colonies combined. The independence of the colonies will not lessen British trade with them, but increase it, because independence will stir their energies and make them a much more enterprising people. Hence wealth will be produced faster, and the market for fine articles from Britain be correspondingly increased. This is proved by the result of American independence.

With full appreciation of the patriotic sentiment which pervades the two Leagues, I cannot refrain from asking their members to consider whether they are not working in the wrong direction, and aiding to thwart and not to promote the true mission of their country in the future. The position which Britain should aim to occupy is no less than the 'Head-ship of the Race,' as the parent of all. Now, even if the various parts of the Empire could be federated under one sovereign—of which there is a little likelihood as that the Republic could be induced to enter—and thus the whole aim of the 'Federation League' be accomplished, what then? Eleven millions of people will have been confederated with her—only this and nothing more—and Britain then would only be first in the smaller division of the race. It would not be such a prodigious gain for her after all. We should have 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out. Few persons have a correct knowledge of the numbers and increase of the various parts of our race. During the past ten years the United States added to its numbers more than the total present number of English-speaking people in all other parts of the world, outside of the United Kingdom. Her increase was nearly 12,500,000. The increase of Britain and all her English-speaking colonies was not one-half as great—about 5,250,000. Britain added slightly more than 3,000,000; Canada only 750,000; New South Wales (last eight years) only 471,000; Victoria (last nine years) 710,984 only, all other colonies only trifling numbers. Thus, if we place the Republic in one scale, and all the other parts of the race in the other, the yearly increase in the first scale would more than double that in the second. Even if the United States, increase is to be much less than it has been hitherto, yet the child is born who will see more than 400,000,000 under her sway. No possible increase of the race can be looked for in all the world com-

bined comparable to this. Green truly says that its 'future home is to be found along the banks of the Hudson and the Mississippi.' Why should the parent-land then be counselled by the Imperial League to endeavour to form closer ties with her other children than with her eldest born, who must dwarf all the rest of the family combined? What kind of federation is that which leaves the Republic out? There is no obstacle to forming any tie with the Republic that can possibly be formed with the Commonwealth of Australia or the Dominion of Canada, for, just as soon as these are asked to forgo their inborn desire for independence similar to that of the United States, their answer will settle the question, if indeed the League ever requires to go so far as to ask for Imperial Federation and be refused. It should not be necessary for them to place the parent-land in a position so humiliating, for that their idea is impracticable can be learned in every quarter without exposing themselves to the inevitable and wholly unnecessary rebuff.

If the 'United Empire Trade League' ever succeeds in getting the Government to call a conference to consider its aim, the end of that idea also will have arrived, for few colonial governments could survive the support of a Bill appointing delegates to even consider the question of discriminating against other nations in favour of Britain. But, as in the case of the 'Imperial Federation League,' so the 'United Empire Trade League' should be able to satisfy itself before asking a conference—only to be refused—that there is no possibility of obtaining the co-operation of any English-speaking community in their aims.

Mistaken, impracticable, and pernicious, however, though the aims of these two societies be, yet it is to their membership that we can best look for efforts in the right direction for such co-operation of the entire race as it is possible to effect; for their hearts are in the right place, and their heads can easily be brought to the favourable consideration of an idea which postulates for their country a much higher position, a much grander mission, than that which they have set themselves to secure, a position which will keep her in the rightful attitude of parent toward the entire race which has sprung from her.

I respectfully ask the patriotic, sympathetic, and enterprising men of these Leagues to permit me to submit for their consideration a summary of the ideas which have forced themselves upon me from a study of the question made with an earnest desire to secure first the unity of our race, and through that, for it, the mastery of the world, for the good of the world.

First, the great aim of the Federationist should be to draw together the masses of all English-speaking countries, and to make them feel that they are really members of the same undivided race, and share its triumphs; that all English-speaking men are brothers who should rejoice in each other's prosperity, and be proud of each other's achievements. The little faults or shortcomings of the other members should

be overlooked, and all should dwell upon what is best in each, for, as members of the same race, what disgraces one necessarily reflects upon the entire family. Impossible 'Imperial Federation' and 'Empire Trade League' should give place to 'Race Alliance,' and so embrace all in one common bond, the only test being

If Shakespeare's tongue be spoken there,
And songs of Burns be in the air.

Pursuance of this policy during our generation will do much to lay the foundation for a true federation of the whole race, as far as it is possible to combine sovereign powers, and how far that is possible is for future generations, not for this, to learn. That it is possible to a degree, we of to-day already see. Once earnestly kept in view, and laboured for, and lower aims excluded, it is probable that things now deemed impossible dreams may prove easy of getting. Indeed, the 'Parliament of man' itself is only a question of time in the mind of the evolutionist who sees no bounds to the advance of man in the line of brotherhood. If we may not look into the future and tell what germ is to grow, we can at least do our duty in the present, and cultivate the soil and plant the germ which *ought* to grow among the members of the same race, leaving to posterity the duty of nurturing the precious seed, and, we trust, the fruition of our hopes.

Second, the parent-land should be urged to encourage her colonies, as an able mother encourages her sons, to go forth at maturity and play the part of men—loving and reverencing her, but independent. The idea of Federation among colonies should also be encouraged; for no greater calamity could happen than that the various English-speaking communities should be divided into small nations, jealous of each other. The sad condition of Europe to-day, an armed camp contrasted with the United States, which is ere long to contain an English-speaking population as great as the whole of Europe, without any necessity for a standing army, should be continually in mind and proclaimed. The Australian colonies do not require the lesson. These are wise and will federate, and as one irresistible power keep the peace and rule that quarter of the globe without armies, for they, like the Republic, can have no foe; but the union of England and Scotland should be held up to Canada and the United States. I should not like to think that I ever had said or ever should say a word that would tend to perpetuate upon the American continent two divisions of the race, or to feel that I had not exerted myself to produce union. The mother-land can do much by reminding Canada of her own union with Scotland, and the happy results which flow from it. The present unfortunate division of the race in America, so fraught with danger, is Britain's work; the duty upon her to correct the evil is imperative. Nor is she unequal to the task, for she has done things that other nations cannot parallel. The cession of the

Ionian Islands to classic Greece, the recent cession of Heligoland to Germany, show her capable of generous, even sublime, action. She can rise at times to great heights and teach nations magnanimity. All she has done of this nature combined were but little if she united the two children which her policy separated a century ago. She should tell Canada that whenever it becomes, as it is becoming, a question of separate independent existence, or of union with the other division of the race, a mother's blessing would attend union with the Republic. With the appalling condition of Europe before us, it would be criminal for a few millions of people to create a separate government and not to become part of a great mass of their own race which joins them, especially since the federal system gives each part the control of all its internal affairs, and has proved that the freest government of the parts produces the strongest government of the whole. The most eminent man in Canada to-day is certainly Goldwin Smith. He remains an Englishman with allegiance unimpaired, yet he tells Britain that her position upon the American continent is the barrier to sympathetic union with her great child, the Republic. He is right.

Third, much is done to prevent harmony in the race by the position that has until recently been held tenaciously by the parent-land in regard to the fiscal policy which every colony has found it best to pursue. Seeing that strictly agricultural communities have needed amounted to much, it should be regarded as a natural and patriotic desire upon the part of Canadians and Australians to give their countries diversified industries, that the various aptitudes of the people may find scope. Britain need have no fear about her trade. Indeed, it is very doubtful if, with all her resources developed to the utmost, she can long continue to meet the demands for her products which must be made upon her, no matter what tariffs may be adopted. Where the iron and steel can be had to supply the coming wants of the world is already troubling Bell, Atkinson, Hewitt, and other high authorities. A writer in the *Times* (the 12th of July), Mr. Harvey, one of the most prominent citizens of Newfoundland and a loyal subject, states this point admirably and asks that, 'Once let it be granted by the majority of the people of England and Scotland that a man may doubt the infallibility of the doctrine of free trade under all circumstances, and not be considered a fool or worse.'

Fourth, the process of assimilating the political institutions of all English-speaking countries should be continued, for it should never be forgotten by true Federationists that different political conditions form a great barrier to close sympathetic union. No Parliament since that which passed the Reform Bill deserves greater thanks than the present one in this respect. It has done much to bring Britain's institutions in accord with the Democratic standard of all the other English-speaking nations. 'County Councils' and especially 'Free Education' are important steps toward the unification of our race. In

like manner the recent Copyright Act of the Republic removes a difference. Australasia has also done her part by placing the Republic under obligation, her greatly improved Ballot System having already been adopted with beneficial results in many of the States. She has also the simplest and best system of Land Laws in the world, for which we hope the Republic is soon—and the United Kingdom later—to discard their own. Thus each of the three great parts improving for herself improves also for the benefit of the others. The race enjoying the same language, religion, literature, and law should also have the harmonising blessings of common political institutions.

The ground once cleared of 'Empire Trade League' efforts to array one part of the race against the other part, and equally of 'Imperial Federation' aims which would shut out the vast majority of the race and limit the mother-land's connection to the smaller portion, and especially if the division of the race upon the North American continent were healed by union, upon the advice of the parent, the efforts of all could then be concentrated upon realising what Mr. Bolton calls 'that grand idea, the confederation of all the nations which have sprung from the race nurtured in these isles.' The first fruits of this movement would probably be seen in the appointment, by the various nations of our race, of international commissions, charged with creating a system of weights, measures, and coins, of port dues, patents, and other matters of similar character which are of common interest. If there be a question upon which all authorities are agreed, it is the desirability of introducing the decimal system of weights, measures and coins; but an international commission seems the only agency capable of bringing it about.

The habit of producing uniform arrangements for the whole of the race having been created by such commissions, the step would be easy to a further development of the international idea. For under harmonious conditions Britain would soon be regarded by the English-speaking people throughout the world as the mother they all revere, and there must inevitably begin a gradual drawing together of the whole race. Even to-day, every Federationist has the satisfaction of knowing that the idea of war between the two great branches is scouted on both sides of the Atlantic. Henceforth, war between members of our race may be said to be already banished, for English-speaking men will never again be called upon to destroy each other. During the recent differences—not with Britain, for Britain and the Republic agreed, but with disapproving Canada, which was naturally more irritating to the Republic—not a whisper was ever heard upon either side of any possible appeal to force as a mode of settlement. Both parties in America and each successive government are pledged to offer peaceful arbitration for the adjustment of all international difficulties—a position which it is to be hoped will soon be reached.

by Britain, at least in regard to all differences with members of the same race.

Is it too much to hope that after this stage has been reached and occupied successfully for a period, another step forward would be taken, and that, having jointly banished war, a general council should be evolved by the English-speaking nations to which may at first only be referred all questions of dispute between them? This would only be making a permanent body to settle differences instead of selecting arbiters as required—not at all a serious advance, and yet it should be the germ from which great fruits should grow.

The Supreme Court of the United States is extolled by the statesmen of all parties in Britain, and has just received the compliment of being copied in the plan for the Australian Commonwealth. Building upon it, may we not expect that a still higher Supreme Court is one day to come which shall judge between the nations of the entire English-speaking race, as the Supreme Court at Washington already judges between States which contain the majority of the race?

The powers and duties of such a council once established may be safely trusted to increase; to its final influence over the race, and, through the race, over the world, no limit can be set; in the dim future it might even come that the pride of the citizen in the race as a whole would exceed that which he had in any part thereof; as the citizen of the Republic to-day is prouder of being an American than he is of being a native of any State of the Union. This is a far look ahead, no doubt, but patriotism is an expansive quality, and men to-day are as patriotic in regard to an entire continent as the ancients were about their respective cities and provinces. The time is coming when even race patriotism will give place to the citizenship of the world.

While the decisions of the council would necessarily be restricted to such questions as arose between the members of the race, its influence, and in extreme cases its recommendations, if unanimously made, could not fail to be of weighty import. We can imagine such a tribunal, for instance, unanimously saying a word upon occasion which would settle the most important subject within our horizon of to-day. Is it a very improbable idea that it might hold and obtain the unanimous approval of the powers represented, in so holding that the peace of the world, in which the industrial English-speaking race is most deeply concerned, is a question which other nations cannot be allowed wholly to determine for themselves? The commanding position of our race will place upon it correspondingly great offices. United as described, it would wield such overwhelming power that resistance would be useless. Its verdict could never be questioned; its word would be law. I believe that it is by our race, and through such means, that war is most probably to be driven from the world, which it disgraces, and the reign of peace established among men for ever.

In the pursuit of an end so noble, the English-speaking race, wherever situated, can confidently be appealed to; its realisation would be a service to mankind which justified labour, expenditure, and even risk. The feeble beginnings of the federation of Europe are already seen in the 'Triple Alliance.' It may fail because not so overwhelmingly strong as to render impotent all efforts to cope with it, and all depends upon this; but the idea is there, for three nations have declared themselves banded together not for the purpose of aggression, defensively not offensively, and only to keep the peace and to punish the peacebreaker. We have nothing to do here with the merits of the controversy which called it forth, but what this Alliance aims to do for the three countries concerned for a few years, the true federation of the English-speaking race would be able to do permanently for the world. The duty is to be ours, if we co-operate, because ours is the only race of which the slightest hope can be entertained that it is soon to become so much stronger than any other race, or possible combination of races, as united to be omnipotent upon the earth.

A race alliance will hasten the day in the coming of which I have implicit faith, when our race will be quite able to say—and will therefore as a duty say—to any powers that threaten to begin the murder of human beings in the name of war under any pretence:

Hold! I command you both, the one that stirs makes me his foe.
Unfold to me the cause of quarrel, and I will judge betwixt you.

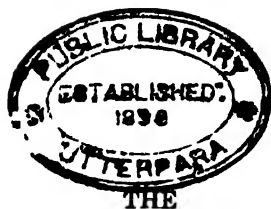
If ever the parent-land and all her children unite in speaking these words, it need not be feared that a shot will be fired or a sword drawn. The writ of that race union will run the circle round and ensure peace. We should thus have the *Kriegsverein* with power so overwhelming that its exercise would never be necessary. The *Zollverein* will come of itself in its own good time, when the various members have had time to test and learn their respective capacities—what they can learn to produce best at home, and what they must continue to purchase abroad. Protective tariffs are in their very nature experimental and temporary devices. These require little attention from the true federationist; indeed, the less they receive the sooner they will pass away. All the forces at work tend to equilibrium of cost throughout the world, and hence the abolition of protective duties as no longer necessary.

It is obvious that such an alliance of the race is dependent upon a union of hearts, and that force or pressure would only defeat it. No more seeds of lifelong bitterness should be sown. The younger members of the race should remember what is due to the parent; the parent should seek to retain their love and reverence by being 'to their faults a little blind and to their virtues very kind;' freely according to each when maturity arrives the same independent existence and the same exclusive management of its own affairs, as

she claims for herself, and for which she would rather sink under the sea than relinquish. Each member must be free to manage his own home as he thinks proper without incurring hostile criticism or parental interference. All must be equal. Allies—not Dependants.

Fate has given to Britain a great progeny and a great past. Her future promises to be no less great and prolific. Many may be the members of the family council of all English-speaking nations, each complete in itself, which I have predicted as sure to come sooner or later; but, however numerous the children, there can never be but one mother, and that mother, great, honoured, and beloved by all her offspring—as I pray she is to be—‘this Sceptred Isle,’ my native land. God bless her!

ANDREW CARNEGIE.



NINETEENTH CENTURY

No. CLXXVI—OCTOBER 1891

FEDERATING THE EMPIRE *A COLONIAL PLAN*

THE great change which has taken place in the public mind in recent years upon the importance to the Empire of maintaining the colonial connection found expression at a meeting held at the Westminster Palace Hotel in July 1884, under the guidance of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, who occupied the chair. At that meeting—which was attended by a large number of members of Parliament of both parties, and representatives of the colonies—it was moved by the Right Hon. W. H. Smith: 'That, in order to secure the permanent unity of the Empire, some form of federation is essential.' That resolution was seconded by the Earl of Rosebery, and passed unanimously. In November of the same year the Imperial Federation League was formed to carry out the objects of that resolution; and the subject has received considerable attention since, both here and in the colonies. At the annual dinner of the Imperial Federation League two years ago, I ventured to suggest that it would be difficult to maintain public interest in the question much longer unless some steps were taken to arrive at a practical scheme by which the objects aimed at might be attained, and proposed that a conference should be called by her Majesty's Government of delegates from the colonies to discuss the matter with them. I added: 'I will throw out one more suggestion, though perhaps I shall be in advance of public opinion in this respect. I believe that if such a convention were

summoned, and this question were taken up as a practical question, and examined with a view to the adoption of such measures as would give vitality to the principle of Imperial Federation, a solution would be found in bringing to bear that most potent of all influences, the principle of self-interest; and that it would be seen to be perfectly practicable to adopt a fiscal policy in regard to this country and the colonies, by which each part of the Empire would materially strengthen the other, renewed vitality be given to the powerful link of affection that now binds us together, and a new tie developed by which the colonies would vastly increase the power and influence of Great Britain, and Great Britain, on the other hand, become of far greater importance to her colonies.' My proposal was adopted by the Council of the League, and the President approached the Prime Minister upon the subject. Lord Salisbury saw difficulties in the way, and, before any further progress was made, an important circumstance arose bearing very strongly upon this question of Imperial Federation, and that was, the determination on the part of the Australasian provinces to take up promptly the federation of those great colonies. Lord Rosebery, with the assent of the Council of the League, then made an announcement at the Mansion House that the League proposed to defer pressing the question of a conference pending the local federation discussions. The determination subsequently arrived at to again revive the proposal for a conference was the result of a discussion which took place when I was absent in Canada. The Prime Minister of this country has been again approached, and I cannot hesitate to say that the result of the two deputations—one of the Imperial Federation League, and the other of the United Empire Trade League—has, in my opinion, given a most important impetus to the cause of Imperial Federation. The suggestion of the Prime Minister to the deputation of the Imperial Federation League, that a scheme should be formulated, appeared to me to involve the duty of endeavouring to meet that proposal. We had to deal with the fact that the Imperial Government, when approached with reference to this measure, called distinctly upon the League to direct their attention to the formulation of some practical proposition by which the objects of the League might be reached. His Lordship said: 'I think that we are almost come to the time when schemes should be proposed, and that without them we shall not get very far. You have stated a problem to us to-night—I may almost call it an enigma. If I remember the words, we are to invite the colonies to share in the responsibilities and privileges of the Empire in such a manner as not to disturb the constitution of this country, or that which is enjoyed by the colonies. Well, I think that at all events the solution of this problem does not lie upon the face of it, and that it will require the labour of many able brains before a satisfactory solution is arrived at.' In response to that invitation, at a meeting of the Council of

the Imperial Federation League, the following resolution, moved by myself, and seconded by Sir F. Young, was passed unanimously :—

That a carefully selected committee be appointed to submit to the council definite proposals for the consideration of the organisations of the League throughout the Empire, by which the objects of Imperial Federation may be realised.

I venture to think that the enigma suggested by the Premier is capable of solution, and that measures may be devised by which, without conflicting with the self-government enjoyed by the colonies, the great objects of Imperial Federation may be attained. As showing the very advanced position in which this movement, in my opinion, is placed by the statements of the Prime Minister, I may allude to what has taken place since the occasion to which I refer as having to some extent initiated this movement. It will be remembered that a former Premier of the Cape of Good Hope, Sir Gordon Sprigg, visited this country a few months ago, and delivered an address before the City of London branch of the Imperial Federation League, in which he adopted very much the same line of policy suggested by me two years before, as to the practicability of drawing the bonds between the mother-country and the colonies much more closely together, and rendering them much more enduring, by means of fiscal arrangements between Great Britain and the colonies. He said :—

Now what I should recommend, and what I should trust that the members of the Federation League will take up and press upon her Majesty's Government, is, that an invitation should be addressed to the Governments of the various colonies and dependencies to send representatives to this country to consider in a conference the practicability of forming a commercial union between the different colonies and dependencies of the Empire.

In its comments upon this speech the *Times* said :—

There is still a considerable amount of fetish-worship, but the ideas upon which any commercial union must rest will not in future incur the furious and unreasoning hostility that would have greeted them twenty years ago. It is getting to be understood that free trade is made for man, not man for free trade, and any changes that may be proposed will have a better chance of being discussed upon their own merits rather than in the light of high-and-dry theory backed by outcries of the thin end of the wedge. The British Empire is so large and so completely self-supporting, that it could very well afford, for the sake of serious political gain, to surround itself with a moderate fence.

The Government have recently been urged by a deputation from the United Empire Trade League to get rid of two treaties, those with Belgium and Germany, which stand in the way of closer fiscal relations between the mother-country and the colonies. This has also been pressed upon her Majesty's Government by my colleagues from Australia and the Cape, and by myself. A very great advance has, I think, been made in that direction by the reply of the Prime Minister that the Government of this country will address itself to any possible means to remove the obstructions imposed by those two

treaties upon the fiscal relations of the different parts of the Empire. His Lordship said :—

With regard to those two unlucky treaties which were made by Lord Palmerston's Government some thirty years ago, when, I must say, the matters of our relations with the colonies could not have been fully considered, we have tried to find out from official records what the species of reasoning was which induced the statesmen of that day to sign such very unfortunate pledges. . . . I can give you with the greatest confidence, I think, the assurance that not only will not this Government, but any future Government, ever be disposed to enter into any such engagements again. . . . The matter must be one which the Government will carefully watch, and I have no doubt that before a very long time has elapsed some means of mitigating this evil may be found.

There have been other indications of an improved sentiment with regard to the position of the colonies. I now refer to the peerages conferred upon Sir George Stephen and Lady Macdonald. I allude to those two facts as indicating a most important advance in regard to the position of the various colonies throughout the Empire. The time has come when the Government of this country has declared in the most effective manner—and it is the first time it has ever gone to that extent—that service to the Crown performed in the colonies will be accepted and recognised in the same manner as if it had been performed in any part of Great Britain. Of course it is obvious that this can only be done when other things are equal, and that the occasions are probably few and far between when such a recognition can be given.

To come more directly to the subject, under consideration. I believe all are agreed that the leading objects of the Imperial Federation League are to find means by which the colonies, the outlying portions of the Empire, may have a certain voice and weight and influence in reference to the foreign policy of this country, in which they are all deeply interested, and sometimes more deeply interested than the United Kingdom itself. In the next place, that measures may be taken by which all the power and weight and influence that these great British communities in Australasia, in South Africa, and in Canada possess shall be brought into operation for the strengthening and defence of the Empire. The discussion of these questions has led to a great deal of progress. We have got rid of a number of fallacies that obtained in the minds of a good many persons in relation to the means by which those objects are to be attained. Most people have come to the conclusion stated by Lord Rosebery at the Mansion House, that a Parliamentary Federation, if practicable, is so remote, that during the coming century it is not likely to make any very great advance. We have also got rid of the fallacy that it was practicable to have a common tariff throughout the Empire. It is not, in my opinion, consistent with the constitution either of England or of the autonomous colonies. The tariff of a country must rest of necessity mainly with the Government of the day, and involves

such continual change and alteration as to make uniformity impracticable.

Now the matter resolves itself, in my judgment, into the important question whether, in view of the constitution of Great Britain, and in view of the constitutions of the great colonies, it is not possible and practicable to devise a means by which those colonies will have all the voice and all the influence to which they are entitled in reference to the foreign policy of this country. Many of my readers will remember that when the Marquis of Lorne returned from discharging the duties of Governor-General of Canada, which he performed in the most able and satisfactory manner, he delivered at the Royal Colonial Institute an address on Imperial Federation. I am inclined to believe that sufficient attention has not been given to the very practicable means he then suggested, by which the Governments of the colonies could have a voice in the foreign policy of the Empire. Having examined the subject in all its bearings, and having devoted a great deal of thought and consideration to it, I believe that the solution of what I am afraid Lord Salisbury considers an insoluble enigma will be found in that direction. I regard the time as near at hand when the great provinces of Australasia will be confederated under one Government. I consider that a most vitally important movement, not only to those colonies, but to the Empire itself, because it is in that direction that I look for a great advance with regard to Imperial Federation. I know there may be differences of opinion upon that point; but I believe that, great as are the difficulties which lie in the way of inducing provinces to give up their autonomy and merge themselves in a larger body in which they may be over-weighted, the advantages and necessities to Australasia of being united under one central Government are so great that they will steadily overcome all obstacles which stand in the way of such a movement. When that has been done it will be followed, I doubt not, at a very early day by a similar course on the part of South Africa, and then we shall stand in the position of having three great dominions, commonwealths, or realms, or whatever name is found most desirable on the part of the people who adopt them—three great British communities, each under one central and strong Government. When that is accomplished, the measure which the Marquis of Lorne has suggested, of having the representatives of these colonies during the term of their office here in London, practically Cabinet Ministers, will give to the Government of England an opportunity of learning in the most direct and complete manner the views and sentiments of each of those great British communities in regard to all questions of foreign policy affecting the colonies. I would suggest that the representatives of those three great British communities here in London should be leading members of the Cabinet of the day of the country they

represent, going out of office when their Government is changed. In that way they would always represent the country, and necessarily the views of the party in power in Canada, in Australasia, and in South Africa. That would involve no constitutional change; it would simply require that whoever represented those dominions in London should have a seat in their own Parliament, and be a member of the Administration. It requires no material alteration in the constitution of this country, and it would be found entirely practicable to provide that when a member of the Cabinet of Australasia, of South Africa, or of Canada represented it in London, he should *ex officio* be sworn a member of the Privy Council in England, and practically become a Cabinet Minister here, or at any rate should be in a position to be called upon to meet the Cabinet on every question of foreign policy, or, at all events, when any question that touched a colonial interest was being considered. In that way their Governments would be brought in perfect *rapprochement* with the Imperial Government. And the advantage would be twofold: they would have the opportunity of addressing to the whole Cabinet the views that animated the Governments of their colonies, and they would have the advantage of learning fully the views of the Government of this country, and in that way be able to communicate its sentiments more perfectly to their respective colonies. I do not doubt that in almost every instance her Majesty's Government would have their united support on any question of foreign policy that touched a colonial interest. They would thus have the heartiest and most enthusiastic support of those three great subsidiary Governments forming a complete whole. In that way I believe that, while they would be quite unable to overrule, as it would be most unwise that they should be able to overrule, the Government charged with the administration of public affairs in Great Britain, they would be able so to represent their views as to give them all the weight to which they are entitled. I think that would fully meet the views of the outlying portions of the Empire, giving them as it would an opportunity of expressing their opinions, and of exercising their influence in relation to questions of foreign policy.

And now comes the next question, that of defence. No one can fail to see how advantageous it would be for England to appear before the world with the knowledge on the part of every foreign country that she was not standing alone, but acting with the united influence and support of those great British dominions, which at no distant day will have a population larger than that of Great Britain. The moral weight and the prestige thus given would be considerable, but the means of concerting united action for defence between those outlying portions of the Empire and the Government of the day here would be the most effective and practical method by which they could aid and support each other. Many persons, I am aware, both

in the colonies and here, have looked upon the question of the defence of the Empire as best promoted and secured by a direct contribution to the support of the army and navy of this country. That I regard as a very mistaken opinion, and I believe that there is a much more effective means of promoting the object in view. In my opinion, no contribution to the army and navy of England on the part of Canada would have contributed to the defence of the Empire in a greater degree than the mode in which the public money in Canada has been expended for that purpose. We have expended, in addition to an enormous grant of land, over a million pounds sterling per annum, from the first hour that we became a united country down to the present day, in constructing a great imperial highway across Canada from ocean to ocean, not only furnishing the means for the expansion of the trade and the development of Canada, but providing the means of intercommunication at all seasons between the different parts of the country. Louis Riel and a mere handful of half-breeds were able to terrorise the whole of the North-West of Canada in 1870 for half a year, until the arrival of Lord Wolseley, who occupied three months in reaching that place after the spring opened. Lord Wolseley could now perform the same journey within two days. On the last occasion on which a rising occurred in 1885, but ninety miles of the Canadian Pacific Railway remained incomplete. In twenty-four hours 4,000 men had volunteered from every part of Canada to go at once to the North-West, and the disturbance was quelled, without calling upon this country for the slightest assistance. We have, therefore, not only provided the means of intercommunication, the means of carrying on our trade and business, but have also established a great imperial highway which England might to-morrow find almost essential for the maintenance of her power in the East. Not only has Canada furnished a highway across the Continent, but it has brought Yokohama three weeks nearer to London than it is by the Suez Canal. I give that as an illustration that there are other means which, in my judgment, may contribute much more to the increased strength and the greatness of the Empire than any contribution that could be levied upon any of the colonies.

It is admitted that England has nearly reached the limit of its expansion in these islands. But she has unlimited power of expansion in the outlying portions of the Empire. She possesses to-day all the most important sections of the world adapted for European colonisation—Australasia, South Africa, and Canada. I do not undervalue her other possessions, but I am now speaking of the means of building up great and powerful British communities. The expenditure by the Government of Canada that has successfully opened up those enormous tracts of country in the great North-West of Canada, which promise to be the granary of the world, is of itself the best means of making England strong and prosperous, as it will

attract a large British population thither. Many persons are labouring under a great mistake with reference to the position of Canada and the rapidity with which it has advanced. As a matter of fact no place in the world has made greater progress and more substantial advance in the last twenty-four years, since it was united under one Government. Great as is the development of the United States of America, where they have increased their population since the date of their independence twenty-three times, that of Canada is still greater, as the population has in the same period increased twenty-seven times, and there is every reason to expect a still more rapid increase now that they have opened up by their magnificent line of intercommunication the enormous stretch of country remaining for development west of Lake Superior.

There is no doubt that in a comparatively few years a large population will occupy Canada, and that England will be strengthened by a great British auxiliary on the northern half of the continent of North America. Canada has in addition expended since confederation over forty millions of dollars upon her militia and mounted police, and in the establishment of a military college, which, I am proud to know from one of the highest authorities, is second to no military school in the world, and of nine other military schools and batteries in the various provinces of which Canada is composed. In 1889 Canada expended no less than two millions of dollars on the militia and the North-West mounted police, which any one who knows the country will admit is a most effective means of defence. It is true we have a comparatively small permanent force, but we have established military schools, and we have such a nucleus of a further force as in case of need would enable us to develop the militia in the most effective manner, consisting of 37,000 volunteers who are trained annually, and a reserve of 1,000,000 men, liable to be called upon should the necessity arise. One of the most effective means adopted by the Imperial Parliament for the defence of the Empire is by subsidising fast steamers built under Admiralty supervision, with armament which can be available at a moment's notice. These steamers could maintain their position and keep up mail communication in time of war, or be used for the transport of troops. Canada has contributed 15,000*l.* a year to a splendid line of steamers, such as I have described, now plying between Canada, Japan, and China, and has offered no less than 165,000*l.* per annum to put a service like the 'Teutonic' between England and Canada, and a fast service between Canada and Australia. All these splendid steamers would be effective as cruisers if required for the protection of British commerce and the transport of troops and thousands of volunteers from the colonies to any point that the protection of the Empire demanded. These actual facts illustrate, in my opinion, the best mode of contributing to the strength and defence of the Empire. In my judg-

ment, instead of adding to its defence, the strength of a colony would be impaired by taking away the means which it requires for its development and for increasing its defensive power, if it were asked for a contribution to the army and navy. Any such contribution would be utterly insignificant in its value compared with what is now being accomplished. The same may be said of Australia. Does any person suppose it would be strengthening the Empire if for any such purpose the means now used for the creation of a navy of her own, for fortifying the country, and opening it up for development from one end to the other were diverted to some other purpose?

I will now approach what I am afraid will be regarded as a very controversial part of my argument, but I am again encouraged to do so by the statement which the Prime Minister made to the deputation from the United Empire Trade League. His lordship said:—

I deeply feel the very great importance of the subject submitted to us to-day, which not only involves those questions which were dealt with by the deputation which waited upon me two days ago, namely, our relations and the continuance of our relations with our colonies, but also raises those vast fiscal questions which are engaging more than any other political or perhaps social questions the attention of every nation in the world. . . . If you give a preferential treatment—that is, a better price—to your colonies, it must be a better price than that which, with unrestricted competition, is obtaining now. A better price to the producer means a more disagreeable price to the consumer; and what we have to know before we can formulate any propositions, or before we can invite our colonies to any kind of federation—what it is we have to know is, how far the people of this country would be disposed to support a policy of which, I imagine, the most prominent features are preferential taxes on corn, preferential taxes on meat, and preferential taxes on wool. Some people may say you can have these preferential taxes without any increase of price to the consumer. . . . On these matters public opinion must be formed before any Government can act. No Government can impose its own opinion upon the people of the country in these matters. It is the duty of those who feel themselves to be the leaders of such a movement, and the apostles of such a doctrine, to go forth and fight for it, and when they have convinced the people of the country the battle will be won.

I cannot think that Lord Salisbury is entirely sound in the view which he propounded, that the objects at which, certainly, the United Empire Trade League aimed could not be accomplished without increasing the cost of living to the consumers in this country. He said, 'A better price to the producer means a more disagreeable price to the consumer.' In the first place, the question of supply has to be considered. Whence are the bread and meat to come from to supply the enormous demands of this country? I am going to quote a very high and distinguished authority, and one who will be regarded as such not only in England but in the United States and in Canada, and I may say throughout the British Empire; I refer to a speech delivered, and which I read with the greatest pleasure, by Sir Lyon Playfair at Leeds on a recent occasion. In delivering a

very exhaustive and able statement in regard to the McKinley Tariff, he especially drew attention to an important fact, which was, that the time was near at hand when, owing to the increased population of the United States of America and the exhaustion of their wheat lands—because both are going on with great rapidity—the United States would be unable to furnish bread to this country. He said :—

Canada has shown much energy in opening up her vast possessions by railways and by steamboats. The Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are now connected by an iron band. Canada can grow for us all the food which we now take from the United States. / In less than twenty years the latter will have no surplus food to send, so it is the interest of England to aid the development of Canadian agriculture. New markets are springing up for Canadian produce, and the prices, even of the threatened barley and eggs, have not fallen. As Canada, like other nations, can only sell by exchange for what she buys in commodities, these will have to come from England and other markets by reciprocal trade. The natural effect of the act will be to draw together Canada and England. Trade is not conducted by sentiment. If we buy from Canada she must buy from us. Our great colony has boundless resources in agriculture, and in mining, forest, and fishing industries, from Nova Scotia on the Atlantic to British Columbia on the Pacific. Through the latter ocean, the markets of India, Japan, and China are opened to her.

I believe that every person who has taken the trouble to get accurate information in respect to Canada will endorse that statement, that it is only a question of time and only a question of development for Canada to be able to produce all the food, both bread and meat, that is now sent from the United States to this country. This meets the question of supply, and the competition of India, Australia, and Canada will regulate the price. Who can doubt that the Chancellor of the Exchequer of England could sit down with the then members of the Cabinet representing Australasia, South Africa, and Canada, and devise a fiscal policy, not a common tariff, between England and these three colonies, that would give an enormous development and expansion to Australasia, to South Africa, and to Canada, and at the same time give a valuable stimulus to the trade of this country?—because I need not repeat the truism, which is familiar to every one, that trade follows the flag. It is only necessary to look to the statistics of the colonies, and of foreign countries, to see how very much greater British trade is, in proportion to population, with the former than with the latter. I believe that it is perfectly practicable to devise such a policy as would give that enormous development which would be required in order to enable Canada in twenty years, as Sir Lyon Playfair has said, to take the place of the United States of America in furnishing corn and cattle for the United Kingdom, not only without inflicting any injury upon any portion of the Empire, but on the other hand greatly increasing the trade of this country. If the Mark Lane prices are examined, or the report of the Board of Agriculture, it will be found that in 1890 and 1891

there was a fluctuation in corn of 10s. 6d. a quarter, and you will find that it had to reach practically 10s. a quarter before it made a halfpenny difference upon the four-pound loaf. I am inclined to think that 5s. a quarter imposed upon all foreign corn would be sufficient advantage to the corn of India, Australasia, and Canada, that it would not affect the cost of bread, and that it would yet give an immense impetus and advance to the development of the colonies and of their trade with Great Britain. Let me give you an illustration with reference to meat. Canada, in consequence of the existence of pleuro-pneumonia in the United States of America, is able to send her cattle into this country without being subjected to slaughter on arrival. Mr. Rusk, the highest authority in the United States of America on that question, has declared that it gives an advantage to Canada of from eight to twelve dollars a head—say ten dollars. The result is, that with that advantage an immense expansion of the trade took place in Canada. Last year we sent 123,000 head of cattle from Canada to England, which resulted in putting over a million dollars more money into the pockets of the people of Canada than the United States received for the same number, and yet no one in this country ever heard an insinuation that the price of meat was affected. This is an illustration, therefore, how England can give an important advantage to her colonies without affecting the cost of the consumer's bread or meat.

In support of these views I may add that I took the opportunity during the journeys which my late lamented friend Sir John Macdonald and I made in Canada during the recent elections to discuss this subject fully with him, and I am glad to be able to say that that distinguished statesman told me he was prepared to endorse most heartily such a proposition, and that it would receive when propounded the best support that he could give to it. He is unhappily no longer with us to give his invaluable aid, but the expression of such an opinion will, I know, have great weight. When the founder of the Imperial Federation League, the late Mr. Forster, came to discuss the question of Imperial Federation with me eight years ago, I told him that the most careful consideration I had been able to give the subject led me to the conclusion that the means of drawing the colonies and the mother-country more closely together and binding them for all time would have to be found in such fiscal arrangements as I was satisfied could be made, by which the outlying portions of the Empire would be treated by this great country on a different footing from foreign countries. His reply was, 'Well, I am a free-trader, but I am not so fanatical a free-trader that I should not be perfectly willing to adopt such a policy as that for the great and important object of binding this great Empire together.'

I believe that by the mode suggested the colonies may obtain such voice and influence in the foreign policy of this country as would

amply satisfy them, and that, on the other hand, an increased strength would be given to the Empire by concerting the necessary measures for the purpose of common defence. I have endeavoured to offer my humble solution of the enigma to which the Marquis of Salisbury referred. I may say that I have done so with diffidence. I make these suggestions with an open mind, prepared to abandon my own views if any better means of attaining the same object can be suggested. I shall give my hearty support to any proposal by which the great and important objects of the Imperial Federation League can be realised.

· CHARLES TUPPER.

THE QUESTION OF DISESTABLISHMENT

No one who knows what the village church is to English life as well as to English landscape can wish to see Disestablishment made a party question. A party question, however, it is evidently about to be made. It seems likely to take the place of the now nearly defunct Home Rule. Nor, with the present suffrage, can the end, apparently, be very doubtful. The Nonconformists, the Roman Catholics, and the section of Radicals which wants no religion, are together a large vote. I was surprised to hear when I was last in England, on what I thought good authority, that while the Church, through the increased activity of the clergy, had gained ground in the cities, she had not gained ground in the country, where, my informants said, the peasantry, from causes not easily defined, were apt to have a social feeling against the parson. But, apart from the political forces actually in the field, Disestablishment appears to have in its favour the general drift of things.

I think it obvious (says Mr. Gladstone) that so wide a question cannot become practical until it shall have grown familiar to the public mind by thorough discussion, with the further condition that the proposal, when thoroughly discussed, shall be approved. Neither, I think, can such a change arise, in a country such as ours, except with a large observance of the principles of equity and liberality, as well as with the general consent of the nation. *We can hardly, however, be surprised if those who observe that a current, almost throughout the civilised world, slowly sets in that direction, should desire, or fear, that among ourselves, too, it shall be found necessary to operate.*

‘These observations,’ says Lord Selborne in his earnest and powerful defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment, ‘afford much scope for reflection.’ They afford to the friends of the Establishment the same sort of scope for reflection which is afforded to an Irish family by the shriek of its Banshee. Translated into common language they seem to mean, ‘My reason for not declaring at once in favour of Disestablishment is that I am not sure that as yet it has, what it presently will have, the majority of votes upon its side.’ Even the caveat in favour of equity and liberality is exposed,

as the history of the Irish Land Bills shows, to unforeseen and incalculable interpretation.

Lord Selborne denies the reality of the current which Mr. Gladstone describes, slowly setting towards Disestablishment throughout the civilised world, and tells us not to be scared by a phantom. In every monarchical country of Europe, he bids us observe, the Church is still established and endowed; in some, as in Austria and in Russia, it is still in a high degree established and endowed, even monasteries with their estates there remaining undisturbed. Everywhere there are Ministries of Public Worship. Even republican France has her Established Church, subsidised by the State. This is true, and it is true that even in republican Switzerland there is still a Cantonal, though not a Federal, connection of the State with the Church. But on what sort of footing is the Church in the more advanced countries now established and endowed, compared with the footing on which she was established and endowed in the old Catholic days? No longer half mistress of the realm, or forming a great estate of it, she has sunk into a pensioner, and a not very beloved or honoured pensioner, of the Government. In France, once the realm of her eldest son, where a century and a half ago she could put men to death for offences against her, she now shares her dole, not only with heretics but with Jews, while in the French province of Algeria she shares it with Mussulmans. In the land of Philip the Second, though almost the whole population still professes his creed, her position is hardly higher or more secure than in the land of Louis the Fourteenth. There, too, instead of dominating, she is a creature of the Government, her enormous property has been secularised, and she has become a paid servant of the State. Education, the key of social character and influence, has been generally wrested out of her hands. Marriage, also, has been transferred from her exclusive dominion to that of the magistrate. To take an instance from the Protestant side, how great is the change in the relation of the Church in general to the State since the days in which Calvin was dictator! If in Austria and Russia the process is not so far advanced, it is because they are behind the other nations in the general race. The Republics are the last birth of Time, they are the leading shoots of political growth, and in them the connection between Church and State is weakest. All the footprints point the same way. The only apparent exception is the restoration of the Established Church of France by Napoleon. The violence of the extreme revolutionary party had for the time outrun popular conviction, and thus a reactionary despot was enabled to take a step backward, and by his fiat reinstate an institution of the past. But how altered was that institution in its estate and in its relation to the Government from the Established Church of the Bourbons!

Lord Selborne seems to overlook the greatest case of all. The

Papacy, once the supremely established and imperially endowed Church of Catholic Europe, has been both disestablished and dis-endowed. Its chief is now 'the prisoner of the Vatican,' subsisting on the alms of the faithful. It is true his spiritual power over the people has been increased by becoming purely spiritual, and by the concentration upon him of the allegiance of the Catholic Churches, which, having lost the support of the national Governments, now look to their ecclesiastical chief alone. This in itself is a fact suggestive, perhaps, of caution to the statesman, while it is reassuring to the churchman; but it does not contradict Mr. Gladstone's diagnosis of the situation.

In all the South American Republics, except Mexico, Lord Selborne reminds us there is still an Established Church. Mexico is a striking exception. So late as 1815 there was an *auto de fé*, where now no religious procession can take place. No priest even can appear publicly in his priestly garments. But in the other Republics the connection between Church and State, though it subsists, is greatly altered, and the position of the Church is far different, both in regard to establishment and in regard to endowment, from what it was in Spanish times. The priest has lost his political hold. In this case, therefore, again the tendency is no phantom. In all the countries there is likely to be a halt and a breathing-time after a great change. But the shadow will go back on the dial when the movement from religious privilege towards religious equality is reversed. What is the severance of the Church from the State, whereby the Government declares its entire impartiality in matters of opinion, but the ratification of that freedom of inquiry which, while the results of political revolutions are still doubtful, is the clear and inestimable gain of our modern civilisation?

In the communities of North America, Lord Selborne says, as there never was a connection between Church and State there can have been no tendency to its dissolution. But the truth is, in most of the colonies there formerly was a connection. In Massachusetts and in Connecticut it was close, as Quakers and other sectaries found to their cost; nor was it dissolved without a struggle. In Massachusetts the law provided for the maintenance of ministers as well as of schools, and for the punishment of religious offences, such as profanity and a disregard of the Sabbath. In Connecticut, Palfrey says, no church could be founded without permission from the General Court, and every citizen was obliged to pay in proportion to his means towards the support of the minister of the geographical parish of his residence. Ministers were exempt from taxation of every kind. The 'Blue Laws,' so far as they had any real existence, were of the nature of legislation against sin, which implies an identification of the civil with the ecclesiastical power. Nothing of the connection now remains except—the Sunday law, of which some agnostics com-

plain as theocratic; restraints on blasphemous publications, which are as much dictated by regard for decency and for the public peace as by regard for religion; the exemption of churches from municipal taxation; and a very slight religious element in the teaching of the public schools, not so much enforced by the State as generally demanded by public feeling. The exemption of Church property from taxation extends to the property of all Churches alike, nor is it likely to continue long. The Congress of the United States is expressly forbidden by the first commandment of the Constitution to establish any religion. There are some who would like to insert into the Constitution a recognition of the Deity, but this proposal makes no way. The President of the United States annually proclaims a 'national thanksgiving day,' in compliance, however, with national sentiment, and without power of enforcement.

In French Canada, the Roman Catholic Church retains its revenues in virtue of an article in the treaty of cession, but it levies tithes only on its own members. The authority vested in the bishops for the regulation of parishes draws with it, though indirectly, a certain amount of legal power in municipal affairs. But the political influence which makes it more powerful in the province than any establishment could be, is entirely beyond the law.

In British Canada, the Church was originally established; reserves of land were set apart for its ministers, the university was confined to its members, and its bishop had a seat in the Council. But as soon as the colony obtained self-government, Disestablishment ensued; the clergy reserves were secularised, and the university was thrown open to students of all religions, while the high Anglicans seceded and founded a separate university of their own. A faint odour of departed privilege still clings to what was once the State Church, clergymen of which now and then allow it to be felt, that they regard the members of other Churches as Dissenters, while the bishops, unlike those in the United States, retain the title of 'lord.' Of the endowments, there remain about forty rectories which were carved out of the clergy reserves before secularisation. Otherwise there are no traces of the connection between Church and State in monarchical Canada, saving those which have their counterparts in the American Republic.

Not only does religious equality in all material respects prevail in the United States and in British Canada, but it is thoroughly accepted by everybody, and by the immense majority prized and lauded as an organic principle of New World civilisation. In British Canada, a few Anglicans may perhaps look back wistfully to the days of the clergy reserves. The Roman Catholic priest in the New World as well as in the Old World has in his pocket the encyclical which declares that his Church ought everywhere to be established, and that Government ought to use its power for her support. But, in the

New World, the pocket is very deep, and there seems no disposition to draw forth the missive. In fact, we hear that some of the chiefs of the Roman Catholic Church avow a preference for the free system. In Ontario, and in Manitoba, the Roman Catholics retain the privilege of separate schools, which, however, they owe, not to Canadian, but to Imperial legislation. In Manitoba they have come, and in Ontario they are likely to come, into collision with the commonwealth on this question. But the privilege, though a State favour, is in the line, not of connection, but of separation. The tribute in the shape of public subsidies, which the Roman Catholic Church extorts by her political influence in the states of the Union where there is a large Irish vote, is paid, not in the name of religion, but in that of charity. There is now a strong reaction against any such sectarian use of public funds.

The property of the American Churches, and the legal rights attached to membership of them or to their officers, are, of course, in the keeping of the civil law. This has been adduced as proof of the existence in America of a connection between the State and the Church. The same reasoning would establish the existence of a connection between the State and the Society of Freemasons or the Jockey Club.

The case in favour of Disestablishment in Ireland was particularly strong, and the cause of the State Church was weighted with a painful history. Yet the defence were able to show that the general principle was involved, and that the shafts of the assailants glanced logically from the Irish to the English Establishment, while they almost struck full on the Establishment in Wales. Let it be observed, too, that nobody thought of transferring the privilege and the endowment from the Church of the minority to that of the majority; while concurrent endowment, though it had much to recommend it from a political point of view, was proposed, only to be decisively rejected. Here again, surely, the tendency to which Mr. Gladstone points was proved to be no phantom, but a reality.

But what proof can be stronger than the career of Mr. Gladstone himself? He who gave Ireland religious equality, had once seceded from a Government because it broke the principle of a State religion by proposing a small additional grant to Maynooth. He who is now apparently ready to put the question of Establishment to the vote, once wrote a treatise on the relation between Church and State in which, soaring above the ordinary arguments derived from the usefulness to the commonwealth of religion in promoting public morality, he maintained that the nation, like the individual, had a conscience which bound it to choose, support, and propagate the true faith. Nobody was to hold civil office or exercise political power who did not belong to the State Church. The members of the Government were to be 'worshipping men,' and were to sanctify their

administrative acts by prayer and praise. Macaulay had no difficulty in showing that Governments are meant to govern, not to settle theological questions, and that if no power was to be exercised except upon Church principles, much inconvenience, to which he might have added much hypocrisy, would ensue. He had no difficulty in dissolving the ingenious, but unhistorical, hypothesis of a restrictive treaty by which Mr. Gladstone tried to escape the awkward consequences of an application of his principles to the Indian Empire. He had no difficulty in showing that such half-measures of persecution as the application of civil disabilities were at once iniquitous and futile. He might almost have contented himself with saying that only a person could have a conscience, and that the personality of the nation was a figment. But when he comes, as an orthodox Whig, to propound his own defence of a Church Establishment, saying that he will give Mr. Gladstone his revenge, he does give Mr. Gladstone his revenge indeed. His own theory is, in reality, as untenable as that over which he has been enjoying an easy though brilliant triumph. An institution, he says, besides the primary object for which it is intended, may serve a secondary object, just as a hospital intended for the accommodation of the sick may also serve, by its architectural beauty, as an ornament to the public street. Government is meant to take care of our temporal interests, and is properly fitted for that purpose alone; but if that is not employment enough for it, it may, as a sort of by-play, take to providing for our spiritual interests as well. A singular sort of by-play, surely, it would be. The appearance of a building belongs to architecture as properly as its arrangement. The encouragement of art by a political Government, which Macaulay adduces as another illustration, is not less beside the mark, since it is art in general that Government encourages, not a particular school of artists. The civil ruler in establishing a religion need not, Macaulay says, decide which religion is true, but only which is best for his practical purposes; he will give the Scotch Presbyterianism, though he may himself be an Anglican, because Presbyterianism, though not the most true, may be most suited for the Scotch. But what is his criterion? Is he to assume that the religion of the majority is the best? He helps to secure to the privileged religion a majority by establishing it, and thus vitiates his own test. Besides, how is he to measure and provide for changes of conviction, such as in the course of inquiry may take place? Suppose he had been called upon to legislate in the period of the Reformation, when the majority was shifting from day to day. Nor does Macaulay wholly escape the charge, which he brings against Mr. Gladstone, of feeble and ineffective persecution. It is a kind of persecution, though a very feeble and ineffective kind, to compel the minority to contribute to the support of a religion which they believe to be false, perhaps destructive of souls, and to degrade their minis-

ters by exclusion from the rank and privilege which those of the Established Church enjoy. Macaulay is acting as a philosophic politician, on the principle that all religions are to the statesman equally useful, and he forgets that to men of strong religious convictions any religion but their own is dangerous falsehood, to be forced to contribute to the support of which is of all tyrannies the most repulsive.

But are not these mighty opponents fighting in the clouds? On earth we have had despots imposing their religions on conquered communities—as Ferdinand the Second imposed his Catholicism on Bohemia when it was wrested from Protestantism, as Louis the Fourteenth imposed his Catholicism on a German province when it fell into his hands. But has any king or governor ever selected a religion by the light of his own conscience and imposed it on the people? Has the process ever been one of speculative reasoning or conviction? For the origin of Establishment we must go back, apparently, to the days of tribal religion, in which every member of the tribe was, by virtue of his birth, a loyal worshipper of its divinity, and conversion as well as belief was tribal, the Saxon or Dane passing over with the rest of his race, or the portion of it to which he belonged, and under his chief, by treaty or capitulation, to the allegiance of the conquering god. What is styled the conversion of Constantine was in all probability hardly a change of mind: it certainly was not a change of life; most likely it was the recognition, by a shrewd and thoroughly worldly politician, of the ascendancy which, partly through the manifest failure of the old gods to avert public disaster, Christianity had gained in the Roman world. The Christian Church inherited the Establishment of the Pagan Empire.

But to the primal tradition of allegiance to the national divinity was now added belief in the absolute and final truth of a religion guaranteed by supernatural revelation, and by an Infallible Church whose authority excluded inquiry and made dissent treason at once against her and against the State with which she was united. Out of the Imperial Church Establishment grew that of the group of European nations which framed a religious federation under the ecclesiastical sovereignty of the Pope. Undoubting conviction and perfect unity of belief were throughout the conditions of the system. When doubt, inquiry, and disagreement came in with the Reformation, the basis of the system was withdrawn.

At first, an attempt was made, at least by Protestant rulers, to fall back on national Establishments, to which it was the aim of statesmen, by legal constraint or politic compromise, to make all subjects of the realm conform. The belief that a nation was bound to have a religion, and to support it by legal privilege and endowment, had become thoroughly ingrained: its hold on the mind of the Puritan was strengthened by his uncritical acceptance of the Old

Testament; and the Barebones Parliament of Independents wrecked itself in an attempt to disendow the Church. But geographical and political boundaries do not coincide with those of speculative conviction. Nationality, therefore, in the absence of coercion, could be no basis for churchmanship. The last expedient of those who, naturally enough, are reluctant to see the commonwealth finally divorced from religion, was to establish the religion of the numerical majority; but the weakness of such a principle has been already shown. You falsify your own test when you artificially draw people into a particular Church by giving it privileges and endowments. The principle was, in fact, renounced when endowment was refused to the Church of the majority in Ireland. The best religion, the Voluntarist will contend, for the citizen as well as for the man, is that in which he sincerely believes; and belief, to be perfectly sincere, must be not only unconstrained but unbiassed.

Stress has been laid, in the controversy with regard to the endowments, on the legal fact that the Church of England is collectively not a corporation, each of her incumbents being a corporation sole. She could hardly be a corporation in the Papal period, since, though locally *Ecclesia Anglicana*, she was part of a European, or, as her members contended, of a Universal, Church, transcending all local jurisdiction and with a law of its own transcending all municipal law. She could hardly be a corporation in the national period, because she was then identified with the nation, the king of which was her head. But, surely, such considerations, though they might be deemed decisive in a law-suit, cannot go for much in determining the expediency of a great political and religious change. The same may be said with regard to the question as to the legal character and origin of tithe. As a matter of fact, tithe was in its origin neither an aggregate of voluntary benefactions, nor a tax imposed by the State. The payment was a religious duty, of the obligation to perform which the clergy had convinced the people, and which, like other religious duties, was enforced indiscriminately with civil duties by the kings and witenagemotes of those days. Nobody can doubt now that it is public property, to be dealt with according to the rules of public policy and justice, by both of which respect for vested interests is prescribed.

Arnold's ideal, if I understand him rightly, was an Established Church, not only connected, but identical, with the commonwealth, embracing Christians of all doctrinal varieties, and making no distinction between clergy and laity but one of a merely official kind. This idea evidently was drawn from the commonwealths of ancient Greece, of the history of which Arnold was a passionate student. From Arnold it was transmitted to Stanley. The difficulties of application in a country like England, full of religious divisions, including the insurmountable division between Protestants and Roman Catholics,

need no demonstration. How are the different sects to share the edifices and the endowments among them? How, if they are all to be domiciled under the same roof, is peace to be kept in such a family? The part of the Minister of Public Worship would not be easy. To the Empire, of course, with all its Mahometans and Hindoos, such an ecclesiastical polity could not be extended. But, above all, what object is to be gained by encountering all these problems and complications which would not be better gained through the self-adjusting simplicity of the free system? The function assigned by Arnold to the Government seems to be that of ecclesiastical police, the needlessness of which the experience of Churches in America, where all goes on decently and without disorder, shows. Arnold appears to have forgotten that, in ancient Athens, such spiritual life as there was went on, at least in the time of Socrates, apart from the State religion, and that its pontiff sacrificed to Æsculapius a cock, not his spiritual convictions. The sacrificing of cocks innumerable to Æsculapius, with the provision of stipends for his official ministers, would probably be the chief fruits of the Arnoldian system.

Arnold's ideal was a Christian commonwealth. He would have it, though he would not have conformity or orthodoxy, if his nation were made up of Christian Churches whose common principles would practically regulate public life and national action. In this sense the American commonwealth is Christian. It is far more Christian than England, or any one of the European nations with Established Churches, was in the last century. Ostensibly, of course, it is not Christian or religious; but surely it must be the practical character, not the name, which has a value in the eye of Heaven.

I have lived both in a Canadian city and in a country town of the United States. I am much mistaken if society and life are not fully as religious there, under the free system, as they are in England under that of a State Church. Unquestionably there is far more respect for religion than there is in France, where, as Lord Selborne reminds us, the Church is still established, but where, in a 'Librairie Anti-cléricale,' the most hideous blasphemy is openly sold. The Church in America and Canada is, I should say, to as great an extent as in England the centre of philanthropic effort and even of social life. There is fully as much building of churches and as much church-going as in England, and the Sunday is as well kept.

The very aspect of an American town or village, with its spires and steeples 'pointing to heaven,' though perhaps not tapering with consummate grace, proclaims the community religious. American missions to the heathen vie with those of England. If the public school admits only a very small element of religion, the Sunday school is a highly cherished and a most flourishing institution. The Churches are enabled to distribute large sums in charity. Some of them in fact do fully as much as is desirable in that way. While the

choice of a religion is absolutely free, while no man while a candidate for anything is asked to what Church he belongs, while members of the same family belong to different Churches without domestic friction, to be entirely without a religion is to incur, with most people, a shade of social suspicion. In no reputable society would anything offensive to religious feeling be endured. All this is spontaneous and has the strength of spontaneity, while the religion of the peasantry in an English country parish is not so certainly spontaneous. I speak of a thoroughly American town in an Eastern State. The same thing cannot be said of New York or Chicago, where there is a large foreign population, much of it drawn from the moral barbarism of Europe. Yet even in New York and Chicago religion is strong, is well endowed, furnishes the basis of much social effort, and copes vigorously with the adverse forces.

It is difficult to compare the incomes of the clergy under the two systems, but I should say that the clergy in the Northern States are, on the average, fully as well off as they are in England, certainly since the reduction of the incomes of English benefices by agricultural depression. The prizes of the profession (if that is a legitimate consideration) are at least as great. A first-rate preacher or pastor in a great American city has the income of an English bishop, without the bishop's devouring liabilities. Clerical incomes might be greatly improved if the Protestant Churches between whose creeds there is no essential difference would, in the rural districts at least, instead of competing, combine, and give a good stipend to one pastor where they now give poor stipends to three. Nor does it seem impossible that something of this kind may be brought about. Though there cannot be said to be any present likelihood of formal union among the Protestant Churches, there is a strong tendency to mutual recognition and to interchange of pulpits, from which working union, at all events, may some day result. It is also difficult to draw a comparison between the social position of the clergy in the United States or Canada and their social position in England. We have not in America or Canada dignitaries like the English Bishop and Dean, enjoying precedence by virtue of their ecclesiastical office, nor have we a set of clergymen like the country rectors of England, combining the resident gentleman with the pastor. But it does not strike me that there is much difference in this respect. If there is any, I should say that, taking all the Churches together, it is rather in favour of the clergy under the free system. No American clergyman can be an object of class-feeling or dislike to the people, as it seems the English parson sometimes is in a country parish. That a clergyman, if he depends on his congregation for his pay, will become their theological thrall, is, perhaps, a natural fear. It certainly was strong in the writers of *Tracts for the Times*, who, in reviving the doctrine of Apostolical

Succession, avowedly sought a new basis of authority in place of the support of the State, which seemed to be failing them, in order that they might save themselves from becoming, like Dissenting ministers, dependent on their flocks, and being thereby constrained to pander to lay appetite in their teaching. Yet I have not often heard a complaint upon this subject, and I know that in some cases American congregations have been loyal to the pastors of their choice even when their loyalty has been severely tried. The layman, as a rule, is not a theologian; nor is it his tendency, so long as he gets on well with his pastor generally, to meddle with the teaching of the pulpit. Sometimes the stipend is paid, not by the congregation directly, but through the medium of a central administration. A clergyman of the American Episcopal Church assures me that under this plan he never heard a pastor complain of the loss of power or independence, that the tie of affection is as strong as in the most favoured parishes of England, that the congregations show no desire to tune the pulpit, and that if disputes arise they are easily settled. The clergy, he tells me, remain in their parishes as long and as securely as do the clergy in England. In his city they have just buried a rector who had been in the same charge over fifty years, one of his own predecessors held the cure for forty-six years, and all around him are men who have held their cures for twenty, thirty, or forty years. My friend knows of no differences between rector and congregation, nor does he believe that amongst their two hundred clergy there is one who wishes the Church to be 'by law established.'

My friend admits that there are clerical failures, but he says that they rarely find themselves in positions of importance, and usually drop out early. In an Established Church we must remember they would, as a rule, not drop out, especially if they held family livings. Against any possible evils arising from the restlessness or caprice of congregations, we have to set the torpor which may be bred by security and the chances of irremovable incapacity or decrepitude. The parishioners of livings in the gift of colleges, when the colleges were close, and the presentees had lived many years in common room, would have had some strong evidence to give upon this subject.

The belief that religious extravagance will ensue upon the withdrawal of State control may, from American and Canadian experience, be safely pronounced groundless. The effectual restraint on extravagance is not State control, but popular enlightenment. Such works as Mr. Hepworth Dixon's *New America* and *Spiritual Wives* have created a false impression. The wild sects which he describes are, in the first place, as much social as religious; and, in the second place, the space which they occupy on the religious map of the United States is insignificant. The great mass of the people belong

to Churches imported from Europe, and identical in all essential respects with their European counterparts. The only new Church of any importance is the Universalist, which, after all, is nothing but Methodism with the doctrine of eternal punishment struck out by the humanitarianism of democracy. Things are no longer as they were in the earlier and less settled times. A camp-meeting now is little more than a religious picnic lasting through several days. 'Revivals' America has, and so has England. The Salvation Army, if that is to be numbered among extravagances, is an English product. Mormonism is mainly recruited from England. No sect is to be found in the New World comparable in wildness to some of which we read as existing in Russia, where the connection between Church and State, in its closeness, resembles the Caliphate. It is needless to say that there is no superstition in the United States or Canada so abject as that which has prevailed in the south of Italy and in Spain.

It may be that in America preaching is more cultivated than theology, and that this is partly the consequence of a system which makes the power of attracting congregations the passport to the high places of the clerical profession. It is, however, fully as much a consequence of the rhetorical tendencies of democracy in general. The tastes of the uneducated or half-educated are uncritical, and it is inevitable that there should be, as unquestionably there is, rant in the popular pulpit, as well as on the political stump. But there is also preaching of the highest order, and such as, if good is to be done by preaching at all, must do a great deal of good. I doubt whether the English pulpit can vie with that of the United States. Nor is Canada without great preachers. There is a tendency, perhaps, to overstrain for effect, but this is an intellectual characteristic of the age. People are no longer content simply to 'hear the Word of God.' They crave for eloquence as they crave for ritual, and the result of the attempt to supply it is sometimes overstrain.

We cannot look far beneath the surface of religious life. Appearances, though strong and uniform, may deceive. Beneath all this church-building, church-going, mission-sending, and Sunday school-teaching, there may be growing hollowness and creeping doubts. That possibility is not confined to the Western hemisphere: but the tide of scepticism is less violent when it has no State Church against which to beat. The general tendency, even of those who lapse from orthodoxy in America, is not towards Atheism, but towards Theism, with Christian ethics and, perhaps, with Christian hopes. This, as a break, at all events, in a descent perilous to public morality, though orthodoxy may not value, statesmanship may.

If we turn to the Anglican Church in particular, it could hardly be expected that the compromise between Catholicism and Protestantism devised by the Tudors and their councillors to meet the cir-

cumstances of the English people in the sixteenth century, would, when transplanted, strike its roots very deep into the soil of the New World. It is obvious that for certain classes of men, Methodism, Presbyterianism, and Roman Catholicism have attractions with which Anglicanism cannot compete. The Anglican Church is that of many of the rich and refined, whose tastes it suits by its hierarchical constitution, the dignity of its services, its historical associations, and its indulgent latitude. It also derives some social prestige from its connection with the State Church of England, with the episcopate and clergy of which its episcopate and clergy are identified. Not that it contains all the rich, or even a majority of them; many of them have risen from the ranks of industry and have brought their Methodism, or some other popular religion, with them. Nor is it without an element drawn from the other social extreme. On the other hand, it takes in not a few of the very poor, especially among the new-comers from England, who have never been accustomed to maintain voluntary Churches, and to whom it is often liberal of its alms. We see here probably the position towards which it would gravitate if left to itself without State support in England. I say towards which it would gravitate; but it must be remembered that it has in England what it has not in the New World: cathedrals and parish churches, in which the religious life of the nation for ages has centred with an immense hold on the minds of almost the whole of the wealthier classes. The elective episcopate of the United States, if it does not contain any one equal in learning to Lightfoot or Stubbs, is, I think it may be said, fully the peer of the English episcopate nominated by the Crown in excellence of personal character, in pastoral power, energy and influence, in administrative capacity, and in the respect and attachment which it commands. The action of the laity when admitted to the Church legislature, which the English clergy dread, has been shown by experience to be conservative: they once were a check upon Evangelical, they are now a check on Ritualistic, innovation. No change of any importance has been made in the Prayer Book beyond the omission of the Athanasian Creed. Of course there is trouble arising from the Ritualistic movement and the opposition to it; as trouble would arise from any attempt to combine two opposite codes of doctrine and spiritual systems in the same Church. But the laity may rejoice that no young incumbent has power, as in England, to change their worship from Protestant to Catholic, leaving them no remedy but a scandalous, costly, and precarious lawsuit. The election of a bishop sometimes ends, after a protracted struggle between the parties, in an unsatisfactory compromise. This is the inevitable result of the general division of opinion. Other evils there are which inhere in the elective system. Against these we have to set the evils which inhere in the system of nominations by the Crown, under which a Prime

Minister, notoriously indifferent to religion, may capture the vote of a religious party by appointing its leaders to bishoprics. .

It is true that, though severed from the State, the American and Canadian Churches have not been entirely severed from politics. The Baptists do, in this respect, pretty well maintain their traditional pre-eminence as the pioneers of spiritual freedom. But other Churches are more or less given to using their influence in politics to the detriment alike of Church and State; the Roman Catholic Church, with her control of the Irish vote, being the most political of all. The American Churches, or too many of them, sorely discredited themselves by bowing down before slavery in the evil day of its ascendancy, and repudiating or treating with coldness those who were striving to awaken the slumbering conscience of the nation; though as soon as the political and social pressure was removed the Churches, or such of them as were at heart opposed to slavery, stood erect again and lent the full force of religious conviction to the nation in the mortal conflict. The foundations of all spiritual societies of men, as of the spiritual man himself, are in the dust; and it is too much to expect that, being composed of citizens and members of society, they shall entirely escape the political and social influences of the day. The Northern Churches might also plead, in excuse for their timorous attitude, the fear of rupture with their Southern branches.

Free Churches, if they cannot soar above humanity, have at least the power of self-adaptation and self-development. To a State Church this liberty is denied. It is in vain that clergymen of the Church of England speak as though in all the changes of doctrine and system it had been the Church that moved. By the will of Henry the Eighth the national Church was made Protestant so far as was required by his personal quarrel with the Pope and no further; by the will of Edward the Sixth and his Council she was made thoroughly Protestant and united to the Protestant Churches of the Continent; by the will of Mary she was made Catholic again and reunited to Rome; and by the will of Elizabeth she was once more severed from the Papacy and settled on the principle of compromise. All this was done without the slightest evidence of a change of conviction on the part of the body of the clergy in any case. James the First acted as a religious autocrat in his ecclesiastical proclamations and his appointment of deputies to the Synod of Dort. When he was at enmity with the Catholics he gave Low Church principles the ascendancy, by making Abbot archbishop; when he veered towards a connection with the Catholic Powers he gave High Church principles the ascendancy, by bringing forward Laud. Charles the First, again, in his reactionary changes acted as an autocrat, through Laud as his ecclesiastical vizier. Little attention appears to have been paid by the Primate to the opinions of the clergy, or even to those of the hierarchy at large. It

was political power acting for a political purpose that, under the Restoration, finally cut off the Church of England from the Protestant Churches on the Continent, and, as the Romans deny her existence as a Church, while the Greeks practically will not recognise her, placed her in the strange position which she apparently holds of being the whole Church or no Church at all. In the next century, to use Hallam's scornful phrase, the State sprinkled a little dust upon the angry insects by depriving the Church altogether of the power of legislating for herself. She never had the opportunity of fairly saying what she would do with the Methodists, who were finally severed from her, not by excommunication or secession, but by the necessity of registering their chapels under the Toleration Act.

Parliament, when it was thrown open to men of all religions and of none, became glaringly unfit to legislate for the Church. The Church thenceforth was condemned to legislative immobility. Change there has been with a vengeance: the ritual has been turned from a Protestant service into what it is very difficult to distinguish from the Mass, while in other respects the Catholic system in place of the Protestant has been introduced. But this has been done, not by regular legislation, but by the irregular action of individual clergymen, at the expense of unseemly struggles and degrading litigation, sometimes before a tribunal of 'Roman augurs.' To give the change the colour of legality, it has been asserted that the Liturgy, not the Articles, is the standard of faith. Is it possible to believe that the standard is to be found, not in the original manifesto, of which the object was explicitly to set forth doctrine; but in the ritual, the aim of the framers of which evidently was to retain as much as possible of the customary and familiar? The Church is the Keeper of all Truth: how came it to pass that down to the fourth decade of the nineteenth century she remained ignorant of this all-important truth respecting herself?

Few, surely, can look back with pride on the history of a political Church—her servile submission to the will of the sovereign; her boundless exaltation of the royal power for the sake of gaining royal favour and support; her sinister complicity with a political reaction which plunged the nation into a civil war; her alliance for the purpose of crushing the Nonconformists with the unholy powers of the Restoration; her preaching of passive obedience when the Crown was on the side of the clergy; her disregard of that doctrine as soon as clerical interests were touched by the tyranny; her courting of Nonconformist aid against James the Second; her renewed persecution of the Nonconformists under the leadership of the infidel Bolingbroke when the danger to herself was past; the wretched conspiracies of her Jacobite clergy against the peace of the country; the conduct of her clergy and bishops in Ireland, for the calamitous state of which they are largely responsible and whence by their intolerance they drove

forth Presbyterians, the sinews of Irish industry, to become the sinews of American revolution. For the obstinate violence of the Government in its dealing with the Americans and the fatal rupture which ensued clerical Toryism, as we know on the best of evidence, was largely to blame. Even with regard to questions of humanity, such as the abolition of the slave-trade and of slavery, the record of the State Church is inglorious, and we find its bishops voting against the repeal of the law making death the penalty of a petty theft. Was it possible that an institution morally and socially so little beneficent or venerable should exercise much religious influence on the people? True, besides the political history of the Church of Hooker, Herbert, Ken, Butler, Wilson, and Fletcher of Madeley and Simeon, there is another history on which her friends may look with far greater satisfaction; but how far was this the fruit of legal establishment and State endowment?

To such an extent did the Church lose her spiritual and assume a political character that, as Somers said, absolute power, passive obedience, and non-resistance became, with her, doctrines essential to salvation. The good Bishop Lake said on his death-bed that 'he looked on the great doctrine of passive obedience as the distinguishing character of the Church of England,' and Bishop Thomas of Worcester expressed the same belief.¹ In the case of Monmouth, the bishops made the profession of this doctrine a condition of absolution. It is not with mere refusal to promote or countenance political innovation, as Lord Selborne seems to think, that the State Church stands charged, but with playing an active and even a violent part in reaction. The torpor, the time-serving, the pluralism, the non-residence, the Trulliberian sensuality, as well as the scandalous place-hunting and the flattery of profligate Ministers and of kings' mistresses, which disgraced the clergy in the last century, are now, happily, things of the past. But when did they prevail? When the Church was most secure under the protection of the State. When did they cease and give place to a spirit of reform and duty? When that protection began to be withdrawn.

We must be very cautious in reasoning from the case of a new country like America or the British Colonies to that of an old country like England, where institutions are of ancient growth, and their fibres have become entwined with the whole political and social frame. Of this, Lord Selborne warns us. It is a precept most true and most necessary to be observed, as is its converse, which forbids, for example, the attempt, apparently not yet abandoned, to propagate aristocracy in Canada. Yet it happens, curiously enough, that, just when this principle of relativity in politics is for the first time distinctly apprehended, it is beginning to lose somewhat of its force. Mankind is being unified by the increase of intercourse among the

¹ See *The English Church in the Eighteenth Century*, by Abbey and Overton, i. 138.

nations, and conscious intelligence is gaining the ascendancy over unconscious evolution. Of this, Japan, taking the most cautious estimate of her achievements, is a proof. America is brought close to Europe, and the success or failure of political and social experiments there already reacts upon the Old World.

The policy of using a State clergy as a black police is, surely, not less shallow than it is insulting to the clergy who are to be so used. Let the people once understand that the pastor is a black policeman, and the influence on which this policy relies will be gone. A Government gets fully as much support from free Churches in the maintenance of social order and for all moral objects as it does from any State Church. The American Government got the most strenuous and effective aid from the Protestant Churches as organs of the popular conscience during the Civil War. On the other hand that Government escapes what, added to the storms of political faction, would certainly wreck it—entanglement with religious quarrels and with a chronic struggle between a privileged Church and her rivals. It has no Hampden case, no Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, no Bills 'for putting down Ritualism.' Nor is it exposed to the chronic rebellion of a great body of Nonconformists irritated by social disparagements perhaps even more than by their religious grievances. An English Nonconformist minister is not, as such, disposed to revolution; he is not the natural ally of Jacobins; nor is there anything in his vocation which should lead him to desire the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. He is a Radical and a Home Ruler because it is from that party that he hopes to get religious equality. No people would be less disposed to hand over Ireland to the dominion of the Roman Catholic priesthood than the Welsh Methodists, if they were not tempted by the offer of Disestablishment for Wales.

Some politicians have regarded religion as a disturbing force, for which legal establishment under State control provided salutary fetters. If religion is false, if the enthusiasm to which it gives birth is a kind of madness, and if the vices of its ministers are less dangerous than their virtues, the more it is kept under the control of statesmanship the better. But, then, why foster it at all? If it is true, and spiritual life is not a figment, that surely alone is genuine statesmanship which leaves conscience and worship entirely free. When one looks back over the history of religion, including the religious wars, persecutions, and massacres, one cannot help wondering, if all this has happened under the beneficent regulation of statesmanship, what worse things could have happened in the absence of such regulation.

There is looming up from the clerical quarter a danger of another kind, with which statesmanship may hereafter have to deal. If this subversion of religious belief by science and criticism goes on, it will by degrees withdraw that on which the ministers of religion rest for

their influence, their position, and their bread. Their distress or apprehension of it may become a disturbing element in society. Such a body of men as the celibate clergy of the Church of Rome, striving to make up by social leadership for the loss of spiritual authority in an age of Socialistic agitation, might be a formidable addition to the sources of trouble; nor have symptoms of such a tendency been wanting. But this is a liability against which, if it exists, no policy of Establishment can guard.

Less coarse than the 'black police' theory, yet not less objectionable or in reality less insulting to the ministers of religion; is the theory of certain *illuminati*, who would have a State Church of popular superstition for the vulgar, while the cultivated sit apart on their thrones of light. This implies that a number of men, presumably superior in moral qualities and highly educated, are to be set apart for the purpose of teaching useful falsehood. Suppose any of them become illuminated, are they still to remain in their profession? What but moral corruption of the profoundest kind can possibly be the fruit of such a policy? Yet I think I have known one case at least of an Anglican church being built by an unbeliever in Christianity in pursuance of some such view. It may be suspected that Establishment has even drawn some equivocal recruits of late from the scepticism which prevails so widely and is often combined with Conservatism in politics, while the Churches which rest only on free conviction have been losing ground. It is time to bethink ourselves that a Church established or unestablished must be either an organ of truth or an engine of evil. Apparently, no small portion of the educated world in England has come to the conclusion that the evidences of supernatural religion have failed. If they have, to keep afoot an institution the function of which is to preach and propagate supernatural religion can surely be neither wise nor right. If the evidences of religion fail, religion must go, and we must look out for some other account of the universe and some other rule of life. Let us have no political figment or organised self-delusion, because, on any hypothesis, theistic or atheistic, they can only lead us to destruction. We have no chance of moving in unison with the counsels of the Power, whatever it be, which rules this world, or of prospering accordingly, except by keeping in the allegiance of the truth.

On the whole, it would seem that a statesman, looking at the matter from his own point of view, would be likely to prepare for a change, and consider how best to give effect to the principles of 'equity' and 'liberality' which are pronounced indispensable by Mr. Gladstone, at the same time avoiding as much as possible any shock to the spiritual life of the people. It would seem that a wise Churchman would be likely to think twice before he rejected a compromise, on the lines of Irish Disestablishment, which, taking from him the tithe—now reduced in value—as well as the representation

of the Church in the House of Lords, would leave him the cathedrals, the parish churches, the rectories, the glebes, the recent benefactions, and give him a freedom of legislation, by the wise use of which he might, supposing Christianity to retain its hold, recover, by the adaptation of institutions and formularies to the times, a part of the ground which, during the suspension of her legislative life, his Church has lost. Democracy is marching on, and the opportunity of compromise may never return.

In such a case, as indeed in regard to all great and organic questions, every true patriot must wish that the party struggle which is tearing the nation to pieces could be suspended, and that the solution could be committed to the hands of some impartial, enlightened, and open-minded statesman, whose award would be framed in the interest, and would command the confidence, of the nation at large. We might as well wish for the descent of an angel from heaven !

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS MORE

On all the beautiful features of men and women, throughout the ages, are written the solemnities and majesty of the law they knew, with the charity and meekness of their obedience.—RUSKIN.

NEVER before, not even in the days of St. Augustine himself, did circumstances conspire with greater force than they do now to show how essentially 'we are a race curious to know the lives of others.' Whether I should finish the sentence and add 'though careless to amend our own,'¹ I do not claim the knowledge, as, perhaps, I should not have the heart, to say. But I can say and do say that for fruitfulness and usefulness it would be difficult to surpass or even to match in the past the results of such—often questionable—inquisitiveness as are to be found in the historical literature of this century; especially in that section of it that deals with what may be called the Tudor Cycle, centring or culminating in the long, disastrous reign of Henry the Eighth.

And, however true, with certain limitations, the dictum that individuals are important in history in proportion not to their intrinsic merit, but to their relation to the state, and history is not concerned with them except in their capacity of members of a state,² the fact that the chief interest of this literature lies in a very great degree in its intense personal character in no wise detracts from its genuine historical value, since the great English revolution of the sixteenth century in its social, political, moral, and religious effects was the outcome of and inseparable from the moral and intellectual character and individual action of a mere handful of men.

To know truly the character of these men is to have floods of light thrown into the dark places of our history.

And a marvellous gallery of portraits historians such as Professor Brewer, Mr. Gairdner, Dr. Stubbs, Mr. Friedmann, Dr. Gasquet, and Father Bridgett have given us. And, moreover, portraits so true, in

¹ St. Augustine, *Confessions*, Bk. x. c. 3.

² Professor Seeley, *The Expansion of England*.

some cases so courageously true, that never again can educated men and women be beguiled into believing the strange travesties they have hitherto received as authentic; and received in spite of the fascinating author's bold assertion that history after all 'is only a child's box of letters from which you have but to select such facts as suit you, leave alone those which do not, and, let your theory of history be what it will, you can find no difficulty in providing facts to prove it.'³ So great is the ascendancy of a brilliant writer affluent in the magic of style, a picturesque imagination, and inexhaustible ingenuity!

But it is not my intention now to philosophise or moralise, to review in detail or even summarily the marvellous disclosures contained in such lasting works as Brewer's *Henry VIII.* Friedmann's *Anne Boleyn*, Gasquet's *English Monasteries*, Stubbs's *Studies in History*, Brewer's and Gairdner's *Calendars of State Papers*, Bridgett's *Bishop Fisher*; though I confess it is difficult to pass by in silence the impressive and startling lessons they convey.

What, for example, could be more impressive, more interestingly instructive than Professor Brewer's picture of Henry the Eighth, an idolised sovereign in the full glory of his youthful beauty of mind and body, contrasted with that other picture of him reproduced by Mr. Friedmann from the vivid pen of the Imperial Ambassador, Chapuys, which shows the hardened man of middle age in the revolting guise of a reveller decked out in gorgeous apparel, all in yellow from top to toe except for the white feather in his cap, dandling his little bastard daughter and dancing with the gayest of the gay at a court ball the very day after the news reached him that his persecuted, strong-hearted wife was dead—and dead, if not of a broken heart, in all probability through poison administered at the instigation, or with the connivance, of himself and his paramour?

Or, again, that view of Henry's court, with the coarse, ambitious, and relentless Anne Boleyn for its centre, which we owe to the same author; and which finds its dark pendant in the pages of Dr. Gasquet where he depicts the man that, as the King's right hand, more than any other human being has justified the saying, 'Inglese italianato à diavolo incarnato'?

Surely, after the facts brought together and set forth out of the depths of our national records by Dr. Gasquet, such phrases as 'the truly noble nature,' 'the integrity,' and 'the fidelity' of Thomas Cromwell⁴ become meaningless, are blotted out for ever; and the most vehement Protestantism, so far from thinking it a pity that we can only piece together such a scanty biography of him, will, on the contrary, lament that we know so much!

³ J. A. Froude, *Short Studies on Great Subjects*.

⁴ J. A. Froude, *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*.

⁵ *Ibid.*

But it was not for all or any of these that, except incidentally, I would win attention just now; but for the latest contribution to the Tudor Cycle. And, narrowing my limits still more, for only one phase of that work: a work that will have a wider and a higher popular interest in England than either of those already named. And the phase I would choose is the one that appeals to our national character with greater force than all the rest of the book put together, incalculably valuable though that is. I mean *Father Bridgett's Life and Writings of Sir Thomas More*; and that portion of it that treats of his private life—his domestic and social life.

The traditional love of Sir Thomas More is so strong, so intensely and profoundly rooted in the hearts of Englishmen and Englishwomen, that the gravest and bitterest of animosities, religious animosity itself, has never been able to shake it. And when a little while since the Head of Christendom proclaimed the beatification of our great chancellor, the leading exponent of public opinion rightly gauged English feeling in hailing the occasion as an opportunity that would be welcome to every Englishman, whatever his religious views, 'for recalling to the world the fame of one whose reputation is dear to all' of us. Nay, it could even in these days of religious toleration, with a generosity for which happily there is no longer any need, safely plead excuse for deeds of persecution falsely attributed to him as we to-day know for certain—because, 'in the face of evidence unfortunately all but overwhelming, it remains extremely difficult, through the force of the general current of the testimony of his nature, to believe aught to his discredit.'⁶

But strong and deep as this traditional and personal feeling is, it has certainly been due rather to 'the force of the general current of the testimony of his nature' than to a detailed acquaintance with his character and the varied features, facts and episodes of his busy life.

The best of all the later lives that we have hitherto had of him, Sir James Mackintosh's, is a little volume of only two hundred pages, published more than half a century ago before the great historical treasures of the Record Office were practically available to the historian, so that a really accurate knowledge of the full beauty of his life was unattainable to the general reader. And wonderfully beautiful it is, as we can see it now, in its multiform harmonies of inward and outward graces forming one exquisitely harmonious whole. No statesman has ever before been so completely revealed in thought, word, and deed to the outer world. We have the innermost life of the man characterised by a seriousness and depth of thought, prayer, stern self-discipline, and strenuous mortification that few would have looked to find underlying the gaiety, the sparkling wit, the merry humour, the unrivalled conversational gifts

⁶ *The Times*, January 7, 1867.

that made him the first in courtly circles and the cherished companion of sovereigns; whilst, to the superficial observer, these extremes of severity and light-heartedness are found knit together by an insatiable love of learning that made him the dear friend of those who stood foremost in European fame for letters, law, and science; and tempered with a charity and unfailing sympathy that made him as judge and chancellor revered by all and trusted with absolute trust by the lowly and desolate.

And the effect of all this, in contrast to the life of the monarch that so long threaded or mingled with his, is precisely that which it scarcely needed the press to tell us was widely felt when recently at the Tudor Exhibition Holbein's glorious portrait of Sir Thomas More was seen hanging beside that of Henry the Eighth.

It is no accident that, in these latter days, has brought the two thus together and stamped them in their twofold images upon both our mental and bodily vision never to be effaced. Down through the centuries we shall pass them on unchanged, though

The great world pauseth for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

The tender, steadfast, high-souled chancellor and the sensual, base, and brutal monarch who not only wrought the death of the truest friend and the most loyal subject that ever walked the earth, but even sought to rob him of the peace and majesty of death, heaping on the noble head he had once delighted to caress the cruellest indignities, when (the executioner having done his work) the subtle blending of wit and gravity, of strength and tenderness, had ceased to play about the delicately chiselled mouth, and the earnest, peering, far-away look had fled from the deep blue eyes, never again to delight and charm in this world, had not the master hand of the painter friend already caught them in the full power of their pure and winning beauty and confided them to the faithful keeping of his glorious art.

The two predominant passions of Sir Thomas More, if one of so perfectly balanced a mind can be said to have had a predominant passion, were an intense and unconquerable love of liberty based on and controlled by the profoundest convictions of practical religion, and an ardent love of family seldom equalled and never surpassed. Throughout his life we find these ever to the front, and ever radiant and gleaming with the sunshine of his constant, light-hearted mirth and keen though kindly wit, the outcome of a well-bridled satire, that never failed him even in the darkest hours of his life. And scarcely second to them was his intense devotion to letters, maintained all through the long lingering gloom of his prison days on to the very threshold of the block.

This last passion was so strongly manifest in his early days that when he was a page in the household of Cardinal Moreton, the

Cardinal would often remark to the nobles about him, 'This child here waiting at the table, whoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man.' And the strength of the Cardinal's conviction was shown in his placing More at Oxford, probably in 1492, when he was fourteen years old.

After a brief sojourn of less than two years at the University, where he made rapid progress in Latin and Greek and gave himself up heart and soul to his studies, More had to prepare himself more rigorously for his legal career.

According to Erasmus it was the study of the Fathers of the Church that first awoke in him a desire to become a priest or religious, and made him long hesitate about the legal career he adopted solely at his father's wish.

But his ardent nature made him mistrustful of himself; and, after debating the question for several years, he gave up all idea of a celibate life, and in 1505, at the age of twenty-six—the year after he entered Parliament—he married his first wife, Joan Colt, the daughter of an Essex gentleman.

Nevertheless to the end of his life a tone of regret may often be traced in his utterances for what he deemed his unworthiness for the priestly office.

Nor did he ever consider that his secular calling entitled him to relax his efforts to attain perfect self-mastery by the practice of austerities and religious exercises that in our present atmosphere of softness and cynicism would seem a remnant of mediæval fanaticism—a troublesome, hateful nightmare marring and disturbing the balance and harmony of a lovely and loveable life—did not reflection find in it another link of that mysterious and ever lengthening chain that binds us back through the ages to primitive Christianity, fulfilling its essential and unearthly mission *arguere mundum de peccato*.

The brilliant Law Lecturer at Funnivall's Inn, the one genius of which Britain could then boast, as Dean Colet said, and the ornament of a society that counted Colet himself, Grocyn, Linacre, Lilly, and Erasmus amongst its members, was as regular in his practice of sacramental confession, as the handsome, fascinating, all-powerful Lord Chancellor was faithful in simple, abstemious living and persevering in his habit of wearing a rough hair shirt under the magnificent insignia of his office, amidst all the glare and glitter of the most luxurious court of Europe, whose splendour could not be outshone even on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

To form some idea of what this contrast implies let any one refer to the pages of Cavendish and read his account of the style maintained by More's predecessor, Cardinal Wolsey: of the Cardinal's suppers and the King's banquets at Hampton Court and Greenwich. Or to Professor Brewer's account of the King's expenses for silks,

velvets, pearls, diamonds, and sables; to say nothing of those for tournaments, masques, balls, and interludes.

There may have been little romance in More's first marriage; but it was certainly distinguished by an unique manifestation of chivalrous feeling. Joan Colt was the eldest of three youthful sisters; the second, the 'fairest and best favoured,' from the first won More's affections; but, thinking it would be a mortification to the elder to see her younger sister preferred before her, he 'framed his fancy to her and soon after married her.'

Four children were the fruit of this marriage—Margaret, Elizabeth, Cecily, and John. But almost before the children knew their mother she was taken from them, her union with More having lasted only six years. Much happiness, however, must have been crowded into those brief years of married life. And knowing as we do from Erasmus the affectionate care that More took to have his young wife *uxorcula Mori* as he tenderly called her in his own epitaph twenty years after her death—'instructed in learning and especially in all musical accomplishments,' it is impossible not to trace fond memories of her in his graceful lines to Candidus, *Qualis uxor diligenda*.

Soon after the death of his first wife More married Alice Middleton, a widow. It has been the fashion to speak of this marriage as an ill-assorted one: the reverse is now shown to have been the case.

Alice Middleton was, it is true, neither young nor handsome—*nec bella nec puella*—in fact she was seven years More's senior. But if she were somewhat over-careful and with a strain of worldliness in her character foreign to that of More, she was a dutiful wife to him and a watchful mother to his motherless children. And I think that Erasmus might justly have added to his praise of the 'active, vigilant housewife,' with whom his dearest More lived 'as pleasantly and sweetly as if she had all the charms of youth,' without in any way detracting from the 'playful flattery and address' that he so heartily appreciated in the husband. 'You will scarcely find a husband,' he wrote in 1519 to Ulrich von Hutten, 'who by authority or severity has gained such ready compliance as More by playful flattery. What, indeed, would he not attain when he has prevailed on a woman already getting old, by no means of a pliable disposition, and intent upon domestic affairs, to learn to play the harp, the lute, the monochord, and the flute, and by the appointment of her husband to devote to this task a fixed time every day?'

But a letter of Erasmus written two years later to the French statesman Budé is still more interesting; and has a special significance in these days when the question of the higher education of women occupies such a prominent place in private and public discussion.

In this letter, after alluding to the generosity of More to the learned in helping them even when he himself was in debt, Erasmus goes on to describe his still greater generosity in imparting the riches of learning to his own children—to his daughters: 'Nor does he adorn letters merely by his own learning or his partiality for learned men, for he has reared his whole family in excellent studies—a *new example*, but one which is likely to be much imitated, unless I mistake, so successful has it been.'

And then we have a description of the household, including his three daughters; of whom the eldest, Margaret, then barely fifteen years of age, was already married to Roper; Margaret Gigs, an adopted daughter; his beautiful, clever step-daughter, together with her husband; and his youngest child John, then about eleven.

A year ago "he continues" it occurred to More to send me a specimen of their progress in study. He bade them all write to me, each one without any help, neither the subject being suggested, nor the language corrected; for, when they offered their papers to their father for correction, he affected to be displeased with the bad writing, and made them copy out their letters more neatly and accurately. When they had done so, he closed the letters and sent them to me without changing a syllable. Believe me, dear Budé, I never was more surprised; there was nothing whatever either silly or girlish in what was said, and the style was such that you could feel they were making daily progress. This amiable circle, with the two husbands, all live in his house. In that house you will find no one idle, no one busied in feminine trifles. Titus Livius is ever in their hands. They have advanced so far that they can read such authors and understand them without a translation, unless there occurs some such word as would perhaps perplex myself. His wife, who excels in good sense and experience rather than in learning, governs the little company with wonderful tact, assigning to each a task, and requiring its performance, allowing no one to be idle or to be occupied in trifles.

The extreme pains that Sir Thomas More took to secure such good results in the training of his children is shown in a letter to William Gunnell, a learned Cambridge Don, who acted some time as tutor in his family; and it fully justifies Father Bridgett's observation that More will ever stand foremost in the ranks of the defenders of female culture. Here, as in everything else he wrote, More was far in advance of his day—nay, even of ours. Indeed, so large-minded and important are all the letters bearing on the education of his family, whether written to his children directly or to their tutors, that it needs no little thought and considerable restraint to select passages here and there for illustration in face of the desire to dwell on every one.

The letter to Gunnell begins with acknowledgments for his devotion to his pupils, and then, having specially commended a letter of Elizabeth's for the gentleness and self-command displayed in it, More continues:

Let her understand that such conduct delights me more than all possible letters I could receive from any one. Though I prefer learning joined with virtue

to all the treasures of kings, yet renown for learning, when it is not united with a good life, is nothing else than splendid and notorious infamy: this would be specially the case in a woman. Since erudition in women is a new thing and a reproach to the sloth of men, many will gladly assail it, and impute to literature what is really the fault of nature, thinking from the vices of the learned to get their own ignorance esteemed as virtue. On the other hand, if a woman (and this I desire and hope with you, as their teacher, for all my daughters) to eminent virtue should add an outwork of even moderate skill in literature, I think she will have more real profit than if she had obtained the riches of Cræsus and the beauty of Helen. I do not say this because of the glory which will be hers, though glory follows virtue as a shadow follows a body, but because the reward of wisdom is too solid to be lost like riches or to decay like beauty, since it depends on the intimate conscience of what is right, not on the talk of men, than which nothing is more foolish or mischievous. . . .

I have dwelt so much on this matter, my dear Gurnell, because of what you say in your letter, that Margaret's lofty character should not be abused. In this judgment I quite agree with you: but to me, and, no doubt, to you also, that man would seem to abuse a generous character, who should accustom it to admire what is vain and low. . . .

Therefore, my dear Gurnell, I have often begged you . . . to warn my children to avoid the precipices of pride and haughtiness, and to walk in the pleasant meadows of modesty . . . to put virtue in the first place, learning in the second; and in their studies to esteem most whatever may teach them piety towards God, charity to all, and modesty and Christian humility in themselves. . . .

Nor do I think that the harvest will be much affected whether it is a man or a woman who sows the field. They both have the same human nature, which reason differentiates from that of beasts; both, therefore, are equally suited for those studies by which reason is perfected, and becomes fruitful like a ploughed land on which the seed of good lessons has been sown. If it be true that the soil of woman's brain be bad, and apter to bear bracken than corn, by which saying many keep women from study, I think, on the contrary, that a woman's wit is, on that account, all the more diligently to be cultivated, that nature's defect may be redressed by industry. This was the opinion of the ancients, of those who were most prudent as well as most holy. Not to speak of the rest, St. Jerome and St. Augustine not only exhorted excellent matrons and most noble virgins to study, but also, in order to assist them, diligently explained the abstruse meanings of Holy Scripture, and wrote for tender girls letters replete with so much erudition, that nowadays old men, who call themselves professors of sacred science, can scarcely read them correctly, much less understand them. Do you, my learned Gurnell, have the kindness to see that my daughters thoroughly learn these works of those holy men. . . .

I fancy I hear you object that these precepts, though true, are beyond the capacity of my young children, since you will scarcely find a man, however old and advanced, whose mind is so firmly set as not to be tickled sometimes with desire of glory. But, dear Gurnell, the more I see the difficulty of getting rid of this pest of pride, the more do I see the necessity of setting to work at it from childhood. . . . That this plague of vainglory may be banished far from my children, I do desire that you, my dear Gurnell, and their mother and all their friends, would sing this song to them, and repeat it, and beat it into their heads, that vainglory is a thing despicable, and to be spit upon; and that there is nothing more sublime than that humble modesty so often praised by Christ. . . . If you will teach something of this sort, in addition to their lesson in Sallust—to Margaret and Elizabeth as being more advanced than John and Cecily—you will bind me and them still more to you. And thus you will bring about that my children, who are dear to me by nature, and still more dear by learning and virtue, will become

most dear by that advance in knowledge and good conduct. Adieu.—From the Court on the Vigil of Pentecost.

In another letter from the court addressed to his children, More again dwells on the love their zeal for knowledge and their progress in virtue and learning begot in him :

Thomas More to his whole school,—

See what a compendious salutation I have found, to save both time and paper, which would otherwise have been wasted in reciting the names of each one of you, and my labour would have been to no purpose, since, though each one of you is dear to me by some special title, of which I could have omitted none in a set and formal salutation, no one is dearer to me by any title than each one of you by that of scholar. Your zeal for knowledge binds me to you almost more closely than the ties of blood. I rejoice that Mr. Drew has returned safe, for I was anxious, as you know, about him. If I did not love you so much, I should be really envious of your happiness in having so many and such excellent tutors. But I think you have no longer any need of Mr. Nicholas, since you have learnt whatever he had to teach you about astronomy. I hear you are so far advanced in that science that you can not only point out the polar star or the dog star, or any of the constellations, but are able also — which requires a skilful and profound astrologer — among all those leading heavenly bodies, to distinguish the sun from the moon. Go forward, then, in that new and admirable science by which you ascend to the stars. But while you gaze on them assiduously, consider that this holy time of Lent warns you, and that beautiful and holy poem of Boetius keeps singing in your ears, to raise your mind also to heaven, lest the soul look downwards to the earth, after the manner of brutes, while the body looks upwards. Farewell, my dearest.—From Court, the 23rd of March.

His letter on letter-writing, to the same school, is still more interesting, and is an impressive instance of how the busy statesman, when bodily at the court, was in heart and mind at home, and esteemed no care too minute to insure a perfect foundation for the education that was to enable his children to fitly discharge their duties in life.

His only boy John came in for the special meed of praise on this occasion, because of the length and matter of his letter and the care he had given to writing it—exceptional features, apparently, in his letters—and accordingly they furnish the text for the father's letter on letter-writing :

Now I expect from each of you a letter almost every day. I will not admit such excuses as John is wont to make, want of time, sudden departure of the letter-carrier, or want of something to write about. . . . One thing, however, I admonish you : whether you write serious matters or the merest trifles, it is my wish that you write everything diligently and thoughtfully. It will be no harm if you first write the whole in English, for then you will have much less trouble in turning it into Latin ; not having to look for the matter, your mind will be intent only on the language. That, however, I leave to your own choice, whereas I strictly enjoin you that, whatever you have composed, you carefully examine before writing it out clean ; and in this examination, first scrutinise the whole sentence, and then every part of it. Thus, if any solecisms have escaped you, you will easily detect them. Correct these, write out the whole letter again, and even then examine it

once more, for sometimes, in re-writing, faults slip in again that one had expunged. By this diligence your little trifles will become serious matters; for, while there is nothing so neat and witty that will not be made insipid by silly and inconsiderate loquacity, so also there is nothing in-itself so insipid that you cannot season with grace and wit, if you give a little thought to it. Farewell, my dear children.—From the Court, the 3rd of September.

There can scarcely be a question that in this letter Sir Thomas More was inculcating his own method in the matter of writing. And how like, in this respect, was the father of English prose—for the father of English oratory was also the father of English prose—to the master of English prose whom we lost only the other day. Cardinal Newman, equally with Sir Thomas More, was endowed with the genius of taking pains—by no means the sole trait of resemblance between the great English Chancellor of the sixteenth century and the great English Cardinal of the nineteenth; and it is well known that his exquisitely easy style was the result of infinite labour. We have it in his own words. In a letter on style, written in 1869, and to be found in his lately published *Letters and Correspondence*, he states it as a simple fact that he had been obliged to take great pains with everything he had written:

I often write chapters over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and interlinear additions . . . My one and single desire has been to do what is so difficult, viz., to express clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the motive principle of all my corrections and re-writings. When I have read over a passage which I had written a few days before, I have found it so obscure to myself, that I have either put it altogether aside or merely corrected it; but I don't get any better for practice. I am as much obliged to correct and re-write, as I was thirty years ago.

That this fastidiousness never left him I have proof in more than one letter that he wrote me. In 1879, for example, when he was seeing a new edition of one of his works through the press, he spoke of the difficulty of getting through his 'heap of letters,' 'with printers on me with their *slips, proofs, and revises*.' A day or two after he wrote: 'Sometimes I cut out a whole sentence—sometimes a score of words or phrases go, scattered over a page.' And at the end of 1880, referring to the same work (then only drawing to a close), he said: 'Here I have been two years at my second edition . . . and yet it is difficult to find out one new sentence of any importance in the whole book.'

But to end my digression and return to Sir Thomas More's letters to his school.

Even when Margaret—the Ornament of Britain, as Erasmus called her—was married, he abated nothing of his interest in her studies. And women especially will delight in and marvel at the letter urging upon her the continued pursuit of medical science, in words that Cardinal Gibbons himself, after a lapse of nearly four hun-

dred years, could not surpass for liberality of mind and breadth of view.⁷ It is a letter that henceforth must strengthen the hands of all who truly appreciate the social issues involved in the education of women. I quote two brief passages from it :

My darling Margaret, - I indeed have never found you idling, and your unusual learning in almost every kind of literature shows that you have been making active progress. So I take your words as an example of the great modesty that makes you prefer to accuse yourself falsely of sloth, rather than to boast of your diligence ; unless your meaning is that you will give yourself so earnestly to study, that your past industry will seem like indolence by comparison. If this is your meaning, nothing could be more delightful to me, or more fortunate, my sweetest daughter, for you.

Though I earnestly hope that you will devote the rest of your life to medical science and sacred literature, so that you may be well furnished for the whole scope of human life, which is to have a healthy soul in a healthy body, and I know that you have already laid the foundations of these studies, and there will be always opportunity to continue the building ; yet I am of opinion that you may, with great advantage, give some years of your yet flourishing youth to humane letters and liberal studies. . . . Farewell again, salute your whole company, but especially your tutor.

It would be contrary to general experience of the course of things had such minute care, such constant efforts and ceaseless thought for those dependent on him received no visible reward. And reward they had in abundant measure in the home blessings with which Sir Thomas More was pre-eminently blessed.

In an exhaustive investigation of the documents of the time, his latest biographer has not found one solitary example of More's seeking advancement either in honours or wealth. Nay, he satirised diplomacy while Machiavelli was exalting it to the dignity of a system ; in word and deed he withstood kings who encroached on the liberties of the people, and checked the people who would substitute licence for liberty ; and with an insight, an originality, and a daring unprecedented in his day, he enunciated the duties of the sovereign as honestly as he proclaimed the rights of the subject. Nevertheless, kings coveted his friendship, churchmen took counsel with him, ambassadors honoured him, merchants trusted in him, and the people loved him. His own sovereign never rested till he made him second only to himself in the kingdom. Nor did he rest here, he craved More's companionship in private life, and, ' upon holidays when he had done his own devotions, used to send for him into his traverse, and there sometimes in matters of astronomy, geometry, divinity, and such other faculties, and sometimes of his worldly affairs, to sit and

⁷ Writing in February last year to the *Century* magazine on the opening of the Johns Hopkins Medical School to women, Cardinal Gibbons said : ' But I wish to emphasise as strongly as possible the moral influence of such a body [*i.e.* an adequate number of well-trained female physicians], than which there could be no more potent factor in the moral regeneration of society.'

converse with him. And otherwhile in the night would he have him up into his leads, there to consider with him the diversities, courses, motions, and operations of the stars and planets.' And so great was the charm and fascination of his conversation, 'no man's was gayer,' that it pleased the King and Queen after the Council had supped, yea, at the time of their supper, to send for him to be merry with them.'

But, in the words of Erasmus, More shrank from court as much as other men sought it; and to get to his wife and children, to his cherished home, the joys of which he himself had so largely created and formed, he had recourse to a characteristic device. Little by little in the King's presence he restrained his mirth, stopped the flow of his humour, and suppressed the brilliant sallies of his wit, till he seemed a dull companion incapable of contributing any longer to the delight of the gay court, and so 'was of them henceforth no more so ordinarily sent for at such seasons.' How many men do any of us know, willing to hide their gifts and play the dullard, not merely in ordinary society, but in the innermost circle of a splendid court, in order to be quit of it? He is a rare man who keeps his best things, his *bon mots* for the home circle.

Only for a while, however, did More's device succeed; royal favour pursued him into the sanctuary of his home at Chelsea; and there without warning the King would seek him out 'to be merry with him.'

On one occasion when Henry visited him in this unceremonious fashion he stayed to dine with him, and after dinner walked an hour in the garden with him with his arm around his neck. When Roper, delighted at such condescending familiarity on the part of the King, congratulated his father-in-law on the singular favour, such 'as I never had seen him do to any other, except Cardinal Wolsey, whom I saw his grace walk once with arm-in-arm,' Sir Thomas replied: 'I thank our Lord, son, I find his grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this realm. Howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France (for then was there war betwixt us), it should not fail to go.' A remark plainly showing that it was no passing fancy of the moment that prompted him in the *Utopia* when he portrayed a king who thought he held the lives of his subjects at his pleasure.

How the warmth of More's home affections overflowed in friendship outside them the name alone of Erasmus is sufficient to recall. And of its sterling character there has never, I think, been a more striking example adduced than the De Brie incident: an incident trifling enough in itself, but extremely annoying in fact.

De Brie made a bitter attack upon More for some sharp epigrams relating to a naval episode of the war between France and England

in 1512. The epigrams, circulated at first in MS. and privately only, were originally called forth by De Brie's glorification of the French for their part in the episode. When, later on, these anti-French epigrams were, against More's wish, included by Erasmus and other friends in a printed collection, De Brie was furious and wrote his attack ridiculing the whole collection. Erasmus, the friend of both, having failed to prevent De Brie publishing, next endeavoured to dissuade More from retaliating. Other friends, however, had meantime persuaded him to a contrary course; and his answer was printed, and five copies sold, when he received Erasmus's letter. At once he stopped the sale, and wrote to Erasmus:—

So far as I am concerned, you can easily arrange the matter, for though without any reason he has so treated me as to show that the only thing wanting to him for my destruction is ability, yet since you, Erasmus, are more than half of myself, the fact that De Brie is your friend will weigh more with me than that he is my enemy.

It would be greatly to misunderstand the character of Sir Thomas More to suppose that, because he shunned the court, disregarded honours, forswore the pride of life, and kept himself unspotted from the world, his was necessarily a placid, passionless temperament, free from the threefold temptations that ordinary human nature is subject to. Sir Thomas More was intensely, if royally, human; and his equanimity in all the vicissitudes of life—prosperity and adversity, friendship and betrayal, joy and sorrow—which blossomed into majestic calm at the supreme hour of death, was the fruit of a course deliberately adopted and unceasingly pursued with the irresistible power of a strong will and a generous nature. In the *Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation*, written in the Tower, he evidently describes himself in a beautiful passage pointing out the means by which 'a man may keep himself humble in a state of honour and prosperity': a passage unfortunately too long for quotation now.

From the time of the King's 'great matter' (as the question of Henry's divorce from Queen Catherine was called) it becomes less easy to view apart the private and public life of More. And in the familiar correspondence of Erasmus with More, 'dearest of mortals,' we learn that, on the Continent, statesmen and churchmen were even more anxious for authentic information on the Chancellor's rumoured resignation than previously they had been stirred and delighted by his promotion to office.

More's mode of breaking the news to his wife—when at last Henry's action with regard to the divorce obliged him, for conscience' sake, to resign—was as pathetic as it was humorous. His son-in-law Roper tells the tale:

Whereas upon the holy days during his high chancellorship, one of his gentlemen, when service at the church [the little Chelsea church that so many of us pass

or see every day or week of our lives] was done, ordinarily used to come to my lady his wife's pew-door, and say unto her, 'Madam, my lord is gone;' the next holy day after the surrender of his office, and departure of his gentlemen from him, he came unto my lady his wife's pew himself, and making a low courtesy, said unto her, 'Madam, my lord is gone.' But she, thinking this at first to be one of his jests, was little moved, till he told her sadly that he had given up the great seal.

It is easy to imagine that her disappointment at the news scarcely disposed poor Lady More to appreciate her husband's light-heartedness on the occasion, and even made her momentarily resent it with warmth; but to take *au pied de la lettre*, and judge by our present standard of gentle manners, Roper's description of either her anger or Sir Thomas More's consequent haunter would be both a literary and a psychological blunder.

Having provided for all his gentlemen and yeomen, and placed his eight watermen with his successor Lord Audley, to whom he gave his great barge, Sir Thomas summoned all his family together and took counsel with them as to their future life, in the hope that, notwithstanding his greatly reduced income, they might be able to arrange to continue together.

But the family circle was broken up and scattered; and though Margaret and her husband remained in Chelsea, they no longer lived in her father's house.

Repeatedly in private, and on two great public occasions, *i.e.* at the installation of More's successor to the chancellorship, and again on the assembling of Parliament, Henry declared that it was only with extreme reluctance that he acceded to Sir Thomas More's request to retire. And there was every outward appearance that the former favourite minister was as high as ever in his esteem and affection. But More knew the King's character, and, whilst hoping for the best, was not misled by appearances.

Availing himself to the utmost of the personal liberty he had secured, he avoided the court as much as possible; and, content in his poverty, devoted himself eagerly to his books and favourite pursuits; though keenly observant meanwhile of all that was going forward in the outer world, his estimation of the dangerous current of which, future events only too completely justified.

His old colleagues and acquaintances, however, were not willing to leave him alone in the quiet pursuit of his own course. And the bishops begged him to be present with them at the coronation of Anne Boleyn; and at the same time pressed upon him a gift of 20*l.* to buy him a gown for the occasion. He acceded to part of their request, and accepted the 20*l.*, because the bishops were rich and he was poor; but the invitation to accompany them he declined, because he foresaw that the bishops were in danger of losing their honour first and being destroyed afterwards, whereas, destroyed though he might be, he was determined he would not be dishonoured.

And now, fully aware of the peril in which he stood, he, whilst scrupulously abstaining from all opposition to the King's will but what conscience absolutely required, redoubled his watchful solicitude for those at home, and strove at the same time that he prepared himself to prepare them for the heavy troubles his prevision saw were coming upon them.

The quick succession of events confirmed his forebodings and proved his knowledge of the King's character.

Not two short years after his resignation of the great seal, More, the most loyal of subjects and the truest of men, was, at the command of the King, who held absolute proofs of his loyalty, arraigned before the colleagues he had lately led and ruled as second in power to the sovereign himself, on a charge of misprision of treason—a crime involving confiscation of all property, besides imprisonment at the King's pleasure. His petition to be heard by the Lords and the petition of the Lords to hear him were refused; and Cranmer, Audley, the Duke of Norfolk, and Cromwell were deputed to hear him instead.

At this interview Sir Thomas More's steadfastness, calmness, and clearness of judgment never forsook him. But that he had anxiously faced the Council, knowing what awful issues hung in the balance, and, in his touching humility, had mistrusted his own fortitude, are shown by his words to his son-in-law on their way back to Chelsea, when, everything having gone against him with his prejudiced judges minutely and categorically instructed by the King, he was in such good spirits that Roper thought he had gained his discharge.

When he was landed and come home, there walked we twain alone in his garden together, where I, desirous to know how he had sped, said, 'I trust, sir, that all is well because you are so merry?' 'It is so indeed, son Roper, I thank God,' quoth he. 'Are you then put out of the bill?' quoth I. 'By my truth, son Roper,' quoth he, 'I never remembered it.' 'Never remembered it,' said I, 'a cause that toucheth yourself too near, and all of us for your sake? I am sorry to hear it, for I verily trusted, when I saw you so merry, that all had been well.' Then said he, 'Wilt thou know, son Roper, why I was so merry? In good faith, I rejoiced that I had given the devil a foul fall, and that with those lords I had gone so far as, without great shame, I could never go back again.' At which words waxed I very sad, for though himself liked it well, yet liked it we but little.

There we learn the temper of the man's innermost soul: he rejoiced and was 'merry,' notwithstanding all the sensitiveness to pain of a keen imagination and a highly strung nature, because he had irrevocably pledged himself and thereby committed himself to death.

Henry's anger at the result of the interview was such that not even the assurance of the Lord Chancellor and others, that the Lords of the upper house were so bent on hearing More in his own defence

that if he were not put out of the bill it would entail an utter overthrow of all, moved him in his stubborn determination that the bill of attainder should proceed; and it was not until Lord Audley and the rest besought him on their knees to remember the contempt he would incur not only with his own subjects, but throughout Christendom, that he relented.

But More was not deceived by this temporary yielding on the part of the King. And when Margaret Roper told him of it, he simply said, '*Meg. quod differtur non aufertur.*'

For a moment his innocence and loyalty stood confessed in the face of the world. But meantime the King was busy planning a fresh and more deadly trap for his old friend. And it was quickly disclosed in the Act of Succession: a measure devised and afterwards strained to force a compromising oath on the Catholic conscience of England in defiance of the decision of the recognised head of the Universal Church in favour of the King's marriage with Catherine of Arragon. But what might not be looked for from any people, any parliament that could be brought into such abject subjection to the will of one man, that by the time he had 'educated' them there was no 'lower deep' of cringing servility for them to fall into. 'When the Duke of Suffolk opened Parliament,' Dr. Stubbs writes, 'all the members, every time the King's name occurred, bowed until their heads all but touched the ground.'

On the 12th of April, 1534, Sir Thomas More was summoned to appear the next morning before the Royal Commissioners at Lambeth to take the new oath. On that morning, in the words of Roper, an eye-witness,

Sir Thomas More, as his accustomed manner always was ere he entered into any matter of importance (as when he was first chosen of the Privy Council, when he was sent Ambassador, appointed speaker of the Parliament house, made Lord Chancellor, or when he took any other like weighty matter upon him), to go to church to be confessed, to hear mass, and to be houseled: so did he likewise in the morning, early the selfsame day that he was summoned to appear before the lords at Lambeth. And whereas he evermore used before, at his departure from his wife and children, whom he tenderly loved, to have them bring him to his boat, and there to kiss them and bid them all farewell, *then* would he suffer none of them forth the gate to follow him, but pulled the wicket after him, and shut them all from him; and with a heavy heart, as by his countenance it appeared, with me and our four servants took boat towards Lambeth. Wherein sitting still sadly a while, at the last he suddenly rounded me in the ear and said, 'Son Roper, I thank our Lord the field is won.' What he meant thereby I then wist not, yet, loth to seem ignorant, I answered, 'Sir, I am therefore glad.' But, as I conjectured afterward, it was for that the love he had to God wrought in him so effectually, that he conquered all his carnal affection utterly.

How tremendous had been the struggle in More's heart and mind—how he had viewed the subject from every point of view; faced the

humiliation of fear; grappled, reasoned with it till he made it redound to his glory, must be read elsewhere in his own pathetic words.

Every effort was strained, subtle arguments, threats, promises, the honoured and authoritative names of those who had subscribed were used, to make him take the oath that was ultimately to commit England to a total renunciation of the authority of the Holy See and destroy the unity of Christendom.

The result of the long, vexatious, harassing interrogation was that for four days Sir Thomas was placed in the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, whilst the King consulted with his Council what his next step should be. Afterwards, on the 17th of April, he, like his dear friend Bishop Fisher, was illegally committed to the Tower. 'I may tell thee, Meg,' he wrote to his daughter, 'they that have committed me hither for refusing of this oath, not agreeable with their statute, are not by their own law able to justify mine imprisonment.' More's charge of the illegality of his imprisonment was confirmed by the after conduct of the Government in forcing from Parliament a fresh statute to embrace the unwarranted additions with which in the oath tendered to More they pretended to interpret the Act of Succession. More never refused the Oath of Succession pure and simple, since the Act, as it was originally passed, did not include an Oath of Supremacy, for the refusal of which both More and Fisher were attainted of misprision of treason; and, as Father Bridgett points out, the best legal authorities of modern times entirely accept More's view and show that, apart from all considerations of conscience, he was fully and legally justified in refusing the oath into which the commissioners had foisted the question of the Pope's and the King's supremacy.

From the 17th of April, 1534, began the weariful imprisonment which ended only on the day when he was cruelly done to death in July 1535. And from the 1st of May, 1534, to May 1535, when the last trials which terminated in his judicial murder began, the life of Sir Thomas More was one dreary, monotonous course, broken only by the constant activity of his energetic mind, and such variations as sickness, sharp pangs of pain, cramping cold, and pinching poverty—gradually wasting and wearing out his bodily strength, though leaving his spirit unbroken, and his intellectual powers untouched—caused.

Once or twice only his wife was allowed to visit him; and Margaret Roper moved heaven and earth to gain the like concession. Lady More, poor soul, was sore perplexed that Sir Thomas could not do as so many others in high places had done, and subscribe the oath. She had seen, not only feather-headed courtiers, but prelates, men of learning and reputation, yield; and she could not understand why her husband could not do the same, and thereby relieve them all from the misery and poverty that daily pressed heavier upon them.

But her kindly meant, if sharp and impatient, reminders of his 'right fair house' at Chelsea, and his library, and gallery, and garden, and herself and their children and household, together with his liberty, and the favour and good will of both King and Council, all awaiting him, instead of a close and filthy prison with rats and mice for company, could not touch his resolution though they may have moved his tender heart with the bright and happy memories they awakened. So Lady More bravely continued her self-denials, till she was even reduced to selling her apparel to provide the weekly pay for the prison board of her husband and his servant. To such straits had the confiscation of Sir Thomas's property by the King reduced his family.

But far more difficult to meet than the pleas of the faithful wife must have been the arguments, *suade medulla*, with which both by word and letter his devoted, highly gifted daughter endeavoured to induce him to reconsider his decision. She, it is said, had been permitted to take the oath with the saving clause, 'as far as it would stand with the law of God,' which the Government occasionally connived at. Sometimes he would answer her representations with his old playfulness, and rally her on her devices to cajole him into yielding; and then falling into a grave tone would earnestly show her how impossible it was for him to change.

On one occasion when she took him a letter of Lady Alington's relating her efforts with Audley on her stepfather's behalf, and told him that his persistence was alienating his friends, he replied with a smile: 'What, Mistress Eve! hath my daughter Alington played the serpent with you, and with a letter set you at work to come and tempt your father again, and for the favour that you bear him, labour to make him swear against his conscience?' Then, moved by the knowledge of his perilous position and the sense of his personal responsibility, he went on seriously and earnestly: 'Daughter Margaret, we two have talked of this thing more than twice or thrice, and I have told you that if it were possible for me to do the thing that might content the King's grace and God not offended, no man had taken this oath more gladly than I would do.' Having read Lady Alington's letter twice very carefully, and spoken very lovingly of her, he scattered to the winds Audley's charge that he was obstinate in his own conceit in a matter that no one scrupled at save the blind bishop and he; and, with great vigour showing why he would 'never pin his soul at another man's back,' not even the best at that day living, and that so far from being in the minority, the majority of Christendom thought with him, he concluded by emphatically repeating what he had said before the commissioners in April 1534, when they refused to guarantee his safety: 'But, Margaret, for what cause I refuse the oath I will never show you, neither you

nor nobody else, except the King's highness should like to command me. I have refused, and do refuse the oath for more causes than one.' This was the second time he alluded—in all he made allusion five or six times to them—to the secret causes of his refusal to take the oath, the King only, apparently, besides himself knowing them.

I wish it were possible to give in its entirety the dialogue of this interview between the father and daughter—the varying shades of its pathos and playfulness, its tenderness and firmness are beyond description; but it cannot be. And I dare add only one or two passages more from it.

Seeing Margaret, when the discussion had ended, sitting sadly pensive, he smiled as more than once he had, and said, 'How now, daughter Margaret? What now. Mother Eve? Where is your mind now? Sit not musing with some serpent in your breast, upon some new persuasion to offer Father Adam the apple yet once again.' 'In good faith, father,' replied Margaret, 'I can no further go. For since the example of so many wise men cannot move you, I see not what to say more unless I should look to persuade you with the reason that Master Harry Pattenson made. [Pattenson had been More's fool, and was then in the service of the Lord Mayor.] For,' continued Margaret, 'he met one day one of our men, and when he had asked where you were, and heard that you were in the Tower still, he waxed angry with you, and said, "Why? What aileth him that he will not swear? Wherefore should he stick to swear? I have sworn the oath myself." And so,' said Margaret, 'have I sworn.' At this More laughed and said, 'That word was like Eve, too, for she offered Adam no worse fruit than she had eaten herself.'

Then a while after he told Margaret, who had recounted Cromwell's threat against his life, that though no man could do him hurt without doing him wrong, and he trusted that God would not suffer the King thus to requite the long service of his true and faithful servant, 'Yet, since nothing is impossible, I forgot not in this matter the counsel of Christ in the Gospel, that ere I should begin to build this castle for the safeguard of mine own soul, I should sit and reckon what the charge would be. I counted, Margaret, full surely many a restless weary night, while my wife slept, and thought I slept too, what peril were possible to fall to me; and in devising I had a full, heavy heart. But yet I thank our Lord for all that I never thought to change, though the very uttermost should happen to me that my fear ran upon.'

Then Margaret, driven almost to desperation by her affection, and clinging to the hope that her father might yet in conscience be able to alter his decision, collected all her strength to persuade him to pause ere it should be too late to change. 'Too late, daughter

Margaret! I beseech our Lord that if ever I make such a change it may be too late indeed; for well I wot the change cannot be good for my soul.' Then melting again into his habitual tenderness he spoke of his unbounded trust in God either to prevent his falling, or even to raise him up should he chance to fall like Peter, ending with these words: 'And finally, Margaret, this I wot very well, that, without my fault, He will not let me be lost. I shall therefore, with good hope, commit myself wholly to Him; and if He suffer me for my faults to perish, yet shall I thus serve for a praise of His justice. But in good faith, Meg, I trust that His tender pity shall keep my poor soul safe, and make me commend His mercy. And therefore, mine own good daughter, never trouble thy mind for anything that shall happen to me in this world. Nothing can come but what God wills!' He concluded by exhorting all his family to be resigned, to remain united, and to pray for him, 'And if anything happen to me that you would be loth, pray to God for me, but trouble not yourselves; as I shall full heartily pray for us all, that we may meet together once in heaven, where we shall make merry for ever, and never have trouble after.'

Wonderfully beautiful is the scene, that centuries leave unchanged to us, of St. Augustine and his mother looking out upon the garden of Ostia under the sunny skies of Italy, and discoursing for almost the last time on the profoundest mysteries that have ever exercised the human intellect. But still more beautiful, even this brief summary will show, is the scene of the father and daughter in the dark cell of the gloomy Tower of London, the one nobly preparing for a cruel death, the other striving her utmost to save him from it. Truly has it been said that in the Acts of the Martyrs no nobler scene can be found.

At the end of a weary year's imprisonment Sir Thomas More was subjected to further persecuting examinations, on the strength of the two Acts of Parliament, to which he ultimately owed his death, passed in November 1534, during a session of the very Parliament that in the height of his worldly glory he himself opened but five years before. Of the badgering and baiting he underwent at the hands of Cromwell on the last day of April 1535 we have the details in another touching letter to Margaret. On receiving this letter, Margaret once more, after earnest suit, obtained leave to see her father.

The day of her visit fell on the day of the execution of the Carthusians; and she and her father standing at the window saw them going to death as 'cheerfully as bridegrooms to their marriage.' This was on the 4th of May.

In May also he and Fisher were again subjected to harassing interrogations; and again, apparently on the 3rd of June, Cranmer, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Wiltshire, Audley, and Cromwell between

them exhausted every artifice of threat and flattery to make More commit himself or yield and take the oath. Failing in this, a further effort was made to effect his ruin under the guise of treason through his then discovered correspondence with Bishop Fisher. But no treason could be manufactured out of it. His books, however, and all his writing materials were taken from him, and he was absolutely cut off from all communication with the outer world. Still his cheerfulness remained undimmed; and when the Lieutenant of the Tower, finding him sitting in the dark with the shutters of his narrow window closed, asked the reason, he replied laughingly that as the wares were all gone the shop windows might as well be shut.

Yet still by stealth, his great-grandson Ctesacre More says, 'he would get little pieces of paper, in which he would write divers letters with a coal, of which my father left me one which I account as a precious jewel.'

The record of the trial, which must make Englishmen burn with shame till the day of doom, belongs to the pages of our most public history; from which nothing can blot out 'the judicial murder,' 'the blackest crime that has ever been perpetrated in England under the form of law,' as Lord Campbell accurately defined this exhibition of the damnable characteristic of the Tudors to assume the cloak of legality when perpetrating their worst crimes.

The Carthusians had found rest, and More's dear friend Cardinal Fisher had also found rest, when on the 1st of July, 1535, the once royally arrayed and glorious Chancellor was 'led out as a criminal from prison, in sordid dress and gown, old not by the lapse of years, but by the squalor and sufferings of his dungeon . . . his head made white by long confinement . . . his weak and broken body leaning on a staff, and even so scarcely able to stand, and dragged along the way that led to the place of trial, or rather of certain condemnation.' So Cardinal Pole has described him in these last days.

His answer to the tedious indictment was in perfect conformity with his life whether in prison or on the judgment seat. His calmness, his sagacity, his unrivalled legal knowledge, his restrained eloquence, all had their place in his categorical review of the confusedly intricate charges brought against him. But, of course, in vain: he was declared guilty of death, and the Lord Chancellor passed sentence that he should die at Tyburn with all the infamous brutalities then inflicted on traitors—a sentence that for very shame the King afterwards commuted into beheading on Tower Hill.

Exquisitely touching is Roper's narrative of the events that followed. In that hour, the only one, it would seem, who preserved his composure, and solaced the grief of others at his afflictions, was More himself. He never once faltered, never once lost the perfect calm of his demeanour: whatever may have been wanting to the

perfection of his free spirit had been won during his imprisonment. Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, a tall, strong, and comely knight, wept as he bade him farewell on his way back to Westminster. And we have it on the word of Erasmus that the very guards shed tears when Margaret, the darling daughter, made her way through the mixed crowd, burst through the throng of men armed with pikes and halberds, and, clasping her father in her arms, kissed him again and again, and hung about his neck forgetful of every one and everything but him and the last blessing she would receive from him.

The day before his death, the 5th of July, in his last letter (written with a charred stick) to Margaret, in which he bade farewell to each and all of his family and household, sending in gift such poor things as yet remained to him—a handkerchief to this one, a little parchment picture to another, his hair shirt to the daughter of his heart, and his blessing to all—he said :

I never liked your manner towards me better than when you kissed me last ; for I love, when daughterly love and dear charity hath no leisure to look to worldly courtesy. Farewell, my dear child, and pray for me, and I shall for you and all your friends, that we may merrily meet in heaven.

When early on the 6th of July Sir Thomas Pope, an old friend, sent by the King, came to announce that he must die that morning before nine o'clock, he thanked him for the news he brought him, and besought him 'to be a mean to his Highness that my daughter Margaret may be at my burial.' Learning that the King had already conceded that 'his wife and children and other friends should be at liberty to be present thereat,' he moved Sir Thomas Pope to tears by his expression of gratitude to 'his Grace that unto my poor burial vouchsafeth to have so gracious consideration.' And once again it was the man of sensitive, highly wrought temperament, physically worn out by sickness and imprisonment, and fronting a cruel death, who was the comforter. The struggle with nature was over for him. He had passed through his *Agony in the Garden* in the long hours of wakeful nights and the dreary solitude of his prison cell. Nay, even in the heyday of his brilliant youth he had familiarised himself with the thoughts of a violent death. And now, 'willingly not wilfully,' he went to meet it for conscience' sake with so great a calm and with so minutely explicit an assent to its full meaning interpreted in its highest sense, that—just as in old times on the great festivals of the Church he had been wont to put on his best apparel because, in the spirit of his own words, 'the sayings of our Saviour Christ were not a poet's fable, nor a harper's song, but, the very holy words of Almighty God Himself'—for his execution he arrayed himself in a handsome camelot dress sent to him for the occasion by his friend Bonvisi; and it was only at the urgent

entreaty of the Lieutenant that he ultimately consented to take it off.

As he left the Tower, more than one of those whose cases he had had to deal with in the days of his chancellorship followed him pressing their pleas upon him. One, a woman, pursued him crying out that he had done her a great injury. He quietly replied that he remembered her case well and should still give the same decision. Another woman, who came from her house with a cup of wine and offered it to him, he thanked, but refused the wine, saying that Christ at His Passion drank no wine, but gall and vinegar. Last of all came a Winchester man horribly tempted to despair and suicide whom Sir Thomas More, when Chancellor, had comforted and rid of his trouble. During Sir Thomas's imprisonment the temptation returned; and, hearing that his friend was to be executed, the poor fellow came to London, and ran towards him as he was led out to execution, desiring with great earnestness that he would help him with his prayers; to whom Sir Thomas said: 'Go and pray for me, and I will carefully pray for you.' He went away with confidence, and was troubled no more.

On reaching the scaffold and finding it very unsteady as he put his foot on the ladder, More turned to the Lieutenant of the Tower, and with a gleam of his old humour said, 'I pray thee, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself.' Then he begged all the people to pray for him, and bade them bear witness with him that he should there suffer death in and for the faith of the Catholic Church. Afterwards he knelt down and recited the psalm *Miserere*, which had always been a favourite prayer with him. When the executioner asked his pardon, he kissed him and said cheerfully: 'Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thy office. My neck is very short; take heed, therefore, thou strike not awry, for saving of thy honesty.' Then with a handkerchief that he had brought with him he blindfolded himself, and, lying at full length upon the scaffold, he placed his head upon the low block and received the fatal blow.

Over the final indignities that the King caused to be inflicted on the noble head, which was impaled on London Bridge till, at the end of a month, Margaret Roper succeeded in bribing the man, whose business it was to throw it into the river, to give it to her, I draw a veil. But it is some satisfaction to recall that, though it had been par-boiled before being exposed, it was easily recognised 'because the countenance was almost as fair, *tantû pene pulchritudine*, as during life.' How fair that was, Holbein's portrait still shows us. And, if I have at all succeeded in my object, I have at least indicated faintly and within narrow limits that, in the latest, the ethical portrait of him just recently delineated with—I will dare to say—more

than the devotion, insight, and mastery of Holbein, we have the secret of that 'fairness : ' it shows the most perfect fulfilment of the gracious economy by which 'on all the beautiful features of men and women, throughout the ages, are written the solemnities and majesty of the law they knew, with the charity and meekness of their obedience.'

AGNES LAMBERT.

WELSH FAIRIES

I. THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE STONE AGE

ONCE on a time the youthful Heir of Ystrad, flushed with manly-vigour and the spirit of adventure, went forth where the Snowdonian stream of the Gwyrfaï slowly issues from the dark waters of Quehyn Lake. Hard by he hid himself in a bush near where the fairies were believed to dance at night. It was a sweet silvery evening in the month of June, without a cloud to veil the countenance of the moon; and Nature held her peace, save where the Gwyrfaï uttered a plaintive murmur, or where the breeze lightly skipped among the leafy tree-tops. The Heir of Ystrad had not long been lying in wait when his eyes were gratified with the sight of the fairy dance. As he gazed at the elaborate nature of the movements, the rapidity of the sudden turns, and the lightness of foot displayed in the evolutions, his glances fell on a damsel in her teens, the loveliest, comeliest, and most graceful of form that he had ever seen. Soon her agility in the dance and the grace of her attitudes kindled his love for her to such a degree that he felt ready for any adventure in order to secure her to be his consort. From the dark recesses of his hiding-place he kept watching every movement and waiting for his opportunity. In the twinkling of an eye, but not without anxiety and fear, he sprang like a lion to the middle of the circle of the Fair Family; and just when the fairies most enjoyed the swing of the dance, he seized with the hands of love the graceful maiden who had fired his affections. Tenderly pressing her to his heaving bosom, he bore her away to his home at Ystrad. Her companions in the dance vanished like a breath in July as they heard the shrill voice of their sister crying for freedom and endeavouring to escape the grip of her admirer. Owing to his profound affection for the fair damsel the youth behaved towards her with wondrous tenderness, and he was exceeding anxious ever to keep her in his sight and in his possession. By dint of gentleness he succeeded in getting her to promise to be his servant at Ystrad; and such a servant she proved to be! She used to milk thrice the usual quantity of milk from each cow, and the butter knew

no weight at Ystrad. But her master, in spite of all his importunity, could in no wise prevail on her to tell him her name; many were his attempts to discover it, but they were all in vain. Accidentally, however, as he was driving two of his cows to their grazing ground,

Brithen a'r Benwen i'r borfa,

—the style of the story is not mine, but merely my rendering of the language in which it was extracted from the lyrics of rustic life in North Wales, and I hesitate when it comes to the task of translating the rhyming names of the Heir of Ystrad's cows—as he was driving those cows to their field, he came one clear evening to the spot where the Fair Family used to hold their revels in the light of the white moon. This time also he hid himself in a thicket, from which he overheard the fairies saying one to another that, when they were there last, they had been robbed of their sister by a mortal; and they mentioned her by name. Thereupon the young man returned home with his bosom heaving with the pride of love at having discovered the name of his beloved maid. The latter, however, only showed her profound astonishment and grief when her youthful master called her by her name. As she was wondrously fair and beautiful, marvellously industrious and skillful in all she did, and as everything prospered under her hands, he offered to be her husband, telling her that she should be the mistress at Ystrad instead of being a maid any more. But on no account would she comply with his wishes: rather did she show an increase of grief and sadness at his having come by her name. After the lapse, however, of a considerable time, and owing to his unceasing importunity, she consented conditionally. She promised to become his wife on the understanding that, as soon as ever he struck her with iron, she would go away from him, never, never to return. The condition was accepted with the alacrity of love. The story goes on to say that they were duly married and to show that they did not live happy ever afterwards. I shall not, however, pursue their fortunes any further, but merely add that in some versions of the story the language is much stronger as to the dismay of the fairy at finding her name discovered: as soon as she hears it, she resigns herself to her fate, or she falls into a swoon.

Such are the stories which Welsh folklore supplies as an illustration of the reluctance of the fairies to disclose their names—a reluctance known also to characterise certain nations of men in a primitive state of culture.

Wales is, however, not the only Celtic land where one finds traces of this treatment of one's name: it is to be detected also on Irish ground. Thus, when a herald from the enemy's camp comes to parley with Cúchulainn and his charioteer, the latter, being first approached,

describes himself as the 'man of the man down there,' meaning Cúchulainn, to whom he pointed; and when the herald comes to Cúchulainn himself and asks him whose man he is, Cúchulainn describes himself as the 'man of Conchobar mac Nessa.' The herald then inquires if he has no more definite designation,* and Cúchulainn replies that what he had given would suffice.

Thus Celts of both groups, Brythons and Goidels, are at one in yielding evidence to the same sort of cryptic treatment of personal names at some stage or other in their past history.

The student of man tells us that the reason for the reluctance to disclose one's name was of the same nature as that which makes savages, and nations far above the savage state, feel anxious that an enemy should not get possession of anything identified with one's person, such as a lock of one's hair, a drop of one's blood, or anything closely connected with one's person, lest it should give the enemy power over one's person as a whole, especially if such enemy is suspected of possessing any skill in handling the terrors of magic. In other words, the anthropologist would say that the name was regarded as a part of the person; and, having said this, he is usually satisfied that he has definitely disposed of the matter. Therein, however, he is surely wrong; for when he says that the name was probably treated as a part of the man, that only leads one to ask the question, What part of the man? At any rate, I can see nothing unreasonable in such a question, though I am quite willing to word it as follows, if that be regarded preferable: Is there any evidence to show what part of a man his name was supposed to be?

As regards the Aryan nations we seem to have a clue to the answer in an interesting group of Aryan words, from which I select the following: Irish *ainm*, 'a name,' plural *ainmann*; Old Welsh *anu*, now *enw*, also 'a name'; Old Bulgarian *ime*ⁿ (for **yenmen*); Old Russian *emnes*, *emmens*, accusative *ennan*; and Armenian *auwan* (for a stem, **anman*)—all meaning a 'name.' To these some scholars¹ would add, and rightly I think, the English word *name* itself, the Latin *nōmen*, Sanskrit *nāman*, and the Greek *ὄνομα*; but, as some others find a difficulty in thus grouping these last-mentioned words, I abstain from laying any stress on them. In fact, I have every reason to be satisfied with the wide extent of the Aryan world covered by the other instances which I have enumerated as Celtic, Prussian, Bulgarian, and Armenian.

Now, such is the similarity between Welsh *enw*, 'name,' and *enaid*, 'soul,' that I cannot help referring the two words to one and the same origin, especially when I see the same or rather greater simi-

¹ Notably Johannes Schmidt in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, xxiii. 267, where he gives the following gradations of the stem in question: 1, *anman*; 2, *anaman*; 3, *naman*; 4, *nāman*.

larity illustrated by the Irish words *ainm*, 'name,' and *anim*, 'soul.' This similarity between the Irish words so pervades the declension of them that a beginner frequently falls into the error of confounding them in mediæval texts. Take, for instance, the geritive singular *anma*, which may mean either 'animæ' or 'nominis;' the nominative plural *anmanna*, which may be either 'animæ' or 'nomina;' and *anmann*, either 'animarum' or 'nominum,' as the dative *anmannai*b may likewise be either 'animabus' or 'nominibus.' In fact, one is tempted to suppose that the partial differentiation of the Irish forms was only brought about under the influence of Latin with its distinct forms of *anima* and *nomen*. Be that as it may, the direct teaching of the Celtic vocables is that they are all to be referred to the same origin in the Aryan word for breath or breathing, which is represented by such words as Latin *anima*, Welsh *anadl*, 'breath,' and Gothic *anan*, 'blow or breathe,' whence the compound preterite *uz-on*, twice used in the fifteenth chapter of St. Mark's Gospel to render ἐξέπνευσε, 'gave up the ghost.' Lastly, the lesson which the words in question contain for the student of man is, that the Celts and certain other widely separated Aryans, unless we should rather say the whole Aryan family, believed at one time not only that his name was a part of the man, but that it was that part of him which is termed the soul, the breath of life, or whatever you may choose to define it as being.

Should this theory prove well founded, it would be interesting to search the nomenclature of the ancient Aryans for traces of the influence of this strange philosophy of the Stone Age, which confounded together the name and the soul in one and the same substance. As regards the Neo-Celtic nations, their languages and literatures, especially those of the Irish, give evidence of another view as to one's name. Like the foregoing view, it probably treated the name as a substance, but without placing it in one's person or regarding it as being of one's person, so much as something put on the person at the will of the name-giving druid, some time before the person to be named had grown to man's estate. This practice I should be inclined to trace to the non-Aryan element absorbed by the Celtic conquest of these Islands in prehistoric times. The question, however, is too large and too difficult to discuss any further at present, but I shall return to it presently by the devious path of another fairy tale.

II. THE ETHNOLOGY OF THE FAIRIES

The reader will, I venture to hope, pardon me for leading him back to Snowdon, and for assuming that everybody has been on the top of the Wyddfa. The assumption is, at any rate, not more

unreasonable than when a metropolitan journalist assumes that everybody worth printing for lives in London. Well, as you ascend from Lower Llanberis, or Coed y Ddôl as it is there called, and just before you begin the last and steepest part of the climbing for the top of the mountain, you see lying in a hollow on your right hand a dark tarn called Llyn Du'r Arddu, that is to say, 'the Black Lake of the Swarthy.' Overhanging the further side of it, you behold the terrible cliff called Clogwyn D'ur Arddu, or 'the Black Precipice of the Swarthy;' and a little on this side of the lake you observe, quietly resting its glacial dimensions, a huge dark stone called Maen Du'r Arddu, or 'the Black Stone of the Swarthy.' In fact, everything there is 'black' or 'swarthy.' But who the Swarthy One himself may have been I abstain from trying to guess: I did once try to give him a name, but the reader will not be displeased, I hope, to learn that I am becoming more cautious as I grow older. But to proceed: if you passed a night beneath the Black Stone of the Swarthy Fellow the same thing would happen to you as if you passed the night with Idris, the star-gazing giant, on the top of his mountain, which we Welsh monoglots call Cader Idris, or Idris's Chair, but which Englishmen, knowing far better, term Arthur's Seat. Everybody knows what would happen to the man who sat the night out in the chair of Idris: he would come home in the morning—so they say—a poet or a madman. The distinction, it is needless to say, is believed to be wholly modern and uncalled for, though far be it from me to cast any sinister reflection on Hegel or Browning, on Taliessin or the author of the Gododin. For the reader cannot fail to call to mind the words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Theseus:

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.

Thus far the Swarthy Fellow and his headquarters on Snowdon have occupied us; but down in the dingle below there lived, about half a century ago, an old woman known as Siân Davydd, of the Helfa Fawr. She was a quaint old body who drew nice distinctions between the virtues of the various springs of the district. Thus now and then no other water would do for her than that of the spring of Tai Bach, near the tarn called Llyn Ffynnon y Gwas, though she seldom found it out when she was deceived by a servant, who cherished a convenient belief of his own that a drop from a nearer spring would do just as well. She wanted the Tai Bach water in order to cure the cancer which she fancied she had in her mouth. In passing, I may mention that a wart is called in Welsh *dafad*, 'a sheep,' and cancer, *dafad wyllt*, or 'a wild sheep.' What can be the meaning of that terminology?

Well, old Siân has been dead nearly fifty years, but I have it on the testimony of two highly respectable brothers belonging to her family, and ranging in age between sixty and seventy some ten years ago, when I questioned them about her, that she used to relate to them when they were boys a story connected with Llyn Du'r Arddu. Once on a time, she would say, there was a shepherd who went one fine day to see his sheep near the lake, when he espied a fairy maiden (*Un o'r Tylwyth Teg*) on the surface of its waters. He ventured to talk to her: he joked with her, and the acquaintance which he formed with her that day rapidly ripened into courtship. In due time the damsel's father and mother appeared on the scene to give their sanction and to arrange the marriage settlement. May we not suppose them to have been the swarthy Eponymus of the Arddu with his consort? Be that as it may, the wedding took place in due time; and husband and wife lived prosperously together until one day, when, trying to catch a pony, the husband threw a bridle towards his wife and the iron bit struck her. It was then all over with the marriage, and the fairy wife hied away with all her property to her kindred in the depth of Llyn Du'r Arddu, so that nothing more was seen or heard of her by mortal man.

Such was the sum and substance of old Siân's story, but in the other form of it the result of striking the fairy wife with iron was stated preliminarily as a condition of the marriage contract, and that is the more usual account; though far the most elaborate version, collected among the Beacons of Brecknock in South Wales, leaves out entirely the allusion to iron; in fact, it substitutes for the blow with iron three blows without cause. When the husband accordingly has struck his wife the third time she hurries away with all her cattle and horses to the Fan Fach Lake. This, I am persuaded, is the less original form of the legend: it refines the blows away into a mere tapping of the wife on the shoulder by the husband, who wishes to call her attention to the strangeness of her conduct in each instance, and he could have honestly argued that those gentle blows were not without cause. Further, as to the iron in the Northwalian versions, it is to be observed that it is not used with the object of dealing the fairy wife a blow: it only touches her by the merest accident. It should be added that in one version not only was the fairy not to be touched with iron, but her husband's house was to have no bolt or lock of iron; and, on the other hand, one version gives the husband express permission in the marriage contract to beat his wife with a rod if she happen to deserve chastisement. This sounds like the echo of an historical state of things, while the central point on which these stories turn must be the dislike of the fairies for iron in all forms and under all circumstances; and by iron we may probably here

understand both iron and the bronze which it had superseded and caused to be largely forgotten.

What, then, can be the meaning of the fairy aversion to iron? I know of no better answer than that it seems to point to a people in the Stone Age acquainted with metal only in the form of the sword wielded by a formidable invader. In other words, iron was a new metal introduced by a new enemy, and their natural conservatism made them regard both as abominations. Perhaps one might draw a parallel from the case of glass: one of the most intellectual women I know is invariably disconcerted in no small measure if she behold the new moon through glass for the first time. If you ask her why, she cannot assign any reason except that she was taught when she was a child that it was unlucky, and she believes that she has invariably found it to be true. I do not know what explanation is given of this superstition by the students of anthropology, but it seems to me to point back possibly to a time when glass was new and the moon was old in the honour and worship attaching to her orb.

Besides iron there is one other thing which is a terror to fairies of all kinds, and that is the rowan-tree or mountain ash; but I have never been able to divine the reason why. So I venture to propound what may prove a very foolish question: Has there ever in the British Isles and Scandinavia been a time when the rowan could be regarded as new or unknown to man?

The next question which I wish to ask about the fairies is one which I am prepared to try to answer after a fashion, and in a general sort of way; it is this: How were the fairies invented? The idea of fairies, such as we Welsh folk have been familiar with from our childhood, clearly involves elements of two distinct origins. Some of these elements come straight from the workshop of the imagination, as, for example, the stock notion that their food and drink come to the fairies, without the ministration of servants, by the mere force of wishing; or the notion, especially prevalent in Arvon, that the fairies dwell in a country beneath the lakes of Snowdon. But the fairy idea contains also an element of fact or something which may be historical. Under this head I should place the following notions concerning them: their dwelling underground in the hills, their dislike for iron, their deep-rooted objection to the ground being broken up by the plough, the success of the fairy wife in attending to the domestic animals and to the dairy, her reluctance to disclose her name, and the limited range of her ability to count. The attribution of these and similar characteristics to the fairies can scarcely be mere feats of the imagination; rather do they seem to be the results of our ancestors having projected on an invisible world a civilisation through which tradition represented their own race as

having passed, or one in which they saw; or fancied they saw, another race living. Probably contributions from both sources found their way into the common fund of notions which we still cherish concerning the fairies.

The Neo-Celtic nations of these Islands consist of a mixture, mainly of two races, namely, the invading Celts of Aryan origin, and the neolithic aborigines, whom these Celts found in possession. These two races may have been in very different stages of civilisation when they first came in contact with one another. They probably agreed, however, in cherishing an inherited reluctance to disclose their personal names to strangers, but the Celts as Aryans were never without the decimal system of counting. Like the French, all the Celtic nations of the present day show a tendency, more or less marked, to count by scores instead of by tens; but the Welsh are alone in having gone back from counting by tens to counting by fives, which they do when they count between ten and twenty; for 16, 17, 18, and 19 are in Welsh one on 15, two on 15, three on 15, and four on 15. By the way, I may mention a numerical curiosity which occurs in mediæval Irish literature, where the word for 'seven men' is sometimes *morfeser*: this means, as it were, a *magnus seviratus*, or 'big sixer.' Let us now see for a moment how the Welsh fairies are supposed to count, and for this purpose I must revert to the story of the Fairy Maiden of the Brecknock Lake of the Fan Fach. She bears a striking resemblance to De la Motte Fouqué's Undine, but when she has to go away at the inevitable dissolution of the marriage, she does not murder her husband, but she is allowed to return to the banks of the lake to act the part of an Egeria for her eldest son Rhiwallon; for she teaches him all about the nature of plants and herbs. He accordingly becomes the founder of the family of the Physicians of Myddfai, the hereditary leeches of the Princes of Dinevor. At any rate that is the story of the beginning of a family of medical men famous at one time throughout Wales, and strongly represented, I believe, to this day among the Faculty. When the fairy ancestress of the Myddfai physicians was about to be married to the Carmarthenshire farmer, her father, a more venerable and less obtrusive personage than Uncle Kùhleborn, gave her as her dowry as many sheep, goats, cattle, and horses as she could count of each kind 'without heaving or drawing in her breath.' She then, we are told, adopted the plan of counting by fives, thus: *un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump*; *un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump*, as hard as her tongue could go in each case. This, then, seems to have been the fairy way of counting, and one otherwise notices that the fairies deal invariably in very simple numbers: thus, if you wish, for example, to find a person who has been led away by them, ten to one you have to go 'that day next year' to the spot where he disappeared. It

is out of the question to reckon months or weeks, though it is needless to say that to reckon the year exactly must have been in reality far more difficult, but nothing sounds simpler than 'this day next year.' In this simple arithmetic of the fairies, then, we seem to have traces of a non-Aryan race, that is to say, probably of the aboriginal inhabitants of these Islands.²

Unfortunately their language has died out, so that we cannot appeal to its numerals direct, and the next best course to adopt is to take as a sort of substitute for their language that of probable kinsmen of theirs.' Now the students of ethnology, especially those devoted to the investigation of skulls and skins, tell us that we have among us, notably in Wales and Ireland, living representatives of a dark-haired, long-skulled race of the same type as one of the types which occur among the Basque-speaking populations of the Pyrenees. There are other reasons which induce me to think that the West of Europe, from Gibraltar to Jutland and Caithness, was once occupied by a race speaking a language related to Basque, a race which I should collectively call Ibero-Pictish. Let us, therefore, test the hypothesis that the aboriginal inhabitants of these Islands had not elaborated for themselves a decimal system, but counted by fives instead of by tens—let us test this hypothesis by recourse to the Basque numerals, so as to see whether they countenance it or not.

We turn accordingly to Basque, and what do we find? Why, that the first five numerals in that language run thus: *bat, bi, iru, lau, bost*. All these appear to be native, but when we come to the sixth numeral we have *sei*, which is undoubtedly an Aryan word borrowed from Latin, Gaulish, or some related tongue. The case is much the same with 'seven,' for that is in Basque *zazpi*, which is also probably an Aryan loan-word. Basque has native words, *zortzi* and *bederatzi*, for eight and nine, but they appear to be of later formation than the first five. I submit, therefore, that here we have evidence which countenances the conjecture that the Welsh fairies partly derive their origin from ideas formed by the Celts concerning the non-Celtic, non-Aryan aborigines of the British Isles.

As regards my appeal to the authority of craniology, I have to confess that it is made with a certain amount of reservation, as the case is far less simple than it looks at first sight. Thus, a short while ago, the Cambrian Archaeological Association, including among them Mr. Sayce, visited the south-west of Ireland. During our pleasant excursions in Kerry, the question of race was one of our

² Perhaps one might mention here the article of rustic faith on the subject of ancient Stone Circles; to wit, that nobody can possibly count the stones composing them.

constant topics, and Mr. Sayce was reminded by what he saw in Ireland, of his visit to North Africa, especially the hilly portions of the country inhabited by the Berbers. Among other things he used to say that, if a number of Berbers from the mountains were transplanted to an Irish village, he felt positive that he should not be able to tell them from the Irishmen themselves, such as we saw on our rambles in Kerry. This struck me as all the more remarkable, since his reference was to tall blue-eyed men whose hair cannot be called black. On the other hand, I am, owing to ignorance and careless ways of looking at things around me, a little sceptical as to the swarthy long-skulls: they did not seem to meet us at every turn in Ireland; and as to Wales, which I know as well as most people, I cannot with any confidence point to a single specimen of that type. I should like, however, to have seen the heads of some of the singers in the Eisteddfod the other day at Swansea placed under the hands of an experienced skull-man, for I have long suspected that we cannot regard as of Aryan origin the vocal talent so general in Wales, and so conspicuous in our choirs as to astonish all the great musicians who have visited our national festival. Beyond all doubt race has not a little to do with the artistic feeling. A short-skull may be as unmusical, for example, as I am; but has anybody ever known a narrow long-skull to be the reverse of unmusical, or has any one ever reckoned how few fingers would suffice to count all the clergymen of the tall blue-eyed type who have been converted to the ritualistic movement in the Church of England?

As it seems to me that the bulk of the Welsh people would have to be described as short-skulls, it would be very gratifying to see those who talk so glibly about the dark-complexioned long-skulls of Wales catch a few specimens. I trust there are plenty to be found, as my argument requires them; and I care not how they are taken, whether it be by some instantaneous process of photography, or in the meshes of some anthropometric sportsman like my friend Dr. Beddoe. Let them be secured anyhow, so that one may rest assured that the type is still extant, and be able to judge with one's own eyes how heads long and swarthy look on the shoulders of living Welshmen. We might then be in a position also to compare with them the popular description of fairy changelings; for when the fairies, the honest fairies, steal nice blond babies, they place in their stead their own aged-looking brats with short legs, yellow skins, and squeaky voices. Unfortunately for me, all the adult changelings of whom I happened to have heard any detailed account had been dead some years when I began to turn my attention to the annals of Faery, with the exception, perhaps, of one whose name I obtained under the seal of secrecy. It was that of a woman, the wife, in fact, of a farmer living in Lleyn, or the peninsular part of West Carnarvonshire. Though she is

whispered to be a changeling, I am inclined to regard her as no other than one of the representatives of the same aboriginal stock to which one might conjecture most of her neighbours to belong; but she ought to be an extreme specimen of the type. Long may she live, and soon may the photographer and his anthropometric brother find her in good humour!

JOHN RHYS.

THE WISDOM OF GOMBO

THE wisdom of Solomon we know; but who or what is Gombo? Is it our old friend Jumbo, under a new and correct form of spelling? In these days of linguistic purism, when we are told we ought to write Kahnpur for Cawnpore, and Tem-bùhktu for Timbuctoo, we need not be surprised at anything. Moreover, since no two authorities agree as to the origin or exact significance of Gombo, everyone is at liberty to enjoy his own opinion, or to adopt anyone else's, according to his taste and fancy.

My own belief is that Gombo is a corruption of Congo, a name which Stanley has made familiar in our mouths as household words; but it is just as likely, on the other hand, that Congo itself is a corruption of Gombo. Both Congo and Gombo may be, and probably are, next of kin to Jumbo, and all three undoubtedly express something of the same idea, according to locality and circumstances. For all practical purposes, and especially for the purpose of this article, Gombo means nigger; not, perhaps, nigger on its native soil of Africa, but nigger wherever negroes were in slavery under French rule, and where their progeny have retained so much of the French language as they were capable of assimilating. It is common in the United States, and in the British West Indies, to hear European visitors ask, 'What language do the darkies speak?' The question is a natural one, and it is not easy to answer it at a word. The darkies there must speak English, of course, because neither they nor their parents ever heard any other language spoken. Yet the English of Uncle Remus or of the average 'coloured person' in Jamaica or the Southern States, is a very different tongue from white folks' English. It takes a good deal of practice to read Uncle Remus aloud intelligibly, or to catch the drift of the affable remarks of the 'boy' who waits on you at a Washington or Baltimore hotel. The English of the darkies is, in fact, the broken English of African slaves—who were never allowed to read or write—come down through three or four generations of thick lips, and still in a very indifferent state of repair.

Gombo is the French counterpart of that sort of English. It is the common language of the coloured population of Louisiana, the

French West Indies, Bourbon, and Mauritius. It is also habitually called Creole, but there is a clear and a growing distinction now between Gombo and Creole, a distinction which the negroes themselves recognise and ally one another upon. A darky who speaks Creole without ever dropping into Gombo is looked on as a superior being. Creole is almost pure French, not much more mispronounced than in some parts of France. But Gombo is a mere phonetic burlesque of French, interlarded with African words and other words that are neither African nor French, but probably belong to the aboriginal language of the various countries to which the slaves were brought from Africa. Some of these words are obviously a mere imitation of the sounds of nature. For instance, the word 'ouaouaron,' used by the Louisiana darkies for a bull-frog, needs no explanation to anyone who has ever heard a bull-frog croak. It is the Gombo equivalent of *Βρεκεκεκεξ*, and is as true an echo of the long grunt of the bull-frog as *Βρεκεκεκεξ* is of the chatter of the little marsh frogs of Asia Minor. Enough about Gombo: now as to its wisdom.

If all other evidence of the vast antiquity of man were wanting, the abundance of proverbial maxims among the most ancient races of whom the world has any tradition would be sufficient. Proverbs are not made in a day. They have been well defined as 'the wisdom of many and the wit of one,' and 'many' here means not only many people, but many ages. The Book of Job was written, according to some authorities, nearly 4,000 years ago; yet many passages in it prove that proverbs were even then held to be of immemorial antiquity. The Proverbs of Solomon are only Solomon's in the sense that Solomon collected them, or they were collected by others for him, just as numbers of fables that were thousands of years old before Æsop's day are nevertheless called Æsop's fables, and just as multitudes of jokes whose age makes Time himself feel young and jaunty, have been published as original productions of Talleyrand, Sydney Smith, or Sir Wilfrid Lawson. What is more remarkable, the Proverbs of Solomon are plainly divided into groups or cycles, those in each having a distinct character of their own, both in the nature of the thought and in the mode of expressing it; and these groups or cycles undoubtedly represent different ages and stages of proverbial philosophy. The wise saws contained in the most remote cycle, homely sarcasms on folly, pride, laziness, greediness, practical joking, the self-betrayal of a guilty conscience, and so forth, redolent as they are of family life and of a rudely organised state of society, were, nevertheless, modern instances only to primitive man; and, primitive man himself, we may be sure, adorned his 'bestly language,' as De Quincey called it, by other proverbs, inherited from his forefathers. Abraham was as full of proverbs as Martin Farquhar Tupper—the same proverbs, many of them, and just as good in Abraham's time as in Tupper's. The finest old crusted proverbs,

indeed, have gained nothing with age. Some of them seem a little too strong for our taste, that is all. Aristotle, in a lofty phrase, calls them 'remnants saved out of the wreck and ruins of ancient philosophy.' But 'ancient' is only a relative term, and what was ancient philosophy to Aristotle had itself an antiquity behind it.

As proverbs are not confined to any period of time, neither are they peculiar to any race or people. Some laborious editor has collected and published more than twenty thousand proverbs in use amongst Europeans, the Spaniards heading the list both for number and excellence. But it is doubtful whether the Spaniards would hold their pride of place in a world's fair of proverbs, a competition among the proverbial philosophies of all nations. The Turks have proverbs without number; and very polished and cynical Turkish proverbs are. The taciturn Arabs prefer proverbs to every other form of speech, and use them with singular dignity and aptness. The Koran seems to have been enriched with them for the express purpose of quotation. The Chinese are very prone to cruel little cold-blooded proverbs, as oblique as their eyes, but full of grim sagacity. The Japanese rejoice in flowery maxims combining wisdom with humour, and often with a touch of pathos that makes them cling in the memory long after the rest of the discourse is forgotten. Even the Coreans, shame-faced mutes as they are, indulge in a few shy proverbs. The Polynesian, with their Babel of tongues and dialects, have a myriad of proverbs, many of them highly picturesque and striking. The Maoris of New Zealand, the finest savages in the world, cannot carry on a discussion for five minutes without resorting to proverbs. So profound is the respect for proverbs, as for everything ancient or obscure, among the Maoris, that a wily and ready orator, failing to carry his audience by mere reason, will sometimes—but not too often—help himself out with an admirable proverb, invented on the spur of the moment, but fathered on some demigod of awful sanctity or some war-chief of gloriously cannibal memory. Such an appeal is seldom unsuccessful, even though the audience have a shrewd suspicion that the proverb which has pleased and impressed them so much is neither so old nor so genuine as it might be. The degraded tribes that yet linger on the outskirts of civilisation in Australia, and whose past is a bewildering mystery not less to the student of language than to the student of man, use proverbial expressions which make one stare in wonder. Whence have these brutish creatures descended, that they also should have the wisdom of the ancients on the tip of their tongue? These blackfellows' proverbs seem a distinct echo of some far higher intelligence; and, in truth, they harmonise with many startling traces of lost religions and forgotten arts that here and there are still found among them.

Wherever proverbs are met with they crystallise something of

the old aforetime, and not rarely give a clue to what were shrouded else in absolute obscurity.

All the negro and negroid peoples have proverbs in their mouth as naturally as they have wool on their head; and in all the countries where they have led captivity captive they have established a proverbial philosophy of their own, half spontaneous and half acquired, but wholly characteristic.

The Wisdom of Gombo, therefore, though by no means an exact term, nor pretending to be so, may be taken to indicate the Franco-negro proverbs of all countries where Franco-negroes exist. This does not include the French settlements in Africa itself, where the natives are scarcely influenced at all, either in speech or ideas, by the French, but only those countries which were peopled with negroes under French rule. It is to be noted that a great many proverbs are common, under various forms, to many peoples, not excepting peoples the whole wide world apart, between whom there can never have been any communication of ideas since the Earth, as we know it, has been. Either these universally distributed proverbs are vestiges of a time when all mankind were one people, or else the same ideas must have struck root in the master minds of a host of diverse peoples, and even found expression everywhere in something like the self-same form of words. A great proportion of the Gombo proverbs are to be recognised at once as old friends in some other language, and it would not be very difficult to furnish the paraphrase of them in half a dozen languages. Yet they are local enough in their everyday use, and by the aid of some of them, undoubtedly, it is possible to trace the descendants of slaves back to the particular parts of Africa from whence their progenitors were kidnapped. Proverbs among simple peoples generally have a direct allusion to familiar natural objects, and hence it is sometimes easy to localise them in a very interesting way. Here is an example. The negroes of Martinique say—

Avant zabocat macaque ka nouri yche li; Fr., 'Avant les avocados les macaques nourrissaient leurs petits' (Before there were any avocados the monkeys fed their little ones).

The point of the proverb is that nobody is indispensable. Though the monkeys rear their young on avocados now they did without avocados before there were any, and they could doubtless do without them again. But what are avocados, and what language does the word belong to? Avocados are what are commonly called in America 'alligator pears,' a name of which not one in ten thousand who use it know the derivation. They are the fruit of *Persea gratissima*, a West Indian tree. The aboriginal Carib word for that tree was 'aouacate,' and this the Spanish discoverers pronounced 'avocado,' while the English navigators, sailor-like, called it by the most

familiar word that sounded something like it, namely, alligator. It is not indigenous to Martinique, though it is common there now; whence the proverb, in which its Carib name, derived through the Spanish, has been preserved in the Gombo word 'abocat,' or in the plural 'zabocat,' a shortening and thickening of 'les avocados.' The negroes seldom say 'les,' but merely put a z-like sound before the noun. 'Les herbes' they call 'zlièbes;' 'les os,' 'zos;' 'les oreilles,' 'zoreies;' and similarly 'les avocados,' 'zabocat.'

Here is another proverb from the same locality :—

Toutt mounn sava sa qui ka boui nens canari yo; Fr., 'Tout le monde sait ce qui bout dans sa marmite' (Everyone knows what boils in his own pot; or, Every man is the best judge of his own business).

'Canari' is a Carib word for the common clay pot or pipkin of the aboriginal inhabitants of the West Indies, and is now used for any kind of cooking utensil.

In Louisiana they say—

Tafia toujou die la vèité; Fr., 'Tafia dit toujours la vérité' (Rum always speaks the truth).

'Tafia' is a common slang word in use there for rum, so that the proverb is equivalent to 'In vino veritas.' 'Tafia' is an African word, signifying secondarily any kind of intoxicating drink, but primarily the fermented sap of a certain African tree.

Nion doight pas zamain mangé calalou; Fr., 'Avec un seul doigt on ne peut jamais manger du calalou' (You can never eat calalou with one finger).

Calalou is a kind of greasy soup, made with vegetables and dough-balls, and the word is pure African. The moral of the proverb is that nothing worth doing can be done without some trouble.

Even English words are sometimes found in Gombo proverbs, especially in Louisiana.

Où y'en charogne, y'en a carencro; Fr., 'Où il y a charogne il y a des busards' (Where there is carrion there are buzzards; or, in a much finer version, Where the body is, there will the eagles be gathered together).

The Gombo word 'carencro' is merely carrion crow, a name still given, most absurdly, to hawks in the Southern States.

Here is a different kind of proverb, which vividly recalls the slave days, though it is used by thousands of darkies who never had any experience of slavery :—

Quand maître chanté nègue dansé; quand économe sifflé nègue sauté; Fr., 'Quand le maître chante le nègre danse; quand l'économe siffle le nègre saute' (When the master sings the negro dances; when the overseer whistles the negro jumps).

The meaning of that is that the man who holds the real authority, and is to be feared, is the executive officer, not the nominal chief.

It is a very shrewd proverb, and applicable to all countries and all services; yet I do not know any close parallel to it in any other language.

The monkey is a favourite in Gombo proverbs. In the West Indies and Louisiana he is always called 'macaque,' but in Mauritius he is called by his pet name 'Zaco,' that is, Jacko or Jocko.

Zaco napas guette so laquée : li guette pour son camarade; Fr., 'Le singe ne regarde pas sa queue; il regarde celle de son voisin' (The monkey does not watch his own tail, but his neighbour's. We see others' faults, but not our own).

Vous napas va montré rié Zaco fère grimaces; Fr., 'Vous ne montrerez pas à un vieux singe à faire des grimaces' (You cannot teach an old monkey to make faces. Don't teach your grandmother to suck eggs).

The proverbs of Mauritius differ from all other Gombo proverbs in a peculiar quality not easily expressed. They are more involved, more indirect in their allusion—very subtle, indeed, sometimes—and they often have a curious turn of sentiment.

When a young man pays unwelcome attentions to a Mauritian girl, she dismisses him with—

Napas rous liliane darzent qui a monté lahaut mo tonelle; Fr., 'Ce n'est pas votre liliane d'argent qui montera sur ma tonnelle' (It is not your silver creeper that will climb over my summer-house).

The allusion to the lovely tropical plant that makes a romantic bower of the humblest home in the Mauritius is very vivid to anyone who knows that country.

When a mother feels uneasy about her daughter's frequent gad-dings, she warns her—

Mari napas trouvé dans vetivere; Fr., 'Un mari ne se trouve pas dans le vétiver' (You won't find a husband in the vetiver).

The belt of perfumed grass—*Vetiveria odorata*—planted round the cane fields, is the favourite resort of lovers.

On the other hand, if a young man is missing from his home, or absent from his usual haunts, without manifest cause, his companions say, with a knowing roll of the eyes—

Là laçasse zozos paliaca; Fr., 'Il chasse les oiseaux paliaca' (He's hunting paliaca birds).

'Paliaca' is, I believe, a Hindustani word. It is commonly used in Mauritius for the bright red or yellow handkerchief worn on the head by the young negro women; and the proverb, therefore, means 'He is running after the girls.'

In North Carolina the universally understood equivalent of this is, 'He is gone bear-hunting,' which is not nearly so romantic as the Gombo version.

Here is a thoroughly characteristic Mauritius proverb:—

Lalangue napas lézos; Fr., 'La langue n'a pas d'os' (The tongue has no

It is equivalent to the English proverb 'Promises are like pie-crust, made to be broken,' and it is often used by the darkies as an excuse when reproached with having failed to keep their word.

Some of the proverbs of Trinidad are quaintly philosophical.

Ous pòncor traverser laivière—pas jirer maman cāiman; Fr., 'Vous n'avez pas encore traversé la rivière—ne jurez (maudissez) pas la maman du caïman' (You are not yet across the river—don't curse the alligator's mother);

in other words, don't speak ill of the friends of those who have the power to injure you, or don't arouse your enemy until you are out of his reach.

N'homme mort, zhèbes ka lever dourant lapôte li; Fr., 'Quand un homme est mort, l'herbe s'élève devant sa porte' (When a man is dead, the grass springs up before his door).

There is a deeper note in this than might be expected from the negro's careless temperament; but, in fact, this tinge of melancholy runs through many of the proverbs of Trinidad, and is as distinctive of them as the romantic turn is of those of Mauritius.

Here is one, for instance, that contains quite a fine thought:—

Dents pas ka pôté dei; Fr., 'Les dents ne portent pas deuil' (The teeth do not wear mourning).

One may laugh with sorrow at the heart, alluding to the white teeth of the coloured people, which they show when they laugh.

Here is another rather curious one:—

Faut pòuòles mort pou moune pé vivre; Fr., 'Il faut que les paroles meurent afin que le monde puisse vivre' (Words must die that people may live).

It is a sarcasm on gossip, as much as to say, 'People will be talking; they would die if they couldn't talk: what does it matter what they say?'

One of the oddest Gombo proverbs I have met with belongs to Louisiana, and is remarkable for containing a familiar word in a very unexpected sense—

Faut pas marré tayau avec saucisse; Fr., 'Il ne faut pas attacher le chien avec des saucisses' (You must not tie up a dog with a string of sausages).

The meaning is obvious: do not place irresistible temptation in even the most faithful servant's way; do not expect too much of human nature. But the most interesting thing in the proverb, which is good in itself, is the use of the word 'tayau' for dog. 'Tayau' is our English 'Tally ho!' as caught by nigger ears and pronounced by nigger lips. Both words have come down from the Old French

'*Taiaut!*' the cry of the huntsman to his hounds, just as we have derived most of our hunting terms from our Norman invaders; but how the cry came to be used by the darkies for the hound itself is very difficult to explain.

These specimens of Gombo wisdom are taken literally at random from those in everyday use. There are hundreds of others just as curious and just as witty; but it would be tiresome to multiply them in an article like this. I will add but one more—

Pâler pas rimède; Fr., '*Parler n'est pas un remède*' (Talk is no remedy).

This cogent proverb belongs to Trinidad, where it is one of the commonest phrases; but it might belong nearer home.

It recalls irresistibly John Bright's famous dictum on the Irish question, '*Force is no remedy*;' and it might well be taken to heart by a certain class of politicians who are still discussing that question without apparently getting much '*further*.'

EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

IMMIGRATION TROUBLES OF THE UNITED STATES

THE history of immigration into the United States prior to the year 1820 (when the first record of aliens arriving was kept) is but little known. In a certain sense it may be said to have been synonymous with the history of the nation itself; but however that may be, it must be evident to all unprejudiced minds that the motives which induced those early immigrants, the Pilgrim Fathers, to leave their native land and settle in the New World, were very different from the motives which actuate the greater number of those who are flocking into the United States at the present day. From the time of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers down to the close of the War of Independence, emigrants who left the land of their birth to seek new homes in America were regarded rather as colonists than as immigrants; and the period covered from the first settlement of the Pilgrims down to the year of the inauguration of the first President of the United States, may not unfitly be regarded as the period of colonisation.

Since that time the rapid growth of the population, though, of course, due to a considerable extent to natural causes, has been largely accelerated by immigration. In the year 1820 the collectors of customs at seaports were first compelled to keep a record of aliens arriving by vessels from foreign countries; but no record of overland immigration was kept until the year 1840. It would seem (so far as can be gathered from the imperfect returns) that the immigration which took place between 1820 and 1840 was comparatively small. From the year 1840 dates the first steady increase. In 1846, consequent upon a combination of circumstances—chief among which must be reckoned the disastrous potato-famine in Ireland and the bad times in Germany—there was a marked increase of immigration. In 1847 the number of aliens arriving was greater still, and from that year onwards immigration increased by leaps and bounds until 1854, when it reached to nearly 500,000. It then decreased somewhat until the breaking out of the American Civil War, and when that was over it increased again, not steadily, but in a fluctuating and fitful manner. From 1863 to 1873 was the largest increase; from 1874 to 1879 there was a considerable decrease. The ten years closing

the 31st of December, 1890, show a marked increase. Immigration into the United States appears to come in tidal waves. It has its flood and its ebb; but each decade, with the exception of the war period, shows that the new flood is higher than its predecessor. Immigration is chiefly from Germany, Ireland, Great Britain, and Italy; but during the last few years immigration from Ireland has decreased one-third from the previous years, while German immigration has correspondingly increased. Italian immigration has also largely increased during the last fifteen years. In 1873 the arrival of Italians at the port of New York was 6,859; in 1888 it was 43,927.

The magnitude of this influx of alien immigrants is best shown by the following statistics, which have been compiled from the reports issued by the late Board of Commissioners of Emigration of the State of New York. These reports extend from the 5th of May, 1847, to the 18th of April, 1890, on which date the business of the State Board was transferred to the Treasury Department at Washington, and the office is now a Federal one. Through the courtesy of Her Majesty's Consul General at New York I have also been able to procure the report of the Superintendent of Immigration from the 19th of April, 1890, to the 31st of December, 1890, so as to carry the statistics on to the end of the year, and to bring them as much as possible up to date. These statistics, which are beyond doubt correct, show that the total number of immigrant aliens who have arrived at the port of New York from the 5th of May, 1847, until the 31st of December, 1890 (inclusive), was 10,050,936. Of these, 3,502,352 were from Germany; 2,579,659 from Ireland; 1,571,641 from Great Britain; 376,286 from Italy; and 2,020,998 from all other countries. It should be noted that at least two-thirds of the whole number of alien immigrants who come to the United States from other countries arrive at the port of New York.

This large influx has arisen from a variety of causes which are interesting to analyse. One cause undoubtedly is steamship solicitation. The agents of the steamship companies operate through sub-agents and solicitors, and a regular 'brokerage' business has gradually been established. Some of the steam-ship companies have as many as 2,000 agents in Europe, and their sub-agents and solicitors are to be found in every district on the Continent. These sub-agents receive liberal commissions, varying from fifty cents to \$2, for each emigrant passenger obtained. Their business is not to sell tickets to passengers who have determined to come of their own accord, but to create emigrant passengers by solicitation and inducement. These agents picture in the most glowing terms to the poor peasants of Europe the future which awaits them in the New World, and the struggling unfortunates, goaded on by the desperation of their necessities, and induced to believe that there is an Eldorado await-

ing them beyond the seas, become involuntary emigrants, and in most instances, from the American point of view, they prove undesirable citizens. On the strength of the false representations made to them by these unscrupulous agents, they are induced to sell out of their little homes, and expend a life's savings in the purchase of passage money to America. Oftentimes they will sell their donkey or goat, and all that they have, or even borrow money for the passage at a ruinous rate. The agent will advance the tickets, taking a mortgage for the payment of whatever property is of value; in some cases the money is refunded, in others the agent becomes the owner of the property by foreclosure, and the poor peasants in a few months find themselves and their families in a strange land, without money, friends, or employment. They are taken in charge on landing by a *padrone* or 'labour boss,' who herds them together in a tenement house, and hires them out at wages he dictates, and which he shares with his victims. It appears from the evidence given before the Select Committee of the Senate and House of Representatives recently appointed to inquire into immigration, that hundreds of immigrants are every month imported into the United States in this manner. One combination of agents in Austria secured the emigration of 5,790 persons to America in one year, and another combination in Galicia induced 12,406 emigrants to emigrate to the United States within the period of fourteen months. Thus was the intent of the contract labour law—to which I shall have occasion to refer more fully later on—violated, and the Act practically rendered useless. Similar agents to those employed by the steamship companies are also made use of by employers of labour and others who are interested in importing large bodies of men to avoid the contract law.

Another method of evading the contract law, and one of the most potent influences in drawing large numbers of immigrants to the United States, is the systematic advertising for labourers through employment agencies in the British and European newspapers. From the evidence given before the Select Committee investigating at Boston, it appeared that the Freestone Cutters Association of New England had advertised in the English and Scotch papers for journeymen, agreeing to pay 50 cents per hour for work. The applicants were directed to call upon the agents signing the advertisement in London. These agents made no contract with the men, but they came to New England on the representation that employment should be found. As the freestone cutters in England receive only 20 cents, or about 10*d.*, an hour, the prospect of such largely increased wages naturally induced many of them to go over to America. The evidence given before a similar investigation at Chicago also showed that the Boss Carpenters Association in that city was importing carpenters in the same way. Many similar instances might be quoted, but these two will suffice, 'When differ-

ences arise between employers and men in employment,' say the Immigration Committee in their report, 'where good wages are paid, advertisement abroad has become of common occurrence; the workmen here are thereby brought to terms, or the market becomes overflooded with labourers and wages are reduced.'

Again, it would seem that the fierce competition which rages among the steamship lines and the railroads largely affects American immigration. In 1888 a war of rates broke out among them, so that in that year an immigrant could travel from Liverpool to Chicago for \$10, or about 2*l.* 2*s.* in English money. This low rate offers exceptional facilities to foreign Governments, poor-law guardians, and charitable societies to rid themselves of the burden of persons unable to support themselves and their families, by purchasing for them tickets, and shipping them off to America. The chief offender in this respect appears to have been the British Government. According to a memorandum issued by the English Local Government Board in September 1886, the poor-law guardians have always had the right, since the Poor-Law Act of 1834 was passed, to use money from the rates for the purpose of assisting paupers to emigrate. They can even assist poor persons who have not come on the rates, except 'that no orphans or deserted children can be deported unless they have actually come on the rates.' In a report of the English Local Government Board of 1886, it is stated that from 1851 to 1886 the number of persons thus assisted was 40,154, and the total amount of money spent was 152,902*l.*

In Ireland, as early as 1849, poor-law guardians were authorised to borrow money for the purpose of assisting emigration. By the Land Act of 1881 the Land Commission was authorised to advance to poor-law guardians money to assist emigration, especially of families from the poorer and more thickly populated districts of Ireland. The amount was not to exceed 200,000*l.*, and not more than one-third was to be spent in any one year. By the Arrears of Rent Act, 1882, the Commissioner of Public Works was allowed to make grants in aid of emigration in certain districts where the Union could not make adequate provision. The money was to come from the Irish Church Temporalities Fund, and was not to exceed 100,000*l.* By the Tramways Act of the following year (1883), the amount was raised to 200,000*l.* In 1887 the Local Government Board at Dublin reported there was still an unexpended balance of 23,000*l.* which could be devoted to this purpose, and that emigrants had been selected.

The United States Government protested against this wholesale importation of paupers; and instructions were sent out by the English Local Government Board that in future only those should be selected who could show by letters that they had friends in America who would be willing to assist them when they landed. In

1887 the British Minister in Washington was directed to make inquiry as to this of the State Department. Mr. Bayard,¹ in reply, said :—

The mere fact of poverty has never been regarded as an objection to an immigrant. . . . But persons whose only escape from becoming and remaining a charge on the community is the expected, but entirely contingent, voluntary help and support of friends, are not a desirable accession to our population, and their exportation hither by a foreign government, in order to get rid of the burden of their support, could scarcely be regarded as a friendly act, or in harmony with existing laws.

Nevertheless, the emigrants were sent forward all the same, the laws then existing in the United States having been found inadequate to prevent 'assisted' emigrants from landing.

In addition to this artificial stimulus of American immigration on the part of the British Government, various charitable societies in Europe and the United Kingdom have assisted persons to emigrate to the United States. The so-called 'Tuke Committee'—rendered famous by an article by Mr. J. W. Tuke on 'State Aid to Emigrants,' which appeared in this Review for February 1885—assisted over 8,000 persons to emigrate from Ireland from 1882 to 1885. The Prisoners' Aid Society also assists convicts to emigrate; and, to quote from the *Times* of the 31st of January, 1889, 'probably the United States receives its full quota of the persons so aided.' The Central Emigration Society has largely assisted in the emigration of pauper children and children in reformatories and industrial schools, since the restrictions 'placed on such emigration by the Local Government Board were removed in 1889. The Jewish Board of Guardians established in London assisted during the five years 1882-86 8,429 poor Jews—mostly Russians—to go to America. Here, again, Great Britain appears to be the most active in emigrating her surplus population to America; but from the United States Consular Reports it appears that Switzerland, Sweden, and Germany also contribute their share—the last two especially with regard to that most undesirable class of immigrants, liberated criminals and discharged convicts. There exists in Munich a society with several branches, especially formed for the purpose of enabling discharged convicts to begin life over again in some far-off land—and the land almost invariably selected is the United States.

One other cause which affects the influx of aliens into the United States is undoubtedly Canadian immigration. By that I mean the immigration coming into the United States over the Canadian border. It is estimated by the Select Committee already referred to that, during the last six months of 1890, over 50,000 European immigrants landed in Canada and reached the United States—coming by this circuitous route to avoid inspection. It

¹ *Foreign Relations*, 1887, p. 520.

appears to be practically impossible for the United States Government to place a sufficient number of inspectors on the border to effectually check this class of immigrants; but measures have quite recently been taken by the Treasury Department to place inspectors at Port Huron and Detroit, and to maintain an increased police patrol along the border. In connection with the matter of Canadian immigration, another point to be noted is that large numbers of Canadians—subjects of the Queen—come into the United States for work, wages being 40 per cent. higher in the United States than in the Canadian provinces. Several hundreds of these people cross over the border from Windsor to Detroit every morning, and find employment in the stores, seed houses, street railroads, and so forth, returning to their homes every evening. Canada is, in fact, a sort of cheap dormitory for them—a refuge where they may avoid taxation and the duties of citizenship to which the American workmen are subject. Nor do these birds of passage come from Canada alone. Mr. Edmund Stevenson, for many years one of the Emigrant Commissioners of New York, said, in regard to transient immigration:

My experience in Castle Garden is that hundreds and thousands of skilled mechanics—stone-cutters, stone-masons, glass-blowers, locomotive engineers—come regularly to this country every spring, year after year, and stay here until about November. They pay no taxes for our schools, they perform no jury duty, nor are they liable to; they do not perform any of the duties of citizenship, except the protection they get from the city or the state wherever they reside. During all the working season, they are sending their money back home to their wives, their children, and their parents, and at the end of the working season they pack their grip sacks and go back to Europe, spend the winter, and the next year come back here again, and repeat the same thing over and over again. They come into direct competition with American labour: they drive out American labour by their coming here, skilled workmen that they are, and they generally work under the price of American labour. But they earn much more money here, and they can afford to go back there and live for a few months until the working season, and then come back here. I regard that as infinitely worse than contract labour.

The undesirable results which flow from this wholesale invasion of alien immigrants can easily be imagined, and they have manifested themselves not only in the trades and districts chiefly affected, but throughout the United States. The effect of immigration on American labour is especially marked. In the United States, as in Great Britain, and indeed in all the great manufacturing centres throughout the habitable globe, the improvements in machinery which have taken place of late years have revolutionised nearly all the trades, so that, what a few years ago might be termed skilled labour, is now unskilled labour. As was shown by the report of the Ford investigation of 1888, the pauper and lower classes of Europe have crowded into the American factories to such an extent, that in many of the large industries—notably the cigar-trade, the tailoring trade, and the shirt manufacturing trade, what was fifteen years ago

90 per cent. American and 10 per cent. foreign, is now 90 per cent. foreign and 10 per cent. American. The same may be said of the mining interest. Fifteen years ago the cigar-makers in New York were earning \$18 per week. On differences arising between the employers and the employed, foreigners were imported to take the place of American workmen, and the wages were reduced. In consequence of this foreign importation, cigar-makers' wages have declined to an average of \$8 per week at the present time. In fact the tendency of alien immigration is constantly to lower the standard of wages which the American labourer has hitherto enjoyed. The only persons opposed to restricting it are the great manufacturers and contractors, whose interest it is to keep the price of labour at its lowest level. 'Unrestricted immigration is the degradation of American labour.' So writes Commissioner Stephenson in his argument before the Immigration Committee, and his opinion is heartily endorsed by the Committee itself, who in their report say:—

These people displace American workmen. . . . In a large measure, well-paid labour is the influence that has given to our people their unexampled prosperity and their average high standard as citizens. It is a crime to rob them of so elevating a force

But the economic aspect is not the only one affected by this evil. The political aspect is none the less serious. One result of indiscriminate immigration is plainly shown in the riots which have taken place in New York and other States during the last twenty-five years, and in the recent outbreaks of Anarchists, Nihilists, and Socialists in the city of Chicago and other places. In 1863, in the city of New York, when the famous draft riots took place, no American dared to display the flag of his country without running the risk of having his house burned and destroyed. The recent riots and lynchings at New Orleans are another illustration of my meaning. These classes of foreigners, who were anarchists and agitators in their own country, come to America and endeavour to use the liberty they enjoy in the 'land of the free' for the purpose of revolution. With them liberty quickly degenerates into licence. They are disappointed; for upon arrival they do not find America to be the Eldorado they were led to expect, disappointment leads to discontent, and in a short time they drift into the discontented class, and become enemies of the Government.

Another danger is the short period of time in which immigrants may become eligible for citizenship and be then invested with political power. In several States the immigrant is admitted to citizenship only on one year's residence, and while he may still be to a great extent ignorant of the laws, language, and customs. The rights of citizenship thus conferred without test of fitness are easily abused, and there can be no doubt that in this system lurk the

elements of a very grave political danger. In America, as elsewhere, politicians are prone to yield to their prejudices without sufficiently regarding the interests of the people at large. The German vote in many localities controls the action of political leaders on the Liquor question. The Irish vote favours, and largely influences the policy of antagonism to Great Britain. 'Shall we,' asks a witness before the Immigration Committee, 'continue this, or is it not about time to call a halt? Is not the admission of this mass of foreigners to political power plainly seen in the effort to win the foreign vote, more especially so the Irish and German?'

There also remain to be considered the social effects of this increasing immigration—the way in which it adds to the burden of pauperism, vice, and crime. I have already alluded to the action of foreign governments, poor-law guardians, and charitable and philanthropic organisations in deporting to America the destitute, the worthless, and the criminal. The following statistics will supply evidence of the abnormal representation of the foreign poor in the almshouses and penitentiaries of the United States. Many other similar statistics might be given.

	Per cent.
In Massachusetts, in 1885, the proportion of foreign-born in population was	27.1
Proportion of foreign-born in population fourteen years of age, and over	34.0
Proportion of foreign-born among convicts	40.6
" " " " prisoners	36.8
" " " " paupers	44.0

That is, taking the population of fourteen years of age and over. If we take the whole population of Massachusetts, the proportion is greater still.

	Per cent.
Of the whole population in Massachusetts, there were of foreign parentage	47.3
Convicts of foreign parentage	51.1
Prisoners of foreign parentage	60.3

But it is in the statistics of pauperism and poor relief that we find the most accentuated indication of the presence of the immigrant in the United States. The Secretary of State of New York reported in 1887 that there were in country poor-houses 9,288 foreign-born paupers, 9,172 native paupers; and in city poor-houses there were 34,167 foreign-born, and 18,001 native paupers. These figures need no comment; they speak for themselves, and they abundantly justify the action which the Senate, the House of Representatives, and the United States Government have thought fit to take in this matter—in seeking to adopt a permanent policy by which these evils may be avoided.

How keenly alive American statesmen are to the evils which

result from unrestricted foreign immigration is shown by a perusal of the Acts which have been passed upon this subject. The principal Acts regulating and restricting American immigration are three in number:—The ‘Act to regulate Immigration,’ approved by Congress in 1882; the ‘Contract Labour Law’ of 1885; and the recent Act ‘to amend the various Acts relative to immigration and the importation of aliens under contract or agreement to perform labour,’ which was approved by Congress on the 3rd of March of this year (1891), and which came into force on the 1st of April last. I do not include in this category the various Acts which have been passed regulating the immigration of Chinese labourers. These laws have been the subject of investigation on the part of a special sub-committee, and the testimony relating thereto is now being compiled. A brief analysis of the three principal Acts of 1882, 1885, and 1891 may not be out of place at the present time.

Prior to the Act of 1882 the necessary protection afforded to the various cities and counties in the States against the importation of foreign paupers and criminals was carried out by State Boards charged with the local affairs of immigration in the ports within the said State. Such a body was the late Board of Commissioners of Emigration of the State of New York. This Board, in common with other State commissioners, was recognised by the Act of 1882, and a contract was entered into with it and the Secretary of the Treasury. This arrangement, however, did not work satisfactorily. It was attended with much friction, and the administration was uncertain; so in April last the business was transferred from the State Board to the Treasury Department at Washington, and the office is now a Federal one.

The main provisions of the Act of 1882 are as follows. Section 1 provides for the levying of a duty of fifty cents on all alien passengers arriving at any port in the United States. The money thus collected goes to form the Immigrant Fund, which is used for the purpose of defraying the expenses of carrying out the Act, and for the care of immigrants who arrive at the ports in sickness or distress. By Section 2 the Secretary of the Treasury is charged with the general supervision of immigration business. He is empowered to enter into contracts with such State commissioners or boards as may be designated by the Governor of any State to take charge of the local immigration of the ports within the said States. It authorises the State commissioners to appoint persons to go on board the ships when they arrive at the ports, and if ‘on such examination there shall be found among such passengers any convict, lunatic, idiot, or any person unable to take care of himself or herself without becoming a public charge, they shall report the same in writing to the collector of such port, and such persons shall not be permitted to land.’ Section 3 gives the Secretary of the Treasury wide discretion as to the

regulations which he may deem fit to issue from time to time. Section 4 enacts that 'All foreign convicts, except those convicted of political offences, upon arrival shall be sent back to the nations to which they belong.' Lastly—and this is most important—the expense of the return of such persons as are not permitted to land shall be borne by the owners of the vessels in which they came.

The Alien Contract Labour Law of 1885 was practically formulated by the Knights of Labour. By Section 1 it is made unlawful for any person, company, &c., to prepay the transportation, or in any way assist the importation of aliens under contract to perform labour made previous to the importation. Section 2 declares that all such contracts shall be void in the United States. Section 3 imposes a penalty of a thousand dollars for each violation of Section 1. Section 4 declares that any master of a vessel, knowingly bringing any such labourers into the United States, is guilty of a misdemeanour, and will be fined five hundred dollars for each labourer, or six months' imprisonment, or both. Section 5 makes certain exceptions to the excluded classes in the case of skilled workmen engaged to carry out a new industry not already established in the United States, and so forth. In 1885 further sections were added to this Act, providing for the examination of ships; for the non-landing of prohibited persons; for the return of such persons by boards designated by the Secretary of the Treasury; and for compelling the expense of the return of such persons to be borne by the owners of the vessels which brought them to America, the owners and masters of vessels refusing to pay such expenses not being allowed to land at, or clear from, any port in the United States.

Since these Acts were passed, public opinion has been rapidly growing more stringent on this subject, and the existing laws having, from a variety of causes, proved inadequate to meet this evil, Congress has this year (1891) passed a drastic measure, greatly enlarging the prohibited classes of immigrants. This law is the legislative outcome of a prolonged agitation, and has been passed in compliance with the clearly expressed demand of the American people. In 1890 one or more of the political parties in no less than twenty-three of the States demanded additional regulation of immigration, and all the great organised labour societies have made similar requests.

The new Act may briefly be analysed as follows: Section 1 specifies the classes of aliens henceforth to be excluded from admission to the United States, viz., 'All idiots, insane persons, paupers, or persons likely to become a public charge, persons suffering from a loathsome or a dangerous contagious disease, persons who have been convicted of felony or other infamous crime or misdemeanour involving moral turpitude, polygamists, and also any persons whose ticket or passage is paid for with the money of another, or who is assisted by others to come,' unless it is satisfactorily shown on inquiry that

such person does not belong to one of the foregoing excluded classes, or to the class of contract labourers excluded by the Act of 1885. As in the Act of 1882, the exclusion of persons convicted of political offences is carefully guarded against. Section 2 provides for the more vigorous enforcement of the Act of 1885. Sections 3 and 4 declare that immigrants coming to the United States through the solicitation of advertising agents in Europe shall be treated as violators of the law, and steamship companies are prohibited from encouraging such immigration. Section 5 specifies ministers of religion, persons belonging to a recognised profession, and professors of colleges and seminaries, as persons not to be excluded under the Act of 1885. Section 6 provides penalties of fine and imprisonment up to a thousand dollars, or a year's imprisonment, or both, for violation of the Act. Section 7 establishes the office of superintendent of immigration under the Treasury Department. The remaining sections of the Act may be summarised as follows. (a) That the names and nationalities of immigrants shall be reported on arrival, and that they shall be promptly inspected by authorised agents empowered to decide upon their right to land. (b) Provision is made for the better inspection of the Canadian, British Columbian, and Mexican borders. (c) That State and municipal authorities may exercise such jurisdiction over immigrant stations as may be necessary for the public peace. (d) That all immigrants who come in violation of the law shall be immediately sent back to the ships that brought them to the port, or, if that be impracticable, they may be returned at any time within a year after their arrival. Any alien who may become a public charge within a year from his arrival shall be sent back to the country from which he came. (e) That the Federal Courts shall have full jurisdiction in all cases arising under this Act.

Such are the main outlines of the new Act. Time alone will show whether it will work in a satisfactory manner, or whether fresh legislation will again be required. Already signs are not wanting to show that, stringent as are its provisions and drastic as are its regulations, a certain section of American opinion is beginning to demand something more stringent and more drastic still. Nine days after the new Act came into operation, the Union League Club of New York, at a special meeting on the 9th of April last, unanimously passed the following resolution:—

Resolved, that we call upon the General Government and upon the several States to use every lawful means in their possession to prevent the importation of criminals and paupers; and we call upon the courts to rigidly administer the laws of naturalisation, resisting the importunities of political parties to cloak improper persons with the rights of citizenship; and resolved, that we call upon the press and the public to agitate and discuss the subject of the importation of criminals and paupers, to the end that, if the present laws be not sufficient to save the country from peril, others may be enacted which shall be effectual.

(Signed) B. HINSDALE, *Chairman*.

Now the members of the Union League Club are admittedly among the leading men in New York in point of wealth, education, conservatism, and patriotic motives. They are republican in politics, and upon those rare occasions when the Club declares its sentiments on public questions it may be said to represent the best public opinion. Yet, within nine days of the new Act coming into operation, we have the spectacle of a body of intelligent and patriotic men, representing the fine flower of American opinion, contemplating the possibility of further legislation still, in order to prevent their country from being flooded with pauperism, vice, and crime. And what makes this matter even more remarkable, is the fact that there is no danger to be apprehended in the United States from over-population.

The time is far in the future (say the Immigration Committee in their report) when we will suffer from an overcrowded population. The territory of the United States will support seven times our present inhabitants. It will be fifty years before statesmen need apprehend a burden from the influx of desirable aliens, but the time now is, and always will be, when the undesirable should be prohibited a landing in our country.

In conclusion, I would ask has England no lesson to learn from the example of America? Is there a single argument employed by American statesmen in favour of the restriction of undesirable immigration into their country which might not be applied with seven-fold force against unrestricted immigration into our own? If a country of such enormous resources as the United States finds such drastic measures to be necessary, surely some moderate and judicious regulations are necessary in our own densely populated little island, where the struggle for existence is every day becoming keener than it ever was before. It would be out of place for me in this paper to discuss the question of undesirable immigration into the United Kingdom, but this much may at least be said. That, inasmuch as, next to the United States, our own country is probably the greatest sufferer in respect to the immigration of the destitute and worthless, the action of the new law recently passed through Congress cannot fail to intensify the evil here by practically closing the Atlantic ports against it. In view of recent events—more especially do I allude to the threatened influx from Eastern Europe—it is obvious that before long it will be necessary for England to adopt some such measures as those already passed by the United States. There are signs all around us that this immigration question is rapidly coming to a head. Something will have to be done in self-defence. At a time when this country is being convulsed with conflicts of labour against capital, at a time when thousands of our English working-classes are looking in vain for work, at a time when the condition of the 'submerged tenth' is engaging the active attention of our philanthropists, and the columns of the press teem with appeals for

the aid of our suffering poor, the prospect of a wholesale addition to the ranks of our unemployed is calculated to awaken feelings of the utmost dismay among all those who have the welfare of our people at heart.

The intent of our immigration laws (say the United States Committee) is not to restrict immigration, but to sift it; to separate the desirable from the undesirable immigrants, and to permit only those to land on our shores who have certain physical and moral qualities.

How long will it be before England adopts similar common-sense rules?

W. H. WILKINS.

THE WILD WOMEN AS SOCIAL INSURGENTS

WE must change our ideals. The Desdemonas and Dorotheas, the Enids and Imogens, are all wrong. Milton's Eve is an anachronism; so is the Lady; so is Una; so are Christabel and Genevieve. Such women as Panthea and Alcestis, Cornelia and Lucretia, are as much out of date as the chiton and the peplos, the bride's hair parted with a spear, or the worth of a woman reckoned by the flax she spun and the thread she wove, by the number of citizens she gave to the State, and the honour that reflected on her through the heroism of her sons. All this is past and done with—effete, rococo, dead. For the '*tacens et placens uxor*' of old-time dreams we must acknowledge now as our Lady of Desire the masterful *domina* of real life—that loud and dictatorial person, insurgent and something more, who suffers no one's opinion to influence her mind, no venerable law hallowed by time, nor custom consecrated by experience, to control her actions. Mistress of herself, the Wild Woman as a social insurgent preaches the 'lesson of liberty' broadened into lawlessness and licence. Unconsciously she exemplifies how beauty can degenerate into ugliness, and shows how the once fragrant flower, run to seed, is good for neither food nor ornament.

Her ideal of life for herself is absolute personal independence coupled with supreme power over men. She repudiates the doctrine of individual conformity for the sake of the general good; holding the self-restraint involved as an act of slavishness of which no woman worth her salt would be guilty. She makes between the sexes no distinctions, moral or æsthetic, nor even personal; but holds that what is lawful to the one is permissible to the other. Why should the world have parcelled out qualities or habits into two different sections, leaving only a few common to both alike? Why, for instance, should men have the fee-simple of courage, and women that of modesty? to men be given the right of the initiative—to women only that of selection? to men the freer indulgence of the senses—to women the chaster discipline of self-denial? The Wild Woman of modern life asks why; and she answers the question in her own way.

'Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur.' Nothing is forbidden to the Wild Woman as a social insurgent; for the one word that she cannot spell

is, Fitness. Devoid of this sense of fitness, she does all manner of things which she thinks bestow on her the power, together with the privileges, of a man; not thinking that in obliterating the finer distinctions of sex she is obliterating the finer traits of civilisation, and that every step made towards identity of habits is a step downwards in refinement and delicacy—wherein lies the essential core of civilisation. She smokes after dinner with the men; in railway carriages; in public rooms—when she is allowed. She thinks she is thereby vindicating her independence and honouring her emancipated womanhood. Heaven bless her! Down in the North-country villages, and elsewhere, she will find her prototypes calmly smoking their black cutty-pipes, with no sense of shame about them. Why should they not? These ancient dames with ‘whiskin’ beards about their mouths, withered and unsightly, worn out, and no longer women in desirableness or beauty—why should they not take to the habits of men? They do not disgust, because they no longer charm; but even in these places you do not find the younger women with cutty-pipes between their lips. Perhaps in the coal districts, where women work like men and with men, and are dressed as men, you will see pipes as well as hear blasphemies; but that is surely not an admirable state of things, and one can hardly say that the pit-brow women, excellent persons and good workers as they are in their own way, are exactly the glasses in which our fine ladies find their loveliest fashions—the moulds wherein they would do well to run their own forms. And when, after dinner, our young married women and husbandless girls, despising the old distinctions and trampling under foot the time-honoured conventions of former generations, ‘light up’ with the men, they are simply assimilating themselves to this old Sally and that ancient Betty down in the dales and mountain hamlets; or to the stalwart cohort of pit-brow women for whom sex has no æsthetic distinctions. We grant the difference of method. A superbly dressed young woman, bust, arms, and shoulders bare, and gleaming white and warm beneath the subdued light of a luxurious dinner-table—a beautiful young creature, painted, dyed, and powdered according to the mode—her lips red with wine and moist with liqueur—she is really different from mumping old Betty in unwomanly rags smoking at her black cutty-pipe by the cottage door on the bleak fell-side. In the one lies an appeal to the passions of men; in the other is the death of all emotion. Nevertheless, the acts are the same, the circumstances which accompany them alone being different.

Free-traders in all that relates to sex, the Wild Women allow men no monopoly in sports, in games, in responsibilities. Beginning by ‘walking with the guns,’ they end by shooting with them; and some have made the moor a good training-ground for the jungle. As life is constituted, it is necessary to have butchers and sportsmen. The hunter’s instinct keeps down the wild beasts, and those who go after

big game do as much good to the world as those who slaughter home-bred beasts for the market. But in neither instance do we care to see a woman's hand. It may be merely a sentiment, and ridiculous at that; still, sentiment has its influence, legitimate enough when not too widely extended; and we confess that the image of a 'butchering' woman, nursing her infant child with hands red with the blood of an ox she has just poleaxed or of a lamb whose throat she has this instant cut, is one of unmitigated horror and moral incongruity. Precisely as horrible, as incongruous, is the image of a well-bred sportswoman whose bullet has crashed along the spine of a leopardess, who has knocked over a rabbit or brought down a partridge. The one may be a hard-fisted woman of the people, who had no inherent sensitiveness to overcome—a woman born and bred among the shambles and accustomed to the whole thing from childhood. The other may be a dainty-featured aristocrat, whose later development belies her early training; but the result is the same in both cases—the possession of an absolutely unwomanly instinct, an absolutely unwomanly indifference to death and suffering; which certain of the Wild Women of the present day cultivate as one of their protests against the limitations of sex. The viragoes of all times have always had this same instinct, this same indifference. For nothing of all this is new in substance. What is new is the translation into the cultured classes of certain qualities and practices hitherto confined to the uncultured and—savages.

This desire to assimilate their lives to those of men runs through the whole day's work of the Wild Women. Not content with croquet and lawn tennis, the one of which affords ample opportunities for flirting—for the Wild Women are not always above that little pastime—and the other for exercise even more violent than is good for the average woman, they have taken to golf and cricket, where they are hindrances for the one part, and make themselves 'sights' for the other. Men are not graceful when jumping, running, stooping, swinging their arms, and all the rest of it. They are fine, and give a sense of power that is perhaps more attractive than mere beauty; but, as schoolboys are not taught gymnastics after the manner of the young Greeks, to the rhythmic cadence of music, so that every movement may be rendered automatically graceful, they are often awkward enough when at play; and the harder the work the less there is of artistic beauty in the manner of it. But if men, with their narrower hips and broader shoulders, are less than classically lovely when they are putting out their physical powers, what are the women, whose broad hips give a wider step and less steady carriage in running, and whose arms, because of their narrower shoulders, do not lend themselves to beautiful curves when they are making a swinging stroke at golf or batting and bowling at cricket? The prettiest woman in the world loses her beauty when at these violent exercises. Hot and

damp, mopping her flushed and streaming face with her handkerchief, she has lost that sense of repose, that delicate self-restraint, which belongs to the ideal woman. She is no longer dainty. She has thrown off her grace and abandoned all that makes her lovely for the uncomely roughness of pastimes wherein she cannot excel, and of which it was never intended she should be a partaker.

We have not yet heard of women polo-players; but that will come. In the absurd endeavour to be like men, these modern *homassees* will leave nothing untried; and polo-playing, tent-pegging, and tilting at the quintain are all sure to come in time. When weeds once begin to grow, no limits can be put to their extent unless they are stubbed up betimes.'

The Wild Women, in their character of social insurgents, are bound by none of the conventions which once regulated society. In them we see the odd social phenomenon of the voluntary descent of the higher to the lower forms of ways and works. 'Unladylike' is a term that has ceased to be significant. Where 'unwomanly' has died out we could scarcely expect this other to survive. The special must needs go with the generic; and we find it so with a vengeance! With other queer inversions the frantic desire of making money has invaded the whole class of Wild Woman; and it does not mitigate their desire that, as things are, they have enough for all reasonable wants. Women who, a few years ago, would not have shaken hands with a dressmaker, still less have sat down to table with her, now open shops and set up in business on their own account—not because they are poor, which would be an honourable and sufficing reason enough, but because they are restless, dissatisfied, insurgent, and like nothing so much as to shock established prejudices and make the folk stare. It is such a satire on their inheritance of class distinction, on their superior education—perhaps very superior, stretching out to academical proportions! It is just the kind of topsy-turvydom that pleases them. They, with their long descent, grand name, and right to a coat-of-arms which represents past ages of renown,—they to come down into the market-place, shouldering out the meaner fry, who must work to live—taking from the legitimate traders the pick of their custom, and making their way by dint of social standing and personal influence—they to sell bonnets in place of buying them—to make money instead of spending it—what fun! What a grand idea it was to conceive, and grander still to execute! In this insurgent playing at shopkeeping by those who do not need to do so we see nothing grand nor beautiful, but much that is thoughtless and mean. Born of restlessness and idleness, these spasmodic make-believes after serious work are simply pastimes to the Wild Women who undertake them. There is nothing really solid in them, no more than there was of philanthropy in the fashionable craze for slumming which broke out like a fever a winter or two ago. Shop-

keeping and slumming, and some other things too, are just the expression of that restlessness which makes of the modern Wild Woman a second Io, driving her afield in search of strange pleasures and novel occupations, and leading her to drink of the muddiest waters so long as they are in new channels cut off from the old fountains. Nothing daunts this modern Io. No barriers restrain, no obstacles prevent. She appears on the public stage and executes dances which one would not like one's daughter to see, still less perform. She herself knows no shame in showing her skill—and her legs. Why should she? What free and independent spirit, in these later days, is willing to be bound by those musty principles of modesty which did well enough for our stupid old great-grandmothers—but for us? Other times, other manners; and womanly reticence is not of these last!

There is no reason why perfectly good and modest women should not be actresses. Rightly taken, acting is an art as noble as any other. But here, as elsewhere, are gradations and sections; and just as a wide line is drawn between the cancan and the minuet, so is there between the things which a modest woman may do on the stage and those which she may not. Not long ago that line was notoriously overstepped, and certain of our Wild Women pranced gaily from the safe precincts of the permissible into those wider regions of the more than doubtful, where, it is to be supposed, they enjoyed their questionable triumph—at least for the hour.

The spirit of the day is both vagrant and self-advertising, both bold and restless, contemptuous of law and disregarding restraint. We do not suppose that women are intrinsically less virtuous than they were in the time of Hogarth's 'Last Stake'; but they are more dissatisfied, less occupied, and infinitely less modest. All those old similes about modest violets and chaste lilies, flowers blooming unseen, and roses that 'open their glowing bosoms' but to one love only—all these are as rococo as the Elizabethan ruff or Queen Anne's 'laced head.' Everyone who has a 'gift' must make that gift public; and, so far from wrapping up talents in a napkin, pence are put out to interest, and the world is called on to admire the milling. The enormous amount of inferior work which is thrown on the market in all directions is one of the marvels of the time. Everything is exhibited. If a young lady can draw so far correctly as to give her cow four legs and not five, she sends her sketches to some newspaper, or more boldly transfers them on to a plate or a pot, and exhibits them at some art refuge for the stage below mediocrity. It is heartbreaking when these inanities are sent by those poor young creatures who need the fortune they think they have in their 'gift.' It is contemptible when they are sent by the rich, distracted with vanity and idleness together. The love of art for its own sake, of intellectual work for the intellectual pleasure it brings, knows nothing of this insatiate

vanity, this restless ambition to be classed among those who give to their work days where these others give hours. It is only the Wild Women who take these headers into artistic depths, where they flounder pitifully, neither dredging up unknown treasures, nor floating gaily in the sun on the crest of the wave. When we think of the length of time it has taken to create all masterpieces—and, indeed, all good work of any kind, not necessarily masterpieces—it is food for wonder to see the jaunty ease with which the scarce-educated in an art throw off their productions, which then they fling out to the public as one tosses crumbs to the sparrows. But the Wild Women are never thorough. As artists, as literati, as tradeswomen, as philanthropists, it is all a mere touch-and-go kind of thing with them. The roots, which are first in importance in all growths, no matter what, are the last things they care to master. They would not be wild if they did.

About these Wild Women is always an unpleasant suggestion of the adventuress. Whatever their natural place and lineage, they are of the same family as those hotel heroines who forget to lock the chamber door—those confiding innocents of ripe years, who contract imperfect marriages—those pretty country blossoms who begin life modestly and creditably, and go on to flaunting notoriety and disgrace. One feels that it is only the accident of birth which differences these from those, and determines a certain stability of class. It is John Bradshaw over again; but the 'grace' is queerly bestowed. As a rule, these women have no scruples about money. They are notorious for never having small change; they get into debt with a facility as amazing in its want of conscience as its want of foresight; and then they take to strange ways for redeeming their credit and saving themselves from public exposure. If the secret history of some account-books could be written startling revelations would be made. Every now and then, indeed, things come to light which it would have been better to keep hidden; for close association with shady 'promoters' and confessed blacklegs is not conducive to the honour of womanhood—at least as this honour was. Under the new *régime* blots do not count for so much. Every now and then, one, a trifle more shameless than her sisters, flourishes out openly before the world as an adept in a doubtful business—say, in the art of laying odds judiciously and hedging wisely. She is to be seen standing on her tub shouting with the best; and as little abashed by the unwomanliness of her 'environment' as are her more mischievous compeers on the political stump. She knows that money is to be made as well as lost in the ring, and she does not see why, because she is a woman, she may not pick out plums with the rest.

If she has money enough—she is sure to call it 'oof,' so as to be in line with the verbal as well as the practical blackguardism of the day—she has a stud of her own, and enters into all the details

connected therewith with as much gusto as a village beldame enters into the life-events of her homely world. But while a foal is one of the most interesting things in life to one of these horsy Wild Women, a child is one of the least; and what young mother, with all the hopes and fears, the fervent love, the brilliant dreams, which lie about the cradle of her first-born, comes near in importance to that broodmare of racing renown, with her long-legged foal trotting by her side? The Wild Woman is never a delightful creature, take her how one will; but the horsy Wild Woman, full of stable slang and inverted instincts, can give points to the rest of her clan, and still be ahead of them all.

Sometimes our Wild Women break out as adventurous travellers; when they come home to write on what they have seen and done, books which have to be taken with salt by the spoonful, not only by the grain. Their bows are very large, and the string they draw preternaturally long. Experts contradict them, and the more experienced smile and shake their heads. But their own partisans uphold them; and that portion of the press where reason and manliness are suffocated by the sense of sex takes them as if they were so many problems of Euclid with Q.E.D. after 'the end.' How different these pseudo-heroines are from the quiet realities, such as Marianne North, to name no other, who did marvels of which they never boasted, contented with showing the unanswerable results! They 'covered down,' they did not paint in high lights and exaggerated colours the various perils through which they had passed. The Wild Woman of the immediate day reverses the system. Under her manipulation a steep ascent is a sheer precipice, a crack in the road is a crevasse, a practicable bit of crag-climbing is a service of peril where each step is planted in the shadow of death; and hardships are encountered which exist only on paper and in the fertile imagination of the fair tourist. If, however, these hardships are real and not imaginary, the poor, wild vagrant returns broken and over-trained, and finds, when perhaps too late, that lovely woman may stoop to other folly besides that of listening to a dear loo'ed lad; and that, in her attempt to imitate, to rival, perhaps to surpass, man on his rightful ground she is not only destroying her distinctive charm of womanhood, but is perhaps digging her own grave, to be filled too surely as well as prematurely.

We are becoming a little surfeited with these Wild Women as globe-trotters and travellers. Their adventures, which for the most part are fictions based on a very small substratum of fact, have ceased to impress, partly because we have ceased to believe, and certainly ceased to respect. *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* Who wanted them to run all these risks, supposing them to be true? What good have they done by their days of starvation and nights of sleeplessness? their perils by land and sea? their chances of being devoured by wild beasts or stuck up by bushrangers? taken by

brigands or insulted by rowdies of all nations? They have contributed nothing to our stock of knowledge, as Marianne North has done. They have solved no ethnological problem; brought to light no new treasures of nature; discovered no new field for British spades to till, no new markets for British manufactures to supply. They have done nothing but lose their beauty, if they had any; for what went out fresh and comely comes back haggard and weather-beaten. It was quite unnecessary. They have lost, but the world has not gained; and that doctor's bill will make a hole in the publisher's cheque.

Ranged side by side with these vagrant Wild Women, globe-trotting for the sake of a subsequent book of travels, and the *kudos* with the pence accruing, are those who spread themselves abroad as missionaries, and those—a small minority, certainly—who do not see why the army and the navy should be sealed against the sex. Among these female missionaries are some who are good, devoted, pure-hearted, self-sacrificing—all that women should be, all that the best women are, and ever have been, and ever will be. But also among them are the Wild Women—creatures impatient of restraint, bound by no law, in-urgent to their finger-tips, and desirous of making all other women as restless and discontented as themselves. Ignorant and unreasonable, they would carry into the sun-laden East the social conditions born of the icy winds of the North. They would introduce into the zenana the circumstances of a Yorkshire home. In a country where jealousy is as strong as death, and stronger than love, they would incite the women to revolt against the rule of seclusion, which has been the law of the land for centuries before we were a nation at all. That rule has worked well for the country, inasmuch as the chastity of Hindu women and the purity of family life are notoriously intact. But our Wild Women swarm over into India as zenana missionaries, trying to make the Hindus as discontented, as restless, as unruly as themselves. The zenana would not suit us. The meekest little mouse among us would revolt at a state of things which does not press too heavily on those who have known nothing else and inherited no other traditions. But it does suit the people who have framed and who live under these laws; and we hold it to be an ethnological blunder, as well as a political misdemeanour, to send out these surging apostles of disobedience and discontent to carry revolt and confusion among our Indian fellow-subjects. It is part of the terrible restlessness with which this age is afflicted, part of the contempt for law in all its forms which certain women have adopted from certain men, themselves too effeminate, too little manly to be able to submit to discipline. These are the men who hound on the Wild Women to ever fresh extravagances. Those pestilent papers which are conducted by these rebels against law and order are responsible for a large amount of the folly which all

true lovers of womanly beauty and virtue deplore and fight against. It is they who hold up to public admiration acts and sentiments which ought to be either sternly repressed as public faults or laughed down as absurdities.

Unlike the female doctors, who, we believe, undertake no proselytising, and are content to merely heal the bodies while leaving alone the souls and lives of the 'purdah-women,' the zenana missionaries go out with the express purpose of teaching Christian theology and personal independence. We hold each to be an impertinence. Like the Jews, the Hindu men have ample means of judging of our Christianity, and what it has done for the world which professes it. They also have ample means of judging of the effects of our womanly independence, and what class of persons we turn out to roam about the world alone. If they prefer this to that, they have only to say so, and the reform will come from within, as it ought—as all reforms must, to be of value. If they do not, it is not for our Wild Women to carry the burden of their unrest into the quiet homes of the East; which homes, too, are further protected by the oath taken by the sovereign to respect the religion of these Eastern subjects. When we have taught the Hindu women to hunt and drive, play golf and cricket, dance the cancan on a public stage, make speeches in Parliament, cherish 'dear boys' at five-o'clock tea, and do all that our Wild Women do, shall we have advanced matters very far? Shall we have made the home happier, the family purer, the women themselves more modest, more chaste? Had we not better cease to pull at ropes which move machinery of which we know neither the force nor the possible action? Why all this interference with others? Why not let the various peoples of the earth manage their domestic matters as they think fit? Are our Wild Women the ideal of female perfection? Heaven forbid! But to this distorted likeness they and their backers are doing their best to reduce all others.

Aggressive, disturbing, officious, unquiet, rebellious to authority and tyrannous to those whom they can subdue, we say emphatically that they are about the most unlovely specimens the sex has yet produced, and between the 'purdah-woman' and the modern *homasses* we, for our own parts, prefer the former. At least the purdah-woman knows how to love. At least she has not forgotten the traditions of modesty as she has been taught them. But what about our half-naked girls and young wives, smoking and drinking with the men? our rapping platform orators? our unabashed self-advertisers? our betting women? our horse-breeders? our advocates of free love, and our contemners of maternal life and domestic duties?

The mind goes back over certain passages in history, and the imagination fastens on certain names which stand as types of womanly loveliness and love-worthiness. Side by side with them were the *homasses* of their day. Where there was a Countess of

Salisbury, for whom not a man in the castle but would have died, cheerfully, gladly, rejoiced to carry his death as his tribute to her surpassing charm, there was also a Black Agnes, who did not disdain to insult her baffled foe, and who had none of the delightfulness which made the Countess of Salisbury so beloved—which made the even yet more distinctly heroic Jane de Montfort so prepotent over her followers. Here stands Lady Rachel Russell; there the arch-virago old Bess of Hardwicke. The one is our English version of Panthea, of Arria; the other is Xanthippe in a coif and peaked stomacher. On one canvas we have Lady Fanshawe; on the other, Lady Eldon—all the same as now we have certain sweet and lovely women who honour their womanhood and fulfil its noblest ideals, and these Wild Women of blare and bluster, who are neither man nor woman—wanting in the well-knit power of the first and in the fragrant sweetness of the last.

Excreescences of the times, products of peace and idleness, of prosperity and over-population—would things be better if a great national disaster pruned our superfluities and left us nearer to the essential core of facts? Who knows! Storms shake off the nobler fruit but do not always beat down the ramping weeds. Still, human nature has the trick of pulling itself right in times of stress and strain. Perhaps, if called upon, even our Wild Women would cast off their ugly travesty and become what modesty and virtue designed them to be; and perhaps their male adorers would go back to the ranks of masculine self-respect, and leave off this base subservience to folly which now disfigures and unmans them. *Chi lo sa?* It does no one harm to hope. This hope, then, let us cherish while we can and may.

E. LYNN LINTON.

THE NAVAL POLICY OF FRANCE, PAST AND FUTURE

WHILE the recent visits of the French Channel Fleet to Cronstadt and Portsmouth have directed public attention to the present condition of the navy of France, and have raised discussion as to its value in any future combinations for offence or defence among European Powers, the most interesting historic loan collections of the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea, and the recent valuable works on naval strategy by Captain Mahan, U.S.A., and Admiral Colomb, have reminded us how large a part that navy has had in forming our experience of naval warfare in the past. That experience has, in fact, been almost exclusively derived from the seven great wars between Great Britain and France, from the year 1688 to 1815. What occurred before that period may be relegated to ancient history. Since then little has taken place which has thrown much light on the subject of naval strategy, and tactics, or as to the value of modern vessels of war. The battle of Lissa, the conflicts between the Peruvian and Chilian vessels, and the operations of the American navy in the rivers and harbours of the Confederate States are the only incidents of importance, but they are no guides as to strategy on a large scale between naval Powers of equal or nearly equal strength. For this we have still to look back to the period referred to, and to the heroic struggles between the navies of England and France for the mastery of the seas.

France entered upon the contest in 1688, with many advantages in her favour. She was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries relatively far more powerful and wealthy. Her population was more than double that of the United Kingdom; it was homogeneous. Her Government had absolute and uncontrolled power over its whole dominions. On the other hand, the British Government was in frequent difficulties from internal dissensions, due in the early part of the period to the attachment of the Irish and Scotch to the Stuart Dynasty, in later years to the revolt of its American colonies, and at the beginning of this century to the disaffection of the Irish. It was the hope of finding assistance from local insurgents that led the French to so many schemes of invasion of different parts of the United Kingdom.

France was also, in the first half of the period referred to, a great colonial Power. Its possessions in Canada, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and west of the Mississippi were little less in extent than those colonised by England in North America. It had many possessions in the West Indian Islands. It disputed on not unequal terms the empire of India. A wise and far-seeing statesman, Colbert, some years before 1688, with a view to a colonial empire, had laid the foundations of a great and powerful navy, had created the naval arsenals of Brest and Toulon, and had initiated the 'Inscription Maritime,' or naval conscription, which has ever since secured to France prompt and certain means of manning her fleets with a hardy, brave, and loyal body of men accustomed to sea life. Her officers were always men of high attainments and courage. Such leaders as Duquesne, Suffren, La Galissonnière, L'Etenduère, De Subran, De Grasse, and Brueys have ranked with many of the best of British officers and have left proud traditions in their own service. The sense of professional feeling must have been high which induced Admiral d'Orvilliers to retire into a monastery after his failure in 1729 to effect any result with the enormous fleet under his command, and Admiral Villeneuve to commit suicide after his disaster at Trafalgar. Till quite recent times the professional officers in the French arsenals surpassed in the science of naval construction the same class of men in England. The French ships as a rule were swifter and carried heavier ordnance and larger crews than their opponents of the same class. The best ships in the British navy were often prizes taken from the French. The *Canopus* alone, captured at the battle of the Nile, served as a model for nine vessels built in the English dockyards. The two great naval arsenals of Toulon and Brest were well placed for a commanding influence over the Mediterranean and the English Channel. France also during the greater part of its conflict with England had valuable allies in what were then naval powers of importance, Spain and Holland, and the fleets thus combined greatly outnumbered that of England, who had no allies to help her at sea.

What, then, was the cause of failure of the French efforts to obtain command at sea, or even to maintain an equality with England? and why was it that in the successive wars she lost nearly all her colonies, failed to obtain a share of imperial rule in India, and after the first great conflict at Beachy Head, in 1689, never again won a decisive battle of first-class or even of second-class importance?

Two main causes may be assigned for this failure: the one that France never gave undivided attention to its colonial and Indian interests, and to the necessity, if it should maintain them, of obtaining command at sea, or at least of preventing the complete and absolute supremacy of England. While the latter Power devoted the whole of its resources to the objects of obtaining supremacy at sea, of acquiring colonies, and of fostering commerce, France was occupied

far more with questions of territorial aggrandisement on the Continent, and of extending its frontiers on the Rhine and elsewhere, than with founding an empire beyond the seas. Her interest, therefore, in her navy was spasmodic, and was not consistently maintained. Twice within the period referred to—in 1763 and 1793—there were very strong popular movements in France in favour of a powerful navy. Great cities and provinces vied with each other in undertaking the construction of line-of-battle ships, and even rural communes subscribed for smaller craft. But when these did not speedily produce the desired result, enthusiasm was followed by cold fits, the navy fell into oblivion, and public attention was far more concentrated upon the more popular force, the army.

The other cause was that the navy in France was, in the main, an artificial product, not resting upon a great reserve of a commercial marine, and without power of expansion in time of war; while that of England had behind it enormous resources in its merchant service, which even in those days greatly exceeded that of its rival. The navy of France was never so strong as at the commencement of a war; that of England never so great as at the end of it. The disproportion increased to the advantage of the latter the longer the war lasted.

This difference made itself felt in the policy which the naval administrations of the two countries, acting under the impulse of public opinion, adopted in the several wars, and dictated to the officers in command of their fleets. Successive Governments of France appear to have felt that if their fleets for the time being were destroyed they could not easily replace either their ships or their men, as they had no reserves to fall back on. Their policy, therefore, was to save their vessels as far as possible, and not to risk them, if it could be avoided, in engagements with British fleets of equal or nearly equal force; but to reserve them for certain specific objects, such as to cover the landing of forces in Ireland and Scotland, or even in England itself, to seize the enemy's colonies abroad, or to defend their own. They do not appear to have appreciated fully, what has been so ably demonstrated by Admiral Colomb as an axiom of naval strategy, that to enable a fleet safely to assist in any attack on forts, or to cover the landing of troops, it is necessary to obtain complete command of the sea by utterly defeating and dispersing any naval force which might interfere with its operations. Officers in command of French fleets were instructed that they ought not lightly to risk the valuable instruments under their charge, that they should not force or accept engagements with the British fleets unless with such a superiority of force as would ensure success, and that they were to have more regard to carrying out the immediate object of their mission than engaging and fighting the opposing fleet. Even Napoleon gave specific instructions to Admiral Villeneuve, on entering on the campaign which ended in Trafalgar, that he was not to engage a British fleet unless

he found himself in a superiority of thirty ships of the line to twenty-three of the enemy.

French admirals, restrained and embarrassed by these instructions, felt themselves as a rule precluded from running risks, or from acts of audacity which are of the very essence of naval warfare, and from attacking the enemy when their forces were equal, or even when their own were somewhat in excess.

It is only in this way that we can explain, as Captain Mahan has so well pointed out, the numerous cases in which French fleets under D'Orvilliers, De Guichen, De Grasse, D'Estaing, and others failed to force on engagements with inferior British fleets under the commands of Hood, Byron, Hyde Parker, Graves, and Derby when they had the chance of inflicting serious injury, and perhaps of utterly defeating them. It does not appear that in any of these cases the conduct of the French admirals was called in question by the Minister of Marine, or that they were ever put on trial by court-martial for neglecting their opportunities.

On this side of the Channel influences and motives the very opposite prevailed. There was the feeling of confidence and strength arising from the certain possession of great resources in reserve; it was felt that the loss of ships would be well compensated for by the destruction of an equal number of enemies' ships. Public opinion in England backed up the Admiralty, and even went beyond it in requiring of admirals commanding fleets daring and even hazardous action against the enemy. Officers who did not force an engagement with equal forces of the French, or even with superior forces, were severely blamed by public opinion, and at its instance were tried by court-martial like Admiral Keppel, were cashiered like Admiral Matthews, or were shot like Admiral Byng. One of the strongest cases of this kind was that of Sir Robert Calder, who was tried by court-martial and severely reprimanded for not having done his best to renew an engagement with Admiral Villeneuve shortly before the battle of Trafalgar, and when he had fifteen sail of the line under his command, compared with twenty French and Spanish vessels. He had on the previous day in a partial encounter taken two Spanish ships of the line.

There is a striking similarity in the general course of events in the seven great wars between England and France,¹ and in the strategy pursued by the naval authorities of the two Powers, such

¹ It may be well to recall the dates of these seven wars with France :

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| 1. War of the League of Augsburg | 1688-1697 |
| 2. War of the Spanish Succession | 1702-1713 |
| 3. War of the Austrian Succession | 1740-1748 |
| 4. The Seven Years' War | 1756-1763 |
| 5. War of the American Independence | 1778-1783 |
| 6. War of the French Revolution | 1793-1801 |
| 7. The Napoleonic War | 1803-1815 |

that it is possible to generalise from them, and to deduce conclusions which may have a bearing in the event of future conflicts. At the commencement of many of these wars, the superiority of the British forces over those of France, taking into account the number of seamen and weight of armament, as well as the number of ships, was inconsiderable. France generally did its best, when peace was made, to repair the losses of the previous war and to bring up the strength of its navy. England, on the contrary, did not maintain its navy at the point it had attained in war; it felt confident in its reserve powers, and was unwilling to continue a large naval expenditure. It was consequently seldom able at the commencement of a war to oppose either to the Mediterranean or the Atlantic fleets of France forces more than equal to them in numbers. Even in the East and West Indies the French were often able to oppose the British squadrons with equal or even superior fleets.

The engagements also which took place in the early years of these wars were generally indecisive. This was sometimes the result of the British admirals in command being unwilling to force engagements at close quarters; more often the result of some of their captains, untested by previous service before the enemy, or owing their position to other motives than the good of the service, being unable or unwilling to support their chiefs in coming into line for close quarters with the enemy. Thus at the commencement of the War of the Spanish Succession, in the engagement between the French and English fleets off Carthagena, in South America, the gallant old Benbow, who received a mortal wound in the action, was left in the lurch by some of his captains. The French fleet would have been annihilated if these officers had obeyed orders. Benbow lived long enough to bring five of these captains to trial by court-martial; two of them were convicted of cowardice, and were shot; the others were cashiered for neglect of orders.

In the early period of the next war, that of the Austrian Succession, a similar defection took place in the naval battle off Toulon. Admiral Matthews was very unjustly condemned and cashiered for the indecisive character of this action; the failure was due to the misbehaviour of many of his captains, who were rightly dismissed the service. At the commencement of the Seven Years' War (1756) Admiral Byng fought an indecisive battle against a slightly inferior French fleet off Minorca; and though we may now think that his condemnation and death were unmerited, yet it is difficult not to conclude that he did not show the vigour and resource which characterised such chiefs as Hawke, Rodney, Howe, Jervis, and Nelson. About the same time another admiral failed to engage a French fleet of slightly superior numbers but of equal force at Louisberg, and in so doing raised a storm of indignation in England, which compelled his recall. Similarly, at the commencement of the War of the

American Independence, when Admiral Keppel met a slightly superior French fleet off Ushant under Admiral d'Orvilliers, his signals were not obeyed by Admiral Palliser, commanding the rear of the British fleet, and he was consequently unable to renew the engagement, which had so far been indecisive. Keppel, as we all know, was put on his trial by court-martial, at the instance of Palliser, for not doing his best on this occasion, but was honourably acquitted. One cannot but feel that, under the leaders already referred to, this engagement might have resulted very differently. The defeat of the principal fleet of the French at this early period of the campaign, before it had been able to render aid to the British Colonies in revolt in North America, would have had an enormous effect upon the war, and might have completely altered the course of events in the conflict between England and her colonies.

Again, at the commencement of the War of the French Revolution, more than fifteen months elapsed before any engagement of importance took place between the English and French fleets; and when at last they met off Ushant, under Lord Howe and Admiral Villaret, many of the English captains failed seriously in their duties in the manœuvres and partial engagements in the two days which preceded the First of June, and even then neglected to come into line of battle. It was only the public enthusiasm created by the victory which prevented many of them being tried by court-martial for their failure to support their chief and to come to close quarters with the enemy. Had they done so the victory would have been far more decisive, and the French admiral would not have been able to draw off so many of his vessels intact. During the short peace of 1800-1803, while the French Government made every exertion to restore the condition of its fleet, the British Government was content to rest on its laurels, and when the war was renewed the two navies were in the same proportion to one another as they had been at the commencement of the war of 1793.

Owing to these and other causes, and to the unwillingness also of the French to risk close engagements, the decisive battles of each war were generally long-delayed. Meanwhile, the British forces were augmented; incompetent officers were weeded out of the service; the ablest admirals were put in command; and when the supreme moment arrived the results were far more decisive. The battle of Cape Barflour, in 1692, was fought four years after the commencement of the war. The battle in Quiberon Bay, when Hawke defeated and dispersed the French fleet, in 1759, took place three years after the war began. The victory of Rodney over De Grasse in the West Indies, in 1781, did not occur till three years after the declaration of war; that of Lord Howe off Ushant was fifteen months; and that of Nelson at the Nile, in 1798, was five years after the commencement of the War of the French Revolution; and the crowning

victory of Trafalgar, in 1805, was not till two years after the renewal of hostilities in 1803.

These great battles were practically decisive for the remainder of the wars in which they occurred, determined for the time being the supremacy of England on the seas, and were pregnant of results. They paralysed the action of the French in respect of any object beyond their shores; they gave practically free hand to England to capture what colonies of France and its allies it liked, and to land any forces on the continent of Europe. It is to be observed that in only two of them were the forces on both sides equal in point of numbers of line-of-battle ships, viz. those of the 1st of June, 1794, and of the Nile. In the others the British fleets had substantial superiority in numbers. In none of them had the French the advantage of numbers. At Trafalgar the combined French and Spanish fleet was in excess of the British fleet; but the Spanish vessels could not be reckoned as of equal value to the French or English.

There were, it need hardly be said, numerous other engagements between fleets of inferior numbers, such as the two battles off Cape Finisterre in 1797, when Boscawen and Anson successively—each with fourteen sail of the line—destroyed very inferior French fleets of eight or nine vessels. There were also numerous battles in the Indian seas, where the French often succeeded in opposing our fleets with superior forces. Thus three battles were fought by Admiral d'Aché in 1758-9 with nine ships of the line, against Admiral Pocock with seven vessels; and five battles were fought in 1781-2 by Suffren, the greatest of all French admirals, against Admiral Hughes, in four of which he had superior forces. In all of them Suffren had by his better tactics all but secured complete victory, but was foiled by the neglect of some of his captains to obey his signals. None of these eight battles was decisive, and in none of them were any vessels lost or captured by either side. The mastery of the sea was, in fact, decided, not in the East Indies or by small fleets, but between the principal fleets of the two great Powers, generally either in the Channel or off the coast of Spain.

Another conclusion which comes out clearly from a review of this long period is, that France gained very little from its alliances with other naval Powers. It had Spain for an ally in most of the wars referred to, and Holland in many of them. Spain throughout this period had a navy formidable in point of numbers of ships and men. But though its ships were well built, and its men were not wanting, in courage when well led, its fleets were disposed of without difficulty when they fought singly against British fleets. Thus in 1708, off Cape Passaro, a Spanish fleet was simply annihilated by Admiral Byng. In 1780 another Spanish fleet of eleven line-of-battle ships was extinguished by Rodney; and at the battle of St. Vincent, in

1797, Sir John Jervis, with fifteen sail of the line, defeated with comparative ease, and with little loss of life, twenty-six Spanish line-of-battle ships and eleven frigates. Napoleon rightly estimated the value of the Spanish navy when he instructed Admiral Villeneuve that in determining whether to engage a British fleet he was to reckon any Spanish line-of-battle ships under his command as equal to only half their number of French ships—a proportion which brought the combined fleets at Trafalgar slightly below the force of the British fleet, viz. British line-of-battle ships, twenty-seven; French, eighteen; Spanish, fifteen.

The Spanish alliance had also its drawbacks in the jealousies it entailed, and in the divergent objects of the two Governments. Spain throughout the greater part of the period was mainly bent on recovering Gibraltar; it made this the price of its alliance, and insisted that the main naval force of the combination should be directed to it. It did not apparently understand that the best, if not the only, way of effecting this was by the defeat of the British fleet in the Channel, so as to prevent the relief of this fortress. There can be little doubt that if, in the War of the American Independence, the combined fleet had not been so tied to Gibraltar, England would have been in far greater danger. When, in 1781, in consequence of the immense demands on the British navy from all parts of the world, and especially from North America, the combined fleets of France and Spain obtained a great predominance in the British Channel, and De Guichen, in command of fifty French and Spanish sail of the line, had the chance of attacking the English Channel fleet of thirty vessels, under Admiral Derby, in Torbay, it was by the advice of the Spanish officers that he refrained from availing himself of this the greatest opportunity which has ever occurred, since the battle of Beachy Head, of attacking a British fleet with an overwhelming force. The defeat of Derby's fleet would certainly have involved the loss of Gibraltar.

The Dutch were of far more stubborn material. They had disputed the command of the seas with England in the seventeenth century. They had still a powerful fleet when they were allied to France in the wars of the American Independence and of the French Revolution. The naval fights with them were more hotly contested than any other battles of the period. The Dutch fleet, however, was separated from the main fleets of France and Spain by the Straits of Dover and the English Channel, and a junction could only be effected by its running the gauntlet of the British naval ports; and, in fact, it was always prevented doing so. The only effect of the alliance of Holland was to necessitate the withdrawal for a time of a certain number of British vessels from their main fleet, in order to watch the Dutch fleet. A single battle sufficed in each war to dispose of danger from that quarter. On the other hand, the hostility of the Dutch

offered as a prey to England many important colonies, three of which—the Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon, and the Malay Peninsula—were of immense strategic importance, and greatly facilitated the operations of British fleets in the East Indies.

The combination of France, Spain, and Holland appeared most formidable, but in 1781 England was able to hold her own against them even at a time when she was engaged in war with her own colonists in North America; and in 1797–8, when the same combination was formed against her, she was able to defeat them in detail within a few months in three of her greatest victories, at St. Vincent, Camperdown, and the Nile. It cannot be doubted that there is an essential weakness in such naval alliances arising from divergent objects and policies. The task therefore of wresting from England the supremacy at sea fell upon France in the main, if not solely.

Another conclusion to be drawn from these naval wars is the general similarity of strategy in each of them, both on the part of France and on that of England, arising out of their respective positions and forces.

The object of France in each case was to combine her two main fleets from Toulon and Brest, either alone or together with those of her allies, for some definite purpose, such as to cover an invasion of England, or to land troops in Ireland or Scotland, or to besiege and take Gibraltar, or to seize the colonial possessions of England, or to defend her own.

It was the strategical object of England to prevent this combination and to defeat these fleets singly before their junction. For this object England was far better situated than France. Though Brest and Toulon were well placed for the command of the Atlantic or the Mediterranean, they were separated by a long distance and stormy seas, and by the Straits of Gibraltar midway between those seas. The junction of the two fleets could only be effected by one of them passing through the Straits. England at the commencement of each war, in consequence of the numerous demands on her navy, was seldom able to do more than to oppose an equal fleet to the Mediterranean fleet of France. Often it could not oppose an equal fleet at Toulon, but had temporarily to withdraw its ships from the Mediterranean and to concentrate them at Gibraltar. This naval station, then, was of great strategic importance, for it afforded the opportunity of watching the entrance to the Mediterranean, of dividing the two French fleets, and of dividing also the two Spanish fleets at Cadiz and Carthage.

There was this defect, however, about Gibraltar in the days of sailing vessels, that it was often difficult, on account of the wind and current, for a fleet lying there to get under way, in order to engage a hostile fleet passing through the Straits with a favourable wind, and cases occurred in which French fleets either passed through without observation, or without the possibility of British fleets attacking it.

Thus in 1796 a French squadron of five sail of the line and three frigates, under command of Admiral Villeneuve, passed through the Straits at a time when Sir John Jervis, with eighteen sail of the line, was lying off Gibraltar. The French fleet was seen from the English fleet, but a heavy gale from the E.S.E., which drove the French vessels through the gut, prevented the English fleet from getting under way. The interesting proceedings which took place in 1782, when Lord Howe with thirty-four sail of the line and a great convoy of supply vessels and transports was able to relieve Gibraltar, and to pass and repass the Straits, in the presence of a very superior fleet of over fifty sail of the line of French and Spanish ships combined—which were lying off Algeciras, and which got under way, but in vain tried to engage the British fleet and to prevent the relief of Gibraltar—showed how difficult it was for fleets to manœuvre in the Straits so as to prevent such an operation.

On the other hand, there was a case in 1759 of the opposite kind, showing the great value of Gibraltar even in those days as a place of observation on the Toulon fleet. The British fleet was temporarily withdrawn from the Mediterranean, and Admiral Boscawen was lying at Gibraltar with fourteen sail of the line. The French had made preparations for sending a large force to Scotland to support a rising in favour of the Stuarts; and for this purpose they desired to concentrate their naval force in the Channel. A fleet of twelve sail of the line and three frigates sailed from Toulon with the intention of passing through the Straits. They were watched by British frigates, which communicated by signal guns with other vessels in touch with Gibraltar. When the French fleet passed through the Straits the British fleet got under way and pursued them, and, coming up with them off St. Vincent, fought a battle, which resulted in five of the French ships being captured or destroyed and the remainder being dispersed. This undoubtedly prevented the junction of the Toulon fleet with that in Brest, put a stop to the contemplated landing of a force in Scotland, and led a few weeks later to the destruction and dispersal of the Brest fleet in Quiberon Bay by Admiral Hawke. The victory of Admiral Saumarez, in 1801, with five sail of the line over nine French and Spanish vessels in the Gut of Gibraltar is another illustration of the value of this station.

It may be said that as a rule—except in the case of the War of the American Independence, when England was harder pressed than at any other time, having to bear the burden of its great struggle with its insurgent colonists in North America (where the co-operation of a powerful fleet was essential to the support of its forces on the American main), and when it was confronted in Europe by the combination of France, Spain, and Holland—it was always able to prevent the junction of the Mediterranean and Atlantic fleets of France, and to defeat them singly. The last and most momentous

effort of the French of this nature was that directed by Napoleon himself, in the long manœuvres which terminated in Trafalgar. His object was to draw Nelson's fleet to the West Indies by sending there the combined Toulon and Spanish fleets, apparently intending to attack Jamaica, and then by doubling back to Europe to defeat in detail or disperse the British fleets blockading Ferrol and Brest, and by a junction with the fleets in these ports to render all opposition in the English Channel impossible, and to cover the landing of a great army on the British coasts. The earlier stages of this great scheme succeeded. The Toulon and the Spanish fleets were united, and drew Nelson to the West Indies; but, as we all know, Nelson followed closely on the track of the combined fleets, and by superior sailing arrived on his return voyage to Europe in time to foil the scheme of Napoleon. It may, indeed, be doubted, as has been well shown by Admiral Colomb, whether there was any prospect of success for the scheme, even if Nelson's fleet had remained in the West Indies; but whatever hope may have existed in the mind of the Emperor was entirely extinguished by the catastrophe to the combined French and Spanish fleet at Trafalgar.

During the ten remaining years of the great war with France there was no further attempt on the part of its Government to send any considerable fleet to sea, still less to effect a junction of the Mediterranean and Channel forces. Though line-of-battle ships were constructed in great numbers in the French arsenals, and at Antwerp, Genoa, Venice, and other places under the influence of France, no practical use was made of them. The supremacy of the sea was conceded to England and was never again in doubt.

It will be seen from this short summary of the naval strategy of the two combatants that it was by no accident that so many great naval engagements took place either off the coast of Spain, between Gibraltar and Cape St. Vincent, or off the great headlands of Finis-terre and Ushant. A French fleet issuing from the Mediterranean with a view to a junction with the Channel fleet would naturally meet the enemy at the first of these points; and a fleet coming out of Brest with the same object would probably be fallen in with off one of the headlands referred to.

Seventy-five years have passed since the conclusion of the last great war between England and France, and though occasionally there have been diplomatic difficulties which appeared to threaten war, yet peace has been maintained without interruption, and their fleets have not unfrequently been united for combined action against a common enemy. They fought side by side at the battle of Navarino for the independence of Greece; they fought again together in the attack on Sebastopol on the Black Sea, and at Bomarsund and Sweaborg in the Baltic, in what was then believed to be the interest of Europe against unprovoked aggression; and they made a common

attack on the forts of Tien-Tsin in China. What reason is there, then, to suppose that they may not be at peace for seventy-five more years to come, and that they may not more often be ranged as allies than as foes in any future naval operations?

Every reasonable consideration arising out of the present relations of France to other Powers in Europe, her relative strength to England as compared with the past, the probabilities of what might result from a renewal of the war, and the interests of both countries, point to a continuance of peace and of friendly alliance.

There are those, indeed, who appear to think that France is still inflamed with jealousy of England, and influenced by a spirit of revenge for Trafalgar and Waterloo, and has yet hopes of reversing the issue decided by so many hotly-contested naval wars in the past. It is in no spirit of unfriendliness or misplaced elation over the misfortunes of a neighbour, but rather to meet the fears of those on this side of the Channel, that one may venture to point out how much altered for the worse is the position of France in Europe, and how absolutely hopeless any future contest for command at sea would be, whether undertaken singly or with any probable allies; how infinitely stronger England would be for any such contest to which she might be challenged; and how much France has to lose by it, and how little to gain by such a war.

In the first place, France no longer holds uncontested the first place as a military Power in Europe, which in the last two centuries she undoubtedly occupied. She has now for a neighbour the newly-constituted Empire of Germany, with a population considerably more than her own, and increasing far more rapidly, and which, single-handed, inflicted upon her the greatest humiliation which ever a proud nation had to submit to, in the conquest of Alsace and Lorraine. There cannot be a doubt that every other recollection of the past and every other hope and ambition of France is merged and extinguished in the one burning desire and determination, if possible, to recover these lost provinces, and to avenge the defeat of Sedan. If war with England could contribute to this object, war there would be; but every tyro in politics must admit that war with England would extinguish any chance of recovering these provinces, and would almost certainly bring France into deadly conflict again with its powerful neighbour on its eastern frontier.

Secondly, England has grown very greatly in strength and wealth during the last seventy-five years as compared with France. The population of the United Kingdom is now almost on an equality with that of France; its wealth is far greater, its taxation far lighter, its burden of debt far less. Its commercial marine has grown in a proportion infinitely greater. Its merchant steamers surpass in tonnage those of all the rest of the world put together. The merchant service of France has fallen off. Railways have almost destroyed

her coasting trade. The responsibilities of England have doubtless increased in every part of the world, and a great war would put a great strain upon her; and, if undertaken for any object in which her principal colonies have no concern or interest, might lead to their breaking away from her; but, apart from this possibility, the more important self-governing colonies have become sources of strength to England, instead of causes of weakness, in time of war. No one in his senses now believes that France, singly or in alliance with others, could ever, even if it had command of the sea, invade and subject the Australian colonies, or New Zealand, or the Cape Colony, or Canada, even if, in the latter case, it should have the sympathy of the French population. Without the command of the sea, no mere raid by a squadron would be of the slightest effect or use.

Thirdly, in these days of steam, when coal depots are of such vital importance to ships of war at a distance from their base, or to merchant vessels in danger from an enemy's cruisers, England has secured an enormous advantage in the possession of all the principal strategic points in the world, commanding the points where the courses of vessels on the principal lines of trade converge, and where her fleets could coal, or where she could station her cruisers for the defence of her commerce. France, no doubt, has a few such depots in distant parts, of no great value for strategic purposes, but she would be unable to retain them in a war when she has not the command at sea.

Fourthly, Gibraltar by the substitution of steam for sailing vessels has become a vastly more important position than it ever was in past wars. It has already been shown that it was not always possible for a fleet posted there to prevent an enemy's fleet passing through the Straits; but in these days of steam and telegraphs an ironclad fleet lying there, supported by numerous torpedo vessels and coast defence vessels, and with fast cruisers to act as scouts in the Mediterranean, and to keep it informed as to the movements of the French fleet from Toulon, would make it a most dangerous operation, if not an impossible one, for any fleet of equal or even superior strength to pass through the Straits in any future war. Gibraltar, therefore, secures to England the power of almost hermetically closing the Mediterranean against the egress or ingress of a fleet; it follows also that it will be possible to prevent the junction of the French Mediterranean and Atlantic fleets—a strategic advantage of the greatest value. It is true that Gibraltar would lose a great part of its value in the event of Spain being in alliance with France, for its roadstead is well within the range of modern guns on the Spanish main, and no fleet could lie there; and it is equally certain that there would be a great temptation to Spain to join in an alliance against England, insisting, as it has done in the past, on the recovery of Gibraltar as the price of its alliance; and for this reason many

persons have considered that Ceuta, on the opposite side of the Straits, might be a more valuable post, and might be taken in exchange for Gibraltar. But except for this one advantage, that it would reduce the value of Gibraltar, there would be no special value to France in the alliance of Spain, for the latter has no navy at the present time worthy of a moment's consideration, and could therefore in no way assist France in obtaining command at sea. On the other hand, Spain would run the certain risk in any such war of losing what remains to it of value in its colonies, and one of those at least, namely, the Philippine Islands, would be a most valuable acquisition. It may safely be concluded then that Spain would not be drawn into an alliance for the very doubtful prospect of recovering Gibraltar.

Fifthly, and perhaps more important still, is the fact that France within the last fifty years has again made very considerable progress towards extending its dominions, influence, and powers beyond its own shores. There was conceded to her at the close of the last great war little more than Martinique and a few other small islands in the West Indies, the Isle de Bourbon in the Indian Ocean, the islands of Miquelon and St. Pierre in the estuary of the St. Lawrence, and her ancient right to use the coast of Newfoundland for her fisheries, the principal nursery of seamen for her fleet, and the cause of much difficulty to our colony, and a few square miles of land in India, which she is under obligation not to fortify. She has since added very largely to these interests by her conquest of Algeria, her protectorate over Tunis, which differs only in name from actual possession, by greatly extending her possessions on the west coast of Africa, by her conquests in Tonkin and Cochin-China, by her protectorate in Madagascar, and by her acquisitions in New Caledonia and Tahiti. No one grudges her these possessions, except perhaps her interests in Newfoundland and New Caledonia. They are all, rightly considered, hostages for peace, for most of them would be lost within a few months after the commencement of a war with a Power having the command of the sea, and none of them could be long retained if communications could not be kept with them.

What, then, are the possibilities to France of securing the command at sea, so essential for the security of its own possessions, and so necessary, if anything is to be done against those of England, in a war, either singly or with such allies as are within reasonable probability? and what is likely to be the strategy of both Powers in the event, however improbable, of such a war? It must be assumed in such an event that the proportion of the British navy to that of France at the commencement would be that which both countries for many years have aimed at, or acquiesced in, namely, about three to two at least in respect of those larger ironclads, which will in future, as did the old line-of-battle ships in the past, constitute the real strength of navies.

It is too often the habit of writers to look at the position of England, in the event of such a war, only from the point of view of the difficulties and responsibilities in which it will find itself at the outbreak of hostilities; and many careless thinkers appear to contemplate the possibility of France, by a *coup de main* landing a large force of men on the coasts of England, without having first secured the command of the sea by defeating the British naval force which would be opposed to it.

All strategical conclusions resulting from past experience absolutely preclude the possibility of such an enterprise, so long as there is an unbeaten fleet in the English Channel or in its neighbourhood. There is nothing in the later inventions of steam and telegraphs or armour-plated ships which in the smallest degree alters the general lines of strategy in this respect, on which either nation must proceed in attack or defence.

We must look at the position from the point of view of France and its interests, and its possibilities of action, as well as from that of England. The former will in future, as in the past, have its two main fleets of ironclads, the one in the Mediterranean and the other probably at Brest rather than at Cherbourg, for the latter port is very open to bombardment. The main object of France will necessarily be to form a junction of its two fleets for some definite purpose, and in the hope probably of defeating in detail the British forces.

It has already been shown how important Gibraltar will be for the purpose of preventing the junction of the two French fleets. It is probable, then, that the first act of the British Government on the declaration of war, or even in the prospect of war, would be to recall its Mediterranean fleet to Gibraltar; and its second act would be to reinforce that fleet to a point when it will equal or slightly exceed the French fleet at Toulon, and to supply it with torpedo vessels and coast-defence vessels, so as to make the passage of the Straits as impossible as can be effected.² On the assumption that the English ironclads are in proportion to those of France as three to two, and that no unwise measures have been taken to disperse the more powerful vessels all over the world, and on the assumption also that the French fleets are evenly divided between Brest and Toulon, this would leave the British force in the Channel nearly double that of the French lying at Brest or other Channel ports.

In these days of torpedo vessels of great speed and growing size, it is very questionable whether blockades either of Toulon or Brest could be carried out by fleets in their immediate vicinity, as was the case in former years. No anchorage would be safe within easy reach of these ports. It must be recollected, however, that they were not

² This was written before I read the interesting brochure entitled *The Last Great Naval War*, which suggests the same course at the outbreak of a battle with France.

blockaded in the great war in the strict sense of the term. The fleets which lay off these ports were only anxious that the enemy's fleets should come out. They were there to watch, to pursue, engage, and destroy. In the case of Toulon, it is probable that a fleet lying at Gibraltar, with the aid of fast cruisers, and in connection with telegraphs, would as effectually watch Toulon for these purposes as if it were cruising off that port.

The fleet in Toulon could not go eastward for operations against Malta or Egypt without the certainty of its movements being communicated to Gibraltar, without the equal certainty that the British fleet there would pursue it, and repeat the lesson given, at the battle of the Nile, to the fatal strategy which sent an expedition to Egypt while an equal hostile fleet was still in the Mediterranean.

In the case of Brest, it is probable that a strict blockade would be equally impossible, but the British force might be divided into two fleets, each equal to that in Brest, the one lying at Spithead or Portland and the other cruising between Scilly and Cape Ushant, both being kept informed by fast cruisers of the movements of the French fleet. We have only to put ourselves into the position of the French naval authorities to perceive how difficult such a disposition of the British forces would render it for them to do anything with their divided fleets. The Toulon fleet could not come out of the Mediterranean. The Brest fleet could not come out of Brest into the Channel or the Atlantic without the greatest risk of encountering a greatly superior force. It would be a very hazardous proceeding for any small squadrons of ironclads to venture on any distant cruises. What, then, would happen? Either the French fleets must come out of their respective ports and meet the enemy, when the chances would be much against them—and if defeated the command of the seas would be absolutely secure for the remainder of the war—or if they should stay in port it would be an admission that the English fleet had retained its old supremacy. It would only then be a question how soon France would lose all its possessions beyond its own shores.

In such a war the French interests in Newfoundland would be quickly disposed of. The Australians might be confidently expected to appropriate New Caledonia and to ship the convicts there back to France. An Indian force would make short work of the French rule in the far East. The possessions of France on the west coast of Africa would fall to any expedition that it might be thought worth while to send out. There would remain only Algiers and Tunis. The French army there would doubtless be largely reinforced in the prospect of war. It is probable that the importance of keeping up communications with these provinces would be considered so great that under no circumstances would the Toulon fleet attempt to leave the Mediterranean lest it should never be able to get back again. Indeed, looking at the difficulty of doing anything substantial with a

combined fleet in the Atlantic or elsewhere, it seems probable that the concentration of the whole fleet would be attempted rather in the Mediterranean than in the Atlantic or in the British Channel; and if the Straits were open to the passage of a French fleet, and the British Mediterranean fleet were cruising off Toulon, it is probable that the French authorities would endeavour to form a junction of their two fleets with a view to an engagement and defeat of the British fleet in these waters. But on the assumption I have made this combination would be impossible. It would, in such case, be difficult also for the French to keep up their communications with Algiers and Tunis. No ironclad fleet could venture there without risk of engagement with the British fleet from Gibraltar; no transports could be sent without danger of being cut off by British cruisers. As time progressed England would make full use of its great resources, would greatly increase its fleet of cruisers, and would make the communications between France and Algiers more and more difficult. The time would come when the native population of these provinces would rise in rebellion, as those in Algiers were near doing in the last Franco-German war, and all the work of the French in the colonisation of North Africa might be undone in a few months.

It is not, indeed, in the real interest of England that the rule of France should come to an end in North Africa or even in Tonquin and Cochin-China; but in war the sole aim in view will necessarily be the weakening of the enemy and the destruction of its interests. It would appear, then, that such a disposition of the British forces at the outbreak of a war would paralyse the action of the French fleets both in the Mediterranean and the Channel, would render all idea of landing a force on the shores of this country absolutely hopeless and impossible, and would practically ensure the command of the seas, with all its consequences. In any case, it would seem probable that, just as in the past, a long interval would elapse before a great naval battle would take place, and that a single engagement would then determine again for the whole war the command of the seas.

It will be said, perhaps, that France will again have allies in any future war; but where are the allies to come from that will be of any use to her in assisting her to defeat the British fleets and to obtain command at sea? Certainly there are no Powers relatively so powerful at sea as were Spain and Holland in the last wars. Both of these countries have ceased to be naval Powers. It is inconceivable that either Germany or Italy would join France in an alliance against England. Neither of these Powers has ever been at war with us, or has any interests opposed to us by which it could be tempted into such a course. The German fleet would in any case be no more formidable in a combination against us than was that of Holland in the last war. The Italian fleet is constructed for the obvious purpose

of defending the very exposed coast of its country rather than for service at a distance. There remains to be considered Russia. One can understand a combination of Russia and France, upon the basis that the former should have a free hand to make another advance in the Balkan-Peninsula and to take Constantinople, and that France should attempt to recover Alsace and Lorraine; but this would not be a combination against England, but against Germany and Austria. What is difficult to understand is, what could be the terms of a combination against England only. France, judging from its past policy, would not willingly agree to the introduction of another naval rival in the Mediterranean by the occupation of Constantinople by Russia. The Rhine provinces might be considered an equivalent; but what equivalent can be suggested that could form the basis of a French alliance with Russia against England one fails to see. The Russian navy is not a very large one; it is divided into two entirely distinct fleets, the one shut up in the Black Sea, which, *ex hypothesi* of a war aimed at the capture of Constantinople, would not soon be released; the other would be equally blocked up in the Baltic by a comparatively small British fleet cruising off the entrance to the Sound or in the Baltic. There would be no reason to fear such a naval combination. But, in fact, no such combination could be formed, having for one of its objects the occupation of Constantinople by Russia, without bringing into the field the Triple Alliance, and England would thus gain more powerful allies at sea than France would have in Russia.

It might well be that, in the event of Russia making a further advance to India and becoming involved in a war with England, France would take the occasion of claiming the performance of the promise of the latter to withdraw its troops from Egypt. But in such a case the maintenance of our troops there would certainly not be worth the hostility of France, and our diplomacy would find some way out of the position rather than involve us in war. There can be no doubt that the British occupation of Egypt has always been most hateful to France. At any time previous to the Franco-German war it would have led to war, and would therefore not have been undertaken. It is well that we should bear in mind that the continued occupation of Egypt is a bar to a really good understanding with France. But there is a long distance between this and a combination to force us by war to withdraw.

In truth, the more such threatened naval alliances against England are examined, the more completely they break down as eventualities of even remote possibility and danger. It has already been shown how little alliances availed France in any past wars, how the jealousies and divergent views of the parties to them reduced the danger to the Power against whom they were directed, and how disastrous they proved to the allies themselves. It may safely be predicted that the

same experience would result from any future combinations against us. There is no more reason to doubt that England would again come triumphant out of any possible alliance against her, and would maintain the command of the seas without greater effort or difficulty, than when she had to face the combination of France, Spain, and Holland.

There remains the question as to the injury which France might effect upon the commercial marine of England in the event of war. It must be admitted that nothing within the reasonable or possible powers of the naval administration of the time can or will prevent very great losses to British vessels in such a case. The principal fleets of France may be defeated or blockaded so as to make the command of the sea secure, but her ports in the Mediterranean and on the Atlantic from which fast cruisers could issue to prey upon British shipping are so numerous that effective blockade against cruisers will be impossible. It will always be possible for such a country as France within a few weeks to construct vessels of light draught and great speed, intended only to operate at a short distance from her shores, and therefore faster than the great majority of merchant steamers afloat, and such vessels would play havoc with our commerce. But this will be no new experience. In all the past wars British commerce suffered most severely from the French cruisers and privateers, and never more so than when the principal fleets of France had been thoroughly defeated and were blocked up in harbour by overwhelming forces.

The ultimate effect, however, of a war upon our merchant marine is too complex and difficult a question now to deal with. It may be doubted whether any amount of preparation in advance in the shape of armed cruisers will afford security against loss such as to induce shippers of goods to charter British vessels while any neutral vessels are unemployed. It is generally admitted that the route to the East through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal will become impossible to British vessels, flanked as it is by French ports on both shores of that sea. To what extent other routes by the more open seas, with a resort to the old system of convoys through the Channel and across the Bay of Biscay, may be rendered safe; to what extent our merchant ships will find safety under neutral flags; or to what extent swift steamers will be constructed which will be safe from capture, experience only can prove. This much we know, that no destruction of commerce has ever in the past affected the ultimate issue of a war. It can never be worth while to enter upon war for such a purpose only. While France might cause great losses to our commerce or force it to pass temporarily into the hands of neutral Powers, she would certainly suffer in a similar manner to the extent of her own commerce, and would also lose every colony and every interest she has beyond her own shores.

It may confidently be stated that there is no illusion in France among the able men who preside over her naval departments, or among her scientific officers, as to the relative strength of their navy to that of England, or as to their comparative resources, and that they have no hope of being able to reverse the decisions of past wars, or to secure command of the seas. It is never pretended by any competent writer in France on naval matters, or by any of the scientific men employed in designing and constructing their ships of war, that the French navy is or can be made able to cope on equal terms with that of England. Whatever their confidence as to the courage and skill of their seamen and officers when meeting British ships on equal terms, they have the full perception that Providence is as much on the side of the largest fleets as it is on that of the biggest battalions on shore, and that not only is the British navy, as it always has been, far stronger than theirs, but that it can be increased, if need be, in a far greater proportion.

• Why, then, it may be said, should France maintain so powerful a navy, which, if not equal to that of England, is one which sometimes challenges comparison, and which not unfrequently creates alarm in the minds of those who have not studied the lessons of past wars? The answer is, that it has been the deliberate and well-settled policy of France, ever since the last great war, to maintain its navy with two objects in view: the one, that it shall not be so far inferior to that of England as to put the diplomacy of France completely at the mercy of the British Government; the other, that it shall be equal in strength to the navies of any two other naval Powers in Europe next in importance to those of England and her own. It has been found by experience that a proportion of powerful vessels which constitute the real strength of navies, of two-thirds of those of England, satisfies as a general rule those two conditions. It is obvious that while France maintains its navy in about this proportion to that of England, it can by alliance with some one or more other naval Powers be in a position not far short of those of England; and the British Government will consequently be compelled to think seriously before attempting to force the hands of France in any diplomatic difficulty which may occur. Whatever confidence we Englishmen may have in the sense of justice and moderation of our Government in any difficulties with France, we may be prepared to admit that our language and attitude on many questions would be different and less conciliatory if the navy of France were reduced to a point when it would give us no concern whatever. It cannot be denied, then, that, looked at by the light of experience in such matters, the policy of France in this respect is wise, and even necessary, and gives to its diplomacy a force which would otherwise be wanting to it.

Whenever in the past the one Power or the other has exceeded substantially the proportion referred to, the other has speedily followed

suit and has restored the proportion or caused it to exceed in the opposite scale.'

It has indeed occasionally happened that France has been more ready to adopt improvements in the construction and types of its vessels of war. It anticipated England in the conversion of its old sailing-vessels of the line into steamers. It was the first to adopt the principle of armour-plating to the sides of its vessels, so as to avoid the terrible effect of shells bursting in their crowded batteries. On the other hand, England obtained an enormous advantage by being the first to construct its largest vessels wholly of iron and steel. The life of a wooden armour-plated vessel cannot be estimated at more than twenty years. Those with iron hulls are practically indestructible. The classification of vessels is no longer so easy a matter as it was in the old wars. There is a great variety of types; improvements in guns, in armour-plates, in speed, and in size are so frequent that it is difficult to compare the ships of to-day with those built ten or even five years ago; and it is always possible for interested panic-mongers on either side of the Channel, by special methods of classification, by depreciating the vessels of the one country and counting all the lame ducks of the other, to bring out any arithmetical result they desire, with a view to creating alarm and promoting further expenditure.

It may confidently be asserted, however, that an impartial examination of the facts and a careful comparison of the naval expenditure of the two countries will bring out clearly that the proportion of really effective force, counting not merely the number of ships but their relative power, has never during the last fifty years been very far from that referred to, and that at the present time, owing to the exceptional efforts made by England during the last three years, its effective force of ships built or building bears a yet larger proportion to that of France than that referred to.

The other condition aimed at by France is that its navy shall equal those of Germany and Italy combined. It is easy for us to understand how supremely important this is as a matter of policy. The combination of these Powers is an existing fact, and if they could be secure of the command of the sea in any future war as against France, their powers of offence would be enormously increased. On the other hand, France, by maintaining a superiority at sea over the combined Powers, will have a most potent weapon against Italy, and will make her coast secure against attack.

Looking, then, at the experience of past wars and at the present strength and resources of France compared with what they were in previous conflicts, there is not only no greater reason, but far less

* It will be found, on comparing the expenditure of the two countries on the construction of new vessels of war for quinquennial periods from 1833 to 1888, that the proportion referred to has been almost exactly maintained.

reason, for England to fear the effects of any future naval war with her. We may rest perfectly satisfied that so long as we maintain the really effective fighting portion of our fleet in the proportion indicated we shall be in a position at the outbreak of a war to paralyse her action at sea, to make any attempt at invasion of our shores impossible, and, by securing command of the seas, to render any adventurous policy against our colonies impracticable, and to put the interests of France beyond her shores at our mercy. We have also the confidence derived from past experience that no probable combination need be feared, that time will be on our side, and that our great resources in our mercantile marine and in our private ship-building yards will enable us to strengthen our sea force with a rapidity and to an extent far beyond anything that was done in past wars.

(On the other hand, we have equally no reason for being jealous of or alarmed by any naval preparations of France, so long as they do not exceed the above proportions. She has great interests beyond her shores as well as we have; she has foes on her flank far more threatening and dangerous than any that we have. She has nothing to hope from war with us in the shape of gain; she has very much to lose. Our alliance or our neutrality would be at least of equal value to her, as hers would be to us, in the event of either being engaged elsewhere in war. There can be no reason, then, why peace should not be maintained between these two countries in the future for at least as many years as it has in the past, and why their two navies should not find themselves again in the future united for some common purpose in the interest of both, or as the mandatories of public opinion of Europe.

G. SHAW LEFEVRE.

THE MILITARY FORCES OF THE CROWN

Two excellent articles on War Office administration, by General Sir George Chesney, have recently appeared in this Review, pointing out the confusion now existing in that department, and the urgent necessity for reform. Speaking generally, I quite concur in the views which he has put forward so clearly. Having had personal experience for several years in the War Office, it is possible that a short account by me, giving a sketch of the past history and present aspect of the case, may be useful as a supplement to the articles by Sir George Chesney, and the following remarks have been written with that view.

The administration of an army such as ours, with its complex duties and wide dispersion, under circumstances which are ever varying, presents one of the most difficult problems for solution, either by soldiers or statesmen. Other European nations maintain far larger armies than ourselves, because they live in constant dread of attack by their immediate neighbours; but the general principles which govern their military arrangements are comparatively simple. So far as the *personnel* is concerned, conscription is the basis of their system; and having, as a rule, neither colonies to defend nor distant fortresses to maintain, they are in great measure free from the complications which attach to our Empire, with its distant possessions and commercial interests ever increasing in almost every part of the world. Our position is quite exceptional, and is becoming more so year by year, and it is useless to compare it with that of the Continental powers, or to try and conform our military administration to that of others, where little or no analogy exists.

There is another consideration which must not be put aside, and, indeed, has a vital bearing on the question. We live under what is called a *parliamentary* system, whilst the other nations of Europe, at all events so far as military matters go, are practically under an autocratic form of government; and this of itself vitiates any real comparison between the two.

Until the year 1855, the administration of the British Army was

of a dual character. The Commander-in-Chief had charge of the Cavalry and Infantry, with a financial representative in Parliament termed a Secretary-at-War. During the long peace which followed Waterloo, the forces under his authority were very limited in number as compared to those of the present day, and were widely dispersed, a large proportion being either in India or scattered in small units in distant colonies. The Militia were not embodied, and there were no Volunteers.

The other branch consisted of the Artillery and Engineers, under a Master-General of Ordnance, who, assisted by a Board chiefly professional, regulated the fortifications and barracks, and supplied the armaments of the land and sea forces. In reality, the Ordnance Department in those days was the more difficult and responsible of the two. The Master-General was, as a rule, in Parliament, and often a member of the Cabinet, and the chief officers of the Board had seats in the House of Commons. It was a dual arrangement; but both branches were governed by military chiefs of experience, and, anomalous as it was, it stood successfully the ordeal of the great wars in the early part of the century. It was also in conformity with our system of government, the great spending departments being officially represented in Parliament.

The Duke of Wellington, who was himself Master-General for some years, spoke of the Ordnance as one of the most ancient departments of the Monarchy, and after describing its complex duties, said that it was a pattern for others.¹ Some proposal had been made in his day to abolish the Board, and to entrust the command, movements, clothing, equipments, hospitals, armaments, barracks, camp equipage, and stores of the Army to a political officer under the immediate influence of the House of Commons. Writing in 1849, he said: 'I consider it my duty to warn Her Majesty's servants of the change in the constitution of the country which will be involved in this alteration . . . I warn the Government of the danger of this alteration in a military view.' He adds, that 'there is no occasion for an alteration of the organisation of the Ordnance Department, which is highly useful and necessary in the transaction of the military affairs of the country.'

The Duke of Wellington died in September 1852, and in 1854 we suddenly entered into a great European war, having during the long peace reduced all the establishments necessary for an army in the field to a mere residuum. Although the troops engaged in the Crimea proved by their courage, discipline, and endurance that they were no unworthy successors of our soldiers in bygone days, the field arrangements quickly broke down, and not only caused great suffering to the troops, but delay in the military operations. In short, we embarked in a war against a great Power with 25,000 men, but with

¹ Clode's *Military Forces of the Crown*, ii. 765.

no reserves and no adequate commissariat, transport, or other machinery for keeping the field. The people at home, greatly concerned at the condition of our forces in the Crimea, clamoured for an entire change of system. The Master-General and Board were hurriedly swept away, and a War Department was established, under a civilian Secretary of State, liable to replacement with each change of Government, to whom the Commander-in-Chief, and every branch of military administration, were made subordinate. Mr. Clode says that after the first Cabinet of Lord Palmerston as Premier, early in 1855, the Secretary-at-War 'brought home half a sheet of paper, containing a memorandum that the Ordnance Department was to be abolished.'²

It is as well to pause for a moment, and to bear in mind that this great change was made in the very middle of a war, and contrary to the strongly-expressed views, just quoted, of the late Duke of Wellington; that it not only deprived the Government of direct access to experienced military advisers, but, further, that the department was no longer officially represented in Parliament by men of professional acquirements. I well remember Lord Raglan in the Crimea, not long before his death, speaking to me on the subject, and deploring the change. He was the last Master-General of the Ordnance, and said that it was one of the best working departments of the State; and he added, that was the opinion of a much greater man than himself—the Duke of Wellington.

It is hardly a matter of wonder that this sudden concentration of the various branches of military administration under a Parliamentary chief should have led to considerable confusion, which continued for some years. The main difficulty was to define authority and subdivide responsibility. The most successful effort to establish order and to simplify procedure was made by the late Lord Cardwell, when Minister for War in 1871. On the recommendation of Lord Northbrook's Committee the duties of the War Office were then divided into three main branches:—

1. *Personnel*, under the Commander-in-Chief.
2. *Matériel*—that is, armaments, fortifications, barracks, commissariat, clothing, and manufactories, under a Surveyor-General of Ordnance.
3. Finance, represented in Parliament by an Under-Secretary.

As regards *personnel*, it is necessary to point out that of late years the duties connected with it have vastly increased. Not only have the Regular forces been augmented to meet the requirements of our expanded Empire, but we have 60,000 men in reserve, and a large force of Militia and Volunteers under the Commander-in-Chief, who is charged with authority over every branch of the *personnel*, combatant and non-combatant, and also over the departments of

² Clode's *Military Forces of the Crown* ii. 281.

discipline, movements, education, recruiting, promotion, and intelligence.

With respect to material, the complete revolution, not only in ordnance, but in all warlike equipments of late years, has added considerably to the ordinary difficulties of its administration. Lord Northbrook's Committee, having in view the complex duties placed on the Surveyor-General, said that, looking at the expenditure and the importance of the business connected with the supplies of an army, it would be an advantage to the Service and an assistance to the Secretary of State were the department represented in Parliament. It went on, however, to remark that the duties required special qualifications, and consequently it would be unfortunate were the appointment considered one to be conferred on a member of Parliament as a matter of course.

The general effect of the change was, in short, to resuscitate the office of Master-General, and for a time it proved successful. In the course of a few years, however, the significant warning of Lord Northbrook's Committee was disregarded, and the supervision of the supply departments came to be looked upon as a political matter, and was conferred on a member of Parliament, without regard to any military qualification. Between 1883 and 1887 there were four Secretaries of State for War and four Surveyor-Generals, all civilians, and thus this important branch became weakened. The remedy, however, was tolerably apparent, and was, as it happened, indicated by two Royal Commissions in 1887. That of Sir James Stephen, speaking of the War Office generally, said :—

The result of investing the Secretary of State with these extraordinary powers has been to weaken the whole system. This prevents the possibility of the establishment of a consistent and continuous system of administration; it destroys responsibility; it practically prevents the public from knowing for what purpose their money is raised, or how it is applied. . . . The inherent weakness of the position of the Secretary of State is increased by the inherent weakness of his principal subordinate, the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance. It is, indeed, surprising that worse results have not ensued from so very weak an organisation.

The report concluded by recommending that

the office of Master-General of the Ordnance should be revived, so far as the management of the stores and manufacturing departments is concerned. The Master-General should be a soldier of the highest eminence. He should hold office for a term of, say, seven years certain.

The Commission of Sir Matthew Ridley, also of 1887, recorded its opinions in equally clear language. Speaking of the office of Surveyor-General, it said that

the intentions of Lord Northbrook's Committee of 1870, on whose recommendation the office was created, have not been carried out, and the idea of securing the highest professional acquirements for the position has been entirely abandoned. . . . We are of opinion that the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance

should, in future, be what he was intended to be—viz., a military officer of high standing and experience, and that he should not be a member of the House of Commons. The appointment should, we think, be for five or seven years, and should be renewable for a fixed period.

As this was an important turning-point in War Office administration, it is as well to pause again for a moment, and to observe that the three Commissions from which I have quoted were unanimous in recommending a separation of the duties connected with *personnel* and *matériel*, and in placing each under soldiers of experience, having direct access to the Minister; thus strengthening the political head of the department with competent advisers. It is therefore all the more remarkable that the course adopted was precisely in an opposite direction. At the beginning of 1888 the office of Surveyor-General was abolished, the responsibility over his chief departments being transferred to the already over-burdened military section of the War Office, whilst the real power was vested in the Financial Secretary, who also took charge of the manufactories. The Order in Council of February 1888 specifically lays down that the Commander-in-Chief, in addition to his former duties, is now charged with obtaining, holding, and issuing food, forage, fuel, light, clothing, arms, accoutrements, munitions, and stores; as also construction, maintenance, and custody of barracks, &c. There are heavy additional responsibilities, but the power over expenditure was by the same Order transferred to the Financial Secretary. In March 1888 some discussion took place on the subject in Parliament, and Lord Randolph Churchill spoke as follows:—

The system is this: it is a most curious mixture of civil and military elements, the feature of which is, that the civil element predominates over the military, which is subordinate to the civil. The consequence is, that the responsibility to Parliament is laid upon the civil element alone, and altogether taken from the military element. There is no connection whatever between the military heads of the Army and the Parliament of this country.

He goes on to speak of the arrangement 'as not worth the paper it was written on.'

In the same year there was a Committee of the House of Commons on the Army Estimates, and the Commander-in-Chief gave evidence before it. His Royal Highness was examined as to the new responsibilities placed upon him, and his reply was: 'I cannot admit that responsibility if my Estimates are to be subjected to modification or reduction by the Secretary of State.' He was further asked whether his responsibility was subject to the control of the Financial Secretary, and he said: 'It is entirely under the control of the Financial Secretary.'³ The Commander-in-Chief went on to explain that his Esti-

³ *Second Report of Committee of the House of Commons on Army Estimates, 1888*, pp. 27, 35, 36, and 52. . . .

mates for armaments and stores in 1888 had been cut down three times, on financial grounds. The military, he says, are held to be responsible, but the power rests with finance, and the Secretary of State.

It appears that the arrangements carried out in 1888, by the abolition of the department of the Surveyor-General of Ordnance, have thus had the effect of dividing the War Office into two distinct parts, the civil and military; the latter having a vast amount of nominal responsibility, whilst the other, which is devoid of military experience, has all the power. The problem of combining efficient military administration with the exigencies of parliamentary government is no doubt difficult of solution, but the present condition of the War Office—a house divided against itself—seems to make the issue more obscure than ever. The retrograde steps taken in 1888 do not seem destined, however, to be of a permanent character, and there are already palpable signs of coming change. Lord Hartington's Commission, on which, be it remembered, three former Ministers of War were associated, in their report, February 1890, practically condemn the system now existing. In the first place, they point out that the various heads of the spending departments have no direct access to the Secretary of State; are not constituted his advisers; and at War Office meetings do not come together on terms of equality. The Secretary of State has thus no Board of Advice. They consider that the present organisation of the War Office is defective in principle, in overburdening the military staff with technical details; and they go on to recommend that the heads of departments should have well-defined duties, and be directly associated with the Minister for War:¹ in short, a Board of Officers such as now exists at the Admiralty, who could be consulted individually or collectively by the Secretary of State as he may consider necessary.

Although no action has yet been taken on the report of Lord Hartington's Commission, it may be relied on that the existing constitution of the War Office will ere long be considerably changed. Change, indeed, is imperative. In the meantime, there is yet another portion of this complex institution which requires careful consideration—the Store branch. Until quite recently, in the midst of all the changes of recent years, this one relic of the ancient Ordnance Department had been left untouched. It is now, however, in course of being bisected. So little is generally known of this important part of army administration that it will be useful to give some details. Looking at the special conditions of the British Empire, and the frequent necessity for combined action on the part of its naval and military forces, it has always been considered that the reserves of

¹ *Commission on the Administration of the Naval and Military Departments*, February 1890, ¶¶, 57, 67, 70, 73, and 111.

armaments, munitions, and military equipments at home and abroad should be regulated so as to provide for both Services; and one Store Department has been charged with their care and custody. The various stores were identical in pattern, and were thus available for the Navy and Army. The system hitherto in force was efficient and economical. It should be understood that the chief reserves of ordnance, gunpowder, small-arms, ball-cartridge, camp equipage, and an infinite variety of equipments, were maintained at home, and were stored chiefly at Portsmouth, Plymouth, Woolwich, Chatham, Purfleet, the Tower, Weedon, Dublin, and Cork. These may be considered the national reserves; and the amounts and distribution of each were laid down in years gone by, by successive Masters-General, founded on long experience of the expenditure during war, the proportions and patterns being, of course, altered from time to time to meet the progress of science and the varying requirements of the two Services. In addition to the great depôts at home, certain proportions of the munitions, &c., were maintained at each maritime fortress abroad, partly for its defence, and partly to provide the fleets with means of replacing their expenditure. The naval requirements were in every case laid down by the Admiralty, and maintained by the War Office. Such, in a few words, was the system which had prevailed throughout the century. As a proof of the importance of the subject from a mere pecuniary point of view, it was reckoned in 1858 that the value of these reserves was upwards of eleven millions sterling; and at the present time, no doubt, the amount is much larger. It will, I think, be evident that unity of pattern and unity of storage were both conducive to efficiency as well as economy. During the last three or four years, however, the War Office authorities have been agitating for a division of these reserves, in defiance, apparently, of distrust on the part of the Treasury and of the opposition of the Admiralty. The facts are published in a Parliamentary Blue Book, and a few extracts will serve to elucidate the subject. In the first place, after considerable discussion and doubt, it was decided in 1886 that the cost of naval armaments and reserves should be taken by the Admiralty in their Votes, instead of by the War Office, as heretofore. That was a Parliamentary financial question, a question of account, and of no direct importance to the two Services, the cost being the same in either case. It was, however, definitely agreed at that time that the reserves themselves should not be divided.

In February 1887 the War Office reopened the question, and urged the separation of naval and military stores all over the world. The Treasury were doubtful, and the Admiralty, in a clear and sensible memorandum, in May 1887 pointed out the objections. It said: ⁵—

⁵ *Appendix to Fifth Report of the House of Commons' Committee on Army Estimates, 1887, pp. 109, 114, 115, 116-18, 125, 128, 129.*

A stock of stores common to both land and sea Services is more economical than if separate stocks were kept for each Service, under different storekeepers. . . . There would be great expense arising from two departments performing the same work, and, very possibly, being competitors in obtaining supplies of warlike material from the private trade. There would be two separate ordnance stores everywhere, with a dual control in every department of manufacture, reception, supply, and account.

Again :—

The Admiralty have not the naval officers available for the important and novel duties which would be entailed by the change, without taking their best officers from following up the main branch of their profession.

The Admiralty memorandum goes on to state that

diversities of pattern would be apt soon to spring up where now articles are common to both Services ; and such differences would be found inconvenient and disadvantageous when the Services are acting together.

It concludes :—

On the whole, after very careful deliberation, my Lords are decidedly of opinion that the best, if not the only, solution of this difficult problem is to establish an independent Ordnance Department, common to both Army and Navy, which should be responsible for the efficient supply of all material for both Services.

The well-reasoned arguments of the Admiralty just quoted almost render it unnecessary to produce further evidence ; but it so happens that experienced naval officers have expressed strong opinions in the same direction. Rear-Admiral Fisher, when Director of Naval Ordnance, said :—

It cannot be denied that there will be increased cost ; neither is it seen how the increased expenditure can be avoided which must result from a separation of land and sea armaments, with consequent double reserves, double staff, both professional and clerical, and duplicate arrangements for designs, contracts, accounts, and reception and storage of ordnance material.⁶

Admiral Sir Frederic Richards, who was a member of Lord Hartington's Commission, is equally decided in pointing out the danger of separation. In a special minute he said :—

The changes introduced into the War Office administration as regards the ordnance were in direct opposition . . . to the Report of the Royal Commission, and, in most essential particulars, to the recommendations of the Committee on the organisation of the manufacturing departments also. The arrangement entails an absolute separation of stocks at all the depôts, all stores being marked Naval or Land Service—stores appropriated for the Navy not being available for issue to the Army, and *vice versa*. Loss of uniformity, and consequent loss of interchangeability, must be a result of a continuation of the system, and the necessity will inevitably arise for duplicate storehouses, and storekeeping and accountant staff, all over the Empire. . . . Enough, and more than enough is, however, to be found to show, not

⁶ *Appendix to Fifth Report of the House of Commons Committee on Army Estimates, 1888, p. 132.*

only that the Ordnance Department is in its constitution defective, but that it is altogether too big to be worked as a weak division of War Office administration.⁷

Mr. Thomas Ismay, also a member of Lord Hartington's Commission, says that

the system under which the Government factories are now administered might, in his opinion, lead to disaster in the event of war.

The Commission itself recorded its views as follows :—

The division of the cost of ordnance stores between the two Services has led, to a certain extent, to the separation of the stores themselves. This tendency, if carried beyond the point which is absolutely necessary, is likely to lead to increased expenditure, and also to produce a divergence of patterns, which is deprecated by members of both Services.⁸

It is a somewhat difficult task to thread the dark labyrinths of the War Office, but the opinions of the various Commissions and of experienced officers already quoted throw a good deal of light upon the subject. It seems abundantly clear that, as a great naval, military, and colonial Power, with fleets, fortresses, and possessions in distant parts of the world, it was beneficial to the State that the reserves of fighting material should be available for both Navy and Army. There was the further advantage that the experience of officers both by sea and land was utilised in the consideration of changes and improvements from time to time. In fact, the two Services have hitherto gone hand-in-hand, and worked together for the common good. It is therefore all the more remarkable that again the decision has been in the opposite direction. Suddenly it was announced in the Press, in January last, that a complete separation was to be carried out, and that the Admiralty, who have no manufactories for war materials, were to be cut adrift, and their reserves to be separated from those of the Army, at home and abroad; and this is now being done. No explanation has been offered; and the members of the House of Commons who discuss such trivial questions, for instance, as the issue of water-bottles to the Volunteers, are either ignorant of, or indifferent to, a change which must lead to increased expenditure, and which, according to the judgment of experienced officers of both Services, will cause confusion and be detrimental to efficiency. My long experience of the Store Department, and of the excellent manner in which its duties have been carried out, both in peace and war, leads me strongly to deprecate the change. I feel certain that we must retrace our steps, and re-establish a strong Ordnance Department for the Navy and Army; and the sooner we set about it, the better.

The main feature, indeed, of Lord Hartington's Commission was in this sense. The War Office must again be divided into the departments of *Personnel* and *Matériel*, with general officers to super-

⁷ *Lord Hartington's Commission*, 1890, p. xxxiv.

⁸ ¶ 112.

vise their working, and to be the advisers of the Secretary of State. No doubt there are, as I have already pointed out, great difficulties in reconciling the exigencies of Parliamentary government with the efficient administration of our forces; but the question must be faced and solved. At present the military element has no real power.

It is essential to bear in mind that an army is not a mere piece of machinery. On the contrary, it is one of the most powerful elements of the State. Soldiers look to real leaders, men of experience, to train and prepare them in peace, and to lead them successfully in war. If this important factor is ignored, and if the forces of the Crown are to be ruled by evanescent political Ministers, and by barren discursive debates in Parliament, we may find some day that our forces have lost that animating spirit and that discipline which alone can enable them to achieve success. Should war unfortunately arise in the present condition of the War Office, it is to be feared that its administration would speedily come to the ground.

JOHN ADYE,
General.

STRAY THOUGHTS OF AN INDIAN GIRL

INDIA has offered rather a happy subject to the zeal of enthusiasts and the eloquence of reformers, and perhaps now the public feels it has had enough of it. But it is proposed to do no more in this paper than gently ruminate on a few social questions, independent of controversy, and we hope this will justify it at once to those who are interested in the Empire across the seas, and to those who are not.

On the *Infant-Marriage* question it appears to us that Anglo-Indian law has been rather unnecessarily abused. Might we not consider its action with regard to Indian marriages as *protective* rather than *creative*? It found a state of things existing, if not in actual *positive* law, at least in *custom*—‘transcendant law,’ as *Manu* calls it—and this it emphasised, giving to the customs of the country it had come to govern the sanction of the ruling power. Thus viewed, this is the only course possible in a country where custom is so interlaced with religion—a religion, too, which the Government has promised to respect.

The last time the question came before the public was in the famous case to which a remarkable Indian lady has given her name. The *Indian* attitude towards it was, ‘What is the use of educating our daughters if the first use to which they put their knowledge is to abuse their liberty and rebel against what was good enough for their ancestors?’ The voice was that of *Reformed* as well as *Orthodox* India, and it struck the right chord.

The danger in a country like India of awakening powers and newly found energies is not that she will stagnate, but that she will overflow her own limits, or waste her resources on nourishing thorns and thistles. *Festina lente* ought more than ever now to be her watchword. The whole peninsula is like a camp rousing itself on the morning of some great battle that is to change its destiny after a lethargy of years—to combat with depressing influences and worn-out necessities.

How peremptory is it, then, that the weapons just acquired should be rightly wielded?

The mistake generally made in theorising about India is to

imagine that remedies applicable to one country will suit another. And this, if generally fallacious, is particularly so with India, where the circumstances and needs to be met are so absolutely unique, so entirely different, *e.g.*, from those that arise in England.

To exemplify. The liberty of English girls is constantly being quoted in comparison with the infant-marriages of Indian children; but you might as well start a mission to clothe the children of tropical regions in *furs*, because *English* children suffer from the severity of a northern winter.

To begin with. Indian ideas of marriage are based on an entirely different footing from those elsewhere. The object of marriage in the East is primarily religious. Viewed from the woman's side it is (1) That she may have some male in whose rear she may walk into Heaven—for her own good deeds gain her no entrance there; or (2) if she has no brothers, that the said male may lead the family procession within the gates.

Viewed from the father's side it is that he may leave behind him some one to pray his soul out of hell (*pat*) and offer sacrifices to the supernal and infernal deities.

With this idea uppermost in his mind, clothed with the sanctity (and therefore with the force) of religion—the father consults his exchequer, his astrologer, and the list of his friends. Having ascertained for how large a dowry he is good, and guided by the star of her fortunes, he seeks an eligible boy for his promising infant. The marriage procession that so often crowds down an Indian street is the consequence. What visitor to India does not recall it? The gaily dressed horse, the much bejewelled children, the minstrels making hideous melody, the kindly attendants and friends bringing up the rear.

This is no mock ceremony, but a binding marriage, as *bona fide* as the entry before a Registrar—else why talk of child-widows in India? [To those who combat this we would suggest the omission from their wailings of the misery of child-widowhood].

Meanwhile, the children grow in their respective homes: the little girl often plays with her boy husband, and as she grows older she learns that he belongs to her, and feels protected when other children ill-use or fight with her. Then, at ages varying from thirteen to eighteen, comes the second marriage, a religious ceremony, and merely confirmative. We believe it originated in the desire of the priests for marriage gifts. The married life of the infant bride and bridegroom has begun, and we doubt whether, comparatively speaking, it could be happier. The wife, it is true, has not chosen her husband, nor he her; but she is quite sure (or used to be till resistance was made heroic) that her parents have chosen rightly. Her husband is not her companion, but her household god, and her duty towards him is obedience and submission. She waits on his

comforts and minds his house. He seldom speaks to her, but she has the women-folk with whom to gossip, and if he should by any chance praise her cooking, or the brightness of her pans, she thanks her patron deities and adds an extra coin to the offerings at the village shrine.

The above is the picture of an orthodox typical Brahmin family, and a Brahmin girl of no mean attainments, an excellent Sanskrit scholar, once annotated thus her attitude towards her husband. 'We never dream of resistance. We grow up with the idea that certain individuals belong to us, and we are quite content with that fact: it is just as with our fathers and brothers. We do not think of resenting them; no more do we our husbands, even though we may not wholly like them.' They make most devoted and uncomplaining little wives too, and it seems more than a pity to disturb at present, in the way suggested by some, what is the natural outcome of custom and religion.

It is not contended that things might not be better, or that some Indian girls do not wish their marriages unmade—nor indeed in the writer's opinion is it good for the men that they should tyrannise and be worshipped—what we wish here to establish is:—

1. The majority of Indian marriages though made in the cradle, and by the parents of the children, is happy (apart entirely from the physical question which touches the few).

2. The women have hitherto been content with their lot and have not dreamt of resistance.

The first point is evident to all who have seen Indian life in India; to those who have not, we would say, 'Come and see.'

As to the second, it is no answer to the need for reform. They must be shown higher possibilities—but gradually: and one important means of reform is education. Improve the mental condition of the boys and girls of India, and the social question will right itself.

Let us remember that India is the home of old traditions and long-founded beliefs, and we cannot ruthlessly raze the ancient structure to its foundations. This is what many well-meaning reformers would do. They would demolish with one blow the whole system of female treatment in India. They would fling open the doors of the zenanas and let out the prisoners into the blinding brilliance of too rapid and ill-based reform.

Thankful indeed ought the East to be (and it is) for the civilisation and culture that the West brings it; but it ought to learn that every nation has an individuality of its own, and that the truest way to benefit from contact with other nations is to take only so much as will aid (not swamp) its development. We have yet to learn in India how to supplement, without appropriating and imitating; and those who would help India have yet to learn how to

expand what is best and noblest in her without reproducing a faded and monotonous copy of themselves. The marriage reform must begin, not in legislation, but in education.

It may be objected that there are points in a nation's history when external remedies must be applied, when peremptory force is necessary, when gradual development will not do; and the objection is sound. But India is not at any such period of her history. Suttee has been quoted as an instance in point. Perhaps the general public is not aware that Suttee was talked about nearly fifty years before any legislation appeared on the subject. It is almost too old a political maxim to repeat, that governments must wait for times and seasons before proposing reforms which touch the social life of a people: that legislation is most justified when it embodies the existing wish of the nation; when it gives the force of its sanction to that which already has the popular and moral sanction. The hour has not yet come when legislation will avail.

The *Widow-remarriage* question has also been much discussed. One writer was wroth that more protection was not given to those who wished for reform. But how can this be done without interfering with the Hindoo religious courts, so to speak? How can law allow the Hindoo religion to be right for Hindoos and at the same time forbid what it enacts? How can it give the people into the spiritual power of their priests, and forbid excommunication? English-made law has done what it can in protecting the *legal* position of a re-married widow (the property laws on this subject still need reform), but it cannot touch her *spiritual* position. The priests deny her the sacred precincts; she cannot have both her *pooja* and a second husband. The question seems simple. Let her count the costs: let her continue the pious widow *within* the gates, blessed with the approval of the priests, or the wife *without*, robbed of her daily ministrations, but blessed (?) with a husband who has dared to marry her, and the approval of her reformed conscience.

As a matter of fact, however, most of the people who are reformed enough to wish re-marriage are also *Brahmos*, and the temple is not to them a very serious deprivation. In any case, the question is matter for the widow and not for the law to consider. As to social difficulties, it is hard to be tabooed society for having a second husband when you barely knew the first; but no one can compel the reception of any human being in society. That, all will grant, must come spontaneously. Meanwhile, the pioneers must suffer.

One feasible remedy, it has been said, is education, though that is, like the whole question, one of time. It must eventually right itself, if only the people themselves have the courage to help it. And that makes the second point. Let all reformers band themselves together to refrain from early marriage. The custom will soon change. The 'old school' aunts and grandmothers will not for ever

be obstructions: indeed, it is Young India that must mend its country's ways. What do the numbers do who have been to England, to better the state of things at home, except talk against it?

Let the congress make social matters its object: it would thus be well employed. Let it exclude from its ranks all but those who in practice abjure child marriage. Let each Reformed Club do likewise. The lack of moral courage is the bane of India. Let her rouse herself, not by calling others to her aid, but by personal exertion. She pines for a moral crutch when she ought to walk alone: and even did she have the crutch, it is much to be doubted whether she would use it. Witness the Widow Re-marriage Act passed 1856, complied with about 1879 (in Bombay).

It remains to apologise for the length of this paper, and for all in it that may seem didactic or obvious, on the ground that these are but the stray thoughts of an Indian girl, who has her country's good at heart though her utterance be feeble.

CORNELIA SORABJI.

*A BARDIC CHRONICLE.*I. HOW FLANN MACFLATHRI WAS MADE PRISONER AND
BROUGHT INTO OSSORY

THE bards of Erin relate that the men of East Ossory took captive Flann, who was the son of Flathri, the grandson of Tordhelfach, and tied his arms and legs together and fastened him by the middle with a tight leathern thong across the back of a garron. And all that day, from six in the morning till late in the evening, the tanist of East Ossory and his men were riding fast to the south-west. From Uisneach, on the open plains, they rode, and first they crossed the Boyne at the ford called Coolaney, and about noon they came to the edge of Meath, and passed by the old church of Cluain Conaire. They could not ride very fast, for though the tanist and the chief men of the sept were mounted, there was a crowd of kerns and running horse-boys at their heels, and the tanist wanted to keep them all together so as to guard against surprises, for he knew well that the O'Mores of Leix, and others in that part of mid-Ireland, were most of them very crafty men, and that they one and all hated him sorely.

At four o'clock in the afternoon they came to the monastery of Kildare, and here they drew rein for a while, for the abbot was a friend of the tanist, being of blood-kin to him, his mother having been a MacPhaidraig. Also, he loved the tanist, because he had killed so many of the O'Mores, with whom the abbot was in fierce feud, they having not long before carried off an hundred cows which belonged to the monastery.

So the monks came out all in a great cluster, as their manner was—there being, it was said, nigh on a thousand of them there at the time—and the 'Pot of Hospitality' was set to boil upon the fire, and there was much mirth and heartiness and entertainment.

But Flann's bones ached by this time, so that each of them seemed to him to be separately on fire, and it seemed to him, too, as if he himself was swimming slowly round and round in a pool of boiling lead, and his mouth was dry and burnt and uncomfortable as the hot white heart of a lime-kiln. But none of the kerns and gallowglasses durst come near him to loosen his bonds, for the tanist

had forbidden it. Also, there was no time, for two whole kids had been ordered to be seethed in the black pot in the middle of the outer court, and all the men had gathered thickly around the pot, waiting till it was ready so that they might set to, each fearing lest another should get his hands before him into it and eat first.

Only about half an hour after they had been there a young monk called Fedomnach, whose heart was soft, and who had not been long in the monastery, came out and stood by the garron, looking down at the boy as he lay across its back, tied hands and feet together, like a calf that is tied for the butchering. And Flann looked up at him, and the boy's big grey eyes were swimming with the pain, and they asked what his heart was too proud to ask, and his tongue too stiff by this time to utter.

So at last the young monk Fedomnach heaved a great sigh, for the cruelty of men was strange to him, and he put his hand under the girdle that went round his middle, and he drew out a knife in a sheath which hung down below it, and cut away till he had cut through the tightest of the leathern thongs that bound the boy down to the back of the garron.

Then, when the thong was cut, the bards say that Flann tried to sit up; but his bones were so stiff and so numb, and the pain of them was so great, that it made him weak, and he fell over again upon the back of the beast, and but that the garron itself was so wearied out that it stood still as a log and never moved, he would, for a certainty, have fallen to the ground.

But the monk Fedomnach put his hand to his and helped him to sit erect, for his own hands being so tightly tied together at the wrists, he could not help himself. With that Flann sat up, and when the swimming of his head had a little gone off he looked around him and saw the monastery, stretching all around like a great crooked star. And he saw the outer court, and the lesser inner one, which is called the *Aharliah*, and all the crowd of monks, and the tanist's men, in red and in green, gathered round the Pot of Hospitality, out of the top of which the eight legs of the two kids that were being seethed were sticking like so many dry twigs. And he looked out beyond that again, and saw the green Termon lands of the monastery spreading a little way, and beyond them still the great black forests, looking like a cloud in the sunshine. And he wondered where he was; for, though he had seen a good deal of fighting for his years, he had never travelled far from his own home. And he wondered not to see the open plain and the sky all around him, as he had always been used to see them.

Then, bit by bit, as he looked about him, and as his head cleared more and more, he remembered all that had happened to him in the early morning: how the Ossory men had met him and his brothers, with their fellows, as they were riding homewards; and how, being

much more numerous than them, they had defeated them and obliged them to fly; and how, as he was riding rapidly away, a big hairy red kern belonging to the MacPhaidraigs had run after him, and had outrun his horse and leaped up behind him upon the back of it, and had wound his arms, like two great snakes, tightly around him, and had caught him about the waist and seized the horse's head, and had galloped in this fashion away with him, he being as powerless in his grip the while as a new-born baby.

Then, as that recollection came back to him, Flann's cheek burned hotly, and he wondered what had become of his two brothers. He wondered, too, where he had got to by this time; for having been tied down so hard, and laid so flatly upon the garron, he had not been able to see anything of the country they were going through. So he asked the young monk where he was; and the young monk told him that he was then in the monastery of Kildare, and that yonder hill to the east was called the Hill of Allen, and that the forests he saw in the far distance were the beginning of the great forests of Ossory, which covered all that part of Ireland as far as the sea. And, being of a pitiful nature, he presently went and got him some of his own oaten loaf to eat, and a drop of cow's milk to drink, because he was faint for want of food, and because he was plainly still so soft and so young.

Shortly after this the tanist's men all came tumbling back again, for the two kids had now been torn to pieces and eaten up, down to the last hoof. And the tanist and the abbot having finished their business together, the tanist mounted, and the abbot gave him his blessing, and the blessing of St. Brigid, and the blessing of St. Blatha, and the blessing of St. Nuithraich, because he was his kinsman, and because, too, he had killed so many of the O'Mores; and all the monks gathered thickly about the horses to see them go.

But as they were tying Flann down again to the back of the garron he asked where they were going, and he asked the man who was binding him not to tie him so tightly, promising that if he did not he would not try to escape. But the big hairy kern, whose name was Eonagh, who had caught him, and who was standing by, cuffed him hard and suddenly over the head, whereat his cheeks blazed redly, and he said no more, for he was a chief's son and not used to be cuffed by kerns.

Then the tale goes on to say that all that day until the night came they rode, and rode, and rode, and never halted. But the unmounted kerns and horseboys had at last to give up trying to keep pace with the horses. Perhaps they had eaten too much of the two boiled kids, or perhaps the long day and the early fighting had tired them. Certain it is that, seeing that they must either delay the horses or else kill themselves with running, the tanist at last reluctantly gave order that they should follow more leisurely. But

Flann was set upon a fresh garron, and the great red hairy kern that had caught him was set before him, both on the same horsecloth, and they rode on and on, and the further they rode the less he wist whither he was going, and the more he wondered what would befall him next.

Now about eight o'clock in the evening the moon, the bards say, began to rise; but though it was nearly at the full it showed little of the country, for all that part of it was tree-covered and tangled, and full of great oaks and beeches, spreading out their arms abroad everywhere like so many giants. Flann stared at the multitude of the trees, and at the size of them too, for he had been born and bred on the great pasture-lands where the trees were always scanty, and were never allowed to grow either thick or large, because of the goodness of the grass and the great herds that feed on it.

Presently he began to nod, for the night air brought slumber with it. All at once, however, the horsemen commenced to shout and to whoop, all of them together. And at that he started up wide awake, thinking that now surely they were about to kill him. But he soon discovered that it was only done to let the women and children know that they were coming. So they trotted downhill along a narrow track, so rough that it made the teeth rattle against one another in his head, and his face was torn with the thorns upon the hawthorn and other bushes which stretched across it, and presently he saw a clear opening in front of him, and a swarm of red specks, as it were bees on fire, shining amongst the tree-trunks. Then all the horses, even the oldest and most knock-kneed amongst them, hastened themselves forward gladly, for they knew they would soon have rest. And in another minute they were in a thick crowd of women and children and dogs, all leaping, shouting, and barking, like mad things. And the chief of the sept, who was a very old man, came tottering out of his house to greet them, and the tanist sprang down from his horse and threw back his head and shouted his war-whoop three times at the very top of his voice, so that all the forest rang with it, and the women screeched and laughed, and the dogs barked louder than ever, and there was much joy and merriment and satisfaction because the men were all at home again.

Only Flann MacFlathri sat alone on the back of the garron, and there was no one to remember him or to undo him, for even the red kern Eonagh, who had ridden in front of him, had gone away with his wife, who was a fair young woman and newly wed to him. But, after a while, some of the children discovered him and collected round him and began to poke him with sticks, and to pinch his legs and arms hard, which hurt a good deal. It was great sport for them, but at last some of the men, hearing the noise they made, drove them away and took Flann and thrust him into an empty hut with some wet straw at the bottom of it, and gave him a piece of bread and some water in a pail, and fastened up the door

securely again. And all through that night and the greater part of the next day he lay on his face amongst the straw and wept and wept in the darkness and in the silence because he was a captive, and because his own sept and his own people were far away and would never come to rescue him.

But wailing, as the wise man saith, availeth nothing, and his own people and sept were at the very least forty miles away, right across the great limestone plain. Moreover, he knew that most likely they would think that he was dead, and, therefore, would not come to seek after him. Added to which, there was no one, as it happened, at home to whom he was the very first of the first. For the old chief his father was dead, and his mother was married again to another husband, and had many children, younger, and therefore better loved by her than he was. His foster-mother, too, was dead, which was worse still, for she would certainly have made a bustle in his behalf, and perhaps have travelled all over Ireland herself on foot until she found him; for there was nothing a foster-mother would not do for her nurseling then, since, or at any time in Ireland. She was dead, however, and he had helped to bury her under the big crooked alder-tree upon the left-hand side of the old church, which is called Tempul-a-Breem, in the fields. Reflecting on all this, therefore, Flann, who was a sensible lad though dull, took counsel with himself, and when the second night was past and the second day had begun to break, he sat up upon the wet straw and bethought him that perhaps since he was there and there was no cure for it he had better try whether he could not find something better to do than to lie there, to weep away all his strength. So when in the morning they brought him some food, in place of turning his head to the wall, he arose and shook himself, and asked them to lead him before the chief, saying that he was willing, since help there was none for it, to do whatsoever he was desired, and to become his *fuidhar*, or stranger man.

At that word, of his *fuidhar* they all began to laugh aloud, and the red hairy kern Eonagh laughed loudest of all, saying that he was no man at all, but only a boy or bouchaleen. Nevertheless they took him out of the hut and led him forth with them. Only in place of taking him to the chief they took him before the tanist. For in that sept, and at that time, the tanist was a far greater man than the chief. For when the chief of a sept is strong and powerful, then the tanist, who is the heir, is nothing; but when the chief is old and weak, then the tanist rises up until he stands in his place. Now Derili Gilla MacPhaidraig, the chief of the men of East Ossory, had once been the greatest man in all the district, save only, of course, the Righ Gabhran, or King of Ossory, who lived on the main plain of Gabhran. He was now, however, very old, past seventy years of age, and he did not care greatly any longer, therefore, about any-

thing except to sit with the other grey-heads of the sept and hear over and over again the same old tales of what they had done in their youth, and to feel the sun when it was warm shining upon his back, and to eat white meat and drink good usquebeagh. These three things he loved greatly, and little else did he care for.

So they took Flann before the tanist. And the tanist asked him whether he would become his man and obey him in all things when he was older. And he answered that he would. Then the tanist was glad, for the more men a chief has that are his very own and not merely tribesmen, the stronger and the more powerful is he; and though Flann was yet but a lad, still he was a well-thriven lad, of good fighting stock, one known and of an old name in the land, which is better than many kerns. So the tanist stretched out his two hands, and Flann laid his own two hands upon the two hands of the tanist, and so he became his man.

II. HOW HE BETRAYED HIS OWN FRIENDS AND HELPED HIS WORST ENEMY

WITH that the bard goes on to tell us that for three whole years Flann, the son of Flathri, the grandson of Tordhelfach, remained a prisoner among the men of East Ossory. And the longer he stayed the more his soul wearied after his own pasture-lands of Uisneach, so that the thought of them tugged night and day at his heart, and he hated these great woods which closed him in on every side so that the sun never seemed to him to shine clearly, and the leaves dripped eternally, and there was no air or distance, for all was damp and close and narrow. And twice he tried to escape from it, but once he was followed before he had gone far, by the red-haired kern Eonagh, who beat him and drove him back, mocking him cruelly all the while. And another time, after wandering about for five long days in the forest, famine had laid hold on him, for his only food had been acorns and some small store of watercresses which he had found in one of the pools. So he had gone back this time of his own accord, though very sorrowfully, deeming it better to endure even slavery than to die at his age of hunger.

In those three years he had grown to be a tall lad, straight and strong in the body, and active above all the lads of Ossory, though never over-quick in the wits. For running he could keep up with any horse that was ever foaled, more especially in that close forest, where horses cannot go quickly. Also, he could leap upon the back of one when he was going at full speed as well as Eonagh himself, or better. Seeing all which things, and noting the spirit and breeding that was in him, the tanist took him after a while to be his chief running groom, or, as the word is, horseboy.

Now the tanist, as everyone in Ossory knew well, was a hard

master. For a light offence he would fling a knife at a kern ; for a more serious one he would stab him to the heart. He was brave, fierce, lustful, very revengeful when his anger was roused ; and though his deeds were great, yet his boastfulness was greater still. A good fighter and a good leader—that all men freely admitted him to be ; cunning in all the feints of war, and loving it with an exceeding passion, so that the saying went that he was never at peace but with the sword in his hand.

From the Slieve Bloom Mountains, which are away to the north-west, even to the Meeting of the Waters, which is in the far south-east, he had wars and feuds with many men ; but the man of all others with whom he was oftenest at war was the chief of the O'Mores, whose name was Comgall, whom he hated greatly, and who hated him back still harder ; for in all their feuds, and in all their rivalries, and in all their fightings the tanist of the MacPhaidraigs had still the best of it, and the last word, and the hardest blow ; so that the other ground his teeth at the very name of him, and had sworn sooner or later to feast his vengeance.

Now Flann being made the chief horseboy, it was his task whenever the tanist rode out to run by his right side. He was strong and fleet as a mountain deer, else had he surely soon fallen sick and died. From sunrise till the sun had set he must be ever running, and ill betide him if he fell so much as a spear's-length behind, or was not at the bridle whenever and wherever his master halted. Sometimes, when the day was very long or the ways very steep, the tanist would hold out his yew horse-switch to him with a laugh, or bid him cling to the tail of his horse if his legs were failing him. Then Flann would clench his teeth tighter and shake his head, saying to himself that he would die or burst in two with running before ever he accepted aid or pity from any man.

He hated the tanist sorely at such times, and always, because he had made him his prisoner, and because he was his man, and because he could not escape from these great stifling forests of Ossory which he so loathed, and which seemed to smother him, and get back once more to his own open pasture-lands of Uisneach and see the big herds grazing over them in twenties and fifties at a time, and the clear open sky, and the horizon far away in the grey-green distance. He would lie awake at night planning how he would avenge himself and escape, and would then fall fast asleep and dream of the same thing. What he oftenest dreamed was, that he heard a sound of rustling and of rushing as if all the forest trees of Ossory were being blown upon together by a great wind, such as often beat upon them in early autumn ; and that out of the midst of that great rustling and rushing would suddenly come a heavier sound, like the tread of many men marching over deep ground. And with that would come fighting and wild confusion and shouting, and all

the rest of his dream would be mere noise and flame and blood; and for himself, as the innermost thing of all, the great deep joy of escaping. And with that he would waken up with a start and find himself still a prisoner, with the great Ossory woods lying wet and cold and dripping around him.

Nevertheless, though he hated the tanist so bitterly, above all when he thought of these things, yet between whiles—perhaps partly because he was a dull lad, and not apt to cherish revenge—he forgot his hatred and his vengeance, or suffered them to go to sleep. The tanist, too, though he was a hard lord, and though his service was cruel, yet he liked not any other man to misuse his servants, save only himself. He knew, moreover, that Flann was of noble blood, though reduced now to be little better than a kern and a servant. Thus once, when he and Eonagh, the red-haired kern, ran together on either side of their master, and Eonagh had mocked Flann with bitter words because he was slow of understanding, suddenly the tanist had leaned over from his horse and had smitten Eonagh hard upon the head with the flat of his sword, so that he fell to the ground, crying out as he did so, ‘Kern’s son shall not mock at Chief’s son!’

For that word of his, and because of the blow that he had struck that day, Flann had loved him, and forgave him his ill-usage and his hard service, and his love had come up warm and strong through his hate, so that the two had mingled, and he knew not sometimes which was which, for his thoughts were dark and confused, he not being ever a clever lad.

Now, about this time it befell that the tanist of East Ossory had summoned all his men together and had made a great hosting, and there had joined with him the chiefs of Idrone and of U-Duach, which are two of the septs of Ossory, and they had all ridden north through the country of the O’Mores, spoiling them all the way. Much cattle spoil had they gathered together—three thousand head or more; but no fighting had they had, at which the tanist fretted sorely, hoping to have met his foe.

Due north, they rode past Ardeluth and Atheriagh, and further and further on to the very skirts of the great forest, and beyond it again, there being no one anywhere to gainsay them. Flann’s heart had beat quickly and eagerly in his breast, like a bird’s heart, when they began to leave the woods behind them; for it seemed to him that they must be coming near to his own country, only he did not know the way, and there was no one that he durst ask it of, though his soul hungered after the great pasture-fields of Uisneach, so that it seemed to him often as if it must soon leave his body if he did not some day or other see them again.

Now, the tanist and his following had turned homewards again, and were riding slowly back driving all the cattle spoil before them.

But near Glashacro a party of the O'Mores came out to meet them, and had tried to get again the cattle from them, but had been beaten off. And at Ballybeg another party had come out, and with them their chief himself, Comgall, and had tried their best to rescue the cattle, and there had been hard fighting, and many men on both sides had bit the ground. But in the end the chief of the O'Mores and his sept had been forced to fly, and the tanist and his men had followed them, pursuing them a long way, and jeering at them, and smiting many, and had returned to bury their own men, and to collect the cattle which had got scattered during the fighting, and, having gathered them together, besides much spoil of shields, and swords, and shining stuffs, had turned their faces again to the south and ridden homeward, laughing all the while at the O'Mores.

But Flann's heart sank and sank, and was like lead in his body when he once more felt the great woods of Ossory closing in around him. And his breast heaved with sobs so that he could hardly keep beside his master, and more than once he wished he had risen suddenly against the tanist in the thick of battle and had thrust his skean into him while he looked not for it, and so had got away to the O'Mores, and perchance to his own people again.

All that day, therefore, he went very sorrowfully, and when night came he flung himself down on the bare earth beside the trunk of a great oak, and covered his head with his mantle, and wished for death rather than life if he was never again to escape from these woods of Ossory, but be a slave and a serf to strangers all his days.

Now he had not lain there long—so the tale is told—before he felt something very small and very hard drop upon his head, which was hidden under the mantle. At first he took no heed to it, thinking that it was only an acorn that had fallen. But the same thing happened again, and then again, and again. And the third time he lifted up his head suddenly with a start, and withdrew his mantle. And lo! an old and very crooked man was standing a little way off from him, and a ray of moonlight that came between the leaves of the trees fell upon his face, and upon a black polished staff that he held erect in his hand.

At that sight Flann started up and was about to shout, for the man was a stranger to him. But the other laid a finger quickly upon his lips and beckoned to him to follow him. So after a minute he did so, wondering greatly. And the crooked old man went a little way off through the wood, and Flann followed him closely till they came to a little clump of trees, and he crept into the middle of this clump, and Flann crept after him, wondering as he did so if the old man meant to try and slay him there, but not fearing him, nor caring greatly.

Then, when they were both together in the heart of the clump, 'Listen,' said the crooked man, 'and be silent, for the time is short.'

The day after to-morrow at early dawn the men of South Meath, who have allied themselves to the O'Mores, will march together with them upon the men of Ossory for to destroy them. Mark now your part and what you have to do, for I know well who you are, and that you are no MacPhaidraig. Before the Ossory men have travelled many miles from here they will have to halt, for the cattle must not be overdriven. Sleep will overtake them all suddenly, for they will be weary, nor will they have any fear of surprises, seeing that they are already in their own country. Mark now my words. Let no sleep visit your eyelids, but watch and be wary. And in the early part of the night you will hear nothing, and in the middle part of the night you will hear nothing, but when the night is at its darkest, about two hours before dawn, then you will hear a sound as of rustling and rushing in the forest, at first far off, but coming nearer and growing heavier. Then let it be your part to see that none of the Ossory men stir; and if any man stir, speak him fair and 'soothe him down so that he fall asleep again. And have a handful of straw or a piece of cloth at hand, and if the tanist of East Ossory stir in his sleep, make a loud brushing noise with one of them. And if he ask you what noise that is, say to him that you do but clean and make ready his shield or his sword against the morning. This do so that he may fall asleep again, and then all will go well. But if you cannot do this, and if there is no way to appease him, so that he purposes to arise and go forth, then do you draw nigh to him when he is still on his bed and drowsy, and thrust a skean suddenly into his neck, between it and the next bone of his body. Only, the chief of the O'Mores would far fainer take him alive, because of his great hate of him. And now my message is said, and I must go, but do you obey in all things, and it will be well with you. For the chief of the O'Mores knows you, and that you are no enemy of his, but are kept here against your will; and he will send you back with many gifts and much honour to your own country and to your own people, for they and he are friends.'

Then, when Flann was left alone in the clump of trees, he rubbed his eyes and stared hard around him, feeling much perplexed, for it seemed to him at first that he must have slept, and that all this that the crooked man had said to him had been no other than the foolish and wayward words that are spoken to us in dreams.

But the next morning when he woke up it seemed to him that they all came to life again, and began to stir and heat and buzz about in his heart. And all the day as he ran beside his master he was thinking about them and wondering if they would come true. And when he looked up at the tanist riding along so proudly, he wondered, too, what the chief of the O'Mores would do to him if he caught him—whether he would slay him with his own hand, that

is to say, or whether he would just put out his eyes, or whether he would cut off his two hands at the wrists, or what he would do; for he knew how great and old and deadly was the hate that he bore him.

Now the rain that next day was exceedingly hard and heavy, so that all the tracks of the forest were deep in black mire, and every bough dropped water. And the tanist and his men had to ride slowly homewards, driving the cattle before them. And when the evening came they passed the last thing through a narrow passage which is the thickest part of the forest of Grenan, in the district called Fasach-an-Dinin, because of the stream Dinin which runs there. And they were wading up to the girths of the horses, and up to the waists of the men in water; for the place was exceedingly deep, and full of secret pools, and rushy, and desperately hollow.

When the night came, they halted upon the top of a small clearing that was a little way out of the forest, upon the south slope of the hill called Slieve Margy, for the cattle could go no further; and Flann's last task was, as usual, to gather up dry leaves for his master to lie upon; and that night he had to search long and far before he could find any, for the rain had soddened everything. So when, at last, he had got them together the tanist commanded him to take them and lay them in a little cave or hollow place which was scooped out of the hillside, because there was some small shelter there. So Flann obeyed, and when he had done so, and when the tanist had lain down, then he laid himself down also, nearer to the open, at the mouth of the cave. And about nine o'clock in the evening the rain ceased and the moon came out, so that, lying where he was, he could see far away across the country and over all the trees and brushwood, because that place they lay on was light and bare, and stood higher than all the trees.

So he kept awake according as the crooked old man had commanded him. Now that night was very calm, and in the early part of it he could hear nothing, and in the middle part of it he could still hear nothing. But when the night was getting old, about two hours before the dawn, then there arose a distant sound like brushing or sweeping, as if a wind were beginning to get up, only that there was no wind anywhere at all.

Suddenly, as he lay there and listened to that sound, Flann bethought him of the dreams which he had dreamed so often. For the noise he heard was as if the forest of Ossory were being blown together by a great wind, a sound as of loud brushing and of sweeping, and below he could hear another and a heavier sound, as it were the tread of many men coming over the heavy ground and drawing nearer and nearer.

Then a great joy leaped up in his breast and his breath came
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fast, for he saw that it was all true that the crooked old man had told him, and he thought of all the praise he would win from the O'Mores when he had helped them to gain the victory. And he thought, too, of the great plains of Uisneach, and how he should shortly see them again with the big herds feeding over them by fifties and by hundreds at a time, and his heart was full of lightness and of joy, and the delights of liberty. With that he turned swiftly round and looked at the tanist, fearing lest he too should have heard that sound. But the tanist lay fast asleep upon the great heap of leaves which Flann had gathered for him that night, and his sword and his shield lay beside him; but his chest was bare, for his shirt was open to the breastbone, and Flann could hear his breath sounding in the darkness, and it was calm and steady and regular, like the breath of a little child.

So he watched him, drawing nearer and nearer in the darkness, waiting to see whether he would stir; and all the time he waited there the noise in the forest grew and grew, and came nearer and nearer, and all the time his own heart beat louder and louder with joy. And now the bards tell us that a very strange and a very shameful thing happened—such a thing as neither they nor any man, only God himself, can explain—for all at once, in the very midst of his joy, and of his satisfaction, and of his triumph, suddenly a great pity began to steal over Flann MacFlathri, and to grow and to swell up in him—a pity that was like a great nail being driven into his breast—so that it seemed to him as if that sword that was to cut off the tanist's two hands or the spear that was to put out his eyes was being thrust into himself, and he could scarce forbear from crying out with the pain of it. And with that pity all at once madness came over him—such madness as falls on men sometimes, so that they forget their own people, and their duty, and all that it behoves them to do; and he thought nothing of the great shame of turning his back upon those who were his friends and the friends of his friends. And he rose up and ran into the cave and went swiftly up to the tanist and caught him by the throat, clutching at him even as a hound clutches a man when he wishes to throttle him, and he cried out suddenly in his ear: 'Wake! Wake! They are on you. The O'Mores are coming! Wake, I say, wake!'

At that loud cry, and at that clutch upon his throat, the tanist awoke from his sleep, and sprang up in the darkness of the cave. But when he felt that hold still upon his throat, then he suspected treachery, and he caught up his sword, that was lying ready to his hand, and he thrust it deep into Flann's side, so that he let go his hold, and fell suddenly back upon the floor of the cave.

With that the tanist ran hastily out, and gathered his men about him swiftly and silently; but first he stood a little while upon the top of the clearing, in the moonlight, where he could see and

hear what was going on below him. And he listened, and lo! the sound was as of the tread of many men moving together through the forest and along the shores of the little river Dinin. Then he laughed silently to himself, for he knew the place well, and he drew his men together and marched them down hill till they came to the mouth of that narrow passage through which they had passed the night before. And here he made them halt, for the O'Mores, he knew, must need pass through it to get to them. So he commanded them to stay, each man crouching deep in the thicket till he gave the signal. And the men obeyed and waited willingly; for they, too, knew the place.

Now that passage of Slieve Margy is the worst and most dangerous and the subtlest of all the passages, not alone in Ossory but in the whole of Leinster, because of the narrowness of it, and because of the great deepness of the ground, also because St. Patrick himself had cursed the stones of the Dinin. But the O'Mores had no fear of all, and they came on into the narrow passage heedlessly one after the other, thinking how they would surprise the MacPhaidraigs. Then, when they were all in the middle of the passage, the tanist gave the signal to fall to; and his men rushed down the hillside all together shouting their war cry and clattering their spears; and the noise and the rush and the snarl of them was like the noise and the rush and the snarl of many wolves, and the O'Mores were caught suddenly in a trap.

Of what befell them there the tale is soon told. At the bottom of that passage runs swift and deep the stream of the Dinin—Red Dinin' the bards call it, and red, surely enough, was it that day—red and red again. Of all the men of the O'Mores that went down alive into that passage there struggled up out of it barely twenty-three, for the tanist and his men fell suddenly upon them while they were unprepared, and while their feet were stuck fast in the boggy ground, so that they could neither strike, nor yet stand, nor yet see. And the number of those that were killed was greater—so the chroniclers of Erin say—than the number of the men killed in any one place in all Erin that year, or the next afterwards, or the one after that again. For the whole bed of the Dinin was filled up with corpses, and its waters were red as fire with their blood, and the dead were piled up one on another as leaves are piled in a hollow place at the beginning of the autumn, and the tanist and his men rejoiced greatly.

Now by five in the morning they had nearly made an end of the slaughter, for their arms ached, and their swords and skeans were almost blunted. And about that time the sun rose up and looked over the tops of the trees. And when it looked into the place it was like a great newly-made grave, only a grave with no earth at all over it, for the corpses all lay just as they had fallen,

heads and their limbs together. An ugly sight it was, and yet, surely, a pleasant one for those who looked at it; for what pleasanter sight can a man have, as the bards say, than to look down and count the corpses of his foes whom he has slain with his own hand?

Then, when he had mustered his men together, the tanist went back to the place where they had camped that night. But Flann MacFlathri was still lying there on the floor of the little cave, and there was a black clotted pool below him, and his face was very white, for there had been no one near to aid him, or to stay the blood, for all had been so fain of the fighting. Then the tanist, seeing him, paused awhile and looked on him, and then passed on, for he was not sure whether he had meant treachery to him or no; therefore he passed on.

But a few of the O'Mores had been kept alive as prisoners, and amongst them was that old and crooked man who had spoken to Flann the night before in the forest, because he was an *ollamh*, or bard, and also because he was not worth the killing. And when he spied Flann lying there in the little cave he wormed his body slowly along over the ground till he came within reach of him, and when he was near enough he spoke to him swiftly, saying:

'Who warned him—answer me, I say—who warned him?'

But Flann neither looked at him nor answered anything at all.

Then the crooked man wormed himself a little further on along the ground like a snake and watched his opportunity, and spoke again, this time in his ear, saying:

'Who warned him, I say? Was it you? Dog! Slave! was it you? Who warned him, I say?'

Then Flann turned and looked up at him, but he still answered nothing, for his head was light because of all the blood that he had lost. Also all things had become dim to him, and whether he had done well or whether he had done ill he wist not—neither what was well or what was ill, for all was dark and clouded.

Then the crooked man crept yet a little nearer, and looked down upon him as he lay there. And he gazed hard and coldly into his face and into his eyes, and he spoke again craftily, for he was a very cunning man.

'Now know I by the looks of you, and by your silence, that you did this thing,' he said slowly. 'Yet who is there that will believe it when I tell the tale of it upon the plains of Uisneach, or who but will blush and hang the head wheresoever this deed is known? For now have you helped your enemy and hindered those that were your friends. And the blood of those that fell this day is on your head only, and your own blood is upon your head also, for it was of him, I know, that you got your death. Now, therefore, answer me and say wherefore you did it before you die, for of what profit is it to go down to the grave with a lie upon your lips?'

At that word Flann raised himself up upon his two hands and looked around him, and he saw the heap of leaves on which the tanist had lain that night, and he looked down and saw the wound in his own side which the tanist had given him, and he looked beyond and saw the forest stretching away as far as eye could reach. All these things he saw clearly, but into his own mind he could not see, for all was dark and hidden there. And he heaved a great sigh and answered the crooked man wearily, like one that has a mind to sleep. '*Nil fios 'ag Flann*—Flann does not know.' And he stretched out his limbs suddenly and lay dead before him upon the ground of the cave.

Soon after that the tanist returned, and as he was passing by the cave he looked in and saw him lying there and perceived that he was dead. Then he stood still a little while and mused, for his mind misgave him, not believing in his heart that the lad had purposed treachery to him. So he gave orders to his young men that were about him to take him up and bury him honourably. Therefore they took Flann, the son of Flathri, say the bards, to the top of the clearing and buried him there, near to the place where they were then encamped, which is upon the south side of the hill called Slieve Margy, where the shadows of the forest never fall, and where the ground is green and clear.

EMILY LAWLESS.

ON THE ANCIENT BELIEFS IN A FUTURE STATE

It is a circumstance of real literary interest that there should be published in Calcutta a periodical devoted to the promotion of Christian learning, under the auspices of the Oxford Mission to India, and depending upon the contributions of Native as well as of British writers; and further, that it should attract the support of so distinguished a Hebraist and Biblical scholar as Professor Cheyne. An article by this Professor¹ furnishes the point of departure for the following remarks upon a subject of interest alike in itself and in its relation to other and yet wider subjects.

It is the opinion of Professor Cheyne that there is a doctrine of immortality in the Old Testament. He finds it in Psalms xvi., xvii., xxxvi., xlix., lxiii., lxxiii. He thinks he has proved that these Psalms were composed 'during the latter part of the Persian rule over Palestine.' In the Review, however, he does not enter upon the date of these Psalms: but states a principle which serves as a convenient text for a discussion of the subject touched by it. The principle is this²:—

It involves a much greater strain upon faith to hold that the wonderful intuition of immortality was granted so early as the times of David and Solomon, than to bring the Psalms in question down to the late Persian age.

The general doctrine which appears to be here conveyed is to something like the following effect: that the human race advances through experience, heredity, and tradition, from infancy towards maturity; that the mind, subjected to these educative agencies, undergoes a process of expansion, and becomes capable in a later age of accepting intelligently what in an earlier age it could not have been fit to receive. In my opinion such a doctrine requires an important qualification; because moral elements, as well as those which are intellectual, go to form our capability of profitable reception, and because it depends upon the due proportion and combination of the two

¹ *Indian Church Quarterly Review*, April 1891, No. 2, p. 127. (Calcutta: Oxford Mission Press; London: Masters, 78 New Bond Street.)

² *Ibid.* p. 128.

whether an advance in the understanding shall or shall not bring us nearer to the truth. But, for the sake of argument, let the doctrine stand. If it stands, it sustains a presumption that knowledge with respect to a future life, after once being imparted, improved in the early stages of human history with the lapse of time. But, as yet, the doctrine rests only on the footing of an argument *a priori*. From this there actually lies an appeal to the argument derivable from positive testimony. Does our information with regard to the religions of the ancients lead us to believe that the sense of a future world advanced, or that it receded, as 'the years rolled into the centuries,' and as civilisation assumed more positive and consolidated forms? Be it remembered all along that the question before us is not whether the knowledge of a future state was evolved by man subjectively from his own thoughts, or was divinely imparted. The present question is only whether, when once received, this particular article of religious knowledge progressively advanced along with the general growth of intelligence, or whether, on the contrary, it declined.

I am not willing, however, to quit altogether this question of presumption *a priori* without drawing an inference in parallel subject matter, which appears to me relevant, and rather strong.

If the advance of civilisation imported the growth of intelligence, and if the advance of intelligence quickened the mental eye for the perception of things beyond the material range, this quickening, it is obvious, would be available, not for the future only, but for the unseen world at large, both as to a standing consciousness of its existence, and as to a readiness to acknowledge and accept the presence on earth, and in human affairs, of any beings by whom it is supposed to be peopled.

It is intelligible, indeed, that a distinction may be drawn between a belief in Providence, and a belief in Theophany, or in the marvellous under any of its many forms. Let us accept this distinction. It will still, I apprehend, remain undeniable that the onward movement of ancient civilisation did not in practice enliven, but rather, on the contrary, tended to weaken or efface the belief in the doctrine of Providence; in an unseen but constant superintendence and direction of human affairs by the Divine power. I take Homer and Herodotos as two men who, while separated in time by a number of centuries even greater than the four which the historian allows, were both of them, according to the lights and opportunities of their day, pious men. But how far stronger, more familiar, and more vivid, is the sense of a Providence truly divine, of the *theos* and *theoi* quite apart from polytheistic limitations, in Homer than in Herodotos. Take another step, say of half a century, from Herodotos to Thucydides; and you encounter a work of history generally as perfect in its manipulation as the highest productions of Phidias; but a work, also, the author of which had lost all touch of the religious idea, and could hardly be

said to see, what even Agnosticism thinks it sees, the fact of a mighty or an almighty power working behind an impenetrable curtain. Well: during the interval of time between Homer and Thucydides the progress of Greece in civilisation had been immense; but she had lost her grasp of the doctrine of Providence, of the nearness of deity to man, of its living care for human affairs and interests. And whatever may be said of the speculations of Plato, an intellect more muscular, more comprehensive, and more entirely Greek—the intellect of Aristotle—places the element of deity at a distance from human life as wide as that of the Lucretian heaven. This was not, evidently, because of a decline in intellectual capacity. But the aggregate of the influences operative upon human perception had enfeebled the sense of the unseen *present*. The presumption, though (thus far) no more than a presumption, herewith arises that it would also enfeeble the sense of the unknown future.

Now let us pass on to the direct evidence available upon the subject before us: and I will recite at once the conclusions which the facts, as far as we know them, seem to me to recommend. They are as follows:—

1. That the movement of ideas between the time of civilisation in its cradle, and the time of civilisation in its full-grown stature, on the subject of future retribution, if not of a future existence generally, was a retrograde, and not a forward, movement.

2. That there is reason, outside the *Psalter*, to think that the Old Testament implies the belief in a future state, as a belief accepted among the Hebrews; although it in no way formed an element of the Mosaic usages, and cannot be said to be prominent even in the *Psalms*.

3. That the conservation of the truth concerning a future state does not appear to have constituted a specific element in the divine commission intrusted to the Hebrew race, and that it is open to consideration, whether more was done for the maintenance of this truth in certain of the Gentile religions.

As regards the first of these propositions, which is one of fact only, we seem to labour under this great difficulty, that the Greek or Olympian religion is the only religion of antiquity which we can trace at all minutely in its different phases through the literature and records of the country; whereas it is by no means a religion which distinctively enshrines the doctrine of a future state. In the case of *Assyria*, while we might hope for testimony extending over a lengthened period, the destiny of mankind after death did not, according to Canon Rawlinson, occupy a prominent place in the beliefs of the people.³ And if we turn to the Egyptian, and the Iranian or Persian religions, the means of comparing their earlier with their later states seem to be very incomplete though not wholly insignificant. The Persian religion in its earlier condition was one of a dualism of

³ *Ancient Religions*, p. 77.

abstract conceptions, and it progressively developed them into rival personalities. In the course of time, the country came under the influence of Magianism. To the early Zoroastrianism, there had been attached a strong belief in a future state of a retributive character. But when Herodotos ⁴ wrote his account of the Persian religion he described the Magian system and its elemental worship, and seems to have known little or nothing of the older Persian scheme, unless on the negative side, where it rejected temples, images, and altars. The older form had now apparently come to be the religion of the Court, rather than of the people.⁵ The religion of abstract ideas had lost ground; that which was sacerdotal and pantheistic had gained it. I see thus far no sign of progress in the doctrine of a future state. The inference rather is that it was passing into the shade.

The historical relations, however, between Greece and the Persian empire were so important that, probably on this account, a large number of the Greek writers, Aristotle himself included, gave attention to the religion of the great antagonist whom Alexander finally overthrew. It was, most probably, the later condition of that religion, to which their accounts relate. The most important of them, from Herodotos to Plutarch, are textually cited or described in Dr. Haug's *Essays on the Parsees*.⁶ No one of them, except that ascribed to Theopompus,⁷ makes any reference to the future state. We shall see presently what a place this doctrine occupied in the earlier times of Zoroastrianism.

The political relations of Greece with the Egyptian empire appear to have been important in the prehistoric period; but the notices of them are few and undetermined. In the great literary age, they were of secondary concern. It has become well known, from the monuments, how powerfully the doctrine of the future life was developed in the archaic religion of Egypt. It was not to be expected that the classical period should here supply us with information such as it has furnished with respect to the religion of Persia. But Herodotos was led, partly by the peculiarities of the case of Egypt generally, and partly from his acknowledging a certain early connection between its religion and that of Greece, to devote more than forty sections of his second Book to his account of it.⁸ Yet that principal account does not contain one word of reference to future retribution, or of belief in the existence of the soul after death; although in another portion of his work we shall see that he mentions the primitive Egyptian teaching.

The fifteenth Satire of Juvenal censures in the strongest terms the Egyptian religion of his own day, at once debased and fanatical.

⁴ *Herod.* i. 131, 138; iii. 16.

⁵ Rawlinson's essay, in his *Herod.* i. 426-31.

⁶ *Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Parsees*, by Dr. Martin Haug. Edited and enlarged by Dr. West. (London, 1890). Essay I. pp. 3-16

⁷ P. 9.

⁸ Vol. ii. 35-76.

He then closes the satire in an ethical strain of remarkable loftiness; and it might be thought that, had future retribution been a living and prominent portion of the Egyptian religion of his day, he could hardly have avoided making some reference to it, especially as he appears to have been himself a believer in the unseen world.⁹ But in the *Isis et Osiris* of Plutarch, I find a passage which, if I understand it rightly, signifies that the Egyptian priests of his time had become somewhat ashamed of the old definite, circumstantial teaching of their religion concerning Osiris,¹⁰ as the judge of each dead man and lord of the Underworld, in that it savoured too much of matter, or was in some way behind the age. Again, Iamblichus, writing in the age of Constantine, and discussing the Egyptian religion, assigns to it a high rank, but does not seem to include the idea of a future state among its motive powers.¹¹ Thus, then, the doctrine of the future state, if viewed as a working portion of religion, lost force and did not gain it with the lapse of time under the Egyptian system, which had been so famous for its early inculcation.

Undoubtedly this seems to have been the case also with the Greeks. The genius of that extraordinary people does not appear at any time to have qualified or inclined them to adopt with anything like earnestness or force that belief, which is so marked in the religions of Egypt and of Persia at an early date. Homer is here our principal authority: and what we gather from the *Odyssey* is that the Underworld of the Poet is evidently an exotic and imported conception, made up of elements which were chiefly supplied from the religions of Egypt and Assyria. We may also observe that the place he finds for it lies in the outer zone of his geography, beyond the great encircling River Okeanos. In the *Iliad*, the great national and patriotic poem of Homer, the doctrine of the future life appears only in the case of Patroklos, and there only as a vague, remote, and shadowy image. The Egyptian name for the kingdom of the dead was Amenti, which seems to reappear in the Greek Rhadamanthos. There is a singular circumstance associated with one of the discoveries of Schliemann at Mycenæ. In a tomb fifteen feet six inches in length, and only five feet six inches in breadth, the bodies of full-grown men are laid not along but across the space, being thus squeezed in the strangest manner. But they were in this way made to lie east and west, and towards the west: and such we learn was the position in which the Egyptians laid their dead.¹² Minos is also introduced to us as a personage in the Underworld of the *Odyssey*, and he is engaged in administering justice. So far we follow the Egyptian

⁹ Sat. ii. 149 sqq.

¹⁰ *Plut. de Is. et Os.* 382. 37. τοῦτο, ὅτε οἱ νῦν ἱερεῖς ἀφοσιούμενοι καὶ παρακαλυπόμενοι μετ' εὐλαβείας ὑποδηλοῦσιν.

¹¹ Iamblichus *de Mysteriis*, 169-9. (Lugduni 1577.)

¹² Schliemann's *Mycenæ*, xxxii. iii. and 295.

idea. But the Greek spirit took the heart and life out of the realm of Osiris. Minos sits, so to speak, not as a criminal but as a civil judge: he does not punish the guilty for their misdeeds on earth, but simply meets the wants of a community for an arbitrator of determining authority in their affairs.¹³ No one, whom we can certainly call a compatriot of Homer's, appears in the Underworld as under penal suffering: not, for instance, Aigisthos, or Klutaimnestra, who might have been fit subjects for it. In the ethical code of Homer, there is no clear recognition of penalty for sin; except it be for perjury upon the breach of great public pacts; and this penalty is made applicable to gods and men alike. The only case, in which he associates the existence after death with happiness, is that of Menelaos. Menelaos is among the purest characters of the Poems: but the reason given for his fortunate lot is, that he was the husband of Helen, and son-in-law of Zeus.¹⁴ It is, however, plain that there must have been a general belief in a future state among his contemporaries, or we should not find it as we now find it embodied and developed in a poem essentially popular.

It was, then, an article of the national belief in the heroic age. What became of it in the classical period? It faded out of notice. There grew up instead of it that remarkable idea of the self-sufficiency of life, which became a basis for Greek existence. Apart from particular exceptions, and from the mysteries, which remained always only mysteries for the people, things temporal and things seen affixed all round a limit to human interests. The Underworld could not have been treated as it is treated by Aristophanes, in any country except one where for the mind of the people at large it had ceased to have a really religious existence. The disputed existence which it obtained in some of the philosophical schools is itself a witness to the fact that for man as such, in the wear and tear of centuries, the idea had not, upon the whole, gained ground, but lost it, among the most intellectual people ever known.

Have we not then to wait for the evidence which is to show that the doctrine of immortality would have been too great a strain for the Hebrews at the reputed era of the composition of the Psalms under David and Solomon, and that it was mercifully withheld from primitive man who could only feed on milk, to be administered as strong meat to a later and more mature generation?

Even were such evidence to be forthcoming on behalf of the general proposition, we should still have to ask how it is known, or why it is to be believed, that the idea of immortality was made known to the Hebrews from Persian sources? The Captivity was not a Persian, but a Babylonian captivity. The advent of Persian power brought it to a close. It was Magianism, rather than Zoroastrianism, that the political influence of Persia at the time would

¹³ *Odyssey*, xi. 568-71.

¹⁴ *Ibid.* iv. 569.

have been likely to impart. But what proof is there, during the period which followed the return, and preceded the Greek supremacy, of this kind of Persian influence over the Hebrew people? The adoption of Persian words in the popular language was a general fruit of Persian power, and is said not to have included subjects of religion.¹⁵ But I pass on to the second of the three heads which have been proposed.

II.

The six Psalms, indicated by Professor Cheyne as those in which the hope of immortality may perhaps be traced, all lie within the first, that is, speaking generally, the older portion of the Psalter. For those who suppose them to have belonged to the worship of Solomon's temple, and who are glad to follow Professor Cheyne when he proves that they embody the hope of a future life, it would be somewhat anomalous to believe that, while the public service taught this doctrine, no mark of it had been left, outside the Temple walls, upon the historical books of the Old Testament, or in the sense of the people. True, the doctrine of a future existence is not prominent upon the face of the older Scriptures. Neither, it might perhaps be said, is it very conspicuous in the speech and actions of the Pharisees in the Gospels, who notwithstanding are known to have held it. But yet we should expect to find some traces of it: and our Lord has actually taught us that it is conveyed in the declaration that God was the God of Abraham and of Isaac and Jacob; a saying of which the force can hardly be escaped by the plea that He was interpreting ancient lore in conformity with the current opinion of the people.

In the Authorised, and also in the Revised, Version of Gen. v. 24, we read the words,

And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.

The rendering of the Septuagint is that he pleased God, and that he was not found, for God transposed or transplanted him. The natural sense of the words taken from the Hebrew is the necessary sense of the Greek: and it appears that it is adopted by the various Targums.¹⁶ Is it possible rationally to put any interpretation on this verse, except one which conveys the idea just as the Septuagint has put it, and shows that life in the unseen world was a conception accepted both by the author of the verse, and by those for whom it was written? Such is the sense given to it in Ecclesiasticus xlv. 16 and in Heb. xi. 5. Such is the sense given by Bishop Browne in the *Speaker's Bible*, by Fuller in the *Student's Bible*, by Bishop

¹⁵ Haug, p. 5.

¹⁶ Bishop Browne, in the *Speaker's Commentary*, *in loc.*

Patrick adopted into Mant's Bible, by Grotius, Fagius, and others¹⁷ in the *Critici Sacri*. But I will not pursue further this enumeration in a case which does not seem to leave room for doubt. I will only add that the legend of Ganymede, according to the beautiful form which it bears in the *Iliad*,¹⁸ with just so much of descent from the loftiness of the old Hebrew tradition as we might have expected, seems to owe its origin to the translation of Enoch.

There seems to subsist a vague, but widespread, impression that the Hebrews of ancient times were not made aware of the existence after death. In the direction of this untrue notion, two concessions I believe, and two only, can be made. The first is, that the future state is nowhere proclaimed by Moses. The second, that a national and public dispensation of rewards and punishments, purely temporal, may have had a certain tendency to throw into the shade in the individual mind the doctrine of our surviving corporal dissolution. And, for us of this day, it is possible that the argument of Warburton in the *Divine Legation* may have been made instrumental to consequences for which its author is not really responsible. What he argued was, that Moses never would have promulgated his system, devoid as it was of sanctions from the doctrine of a future state, unless he had been divinely commissioned and inspired. But around this fair and probable argument there has gathered a varied group of errors, with this main one at the head, that the religion taught by Moses was the entire religion of the patriarchs and of the ancient Hebrew nation; or that at the least it was, as a religion, an advance upon the patriarchal religion, a kind of halfway house between it and Christianity, so that to look beyond it for any truths of Hebrew belief, which it does not contain, is to recede from the light into the darkness.

There are, indeed, delivered by Moses certain broad enunciations of principle, which appertain to the habitual religion of the individual and may truly be called spiritual commandments. In part, the injunctions of the Decalogue have this character; but they do not seem to mark the point of loftiest elevation reached by the declarations of Moses. The principle of love is not expressly contained (unless as to parents only) in the ten precepts; although room, so to speak, is made for it to occupy, by the exclusion of false gods, by the re-injunction of the sabbatical rest—for it may, after the Assyrian discoveries,¹⁹ with increased confidence be described as a revival—and by the negatives so rigorously put upon crime and appetite. But may it not be said that those negative forms, and that revival of the sabbath, of themselves point to something higher? The acme of the declarations of Moses appears to be reached first in Leviticus (xix. 18), where it is proclaimed that a man is to love his neighbour as he loves himself; and

¹⁷ *In loco* by each of these respectively.

¹⁸ *Iliad*, xx. 232-5.

¹⁹ Smith, *Assyrian Discoveries*, p. 12.

further, in Deuteronomy (vi. 5), that he is to love the Lord *his* God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength. These injunctions fill the space left open by the Decalogue. Is there any reason for regarding them as novelties, first taught from or after Sinai? It is easy indeed to comprehend the appropriate wisdom of their solemn republication after the children of Israel had so long dwelt in the midst of a corrupt idolatry, and so far as we know without the advantage either of a fixed code or of positive institutions,²⁰ to cherish and keep alive the truths which their fathers had possessed. True, these great principles of religion are nowhere taught in the Book of Genesis as precepts; but neither is belief in God, or any other part of the religion of the patriarchs, set out in a creed or a code. We only see it live and work: and are not these great principles of love to God and man the very same principles, which made Enoch too good to remain under the conditions of an earthly life, and which fashioned the faultless character of Joseph?

The Mosaic law was neither the full enunciation of a personal religion for individuals, nor an instrument for educating a nation into counsels of perfection. In truth, it dealt with the nation rather than with its component members, and laid down precepts for each of these only in so far as it was necessary to maintain them as a community separated from the rest, to testify against idolatry by the worship of one God, to exhibit through its ritual and sacrificial system the character of sin, to cherish the expectation of a coming deliverance, and in the meantime, and until the fulness of time should come, to gird about an encircled space, 'a vineyard in a very fruitful hill';²¹ within which a spiritual worship, and the lives befitting it, might have full and unhindered growth upon the basis traditionally known to the fathers of the race.

But it may without difficulty be shown that, while the Mosaic law was a law of temporal sanctions only, the people did not fall so low, in the scale either of nature or of grace, as to suppose that the life of man is at an end when his remains are laid in the ground: that they did not sink so far beneath the other nations of remote antiquity, none of which appear to have entertained that dishonouring and dangerous belief, though they varied from others in the prominence which their systems assigned to the positive doctrine on the subject. It might perhaps be sufficient to cite the care taken and cost incurred by them in the sepulture of the dead, as proofs that when burial was accomplished they did not think all was over. But more pointed proofs are not deficient. Let us take, for instance,

²⁰ It is at any rate remarkable that the reason given for the release of the children of Israel from Egypt is (Exod. vii. 16; viii. 20) that they may serve God in the wilderness; and again it appears, from Exod. viii. 20-23, that they could not perform the proper sacrifices to God in Egypt, but must go into the wilderness for the purpose.

²¹ Isaiah v. 1.

the case of the prophet Elijah. In his lifetime, he must have been a character as conspicuous as the sovereigns of the country; while, after his death, it appears that a living tradition of his greatness made him the special type of the prophetic office, both in the mouth of Malachi, and when four more centuries had elapsed at the Transfiguration of our Saviour.²² It will not, I suppose, be disputed, that the Hebrews received as true the history of his being corporally transported into heaven: an occurrence, which we are specially informed that fifty men of the sons of the prophets stood to witness from a distance, while Elijah and Elisha passed over Jordan together.²³ Is it possible that a people, who believed this prophet had thus been carried up from earth, believed also that with that miraculous transportation his existence came to an end?

Still more remarkable, upon the point now before us, is the proof of the popular belief afforded by the practice of necromancy among the people. The whole basis of such a practice lies in an established popular conviction that the spirits of the departed not only existed, but existed in a state of susceptible faculty, and might be moved, by influences exercised in this world, to make apparition before the eyes of the living. It appears, indeed, that this practice was viewed by the governing powers with jealousy, for the woman, who had 'the familiar spirit,' urged, when application was made to her, that it was dangerous for her to comply, because Saul had 'cut off those that have familiar spirits, and the wizard out of the land.'²⁴ Under such circumstances, as the prohibitions of the Mosaic law were no dead letter, the profession of the witch could only be kept alive by strong inducements; and what strong inducement could there be, except a curiosity of the people for direct information about the dead, which involved the certainty of their continuing existence?

King Saul finds himself placed in desperate straits by the attack of the Philistine army, at the time when David was serving in its ranks. Samuel, the mainstay of the State, had recently died, and had been solemnly mourned for by the people. Saul was driven, in order to obtain the benefit of indispensable counsel, to seek the aid of those whom he had attempted to extirpate. Failing to obtain light upon the emergency by any of the ordinary means, he requires his servants to find for him a woman with a familiar spirit. He is referred to such a person, who lives at Endor. He repairs to her in disguise, evidently believing that, though she would of course regard the king as her enemy, yet, if he could pass for one of the people, she would meet his desire, and evoke the spirit of the dead in the regular way of business. She recognises the king, and he has to give her a promise of indemnity. Samuel is then brought up; and a scene is reported to have taken place, in which his spirit, addresses King Saul, and, in the exercise of the gift of prophecy, announces that his

²² Malachi iv. 2; Mark ix. 4.²³ 2 Kings ii. 7.²⁴ 1 Sam. xxviii. 4, 9.

kingdom was to depart from him. Such is the narrative, which would appear to imply the reality of the apparition. Both the rabbinical commentators, however, and the Christian writers, are divided upon this question down to the present day.²⁵ But this is a matter wholly apart from the present argument, which simply rests upon the fact that there was a general belief in such apparitions, a belief extending even to the king upon the throne. The measures taken by Saul for the suppression of necromancy and all witchcraft, may have been adopted in obedience to the stringent and repeated prohibitions contained in the law.²⁶ Those prohibitions do not expressly name intercourse with the dead, but this, I apprehend, cannot be excluded from the general scope of the profession; and, if so, the number and nature of the prohibitions is a fresh testimony to the popular belief in the existence of the soul after death, and seems to indicate its continuity among the Israelites from the time of Moses onwards.

It is not now the question how far this belief was developed, or how far it was operative on conduct. We have no proof from Scripture that it implied the punishment of bad men in the other world, though the cases of Enoch and Elijah may fairly stand as indicating the rewards of those who were pre-eminently good. Neither again in the Psalms is the penal part of the doctrine of a future life as plainly discernible, as the portion which concerns the rest and peace of saints. As we see from Homer, the ideas of future retribution and of future existence have not a necessary, though they have an appropriate, connection. My proposition amounts simply to this: that, as in the time of our Lord, so in the pre-exilic periods, the Hebrew race in general did not believe in the extinction of the soul at death: and that, as to the completeness and moral power of this belief, we do not seem to have evidence requiring or entitling us to draw any very broad distinction in favour of one period as against another. Thus much I have admitted: that, as the theocratic system of Moses, aided by the order of prophets, worked in the earlier time in a manner more legible, so to speak, by the people, than after the exile, and as this may have tended somewhat to confine or weaken the habit of mind which resorts to future sanctions, so the post-exilic period, or that large part of it which was passed in a condition of political dependence, may to some extent have been favourable to a more active sense of the future life. But nowhere does a necessity seem to arise for supposing that the Jews received any large infusion of positive doctrine on the subject of a future state from the circumstances of the Babylonish captivity, or from Persian influences after its close.

²⁵ See Grotius, Munsterus, and others, in the *Critici Sacri*; and, of recent commentators, Adam Clarke, the Speaker's Bible, the Student's Bible, Mant, and Thomas Scott. Modern English commentators for the most part affirm the reality.

²⁶ Exodus, xxii. 18; Levit. xix. 21, xxx. 6; Deut. xviii. 10.

III.

If, then, it is admitted, even by those who favour the argument followed in these pages, that the doctrine of a future state nowhere entered into the prescriptions of the Mosaic law, and is not directly declared and inculcated in the earliest Scriptures, it probably subsisted among the Hebrews rather as a private opinion, than as an obligatory belief. And it obviously follows that it did not form a part of those truths, or of that system, which the Jewish people were appointed to maintain and to transmit. It was not divinely entrusted to them, as part and parcel of their special work. Was there, then, any other, even if it were an indeterminate, provision among the nations for the conservation of this belief?

Undoubtedly, in this wayward world of ours, truth commonly has error on its borders, and in the neighbourhood of religious beliefs, in themselves just and weighty, there may lie all round a set of opinions, more or less openly avowed, which, if associated with them at all in the order of thought, are no better than their spurious offspring. Thus, from the Christian point of view, it was a great fact of religion that, long before the Advent, and indeed from the outset of human history, God had selected a portion or portions of the human race for high and special purposes to which He perceived their adaptation. From the call of Abraham onwards, we perceive that great and wonderful selection of his posterity, which proclaims itself to the world down to this very day. But upon such a positive truth men have allowed themselves to graft the negative assertion, that the rest of mankind were outcasts, without any sign of the Divine favour, or of possessing a share in the designs of the Almighty for the education of mankind.

It is likely that this mis-conception may have been extended and strengthened by the great movement of the sixteenth century. That movement threw the mind of the reformed communities upon Scripture, as a bulwark of defence against the ruling authorities of the Latin Church; and this not upon the New Testament only, which records the final breaking down of the wall of severance, but upon Scripture as a whole; so that, especially within the energetic sweep of Scottish Presbyterianism, and of Puritanism in England, the Old Testament was lifted more nearly to a level with the New. In details the Old Testament itself testifies, by hundreds of passages, to the active providential relation with persons and races outside the confines of the Abrahamic race and the Mosaic dispensation. The dealing with Melchisedec, the marriage of Joseph to the daughter of the priest of On,²⁷ and of Moses to the daughter of the priest of Midian,²⁸ the assignment of portions of country in the promised land to Canaanites, the remarkable history of Balaam, the beautiful

²⁷ Gen. xiv. 18; xlii. 50.²⁸ Ex. ii. 21.

episode of Ruth the Moabitess, the explicit language of the Psalms, and of the prophets, among whom Jonah had no other mission than to Nineveh—all these circumstances, which might be stated with very wide development, ought to have made the enlarged knowledge of Scripture a guarantee against narrow conceptions. But the resort to the sacred volume was of necessity in a great degree polemical; and the polemical frame of mind, however effective for its immediate purposes, however inevitable in the case before us, is too commonly fatal to enlargement and impartiality of view. The notion of a race preferred over other races, and employed in a particular case to administer punishment for depravity, was magnified into an absolutely exclusive love, and a not less sweeping condemnation or neglect.

It was a breaking of new ground when, in 1815, there was published an essay of Bishop Horsley's which treats of Messianic prophecy and of various portions of truth preserved among the heathen. Among these were included the immortality of the soul; and the Bishop, in anticipation of researches to come, makes reference to the sacred books of Persia.²⁹

It has been, indeed, the belief of the Christian Church and community, that the history not only of the chosen people but of the world throughout a very wide circle was, before the coming of our Lord, a grand *præparatio evangelica*. In some respects, the forms of this preliminary discipline were obvious enough. The conquests of Alexander secured for that marvellous instrument of thought, the Greek language, such a currency as, when backed by the influence which in the West had been acquired by its literary monuments, dispensed as it were with the day of Pentecost in the general action of the Christian Church, and supplied a channel of communication and a vehicle of worship available in most parts of the civilised world. What the genius of Greece was to secure in the region of thought, the vast extension of the Roman empire effected in the world of outward fact. It prepared the way of the Lord and made the rough places plain. Immediately before and after the advent, it levelled the barriers between separate and hostile communities, and for the first time established the idea of police in its highest form, and made peaceable and safe intercourse everywhere possible among men. Everywhere it was, as with us in Britain: 'when the Roman left us,' then it was that again 'the ways were filled with rapine.'³⁰

Another stage on the way to the comprehension of a truth of the widest reach and highest value was attained, when the world began to be sensible of its debt to ancient Greece. It may well be, to us of this day, a marvel to conceive how it could have been that, down to a time when poetry and the arts had already achieved the most splendid progress, the Christian world remained insensible to the superla-

²⁹ *A Dissertation on the Prophecies of the Messiah dispersed among the Heathen*, pp. 16, 115. The essay, which was posthumous, is wider than its title.

³⁰ Tennyson's *Guinevere*.

tive dignity and value of the ancient Greek literature and art. In Italy at least, the compositions of the Greeks must all along have survived in numerous manuscripts. But the Greeks had not, merely produced a certain number, not after all a very large one, of great works of mind and hand : they had established habits of mind and of performance, alike in art, in letters, and in philosophy, such that they furnished the norm for civilised man in the ages to come. Hellenism became a capital fact for the race. Greece supplied the intellectual factor under the new dispensation of Christianity, as truly as the Hebrew race supplied us with the spiritual force which was to regenerate the heart and will of man. And this was done for millions, who knew little but the name either of Greeks or Jews. And if this transcendent function was assigned to the Hellenic race, outside the bounds of any continuing revelation, the question surely arises whether other races may, through their forms of religion or otherwise, have made their special contributions to the fulfilment of the grand design for establishing the religion of the Cross, and for giving it an ascendancy which is already beyond dispute, and which may be destined even to become, in the course of time, universal over the surface of the earth.

The last, and in a much higher degree the present, centuries have opened the door to a knowledge wholly without precedent of these ancient religions, which took and long held their place in conjunction with advanced civilisation and commanding political power. I suppose that Sir William Jones and Anquetil du Perron will be for ever famous among the pioneers in this great undertaking, the one for his services with regard to the Vedic, and the other to the Zoroastrian religion. Besides the vast subsequent progress in the spheres of knowledge there opened, the interpretation of the Egyptian and the Assyrian monuments has effected nothing less than a revolution with regard to the archaic religions of the earliest great empires of the world. It is of the deepest interest to examine whether in any and what particulars, now recognised by Christians as undoubted portions of revealed truth, those religions were more advanced or more enlarged than the religion of the favoured race. The question is hardly one entangled with controversy. No doubt, if it be found that these extraneous and independent religions taught in any point more fully than the Hebrews what Christians now acknowledge, this will be for Christians a new and striking proof that in the infancy of the race of Adam, and before its distribution over the earth, the Almighty imparted to it precious knowledge, which it could hardly have discovered, and was but indifferently able to retain. But those, who view religions as simply the formations gradually effected by our own unaided powers, from fetichism upwards, will have their solution ready also : the diversities of the onward movement, as between one race and another, will for them

only show variety in tastes and in capacity for progress. Let me proceed to an example.

It is a favourite observation with the negative writers on religion, that the narrative of the temptation in the Garden of Eden lends no support to the doctrine of the existence of Satan or of devils, inasmuch as the seduction of Eve from obedience is ascribed simply to the serpent. The personal action of the evil spirit is mentioned in several places of the Old Testament. But there is no identification of him with the serpent of Paradise; and further, there is no distinct intimation that he came to be what he was through a rebellion against God followed by a fall from heaven. The magnificent description by Isaiah³¹ of the fall of Lucifer from above, though it may well serve for a description of such a rebellion, is primarily referable to the king of Babylon. It is only passages of the New Testament, and these not systematically combined in its text, which inform us that he was a fallen spirit, once in conflict with the servants of the Most High. We hear nothing, in fact, from the Old Testament of the War in heaven. But while this awful tradition was waiting for its sanction from the pens of Apostles, and was apparently unknown to the Hebrews, there was sufficient recollection of it in the heathen religions. We are told of it as late as by Horace.³² Homer gives it us in various forms—of the Titans punished in Tartaros,³³ of the Giants,³⁴ and perhaps also in the attempt of Otos and Ephialtes to scale the heavens.³⁵ Still, we had not until recently had easy means of carrying the tradition further back into remote antiquity. But the Assyrian monuments, though as yet but partially unveiled, furnish a tablet,³⁶ thought by Mr. Smith to be one of those about which Berosus states that they were buried before the Deluge, and disinterred after it had subsided. This tablet contains the story of the seven wicked gods or spirits, who conspired together to make war against Hea. And Hea sends his son Merodach to put them down, even as Horace in his fine ode assigns to Apollo a capital share in quelling the attack of the Giants.³⁷ Probably much more evidence could be collected to the same effect. But what has been said is sufficient as an instance in support of my general proposition, namely, there may be cases where the independent religions of antiquity have enshrined in very pointed forms traditions justly to be called primeval, which have obtained no clear notice in the Old Testament, but which subsequently appear as authorised portions of the New. If this be true, then it is surely also true that these religions were employed *pro tanto* in the counsels of Divine Providence, for purposes reaching beyond and above the consciousness of those who proclaimed and practised them.

³¹ Isaiah xiv. 4-19.

³² Hor. *Od.* b. iii. 1; v. 49.

³³ *Iliad*, x. 429.

³⁴ Hom. *Od.* vii. 58; 206.

³⁵ *Ibid.* xi. 307.

³⁶ G. Smith's *Assyrian Discoveries*, pp. 398-402.

³⁷ Hor. *Od.* iii. iv. 60-4.

Let us now proceed to take a somewhat higher flight. It will be admitted on all hands that the doctrine of a life beyond the grave is an article essential, to speak moderately, for the completeness of religion. Locke, in his famous Essay, excluded from toleration those who did not believe in a future state, because without such belief, as he held, they could give no sufficient guarantee for their conduct as good citizens. No one perhaps would act upon such an opinion now. There is a law written in our nature itself, apart both from temporal sanctions and from the prolongation of existence after death, which of itself imposes upon sound minds a real obligation to good conduct. But there are several things which may be fairly urged. First, all men have not sound minds; and secondly, that the doctrine of a future life not only harmonises with, but very greatly strengthens that obligation. And moreover, that any power, which society now possesses to dispense with this powerful sanction, and yet enjoy comparative impunity, is largely due to an elevation in the social standard of right and wrong, both public and private, due to the long reign of Christianity in the manners, policy, and belief of civilised man.

We have seen that the doctrine of a future life was not among the sanctions of the Mosaic law. It is not necessary for my purpose to endeavour to track it through all the non-Mosaic religions of antiquity. It will be enough to dwell upon two of them, in which it appears to have attained, at a very early date, a remarkable development. And it is noteworthy that, while the recipients of special religious light in prehistoric times were Semites, neither of these cases is found among members of that family: the one being Aryan or Japhetic, and the other what is commonly called Turanian. They are respectively the cases of Iranians or Persians, and of Egypt. And there is a certain amount of resemblance between the two forms of development, which tends to favour the presumption of a common origin.

The 'strain to faith,' which Professor Cheyne regards as unsuited to an early stage in the existence of the race, seems to have been put upon the Egyptians and the Iranians at a very early stage indeed. Perhaps the case of Egypt carries us nearer to the fountainhead of historic time by its certified antiquity. But the date of Zarathustra, or, according to the Latin corruption of the name, Zoroaster, is thrown back by many beyond the reputed age even of the Egyptian remains. The modern Parsees bring him down to about 550 B.C.; but Drs. Haug and West point out that the movement, which he led, is noticed in the earlier Vedas, and conceive it not unreasonable to place him as a contemporary of Moses.

The great work of Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, published in 1837-41, made us familiar with the belief of the Egyptians, not only in a future life, but in a life of future retribution. Their funerals seem to have

been celebrated with the utmost pomp of religious rites.³⁸ It is a well-known and at least plausible opinion, that the skilled preservation of the mummy was intended to conserve the remains in a condition fit for renewed occupation by their former owner. On the Monuments, a procession of boats cross, from Thebes, the Lake of the Dead, and at the necropolis the body is set up in the ancestral sepulchre. The final judgment is held before Osiris, no sinecurist like Afdoneus in Homer, but the real working sovereign of the Underworld and its inhabitants; who governs as well as rules. Before him justice was administered, without the law's delay; administered there and then. The actions of the dead man were weighed in the scales of Truth, and recorded by Thoth.³⁹ Horos then conducted him into the presence of Osiris, Anubis also taking a share, and the four Genii of Amenti waiting to do their part. It was not dread of disgrace, says Wilkinson,⁴⁰ which the Egyptians were taught to look upon as the principal inducement to virtue, but the fear of that final judgment, which awaited them in a future state, and which was to deal with their omissions as well as with their crimes. The all-scrutinising eye of the Deity penetrated into the secrets of the heart; and, as the rewards of the good were beyond conception, so were the punishments of the bad, who were doomed to a transmigration into the forms of the most detested animals. The evidence of their belief is to be found amply recorded upon the oldest among their monuments.⁴¹ In later times, the features of ritual and presentation were perhaps less strongly impressed upon the masses, but the tenet continued to be acknowledged by the Egyptians, and it seems sufficiently clear that from them the doctrine of immortality was learned by Pythagoras and Plato.⁴²

Let us now turn to the testimony, perhaps less remarkable, of the Zoroastrian religion. In the person of its great teacher, it was mainly based, says Haug, on Monotheism,⁴³ although the *motor*, or evil principle, was present with that of good in Ahuramasda, or Ormuzd, himself.⁴⁴ He taught a future life which was to succeed the present one: nor did he hold survival only, but retribution, and likewise the resurrection of the body.⁴⁵ On the third night after death, the soul of the dead man approaches the bridge of Chinvat (or assembling), and is contended for by Deities on one side, and Devas on the other, while he is examined by Ormuzd himself as to his conduct in the flesh. The pure soul passes the bridge, with a company of its fellows, and an escort of the blessed ones, into heaven.

³⁸ *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, by Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, Second Series, vol. iii. plates 83-8.

³⁹ Wilkinson, iii. ix-xi.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.* ii. 438.

⁴¹ *Ibid.* i. 211.

⁴² Wilkinson in Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, at ii. 123.

⁴³ Haug, p. 301.

⁴⁴ P. 303.

⁴⁵ Pp. 217, 311-13.

But the souls, which come to the bridge full of terror and sick, find no friend there: the evil spirits, Vizaresha by name, lead them bound down into the place of the dead; into the darkness, the dwelling of the Druj.⁴⁶

Thus the Persian religion had a developed doctrine of immortality, like that of Egypt; though they were shut out by their rejection, in the early stages, of imagery and ritual from using those means of stamping it on the general mind, which were so freely employed by the Egyptians on their monuments. Nor can we doubt that the belief in immortality continued to hold its place in the authoritative standards of the religion, for we understand that it is cherished by the Parsees at the present day as a practical tenet. Whether it had not lapsed long ago from its position of influence may be doubtful. At any rate, a passage which we find in Herodotus seems to suggest a change of that character under the Achaemenid sovereigns of Persia. Cambyses, absent from his capital, had put to death his brother Smerdis. The murdered man was personated by an impostor, who proclaimed himself king, and sent a herald to make the proclamation in the camp. Cambyses at once challenged on the subject the person whom he had sent to commit the murder. This was Prexaspes, who replied by saying, 'If the dead rise again, then indeed you may expect also to meet Astyages the Mede; but if things continue as they have been, you need have no anticipation of trouble from that quarter.'⁴⁷

Prexaspes spoke with the object of removing alarm from the mind of the king. This speech indicates a decline; and deterioration had also been manifested in other great articles of the religion of Zoroaster. First, it had been developed into an absolute dualism.⁴⁸ Each of the two contending powers was surrounded with a council of six members, over which he simply presided, like a moderator in a presbytery. Under the sacerdotal and ritualistic system of the Magi, as Duncker⁴⁹ assures us, Ormuzd himself was represented as offering sacrifices to Mithra and others; actual images of the deities were fashioned under the first Artaxerxes;⁵⁰ and Artaxerxes II., falsifying the account of Herodotus,⁵¹ erected a temple, as well as statues, to Anakita at Ecbatana.⁵²

To conclude. Both the conservation of the belief through so many centuries, and the immense force with which it seems to have acted on the public mind at the earliest epochs, stand in singular contrast, as to this great article, with the Mosaic system: nor do I see how we

⁴⁶ Duncker, *History of Antiquity*, b. ii. ch. vii.: from the Vendidad.

⁴⁷ Herod. iii. 62, misquoted, as I conceive, by Duncker (vol. v. p. 181, Abbott's translation). The text runs: *εἰ μὲν νῦν οἱ τεθνεώτες ἀνστήσονται . . . εἰ δ' ἔστι θάνατος ἄπο τοῦ, κ.τ.λ.* I note the tone and spirit, as well as the words.

⁴⁸ Haug, p. 305.

⁴⁹ Book vii. ch. vii. Abbott's translation, p. 161 of vol. v.

⁵⁰ *Ibid.* p. 176.

⁵¹ *Ibid.* p. 177.

⁵² Herod. i. 131.

can refuse to recognise a sublime agency for the preservation of truth in the one case, as well as in the other. The God of revelation is the God of nature. The means employed may be different, but the aim is the same. And when the Redeemer, standing in Judea, brings life and immortality fully into light, He propounds a doctrine already not without venerable witness in the conscience and tradition of mankind.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Erratum.

On p. 334,* in the article on Electoral Facts, please to read the figures in lines 23-31 as follows:—

Tory	300
Dissentient	72
	<u>372</u>
Less two-sevenths	107
	<u>265</u>
Liberals of 1886	105
Add	<u>107</u>
	302
Majority	<u>37</u>

* See *Nineteenth Century* for September (No. 175).

W. E. G.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake
to return unaccepted MSS.*

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— —

ON SPURIOUS WORKS OF ART

THE Editor of this Review has often asked me in years gone by to write an article on frauds, forgeries, shams, and 'make-ups,' not of bank-notes or sovereigns, but of works of art, *bric-à-brac*, &c.; but nobody knows better than he does what a delicate subject it is, what ticklish ground it is to traverse, what nests of angry and industrious hornets it might perchance stir up, and what painful doubts it must of necessity put into the heads of so many happy, simple-minded collectors, some of them, perhaps, one's own dearest friends. Besides, the thing adequately done would be a serious interference with widespread and flourishing branches of trade, a direct attack on the pockets of a powerful tribe of fabricators and vendors. It is not a gracious task to unsettle the complacency of contented ignorance; the rapture of folly is often as great as the bliss of true wisdom. Why, then, stir up discord in fools' 'paradise'? *Cui bono*, so long as fabricators, vendors, and purchasers are alike happy? If, then, I perversely rush into this business, the Editor who egged me on must stand by me and be prepared to take his share of the obloquy, if such should result from it; here, at all events, is the article.

It is a great subject. My intention, as far as I am conscious of any fixed plan in entering upon it, is to treat it only incidentally and discursively; anything like a connected history of the rise and progress of fraud in works of art would, indeed, seriously tax the abilities of the 'all-roundest' man, and necessitate, perhaps, an

incommensurate amount of time and research. That there were sham pictures of Apelles and Protogenes, spurious marbles of Pheidias or Lysippus, and false gems of Pyrgoteles, in old Greek times is more than probable. It is certain, indeed, that an infinite number of copies and imitations of the works of these immortals, on which, nevertheless, their names were shamelessly painted or graven as the case might be, abounded in antiquity, and are now often enough unearthed. Every evidence goes to show, in short, that art-frauds were as rife and universal in the classic ages of Greece and Rome as in our own. I shall not begin so far back. I forget where the charming anecdote of the irate country squire and his Rubens is to be found—most likely in the *Tatler* or the *Spectator*; in any case, it illustrates a state of mind and a condition of things, which doubtless prevailed just as much in the days of Mæcenas as in those of Queen Anne. ‘*Come and see my Rubens. So and so says it is not a Rubens. Damme! I’ll kick anybody out of the house who says it isn’t. What do you say, sir?*’ The credulity and obstinacy of amateurs, and the craft and cunning of purveyors, is doubtless quite as rife now as then; there have, however, been golden ages of art-fraud, and we are, I think, living in one of them at present.

The art-frauds that have taken shape and substance, which remain to encumber the world as false coin ever circulating from hand to hand, are, then, of all times and periods. The archæology of fraud even has become a science; some of the overt and acknowledged frauds themselves even have attained the status of precious and coveted works, more valuable in the strange gyrations of the wheel of Time than the originals they simulated. Michael Angelo’s marble Cupid, for instance, which he made in secret, broke, and mutilated, buried in a vineyard, and dug up again himself, all for the express ‘taking-in’ a certain cardinal, collector of antique marbles and contemner of modern art, is a case in point. If this particular Cupid could now be identified, it would probably be worth more than the most beautiful, genuine, antique work of its kind which Italian soil still enshrouds.

At all periods there have been men of true genius who have prostituted their talents in this service; but the rank-and-file of art impostors have been mostly vulgar workmen rather than artists—ignorant, half-informed, mechanical drudges, veritable slaves held in bondage, worked remorselessly by the astute dealers, their task-masters. Here, as in all branches of trade, the middleman takes the gross profits; the forger is of small account. The utterer of the fraud, he who plants the vulgar sham on the unwary amateur, is the really important player in the game.

At all times this game has been the appanage of a gifted race. Cry not ‘*To your tents, O Israel!*’ if I specify your ancient nation. Certes, there are men amongst you, Israelites without guile, but wily ones, unapproachable and unmatchable in this particular field.

After all, this is but saying that Jews are excellent tradesmen, who have made their special mark in a branch of trade for which they have hereditary aptitudes; but, that as a class they are a whit less scrupulous than their Christian brethren in the same class of business, I, who know them well, and have had innumerable transactions with both tribes, deny. In this business it is doubtless very hard to be honest; but of what other calling cannot the same be said? It has been said that it takes ten horse-dealers to match one picture-dealer, or the other way round, horse-dealers *versus* picture-dealers. Children of Israel and Christians alike, picture-dealers, *bric-à-brac* dealers of all shades and specialities, horse-dealers even, of whom I know nothing at all—if I take your name in vain, bear me no malice; your customers are so often no better than yourselves, as sordid and wily in their ways, as eager and willing to take mean advantages of you, that your sins even are in great degree measures of self-defence only.

To resume the historical thread, which, however interrupted, tangled and broken, will from the nature of my subject of necessity run through it. For long centuries after the antique ages connoisseurship lay entirely dormant, and the world, so far as works of art were concerned, was innocent of fraud. In the Middle Ages relics of saints, miraculously multiplied particles of the true cross, and pious *bric-à-brac* in general, doubtless afforded a field for the inventive genius of the fraudmongers; but such 'preciosities' were not exactly within the province of fine art, and it would be an insult to our Israelite friends to suggest that their forefathers took part in any such traffic. A certain amount of quasi-Christian genius was at all events displayed in this field. We must, however, pass at a bound to the eras of the Italian 'revival' for the earliest modern evidence of the art-forgers' craft. Roughly speaking, then, with the advent of the fifteenth century began the cycle of modern art-frauds. Henceforward, down to our fathers' and grandfathers' time, some fifty years or so ago, the world of connoisseurship, with the exception of painting and the allied categories of drawings and engravings, occupied itself almost exclusively with the art remains of classic Greek and Roman antiquity: with marbles, bronzes, fictile vases, coins and medals, and engraved gems. In this field there was the widest scope for every kind and degree of fraud, and infinite skill, cunning, and audacity were in consequence displayed in their origination and 'exploitation.'

Pictures, drawings, and engravings are a category apart, in which the nature and methods of fraud, although not less far-reaching and efficacious, are, as a rule, simpler than in most other classes. Here, however, not long after Michael Angelo's marble Cupid exploit, we find Andrea del Sarto's copy of one of Raffaello's pictures passed off as the original on Giulio Romano even, who had himself actually painted part of the genuine work; whilst Marc Antonio uttered

counterfeit impressions of Albert Dürer's engravings under the very eyes of the master himself in Venice.

Coins and medals formed one of the earliest and most favourite categories of 'virtù,' as they have, indeed, remained down to our own day; to forge such things was as easy as to counterfeit current money, consequently there have been innumerable fabrications, mainly of Greek and Roman coins. Numismatists are, indeed, able to identify the admirably truthful imitations of some of the most celebrated artists in this line, and a certain intrinsic value is in some cases attached to them as forgeries even. More than one of the clever Italian medalists of the early part of the sixteenth century, not content with reproducing with the most scrupulous exactness coins of genuine known types, invented and executed fictitious new ones, which they put in circulation as rare or unique specimens; some of these imaginary coins, indeed, are quite exquisite works of art. At the present day, there is probably little or no activity in this branch of the art-forgery's business; modern numismatists are so wary and learned a race, and so thoroughly fortified by descriptive catalogues and monographs, that they have no longer left any field open for this industry. At the present time, the revival of interest in the long-neglected category of Italian Renaissance portrait-medallions has afforded some scope for analogous endeavours. Recently, in consequence, a certain number of modern examples, casts or 'sur-moulages' in bronze of the original specimens, some of them admirably executed, have appeared, and when covered with the spurious patina, which is so easily effected, it is no great disgrace to the unwary connoisseur who meets with them for the first time to be deceived. Paris and Florence are the seats of this new industry. Fortunately, several exhaustive monographs on these medals have recently appeared, in which the exact measurement of each original example is carefully noted; and this so far affords a perfect test of genuineness, all the modern casts being necessarily considerably smaller than the original prototypes, inasmuch as a certain shrinkage takes place, both in the mould made from the original medal, and also in the new metal cast in it. It is difficult to see how this obstacle can be overcome, but modern ingenuity will perhaps prove equal to it.

Antique marbles, busts, and statues, for which our great-grandfathers, 'Milordi' on the 'Grand Tour,' had so keen a relish, were not, as a rule, forged *de novo*. Rome, which for ages past has proved an inexhaustible quarry of such things, was the unique seat of this speciality. 'Restoration,' then, not fabrication, was the rule there; this process, however, had its legitimate and its fraudulent sides. New noses and ears, which every antique bust required; new heads, arms, and legs to battered torsos, were, for instance, more or less legitimate additions, and they were usually effected with admirable

skill and verisimilitude; but putting the head of one antique statue on the shoulders of another and different character, and other operations of similar nature, were not quite so permissible. Unfortunately, there are abounding and most deceptive instances of this class of fraud for the confusion of the classic archæologist of the present day.

Several of the cleverest *entrepreneurs* in this line in the last century were English art-dealers and bankers settled in Rome, and when some demon whispered 'have a taste' to the travelling Mæcenas their countryman, it is natural that he should communicate the fact at the same time to the Gavin Hamiltons and Jenkinsons of those days. In no class of works of art, perhaps, has there been a greater aggregate of fraud than in that of antique cameos and intaglios. Rome and Florence, again, were always the chief seats of this industry, which rose to its height in the last century, and is now practically extinct. A volume might be written on this class of fraud alone. Infinite talent and resource were displayed in it by Italian artists of scarcely less genius than the gem-engravers of antiquity themselves. One of the most difficult things was to simulate the peculiar appearance of the salient surfaces of antique gems—that peculiar dulness caused by centuries of wear and miscellaneous abrasion. After infinite endeavours to imitate this particular condition with sufficient exactness, some more than usually astute Roman gem-engraver found that the best way was to cram his modern antique gems down the throats of turkeys kept in coops for the purpose, when the continual attrition which they received from contact with other stones and pebbles crammed into the bird's crop at the same time, ultimately induced almost exactly the desired appearance.

At the present time there is comparatively little fraud going on in the category of the antique; classical art is out of fashion, and the game would not pay. Collectors of antiques, the Neo-Greeks of the present time, are for the most part enthusiastic but impecunious young university men, professors and distinguished archæologists, with more learning than money, and it is just the contrary state of things which the art-forgers desiderate. Your *nouveau riche* commercialist, newly stricken with the art craze, has replaced my lord 'with a taste' of former days, and there is a Land of Goshen to which all the tribe of fraudulent dealers and fabricators are looking for their new millennium. Good Americans, 'millionaires, billionaires' from Wall Street or Chicago, when pigs and greenbacks have piled them up stupendous wealth, are to be one and all taken with a taste for art and *bric-à-brac*, and to come in flocks like sheep to the shearers, all yearning for Aladdin lamps, new or old as the case may be. Unquestionably, American collectors are becoming a factor in the curiosity trade of Paris and London, and the other great centres, and Jonathan will have to buy his experience as dearly as his Old-World cousins. Probably, stupendous and unheard-of frauds are brewing in the air for

his especial undoing. One curious development of fraud in the antique line has, however, sprung up entirely in these latter days. Everybody has heard of 'Flint Jack,' the typical fabricator of spurious prehistoric flint implements. Within the last year or two several other 'Jacks' have taken to the trade, and masterpieces of crafty verisimilitude are now being turned out. Flint Jack's stone axes and flakes had the stamp of newness on them, but his successors have succeeded in imitating with almost perfect accuracy the natural oxidation of the surface of the flint, the result of untold ages of entombment, and the dulled surfaces, fractures, and abrasions of the water-worn originals. Collectors of these primæval treasures henceforth will do well to have nothing to say to any specimen of which the place of discovery cannot be vouched for on the most unimpeachable evidence.

The art-frauds we have hitherto brought in question were all more or less temporary and sporadic manifestations; but we are living now under a new dispensation. The entire volume and aggregate of former times is, indeed, but as a feeble rill to the ocean of the present. An encyclopædia in thick volumes would alone suffice to do it justice. Before we come to this glorious summer, this sun of fraud, it will be well to say something about immediately-precedent developments, and the state of things in general.

During the long and leaden reign of classicism, as we have seen, 'high, or fine art,' as it was called, and 'the antique' were alone deemed worthy of consideration, and few and far between were the daring amateurs who ventured to occupy themselves other than with pictures and statues, prints and coins, or 'antiques.' Modern 'curiosities,' articles of 'virtù,' under which title are comprised the thousand categories of mediæval ecclesiastical art objects, ivory carvings, majolica and porcelain wares, enamels and jewellery, old furniture, wood-carvings, &c.—were considered as *petit maître* frivolities, unworthy of the attention of the true connoisseur. In this country—and for the moment it is needless to speak of any other, for the same *régime* prevailed everywhere else—Horace Walpole and Sir Andrew Fountaine in the last, and for the first forty or fifty years of the present century. Beckford, his son-in-law the Duke of Hamilton, Mr. Bernal, and Mr. Magniac, were almost the only pioneers in the field, which, nevertheless, in our own time has thrown into the shade all others. When the French Revolution and the great Napoleonic wars broke up innumerable antique establishments, and dispersed to the four winds infinite art 'preciosities,' such of them as were known to be marketable found their way, almost without exception, to this country. England, in fact, in those palmy days of art-collecting was, indeed, the only market.

It goes without saying that in such a state of things, when genuine art treasures were difficult to sell and of little worth, there was literally no scope for the art-forgers. It may be taken for granted, then,

that during this cycle of war and tumultuous change Continental countries were virtuous; there was no art-forgery, for it did not pay, and such trade as there had been in this line became extinct.

Then it was that England made her first essays in this business, and the reason that we have in our own time been utterly distanced and thrown into the shade by the renewal of Continental enterprise in this line is, perhaps, not that we are much honester than our neighbours, but that we are by nature decidedly less apt and clever in this respect.

Some glimpses of what England did in this field in our fathers' and grandfathers' days is all I shall have space to offer. In the first place, there never was a more undeserved libel than that which has stamped Birmingham as a focus of art-forgery. Birmingham manufacturers very possibly may have counterfeited the current goods of their French and German rivals, and by dint of cheapness even beaten them out of their own field. Probably moral scrupulosity never would have stood very much in the way of the production of art-frauds; but the notion of wholesale business-men in Birmingham directing their energies to the minute elaboration of things meant to be palmed off singly and with difficulty, not sold by the gross, is utterly absurd; it would not pay. Birmingham, then, has a clean record. London—at all events till quite recently—has been the almost unique seat of such art-forgery as has existed in this country. It was never—at all events till our own day—a very extensive business, always mainly an import, not a manufacturing, trade. Nevertheless, English talent, if in a small way, has made its mark, even in this branch, and fortunes, such as they were, have been made in it in Bond Street and Wardour Street. A brief digression from the exact line of my subject may here be permitted me. It will tend, nevertheless, to its better understanding.

The fine gentlemen of the opening decades of this century were the special patrons of 'virtù,' and at their head was the finest of them all—His most Gracious Majesty King (George the Fourth. Sèvres china, Louis Quinze and Louis Seize furniture, or *moulu* bronzes, mounted Oriental porcelain, snuff-boxes, and *bijouterie* in general—all '*articles de Paris*,' were the chief desiderata; whilst, of things of national origin, old English plate, miniatures, and Chelsea china were almost the only categories in favour. Years ago—alas! very many—it was my privilege to be acquainted with a personal friend and ally of the Royal Amateur, his associate when Carlton House and the Pavilion were in their glory. From him I heard much ancient gossip of Beckford and Brummell and 'the Prince.' Lord W., then a very aged gentleman, had himself been a great collector of 'Sèvres' &c. How the Prince-Regent got his art acquisitions over from France during the war, what became of Brummell's snuff-boxes, how Beckford and his son-in-law, 'the Duke,' managed their art-dealings with each other, how

B. began, and of Jarman's wily doings, his Lordship loved to recount. There had, as I have before said, naturally been few, if any, forgeries of these last-century French art treasures of quite recent origin in the land of their production. The *émigrés* brought over in their pockets their costly gold, enamelled snuff-boxes and the *bonbonnières* and *étuis* of their wives and daughters, and, doubtless, trusty friends and old dependents kept a sharp look-out to save and put away for them whatever could be rescued from the pillage of their châteaux and town mansions. It was as Prince-Regent, and mainly in his earlier days, that George the Fourth got together the magnificent collections of Sèvres, French furniture, &c., which are now a unique appanage of the English Crown. According to Lord W—, the Prince's prime agent and helper in the acquisition of his treasures was a French *chef de cuisine* in his own employment. This man established relations with the exiled nobles in England, and their friends and relations abroad. He frequently went over to France, *viâ* St. Malo and Brittany, and in returning shipped his acquisitions on board an English frigate conveniently stationed at Guernsey.

I have alluded to B. and Jarman. B. was the flourishing proprietor of an art-dealer's establishment, from which he ultimately retired after realising a large fortune. Jarman I knew personally after his retirement, full of years and notoriety. He was a dapper, ferret-eyed little man, dressed summer and winter in a black swallow-tailed coat, full-blown shirt-frill, and Hessian boots with a tassel in front. B.'s chief speciality was old Sèvres china, for which there had arisen an enduring craze—so great, indeed, as to have, in the long run, attracted probably four-fifths of the entire output of this famous ware to this country. An immense piece of good luck befell him at the outset of his career in this field. Shortly after the restoration of the Monarchy in France he contrived, through an agent in Paris, to effect the purchase of the entire stock of old white Sèvres ware then remaining in the ware-rooms of the State manufactory itself, probably some thousands of pieces. It should here be explained that old Sèvres *pâte tendre* china had, for some twenty years or more, entirely ceased to be manufactured at Sèvres, it had in fact been superseded by the comparatively worthless hard paste ware perversely substituted for it in imitation of Oriental porcelain. Thus, B.'s acquisitions were real and genuine old *pâte tendre* china, covered with its inimitable soft and creamy glaze, left in the white, but fully prepared to receive the splendid coloured grounds, painted decoration, and rich gilding, which gave a unique art value to the ware. To superadd this decoration was the task he set himself to carry out in London. But where were the old workmen, those inimitable art-craftsmen? Dispersed or dead; some of them, perhaps, guillotined, as humble ministers to aristocratic luxury. B., it is said, could find but

one man in the country who could readjust their fallen mantle on his shoulders, and this man was a Quaker. It is certain that for a long series of years one Randall, a Staffordshire pottery-painter at Hanley or Burslem, was the indispensable ally in this business. The white Sèvres was sent down to the Potteries as occasion required, and the decoration was carefully and minutely copied from original examples which from time to time were supplied to the Quaker-artist by his employer. It is not recorded if the spirit ever moved the drab religionist to consider if his trade were a strictly orthodox one. B.'s semi-spurious Sèvres ware was very deceptive. The specimens are usually of the minor models, chiefly cups and saucers, *écuelles*, &c.; probably he obtained very few of the 'large model' pieces—the vases, *jardinières*, &c., which, indeed, were never regarded as articles of current manufacture at Sèvres, and so unlikely to be left in stock in any quantity in the preparatory stage when the change of system occurred. B., at the same time, dealt largely in genuine specimens of these high-priced works of art, for his trade was by no means entirely in spurious articles. It is said, nevertheless, that the genuine specimens which came into his possession often received added embellishments at the hands of the Staffordshire Quaker, in order to increase their apparent importance. *Seuux* and *jardinières*, for instance, the principal compartments of which were painted with bouquets of flowers only, were improved by the effacement of these details and the substitution of figure-subjects and groups, Cupids, shepherds and shepherdesses, &c. This was effected by removing the original enamel painting by the aid of emery-powder and fluoric acid, the glazing of the genuine old *pâte tendre* being so rich and full as to bear out the new decoration again, when re-fired in the enamel-kiln, with almost its pristine lustre. This process must, however, have been a very risky one, and I should think it was but rarely adopted. B.'s wares still very frequently turn up at art-sales, and amongst the gatherings of Sèvres collectors—and many and bitter are the controversies they from time to time excite—dealers who know not B., especially on the Continent, buy the specimens in good faith, and stoutly resist when, from time to time, they are returned on their hands as spurious. Endless spurious imitations of Sèvres porcelain ware have flooded the market since B.'s days, mainly produced in France and Belgium; but for the most part they are coarse and vulgar travesties of the original examples, not likely, or, indeed, expected to impose on the really experienced china collector. B.'s Sèvres wares, however, were of a very different order, and from time to time even the *cognoscenti* disagree as to some of them.

Jarman's line was quite different; although he dealt generally in the higher categories of 'virtù,' his particular specialities were ancient illuminated missals and historical miniatures. His day was

that of the palmiest epoch of English miniature-painting, and he found no difficulty in enlisting any number of clever manipulators into his questionable service. Innumerable were the spurious Hilliards, Olivers, and Coopers, mostly copied from undoubted originals, which proceeded from Jarman's manufactory, and which still encumber the art world. Jarman's false miniatures are, in fact, well known, and abound in the shops and salerooms of London. Imperfect or comparatively poorly-illustrated manuscripts were, moreover, enriched with additional illuminations, usually copied in facsimile from other books. Jarman's knowledge, however, was not on a par with his audacity, and the insertion of a copy of a Flemish miniature into an Italian book, or *vice versa*, and the wildest anachronisms in other respects, gave him no concern. Fortune inflicted on Jarman a stroke of ill-luck as notable as the good luck she bestowed on his fraudulent compeer. Jarman kept his missals and miniatures for greater security in a room in the basement of his house, and the missals were separately inclosed in tin cases; but, unluckily, the bursting of a sewer in the adjoining street flooded the lower storey of his premises, and it is recorded that the tin cases went off with the report of pistol-shots when the water, causing the vellum leaves of the books to swell out, burst them violently asunder. However this may have been, it is certain that the catastrophe was a deadly blow to poor Jarman, and it is said that he spent the last few years of his life in little else than laborious endeavours to effect the restoration of his damaged treasures.

The wiles of picture-dealers have in all times been proverbial, they are as rife now as ever they were, though their ground is being shifted more frequently than of old, in response to the more rapid mutations of public taste, or the sudden caprices of fashion.

It is no longer now as it was in the slow and simpler days of our forefathers, when old-established idols were rarely, and only with great difficulty, displaced from their pedestals—when, for instance, Sir Joshua, listening to his friend's glib talk of

Their Raffaelles, and Titians, and stuff,
Shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

Titians and Raffaelles, as a matter of fact, are but little talked about in these latter days. People, at the present day, have completely veered round. They no longer hold with Sir George Beaumont, the despotic 'arbiter' of eighty or a hundred years ago, that a fine picture should have the rich brown tone of the back of an old fiddle. Modern contemporary art has ousted the old masters; pictures now cannot be too bright and glaring; white, yellow, red, and blue, in the full unbroken intensity of the newest pigments, are the order of the day. Where are now the dark masterpieces of Annibal Caracci and Salvator? sunk and confounded in the sea of copies and

'pasticci' made from them in the old palmy days, shunted about an unmarketable drug in auction sales, and valued only for the old carved frames made for them. Nevertheless, it was no easy task for the old picture-forgery to imitate the murky tones and fine old crusted surfaces, cracked, shrivelled, varnished and revarnished, lined and relined, of these old masterpieces; such work required slow, laborious insistence, with which their modern successors have no need to trouble themselves. These worthies have a far easier task: false Turners and Constables can be copied offhand in their new lightness, for they have as yet scarcely put on hues of antiquity, while spurious Corots and Meissoniers, fresh from the mint, offer still less difficulty. New paint is a medium which the merest novice can manipulate successfully.

Probably almost the only forgeries of 'old masters' now produced are of the early Italian tempera pictures, for which a revived appreciation has arisen in these latter times. Florence is the head-quarters of this industry, as it was of the original works. Both in England and France, on the other hand, the production of direct copies and more or less deceptive imitations of the more popular modern masters, which is in full swing, has completely superseded the manufacture of spurious ancient pictures.

To go into anything like full particulars in these respective fields would be far beyond the limits of the present article. One or two typical instances of fraudulent endeavour in each of them is all I shall offer at present.

A first-rate example of Italian ingenuity in the 'old master' line of fraud occurred to me only a few months ago. It was an attempt for my especial benefit, and I cannot do better than relate the circumstances both of the attack and the defence.

The Italian dealers in most cases have affiliated correspondents of their own established in London, and from one of these worthies I received a photograph of what purported to be a fine Sandro Botticelli Virgin and Child picture, one of the usual circular 'tondi' in its ancient Florentine carved frame of fruit and flowers. The photograph obviously represented a very beautiful and genuine work, and I was somewhat surprised that in these days so notable a picture should not have found an immediate purchaser in Florence, and the more so as the price asked for it was unusually moderate; moreover, the agent informed me that an incontestable documentary pedigree would be sold with the picture. Considering all things, these circumstances seemed somewhat suspicious, but the work itself was at hand for examination, and its internal evidence was alone of any real moment. Briefly, I went to see the picture which had arrived in London, photograph in hand. The first impression was disappointing, and it was not dissipated on careful examination. Very careful scrutiny it indeed required, and it was only by degrees that it

became evident that the picture was neither more nor less than a fraud; the latest masterpiece in fact of its class. Whoever can picture to his mind the ineffable beauty, the pure and holy sentiment which irradiate all Botticelli's Madonnas and infant Christs, will understand that these qualities are the first and most indispensable qualities to be looked for. Every other quality but these was in effect visible in the work in question. Yet, strange to say, it was just this undefinable but most obvious charm which was conspicuously displayed in the photograph.

Strange, indeed, I ought not to say, for it was the one quality which could not appeal to the sordid simulator; the rose had no perfume to him, nor could the bloom of innocence be counterfeited by his guilty hand. Nevertheless, had I not retained the photograph for comparison with the picture, so wonderfully artful was its entire 'make up,' that I confess it might have left me in some degree of uncertainty as to the rights of the case. A close inspection of the picture, back and front, revealed the following facts: the wooden panel was undoubtedly an original worm-eaten old Florentine panel of the fifteenth century, with its cross clamps intact, and with several old seals of former owners affixed to it. The frame was also ancient, and moreover certainly the one represented in the photograph, but it was equally certain that the picture was not. Little by little it became evident that the picture and the photograph did not entirely agree.

Now, photography at all events is an honest art; every twist and turn of a lock of hair, every quirk in a fold of drapery, and every sprig and spot of a diapered ornament will come out just as in the prototype; but if the sprigs and spots do not absolutely tally both in number and position, there can be no mistake as to the import of the variations. In the present case, once the clue obtained, it became easy to discern minute but quite convincing differences in every part, and the inevitable conclusion was that the picture was a copy only of that from which the photograph had really been taken. The documents, however, were there, and they were unmistakably genuine and circumstantial. What, then, was the explanation? It was as follows: The picture really referred to in the documents had, doubtless, together with them, fallen into the possession of the nefarious Florentine dealer who concocted the subsequent fraud, and he immediately set to work to produce a copy of the picture on an ancient panel of the exact size. He then sold the original work, but in doing so he retained the old frame and the documents, astutely judging that the original would speak for itself and be in no need of auxiliary attestation, whereas the copy might require such assistance. It was not at all difficult in Florence to find an old quattro-cento painted panel, with some ruined or valueless picture upon it, and on the ancient groundwork, taking advantage of numerous real evidences of antiquity, such as cracks, rugosities,

and other accidents of the ancient surface, the copy was executed with infinite care and circumspection. So close and perfect, indeed, was the verisimilitude thus attained that even the most experienced connoisseur or expert might have been deceived had the case rested on that evidence alone. The photograph, however, spoke to the damning fact of forgery, and from its testimony there was no appeal. When I pointed this out, my Italian was put to as much shame and confusion as he was capable of, and could only fall back upon the excuse that he himself had been deceived by '*quel birbone traditore di Firenze.*'

Now for an example in the department of modern pictures. Some of my readers will doubtless recollect a very notable occurrence at Messrs. Foster's auction rooms in Pall Mall, some fifteen or sixteen years ago. The auctioneer's motto is, of course, emphatically 'caveat emptor,' and I should explain in the outset that not the slightest blame or discredit for this business attaches to the most respectable firm in question. The art world then was startled by the sudden announcement that on a given day forthcoming, four grand gallery pictures by Constable, and two by Turner, the property of a private gentleman, and never before exhibited or described, would be sold by auction at Messrs. Foster's rooms. Which pictures could they possibly be, and to whom could they belong? It was an unheard of and unprecedented event. The auctioneers were not allowed to reveal the name of their owner, but, in answer to numerous inquiries, they stated that he was a well-known connoisseur and collector, of the highest respectability and social status. The exhibition of the pictures previous to the day of sale, then, was awaited with the utmost impatience. The mystery attaching to the matter had aroused curiosity in art circles to the highest point, and early on the morning of the auspicious day a crowd of eager art votaries awaited the opening of Messrs. Foster's doors. Very soon every art critic, collector, and every picture dealer of note assembled in front of the pictures, which, in stately and imposing array, did not fail to make their appearance. The excitement was without parallel on any such occasion. I witnessed the scene and I took note of the behaviour of the leading notabilities present, most of whom I personally knew. It was a curious display of human character on an entirely unique occasion. It is time, however, to describe the pictures. They were, in fact, imposing works of art, and if Turner and Constable again, in the flesh, could have stood before them, their first impression perhaps would have been that of self-congratulation on this overpowering display of their own genius.

The pictures were of large dimensions, some five feet or so long and proportionately high. The four Constables formed a uniform series, they were of the usual English landscape scenery; the Turners, on the contrary, were of classical subjects, and purported to

be of the middle period of the master. Undeniably these pictures were striking works of art, and, if not by the masters to whom they were ascribed, they were a unique and wonderful achievement of some one else. I say some one, for curiously enough there was a certain unmistakable kinship discernible betwixt the Constables and the Turners, certain peculiarities of touch and colouring, just as if Turner had worked upon Constable's pictures, and Constable had in his turn rendered the same service for him.

There was, however, a jarring note somewhere, and it soon made itself felt; a sense of something inexplicable, if not certainly wrong, gradually became expressed in every face, and before long every shade of expression from that of wrapt admiration, blank bewilderment awaiting enlightenment, to that of absolute incredulity could be seen in the countenances of the assembled company. For my own part, I was not long in arriving at the certain conclusion that neither the one nor the other of the great masters in question had had anything to do with the pictures, but that, on the other hand, we were in presence of the cleverest and most audacious manifestation of art forgery on record.

Bold and brilliant as was this memorable fraud, it was nevertheless imperfectly conceived and not well carried out, and it was considerably overdone. Most probably some credulous amateur might have swallowed one or two of these pictures, but six at a time was too strong a dose. The forger, moreover, who was doubtless not yet a past master in the trade, had made one very unlucky slip. It was very soon pointed out that the pictures were in a considerable degree painted with quite modern pigments, that is, with fashionable, newly invented colours, entirely unknown in the days of Turner and Constable. This in itself was sufficiently conclusive. There was, however, another test. Years before, a cunning Venetian dealer, in a moment of expansion, had given me a wrinkle *à propos* of a brand new but very authentic-looking Guardi, which came in perfectly opportune on this occasion. My Italian friend's infallible detective method was to take a pin and try to stick it into the fattest and most unctuously impasted part of the picture; if it sticks in, said he, it is new paint; try it, on the other hand, on a real Guardi, and you may as well try to drive a pin into a china plate. And so it is. Pigments in oil vehicles, in fact, assume, in the course of time, an almost crystalline hardness, whereas for the first few years they are more or less soft and easily indented. As soon as I could find a friend with a pin in his possession I imparted this valuable secret to him, and with this confederate witness proceeded to try my plan upon a corner of one of the Constables before us; needless to say that the picture might have been turned into a veritable pincushion, for the pin stuck in on the slightest pressure. It was, of course, an onerous thing to throw the first stone at these pictures. In the

course of the morning, however, Messrs. Foster were privately made aware of the state of the case, by persons whose authoritative competence was beyond dispute, and early in the afternoon, just as all London was being made aware of the piquant adventure, and a swelling crowd began to press for admission to the rooms, they wisely closed the doors and posted a notice on them announcing the abandonment of the sale.

The entire history and genesis of these pictures afterwards became well known, and their ultimate fate had a dramatic appositeness which must be related. They were the property of a rich but somewhat eccentric collector, who, not long afterwards, at his death, bequeathed a splendid series of veritable treasures to the National Gallery. In the latter years of this gentleman's life he had fallen into the clutches of a picture-dealer whose nefarious exploits had long been notorious. The pictures in question were manufactured, under the direction of that worthy, by a needy artist, to whom no further allusion need now be made, expressly to be sold to the aged and credulous amateur, and they were so foisted upon him for no less a sum than twenty thousand pounds. When, however, a year or two afterwards doubts as to their authenticity were communicated to their owner, he adopted the singular resolution of bringing their genuineness or the reverse to a public test by offering them for sale in the manner related. The upshot of the matter was, that, notwithstanding the *éclat* which had attended the attempt, the infatuated owner was by no means convinced as to their true character. He did not, however, replace them in his gallery, but, pending any further decision in regard to them, sent them to be warehoused in the Pantechnicon, taking the precaution to insure them for the full amount he had paid for them. Strange to relate, within a few months they were burnt in the great fire which consumed that establishment, and the insurance was duly recovered from the unlucky office which had taken the ill-omened risk.

Audacious as was this English episode in the art-fraud line, it was after all a somewhat lumbering adventure, greatly wanting in *finesse* and delicacy of touch. Italian artists in that line would have managed it much better. The story of Giovanni Freppa and the Capitano Andreini, which I shall next relate, will show the innate superiority of Italian genius and methods.

This adventure was *à propos* of the earliest forgeries of majolica ware. Its place was Florence, and the time about 1856. By that time, although the little towns and villages of the Romagna had been searched through and through, and it was no longer possible to ferret out majolica plates and drug-pots, or Hispano-Moro dishes by the dozen, there still remained a considerable treasure *in situ*. The owners had, however, become aware that a *régime* of high prices had commenced, and a veritable majolica fever set in in the neighbourhood

of its original production. For the fine specimens which remained two or three hundred 'lire Italiane' were no uncommon demand. Needless to say, these 'lire' have now become pounds sterling, but the sums were thought fabulous in those days. The most coveted pieces were then, as now, the lusted wares, the Maestro Giorgios and Xantos. Fraudulent imitations of the ordinary painted specimens had already made their appearance, produced nobody knew where; but the secret of the lustre, notably of the famous ruby tint, was a forgotten mystery. It is more than probable that Giovanni Freppa was the author of these earliest frauds. He was a notable curiosity dealer in Florence, a Neapolitan of gentlemanly manners and presence, with a singularly mellifluous tongue. Ser Giovanni, in short, was a very popular personage, and he was the friend and Mentor of every impecunious Conte and Marchese in Florence, most of whom, after the fashion of Italy, had, from time to time, something or other to sell. Whether instigated by Freppa, or on his own motive, a young chemist of Pesaro, after long endeavours, about this time finally succeeded in reproducing that great desideratum, the famous ruby lustre of his renowned fellow-countryman, Maestro Giorgio.

Freppa, at all events, was the astute undertaker in regard to giving commercial value to this discovery.

Silently and secretly, in conjunction with his ally at Pesaro, Freppa caused a number of spurious Giorgios to be manufactured, and they were forthwith dexterously 'planted'—i.e. entrusted for sale to local dealers, farmers, peasants, and other apt, unsuspecting agents, in the little towns and villages in the Pesaro and Urbino districts, where they were soon bought up, mostly by the peripatetic dealers—Italian and foreign—who were either travelling in the country or in relation with local agents on the look-out for them. One of the former worthies was no less a personage than Il Capitano Andreini, a retired officer in Florence—a man as well known and popular in the art-collecting line as Freppa himself, and heretofore his frequent ally and coadjutor in research. Freppa, however, was not the man to let his left hand know more of his right hand's doings than was strictly prudent, and the Capitano was not let into the great Giorgio secret. The latter was a notorious gossip and talker, a vainglorious 'pettegolo,' prone to dilate upon his exploits in the antiquarian line, and, above all, proud of his knowledge and critical acumen in that field. Unluckily for all parties, nevertheless, he became one of the earliest victims of the newly hatched fraud. Giovanni Freppa's intense disgust may be easily imagined when the Captain, with a more than ordinary flourish of trumpets, brought him a splendid Giorgio salver just hunted out for him by a correspondent in a little mountain village of the Romagna. It was a prize of the first water in the eyes of the unsuspecting Captain, and the price he expected for it was commensurate, not a penny less than a thousand francs, even to his dear

friend Giovanni himself. To the Captain's utter disappointment and surprise, however, Freppa not only did not rise to the occasion, but even displayed an inexplicable coldness—the very reverse of his usual style and conduct. Giovanni, in fact, had immediately recognised one of his own children, so to speak; and he was so taken aback and annoyed at the *contretemps* that his usual *sangfroid* deserted him in this emergency. Determined not to re-purchase his own property at an exorbitant price (which, after all, would have been his best policy), he unwisely depreciated the precious *trouvaille*, and in the heat of discussion unwittingly let it appear that he even doubted its authenticity. This was touching the Captain in his tenderest point. 'He, Capitano Andreini, taken in by a false majolica plate?—the thing was absurd and impossible! if ever there was a veritable and most overwhelming 'Giorgio,' there it lay in all its gleaming lustre before them. The Captain, in short, lost his temper, and, snatching up his treasure, in spite of Freppa's tardy attempts to pacify him, sallied out with it to the nearest café, where, amidst a ring of *cognoscenti*, dilating magniloquently on his own critical knowledge, he related his controversy with Freppa—that mere soulless *mercante* (as he said), fit only to be a vendor of tin pots and old boots in the Mercato Vecchio!

The Captain's wrath, in short, was unappeasable; all the attempts of mutual friends to effect a reconciliation were in vain, and the quarrel became the universal theme in every café, curiosity shop, and salon in Florence.

The Captain, although on reflection not altogether easy in his mind, had in any case gone too far to retreat. The quarrel was a deadly one, and could only be settled by the obtaining conclusive evidence of the previous history and pedigree of the Giorgio, in the country where it had been brought to light, and consequently the Captain went off to Pesaro on that errand. There disappointment awaited him; very little could be made out as to the real *provenance* of the plate, and that little was not satisfactory. In short, the Captain only succeeded in tracing its possession and that of several others, which, it seems, had about the same time appeared in the district, to the young chemist at Pesaro before alluded to. This worthy, when brought to book on the subject, wrapt himself up in mystery, made vague and contradictory intimations, but either could not or would not give any clear account of how he had come by the Giorgios he had put in circulation.

The upshot of the matter was that little by little the fraud leaked out. Now came the Captain's opportunity of retreat, but it was too late; he had made too much noise about the affair, and it only rested with him now to expose the conspiracy, even at the expense of his own reputation as a connoisseur. This he did by means of an action at law against Freppa and his coadjutor. The ultimate result was, I think, a compromise, and Freppa and the Capitano ultimately became

friends again. They were too useful to each other to remain permanently estranged. The Italian public were, nevertheless, duly enlightened; it laughed a great deal at Giovanni and the Captain, but probably did not think much the worse of either of them in the long run.

Although this affair was a failure, Freppa's next exploit was a triumph. It came about as follows: He had always had a laudable penchant for the discovery and encouragement of rising talent, and he had bestowed his patronage upon a young sculptor to whom he suggested the imitation of the works of the early Florentine masters, for about this time a demand arose in the art world for the rare and beautiful terra-cotta portrait busts of the old Florentine masters, the exquisite works of Donatello, Mino, and Verrocchio. Bastianini, that was the young man's name, and it afterwards became famous, was set to work to produce a modern antique example. The result was an admirable masterpiece, full of life and individuality, worthy, in fact, of Donatello himself, whose style was, indeed, copied with wonderful verisimilitude.

The bust was consigned as the latest and most precious *trouvaille* from an old Tuscan palazzo to an eminent curiosity dealer in Paris. It created quite a *furor* amongst the keenest and most experienced connoisseurs of that enlightened art centre, and it was unanimously voted to be one of the finest Italian *quattro-cento* portrait busts in existence. Finally it was purchased for the Museum of the Louvre at a very considerable price, and duly installed as one of the most precious gems of the collection.

The lustre and completeness of this success were, however, somewhat embarrassing. Bastianini had modelled his bust from the life, the original being a well-known old man who combined the vocation of an artists' model and a tobacconist. Amongst the Florentine *quasi-dealers* of the time was one Dr. Foresi, notorious for his eccentricities and his enmities and quarrels with his townsmen of the like occupation, and notably with Freppa. When Foresi went to Paris shortly after he did not fail to inspect the famous bust which had made so much noise, and he was immediately struck with its marvellous resemblance to the tobacconist model whom everybody knew, and on his return to Florence he found little difficulty in getting at the truth of the matter.

Foresi thereupon boldly denounced the imposition to the authorities of the Louvre, but no attention was paid to his representations; the man's well-known envious and unscrupulous character prevented any weight being attached to them. He persisted however, wrote letters to the Florentine newspapers, and sent them to most of the principal connoisseurs and directors of museums in Europe, and finally it became necessary to take serious notice of his proceedings. The authorities of the Louvre thereupon laid the matter before a

select assemblage of the most competent and highly placed art connoisseurs and critics of Paris, one and all men whose names were of European celebrity and whose judgment was received as gospel truth. After a most searching scrutiny of the bust, these high authorities unanimously agreed that it was a perfectly genuine work of the Italian *quattro-cento* period, and that Foresi's representations were malicious and baseless calumnies. The latter, however, stood to his guns. He had shortly before issued a scurrilous newspaper of his own in Florence, dedicated mainly to the abuse of his rivals and the showing up of the foreign art critics and collectors who disagreed with him. In this paper he returned to the charge week after week, accumulating his proofs in an overwhelming manner.

At that time France was politically most unpopular in Italy, and the affair soon assumed quite the proportion of an international art duel. The Louvre authorities caused the bust to be photographed, and promptly Foresi photographed his tobaccoist in the same attitude. The resemblance was absurdly convincing. Finally, Giovanni Freppa himself shifted his ground, and, making friends with Foresi, adroitly announced that he had caused the bust to be executed and sent to Paris as an artistic trap for the express purpose of humbling French pride. The proofs were now overwhelming; it was a bitter pill for the French *cognoscenti*, and Foresi gave them the full benefit of it. The Italian public on the other hand were in ecstasies. Foresi, Freppa, and the sculptor became for a time almost national heroes. That all three were unscrupulous scoundrels mattered nothing. Italian astuteness had humbled and outwitted French cocksureness, and in arts, if not in arms, their country had shown herself again supreme.

Ser Giovanni became more popular and considerable than ever, the sculptor rose immediately to fame and fortune, whilst to the half-crazy Foresi was accorded unlimited licence to insult and crow over everybody, until fortunately death put a stop to his proceedings shortly after.

Florentine ingenuity in the line of art frauds is at the present moment more briskly flourishing than ever. Fresh developments and other Freppa's and Foresi's have taken possession of the field, but I have no more space at present to bestow upon them.

It is hardly necessary to say that art frauds are of every kind and degree of flagrancy, from the most vulgar barefaced shams, such as are likely to impose only on the merest dabbler in the collecting line, to the infinitely subtle and profoundly calculated efforts, I had almost said of genius; from the vulgar 'duffers' of fourth-rate curiosity shops produced by the gross, to unique masterpieces which perchance have taken months or even years of silent labour to bring to the utmost perfection of dissimulation. Of the first kind it is scarcely necessary to say anything, they speak for themselves, and their voices

soon become familiar and cease to enchant. Of the latter kind there are instances which, as we have seen in the case of the Bastianini bust, have imposed upon even the highest authorities or left in doubt the most practised experts. Such instances are of growing frequency, and it is their elucidation which I apprehend is likely to be the most acceptable. I shall then take the first illustration which comes to my mind, for there is an *embarras des richesses* in the field which forbids methodic selection. The modern reproduction of special classes of works of art not primarily intended for purposes of fraud have of late years been so numerous, and have attained to such perfection of imitation, that when, as is often the case, they are impressed into the service of the fraudmonger, and invested with the delusive appearances of antiquity, which he so well knows how to communicate, it becomes almost impossible to steer clear of them.

Several familiar categories of 'virtù' have in consequence of late years greatly declined in pecuniary value. Collectors in general are never quite sure that they have got the right thing; or, if they have, that their friends will believe in them. Venetian glass and Bernard Palissy ware are notable cases in point. The modern manufactures of Venice and Murano have so flooded the markets and vulgarised the ancient wares, that none but the rarest and most important specimens, or to which undoubted evidence of long anterior possession can be attributed, have any chance of acceptance in the realms of *la haute curiosité*.

In respect to Palissy ware a recent occurrence, which happened to one of the most experienced connoisseurs' in ceramic matters now living, will show what little chance the simple amateur now has of escaping the snares spread for him.

Palissy ware is one of the easiest categories to imitate. Specimens can be, and indeed are now currently, produced which are in every respect but antiquity identical with the originals. The common pipe-clay which forms the body of the ware is everywhere at hand, as in Palissy's days; and the composition of the coloured enamels and the methods of their application are perfectly known and offer not the slightest difficulty to the modern potters, whilst the relieve decoration of the original pieces can be either reproduced by moulding from them, or else imitated by casts taken from the shells, lizards, fish, fern leaves, &c., which were the types Palissy himself made use of. In short, specimens of modern Palissy wares have been produced in France absolutely indistinguishable from the ancient examples.

Curiously enough, moreover, Palissy himself was an imitator, that is to say, he availed himself of another man's work by similar processes of mechanical reproduction. Simultaneously with the production of Palissy's enamelled pottery in the second half of the sixteenth century another celebrated artist, François Briot, executed beautiful work on

embossed pewter; in particular, fine rosewater dishes and ewers, decorated with arabesque ornaments in low relief. One of the best known and most popular models of these ewers and dishes was reproduced, at the time, by Palissy in his enamelled earthenware by moulding from the pewter originals, and the pieces when enriched with his splendid coloured enamels were more beautiful and covetable things than the simpler prototypes. These ancient Palissy reproductions of Briot's pewter wares are now of the utmost rarity; the dishes and ewers are never found together, and, in fact, very few examples of either are now extant. Some few years ago one of the dishes came into the possession of the connoisseur alluded to. The piece was absolutely identical with others which had come under his notice, and there was not the slightest reason to doubt its authenticity.

The relievo arabesques were beautifully sharp and distinct, and the enamel glaze appeared to be of Palissy's most brilliant technique. The piece had been broken in several pieces and carefully put together again, but this was very often the case with such fragile specimens. At the back of the piece in the centre was an apparently ancient impression in wax of the seal, bearing a coat of arms, of some former possessor. This practice of affixing seals as evidence of possession, it should be noted, was a common practice in France and other continental countries a century or two ago, and in this case it seemed to indicate that some old continental collector had attached special importance to this particular specimen.

Nevertheless, in spite of all these seemingly incontestable evidences, the piece was a forgery. Undoubtedly, however, but for a mere accident it would never have lost its character of genuineness.

The dish was accidentally broken again; the wax seal became detached from it, and underneath, in the place it had occupied, was revealed a fatal and unmistakable evidence of fraud. The well-known manufacturer's mark of a contemporary French pottery was disclosed. Endeavours had been made to get rid of it by abrasion, but as it was stamped into the body of the ware beneath the glaze, this was found impracticable, and the ingenious scoundrel, who had got up the fraud, had hit upon the expedient of concealing the mark by the wax stamp, which he argued would most likely never be removed. In regard to this instructive occurrence it should be stated that the maker of the modern piece had availed himself of Briot's original pewter prototype just as Palissy had done before him, whereby he was enabled to produce quite as sharp and beautiful an example, and of the same exact diameter.

I have said that in respect to this country London alone had the monopoly of the art fraud industry, but on consideration I find that I must modify the statement. The provinces are now beginning to take a hand in it; quite latterly—that is within the last

five or six years—there has arisen a widespread ‘craze’ for old carved oak furniture. This is a repetition of one which prevailed to a great extent forty or fifty years ago, but which died out when the supplies, which came at that time mainly from the Continent, became exhausted; the Wardour Street ‘make-ups’ of those days are indeed not yet entirely forgotten. The pseudo-antique specimens of that time were generally heterogeneous concoctions of genuine ancient carved fragments of all periods and countries ‘jumbled’ together with little or no regard to congruity or style. Contemporary talent, however, is capable of higher flights. Downright full-fledged frauds in this specialty, not half-and-half impostures, are now the order of the day. Wardour Street has been entirely distanced: somewhere in the Midlands, and in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire, there are at the present moment distinct centres, and a considerable number of astute individuals, occupied in the production of fraudulent imitations of old English carved oak furniture, chairs, dressers, cabinets, bedsteads, settles, &c., ostensibly of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods. These things are now making their appearance in the shops and sale rooms of the metropolis in superfluous abundance. Some of these impostures indicate a certain amount of archæological knowledge, heraldic lore, and local information as to old families, and their ancestral seats, not heretofore displayed, and so all the more dangerous. The initials, or names in full, and coats-of-arms of supposed former owners of the pieces, family mottoes or quaint couplets, are a favourite device of these new-school forgers. In this, as in all such developments, nevertheless, the tendency is to overdo the thing; such embellishments are very rarely found in genuine ancient examples of carved furniture, and when they are now met with in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they may be at once set down as inventions of the enemy.

In many cases these spurious imitations of old oak furniture are, nevertheless, very deceptive, the exact colour of dark time-stained oak, its shrunken and fibrous surface texture, and down even to laborious simulation of the holes and meandering tracks of the larvæ of boring beetles, are imitated with remarkable success. But space now warns me to bring this article to an end, and I shall make but little excuse for terminating it abruptly.

Starting as I did with the full intention of giving at least something like the outline of a methodic essay on my subject, I find I have in reality lapsed into little better than discursive gossip; perhaps, however, that will convey more real information to the readers of this Review than any more ambitious line I could have taken.

J. C. ROBINSON.

UNPUBLISHED PAGES OF PEPYS'S DIARY

SOME imaginative persons have been pleased to picture the havoc which would overtake literature if all quotations from the Bible were expunged from every book in the world. We may perhaps apply the same idea, without irreverence, to a popular work of profane literature, and if we imagine all quotations from Pepys's *Diary* expunged from the books in which they occur we shall realise very vividly the importance as well as the interest of the book. No historian of the Restoration period can afford to neglect the confessions of the chatty Clerk of the Acts. Therefore we find that every writer on the manners of those times is only too pleased to find some illustrative matter in his pages.

Samuel Pepys is so universally known now, and his work is so widely appreciated, that it is somewhat difficult to realise that before the year 1825 his fame was very circumscribed, and that where his name survived it was as a staid and highly revered public servant that he was known. Jeremy Collier described him as 'a philosopher of the severest morality.'

The treatment which the *Diary* has received at the hands of editors is remarkable. As the length of the whole is considerable, it is not surprising that when Lord Braybrooke introduced the book to the public he should only print a portion of it; but when the public enthusiastically received what was presented to them it might have been expected that the editor would have printed the whole in subsequent editions. Considerable additions were actually made in the third edition (1848), but from that time the text remained the same until the late Mr. Mynors Bright published his edition in 1875-79, when it was found that new matter to the extent of one-third of the whole had been added. It was then generally thought that all which could be printed had been placed before readers, but in Mr. Bright's preface there were such ominous words as these: 'I have, therefore, published the whole of the *Diary*, with the exception of such parts as I thought would be tedious to the reader or that are unfit for publication.' 'It would have been tedious to the reader if I had copied from the *Diary* the account of his daily work at the office.' The fact is that, roughly speaking, about a fifth of the whole still remains unprinted; but this evil is about to be remedied and a new

edition, to be issued shortly, will contain the whole of these passages. They are not of special value as telling much which was unknown before, but all have the true Pepysian flavour, which is so pleasing to his many admirers, and it is difficult to understand why they were left out. Much has been said respecting the passages which are unfit for publication; but editors have been unnecessarily squeamish in this particular, and, although some passages cannot possibly be printed, these would fill but a few pages in all.

In the present article an attempt will be made to give readers some idea of what is still in store for them when the whole Diary is printed, by quoting only from those passages that have hitherto remained in manuscript.¹ All will then be in a position to judge as to the absurdity of the method hitherto adopted of leaving out whatever an editor may consider to be uninteresting. In the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, are six small volumes bound in brown calf, which contain the whole of the Diary, entered up daily for nearly ten years with such remarkable neatness and cleanliness that they have all the appearance of having been written at one time, or copied out with great care. They thus form a striking contrast to the contemporary diary of Thomas Rugge, the manuscript of which is now in the British Museum. The latter is rough and untidy, and very much like the journal of an ordinary man. Pepys's, on the contrary, is the work of a man who paid as much attention to the medium of communication as to the communication itself, and was in all his actions a model of neatness. We have said that the entries were made daily, and so they were as a rule, but there were exceptions. On the 16th of October, 1665, Pepys wrote—

Late at the office entering my journal for eight days past, the greatness of my business hindering me of late to put it down daily; but I have done it now very true and particularly, and hereafter will, I hope, be able to fall into my old way of doing it daily;

and there are several such references to remissness in keeping the Diary up day by day.

Pepys was in the habit of writing his confidences in shorthand; and if this had not been so it is probable that the interesting character of the Diary would have been discovered long before it was. The publication of Evelyn's Diary drew the attention of the Master of Magdalene College to the treasure that was under his care. He submitted the manuscript to his kinsman Lord Grenville, who as Foreign Minister had become acquainted with many ciphers. Lord Grenville supplied the clue which was worked out by John Smith, then an undergraduate, but afterwards Rector of Baldock, Herts. It is a most singular circumstance that in the Pepysian Library there rested a

¹ It may be remarked that Mr. Mynors Bright made a complete transcript of the Diary, although he did not print the whole.

little volume which might have settled the question long before, if anyone had taken the trouble to look into it. This volume contains an account of Charles the Second's escape after the battle of Worcester, taken down in shorthand from the King's dictation by Pepys, and written out by himself in longhand. Pepys was an enthusiastic student of shorthand, and collected a very valuable series of books on the subject, which are still preserved in his library. Through life he practised the art, and used it in drafting his public and private letters. It was at one time supposed that the system which he adopted was that of Rich, but it is now proved that the earlier one of Thomas Shelton was the favoured system.

The late Mr. John E. Bailey, who was a great authority on the subject of shorthand, drew attention to Shelton's work entitled *Tachygraphy* (1645), which was stated to be approved by both Universities. It met with such favour at Cambridge that at least four graduates celebrated its value in laudatory verse.* One of these wrote as follows :—

What ! write as fast as speak ? what man can do it ?
 What ! hand as swift as tongue ? persuade me to it.
 Unlikely tale ! Tush, tush, it cannot be,
 May some man say that hath not heard of thee.
 Thus thou canst do, this (Shelton) thou hast done ;
 Thy nimbler pen hath many tongues out-run.

Pepys was not content with the secrecy of shorthand, and when he wished particularly to conceal anything he was about to write he used the French, Latin, Greek, or even Spanish languages. Then he changed his plan and put in dummy letters. It is impossible to believe that the idea ever entered the writer's head that the world would read his confessions. He wrote them in secret, and was sorry for his indiscretion when he unguardedly told Sir William Coventry that he kept a diary. Doubtless he was throughout his life delighted to be able to refresh his memory with the record of what he had done in the past, and he was unable at any time to make up his mind to destroy it.

It is not likely that the man who bought *L'Escholle des Filles* in plain binding, with the resolution of burning it after reading, so 'that it may not stand in the list of books, nor among them to disgrace them if it should be found,' could have realised with equanimity the publication of that which would disgrace him far more and give the lie to the 'respectability,' to gain the credit of which he suffered so much.

The Diary contains the unique discovery of the character of one who, though of great ability, was in many respects a commonplace man. On this very account it is a psychological study of the greatest interest to all human beings. Never before was man so thoroughly honest in writing about himself, as the late Mr. Lowell said when unveiling the monument set up in St. Olave's Church, Hart Street,

on the 18th of March, 1884. 'Montaigne is conscious that we are looking over his shoulder, and Rousseau secretive in comparison with him. The very fact of that sincerity of the author with himself argued a certain greatness of character.'

All readers of the Diary know how much it was to its author from those pathetic words at its close :

And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave ; for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me.

That the Diary was closed in 1669 is a still greater loss to us. What a flood of light would not its continuation have thrown upon the history of our country ! The whole period covered by the Diary was Pepys's learning time. When he became Secretary to the Admiralty he had power, and acted ; and it is a grievous deprivation to us that we have no diary to refer to for that period.

The very sincerity of the writer is, however, liable to mislead, and it is necessary to guard the reader against taking the language too literally. The passing whim was put into words, and a little irritation at the conduct of a friend caused a character to be set down which did not really represent correctly the writer's permanent opinion. We know from other sources that this was so in many cases.

In these pages we see the growth of the man. The diarist had a universal desire for knowledge, and in his desire to learn he had no fear of asking questions. Thus we find him constantly dining with his clerks and getting information from them. On one occasion (the 3rd of April, 1668) he writes :—

So to the office, where all the morning to despatch business, and so home to dinner with my clerks, whose company is of great pleasure to me for their good discourse in anything of the navy I have a mind to talk of.

He entered his office ignorant of the simplest facts, and he left it the Nestor of the navy, acknowledged even by his enemies to know more than any living man. His name is still held in honour at the Admiralty, and the Earl of Northbrook, when First Lord of the Admiralty, expressed his regret that he was prevented from assisting at the ceremony of unveiling Pepys's monument, as he wished to give his testimony to the merits of Pepys as an Admiralty official, and he sent Mr. Lowell a copy of the following paper found in the Office as containing a fair statement of the diarist's merits :—

Pepys was, without exception, the greatest and most useful minister that ever filled the same situation in England, the acts and registers of the Admiralty proving this beyond contradiction. The principal rules and establishments in present use in these offices are well known to have been of his introducing, and most of the officers serving therein since the Restoration of his bringing up. He was a most studious promoter and strenuous asserter of order and discipline. Sobriety, diligence, capacity, loyalty, and subjection to command were essentials required in all whom he advanced. Where any of these were found wanting no interest or authority was capable of moving him in favour of the highest pretender.

Discharging his duty to his prince and country with a religious application and perfect integrity, he feared no one, courted no one, and neglected his own fortune.

Pepys changed from a Puritan (though probably never a strict one) to become in the end an associate of non-jurors; but the change was quite natural and gradual, and we see how it came about. At the execution of Charles the First (when he was sixteen years old) he made the unfortunate remark that were he to preach upon the event of the day he should select as his text the verse, 'The memory of the wicked shall rot.' In 1660 he was apprehensive that an old schoolfellow, one Mr. Christmas, might remember this, but to his relief he found that that gentleman had left school before the incident occurred. He had reason for his fear, as men's careers had been blighted by quite as small a matter, as he very well knew. Force of circumstances made him a High Churchman, and he left his employments a servant of the dethroned king James.

All we know of Pepys from the outside does him honour, and he appeared to have walked through life with stately step until the pages of the Diary came to enlighten us as to the thoughts and hidden actions of the man. For ever the dignity was gone, but the man became known to us as no other man in history can possibly be known, and in spite of all his faults we have taken him to our hearts. When we are about to judge him harshly we cannot but stop to conjecture how much of the dignity of the majority of wise and good men would fade away if they were put under the same searching scrutiny as to motive and actions as Pepys delighted to subject himself to. It is just as necessary to correct our ideas of the Pepys of the Diary by the Pepys of history as it is to turn the Pepys of history into a living man by comparing him with the Pepys of the Diary. One of the greatest evils caused by the publication of these confessions is the assumption by the mass of readers that Pepys was a man to be treated with contempt.

The Diary is full of references to money matters, and we see that Pepys liked to make a little profit upon his own account, particularly when he was doing good business for the State as well. Thus on the 7th of October, 1664, he writes:—

To my office again, and then abroad to look for calicoes for flags, and hope to get a small matter by my pains therein, and yet save the King a great deal of money.

This was a period of very general bribery, and Pepys was fairly free from the evil habits of his time; but he sometimes got into trouble, and after the Dutch war of 1668 he, with Sir William Penn, Sir Richard Ford, and others, was charged with taking possession of a prize vessel to which they had no right. There is much about this in the Diary, and on the 3rd of April we read—

Up, and Captain Perryman came to me to tell me how Tattnell told him that this day one How is to charge me before the Commissioner of Prizes to the value

of 8,000*l.* in prizes, which I was troubled to hear, so fearful I am, though I know that there is not a penny to be laid to my charge that I dare not own, or that I have not owned under my hand; but upon recollection it signifies nothing to me, and so I value it not, being sure that I can have nothing in the world to my hurt known from the business.

Though he certainly had some pickings during his career, which we should not now consider to have been honestly got, he had little to fear from an investigation into his affairs, and when he died the Crown owed him 28,000*l.*, not a penny of which was ever paid.

The ruling principle of Pepys's life was order; we see it in the Diary, we see it in the fruits of his official life, but it is brought home to us more particularly in his library at Magdalene College. All his books are in good condition; the catalogues are well kept; and all his manuscript lists and notes are models of neatness. In that quiet room where his books are religiously guarded one feels in intimate communion with his spirit. On the 17th of March, 1667-68, he wrote—

So to my bookseller's, and there looked for Montaigne's *Essays*, which I hear by my Lord Arlington and Lord Blaney so much commended, and intend to buy it, but did not now.

In the printed edition we are told that Pepys intended to burn *L'Escholle des Filles*, but not that he actually did so. He really wrote much more on this subject. On one Sunday morning, the 9th of February, 1667-68, he was

up, and at my chamber all the morning and the office doing business, and also reading a little of *L'Escholle des Filles*, which is a 'mighty lewd book, but yet not amiss for a sober man once to read over to inform himself in the villany of the world.

Later on in the day he went to his chamber again,

where I did read through *L'Escholle de Filles*, a lewd book, but which do me no wrong once to read for information sake. And after I had done it I burned it, that it might not be among my books to my shame, and so at night to supper and to bed.

There is little more in the Diary about such books, and if he read others he must have destroyed them as well as this, for the contents of the library is strictly 'proper' now. One of the latest entries refers to the catalogue of his books.

May 24, 1669.—Thence home, and giving order for some business, and setting my brother to making a catalogue of my books.

Pepys was a great admirer of women, and his dealings with them were not carried on with much attention to morality. This has always been known from the passages which have been printed; but there is much more that has not yet seen the light. The strange feature in his character is that, in spite of his real love for his wife, he seems never to have realised that he was injuring her until she made this plain, and he only repented when he was found out. The

two were constantly quarrelling, but the quarrels seem mostly to have been got up in order that the principals might have the pleasure of a reconciliation. This, however, was not always the case. An affair on the 8th of October, 1664, was more serious.

Lay pretty while with some discontent abed, even to the having bad words with my wife, and blows too, about the ill serving up of our victuals yesterday; but all ended in love, and so I arose.

The quarrel on the 19th of December was still more serious.

Going to bed betimes last night we waked betimes, and from our people being forced to take the key to go out to light a candle I was very angry, and began to find fault with my wife for not commanding her servants as she ought. Thereupon she giving me some cross answer, I did strike her over her left eye such a blow as the poor wretch did cry out, and was in great pain; but yet her spirit was such as to endeavour to bite and scratch me. But I crying with her made her leave crying and search for butter and parsley, and friends presently one with another; and I up, vexed at my heart to think what I had done, for she was forced to lay a poultice or something to her eye all day, and is black, and the people of the house observed it.

Pepys grudged his wife new clothes, and so marked was this that Lady Sandwich had to speak to him on the subject, and after my Lady's lecture he straightway went and bought some lace for his wife. One year he found, on casting up his accounts, that he had spent 55*l.* on his own clothes, and only 12*l.* on those of his wife.

It is well known that he was constantly making vows to reform in certain particulars, but one of the most amusing of these vows was made on the 14th of January, 1665-66.

He gone, I close to my papers and to get all in order, and to perform my vow to finish my journal and other things before I kiss any woman more or drink any wine, which I must be forced to do to-morrow if I go to Greenwich, as I am invited by Mr. Boreman to hear Mrs. Knipp sing, and I would be glad to go, so as we may be merry.

He was very intimate with one Bagwell's wife, and with Betty Howlett, who had married young Michell. On the 21st of June, 1666, he is friendly with the husband in order to know more of the wife. He writes—

While at supper comes young Michell, whose wife I love, little Betty Howlett, to get my favour about a ticket, and I am glad of this occasion of obliging him, and give occasion of his coming to me, for I must be better acquainted with him and her.

He used a curious jargon on these occasions, as 'did baisser la' and 'ego did donner her a shilling.'

On the 2nd of April, 1668, when he was out with Deb Willett and some other friends, he wrote, 'Ego did baisser her manteau;' but when he was taking leave of them he added, 'not baisant Deb, which ego had a great mind to.'

This amour with Deb remains the most disastrous incident in the Diary. There are many more particulars than are printed, and

they all add to the painfulness of this break-up of conjugal confidence, as in the following quotation.

October 27, 1668.—In the morning up, but my mind troubled for the poor girl, with whom I could not get opportunity to speak; but my mind mightily full of sorrow for her. To the office, where all the morning, and to dinner with my people, and to the office all the afternoon, and so at night home, and there busy to get some things ready against to-morrow's meeting of Tangier, and that being done, and my clerks gone, my wife did towards bed-time begin to be in a mighty rage from some new matter that she had got in her head, and did most part of the night in bed rant at me in most high terms of threats of publishing my shame, and when I offered to rise would have rose too, and caused a candle to be lit to burn by her all night in the chimney while she ranted, while I, that knew myself to have given some grounds for it, did make it my business to appease her all I could possibly, and by good words and fair promises did make her very quiet, and so rested all night and rose with perfect good peace, being heartily afflicted for this folly of mine that did occasion it, but was forced to be silent about the girl, which I have no mind to part with, but much less that the poor girl should be undone by my folly. So up with mighty kindress from my wife, and a thorough peace, and being up did by a note advise the girl what I had done and would, which note I was in pain for till she told me she had burned it.

On the 10th of the following month there were more upbraidings, and Mrs. Pepys complained of her husband's treatment of her 'and ill-usage from the beginning.' She vaunted her own virtue—

the many temptations she hath refused out of faithfulness to me, whereof several she was particular in, and especially from my Lord Sandwich by the solicitations of Captain Ferrer, and then afterward the courtship of my Lord Hinchinbroke, even to the trouble of his lady; all which I did acknowledge and was troubled for, and wept, and at last pretty good friends again; and so I to my office and there late, and so home to supper with her, and so to bed, where after half an hour's slumber she wakes me, and cries out that she should never sleep more, and so kept raving till past midnight, that made me cry and weep heartily all the while for her, and troubled for what she reproached me with as before, and at last with new vows, and particularly that I would myself bid the girl begone and show my dislike to her, which I shall endeavour to perform, but with much trouble; and so thus appeasing her, we sleep as well as we could till morning.

Pepys's wife was always doubtful of him, and as she had before made him promise not to see or speak to the beautiful Mrs. Pierce or Mrs. Knipp, so now she made him promise not to see Deb, but he broke his promise.

What would the various ladies of Pepys's acquaintance have thought had they known that their friend was writing down an account of all the passages between them? It is a curious fate that they should pass through their own times with a fair reputation and lose their good name among the readers of two centuries after.

What Pepys's character was after the closing of the Diary we can never tell, and it must ever remain a doubt whether he reformed. In his last words he says, 'Now my amours are past,' but we can never be quite sure as to the stability of his resolutions. The gross immorality of the Court most certainly influenced the tone of the

general society of the country, but there are indications in the early portions of the Diary, written before Charles the Second was restored to the throne, which show that there was a very general laxity of manners among those who were neither Puritans nor Cavaliers. This laxity, however, certainly increased after the Restoration.

In two particulars we are almost dependent upon the Diary for information; these relate to the revived interest in music and the theatre in the early days of the Restoration. Pepys tells us of the setting up of organs, of the composers that were in vogue, and of the famous instrumentalists and singers of his time. He was a thorough and accomplished musician, and the number of instruments mentioned by him is remarkable, and shows how much more general a liberal musical education was in his day than now. Chance acquaintances were able to strike up four and five part songs in excellent time and tune. The instruments mentioned in the Diary are the lute, viol, theorbo, violin, guitar, cittern, bandore, recorder, flageolet, triangle, trumpet marine, virginals, spinet, harpsichord, and dulcimer.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Pepys was not best pleased when her husband took more pains in teaching her maid Mercer to sing than he did with herself. This was not always so, for Mrs. Pepys's performances on the flageolet were apparently highly appreciated by the diarist. We read—

September 11, 1667.—I to bed, being mightily pleased with my wife's playing so well upon the flageolet, and I am resolved that she shall learn to play upon some instrument, for though her ear be bad yet I see she will attain anything to be done by her hand.

On the following day Mrs. Pepys's ear must have improved.

After the play we home, and then I to the office and despatched my business, and then home, and mightily pleased with my wife's playing on the flageolet, she taking out any tune almost at first sight and keeping time to it, which pleases me mightily.

John Downes, the prompter of Sir William Davenant's House, in his *Roscius Anglicanus*, gives very little information respecting the plays acted in the first two years after the Restoration, and for that period the Diary is almost our only authority. It requires, however, some considerable knowledge of the history of the stage to get out the necessary information from Pepys's descriptions, as he is somewhat indefinite in these matters and takes very much for granted. He describes plays, for instance, as acted at the Cockpit, but he does not distinguish between the two Cockpits, the public theatre in Drury Lane and the Court theatre in St. James's Park, which formed part of Whitehall Palace. We can generally see which is meant (if there is no other distinction to guide us) by noting that the performances at the Court theatre were in the evening, while those in the public theatre were held in the afternoon. There were other Cockpits

where the popular entertainment of cock-fighting actually took place. Pepys visited one in Shoe Lane and was not pleased. On the 1st of March, 1668, he went

to the new cockpit by the King's Gate in Holborn, but seeing a great deal of rabble we did refuse to go in.

The prices at the theatres were high at this time, considering the relative value of money. There were shilling and eighteenpenny places, but the pit was half-a-crown, and the prices of the boxes varied from half-a-crown to four shillings. On one occasion Pepys would not pay the latter sum, as he could not see the whole play.

October 20, 1667.—Thence Brouncker and I to the King's House, thinking to have gone into a box above, for fear of being seen, the King being there, but the play being three acts done we would not give four shillings, and so away and parted.

Another form of amusement which was in popular favour at this time was a visit to the meetings of the newly established Royal Society. Pepys himself knew very little of science, but he enjoyed talk about any new thing, and as several of his colleagues were connected with the institution he was glad to hear them discourse about something besides business, and after hearing them he was often inclined to hold them in higher estimation; thus on the 11th of January, 1664-65, he heard Lord Brouncker, the President, and Commissioner Pett speak.

After dinner to Gresham College to my Lord Brunker and Commissioner Pett, taking Mr. Castle with me, then to discourse over his draught of a ship he is to build for us, where I first found reason to apprehend Commissioner Pett to be a man of any ability extraordinary in any business, and that most pertinently and masterlike, and great pleasure it was to me to hear them discourse, I of late having studied something thereof; and my Lord Brunker is a very able person himself in this sort of business, as owning himself to be a master in the business of all lines of conical sections.

A prominent Fellow of the Royal Society was Thomas Povey, who, although a very ingenious mechanic and a man of mark, got his accounts into such a muddle that it was found advisable that he should resign his office of Treasurer of the Tangier Commission to Pepys, who being a good accountant himself had little sympathy for the other's blunders. On the 8th of February, 1664-65, Pepys writes—

Up, and by coach to my Lord Peterborough's, where anon my Lord Ashley and Sir Thomas Ingram met, and Povey about his accounts, who is one of the most unhappy accountants that ever I knew in all my life, and one that if I were clear in reference to my bill of 117*l.* he should be hanged before I would ever have to do with him, and as he understands nothing of his business himself so he has not one about him that do.

We hear further of this examination of accounts on the 18th of March following.

At noon to the Change, and took Mr. Hill along with me to Mr. Povy's, where we dined, and showed him the house to his content, and I expect when we meet we shall laugh at it. But, I having business to stay, he went away, and Povy and Creed and I to do some business upon Povy's account all the afternoon till late at night, where, God help him, never man was so confounded, and all his people about him, in this world, as he and his are.

Lord Sandwich and Sir William Coventry were the two men that Pepys most respected in the world. The former thought the latter had done him an ill turn when he was passed over in sea service for Sir William Penn in 1665.

July 5.—After some discourse Mr. Coventry did satisfy, as he says, my Lord, so as they parted friends both in that point and in the other, wherein I know my Lord was troubled, and which Mr. Coventry did speak to him of first, thinking that my Lord might angrily take offence at his not being mentioned in the relation of the fight in the news book, and did clear all to my Lord how little he was concerned in it, and therewith my Lord also satisfied, which I am mightily glad of, because I should take it a very great misfortune to me to have them two to differ above all the persons in the world.

It is not easy to understand why the following anecdote of Henry Jermyn (afterwards Earl of Dover) should have been left unprinted :—

December 4, 1667.—Here I also heard Mr. Jermyn, who was there in the chamber upon occasion of Sir Thomas Harvey's telling him of his brother's having a child, and therefore taking away his hopes of 2,000*l.* a year. He swore, God d— him, he did not desire to have any more wealth than he had in the world, which indeed is a great estate, having all his uncle's, my Lord St. Albans, and my Lord hath all the Queen Mother's. But when Sir Thomas Harvey told him that hereafter you will wish it more, 'By God,' answers he, 'I won't promise what I shall do hereafter.'

As Henrietta Maria did not die until 1669, and Lord St. Albans until 1684, it was somewhat premature to count upon his great wealth. There seems to be no doubt that the Queen Dowager was privately married to her Master of the Horse, but the popular notion that she lived in poverty in Paris while Lord St. Albans was living luxuriously does not appear to have been founded on fact. Sir John Reresby speaks very highly of Henrietta Maria in his diary, and says that her Court at Paris was better ordered and more agreeable than that of the 'Grand Monarque' himself.

Pepys dearly loved to have a talk with an old schoolfellow, and his comments on the past times are much the same as those which occur to most of us. On the 25th of July, 1664, his old friend Jack Cole calls upon him and tells him that trade is so bad that he proposes to turn all he has into money and go to sea.

I promised him all the friendship I can do him, which will end in little, though I truly mean it, and so I made him stay with me till eleven at night, talking of old school stories and very pleasing ones; and truly I find that we did spend our time and thoughts then otherwise than I think boys do now, and I think, as well

as he thinks, that the best are now. He supped with me, and so away, and I to bed. And strange to see how we are all divided that were bred so long at school together, and what various fortunes we have run—some good, some bad.

The great charm of the Diary is its variety; great and little are mixed up together, and the doings of Pepys's friends and acquaintances are pictured to us at full length. He was always ready to do a good turn for a friend, and most of those who were connected with him did well in life. William Hewer naturally occupies a large space in the Diary, but it is amusing to read so depreciative an account of him as the following, when we remember the eminent position he afterwards attained to and the filial care he took of his master in his old age:—

February 6, 1667-68.—I to my chamber, where my wife and I had much talk of W. Hewer, she telling me that he is mightily concerned for my not being pleased with him, and is herself mightily concerned; but I have much reason to blame him for his little assistance he gives me in my business, not being able to copy out a letter with sense or true spelling, that makes me mad, and indeed he is in that regard of as little use to me as the boy, which troubles me, and I would have him know it. By-and-by to supper, and so to bed.

Pepys lived for thirty-four years after the Diary was finished, and full and busy years they were. For the history of these years we must chiefly rest upon his letters. These are numerous and interesting, and most of them place him before us in a very favourable light. Some have been printed, but many more remain in manuscript in various collections. It would seem that Pepys's correspondents appreciated his letters and preserved them with care. The 20th of February, 1689, was the last day of his acting as Secretary of the Admiralty; but though he was out of public employment his later years were fully occupied with business.

Amongst other activities he took a lively interest in the management of Christ's Hospital, of which institution he was treasurer. He continued as systematic as ever in the due apportionment of his time, and two letters to different persons, both written in the year 1695, are now before me, in which he complains that his correspondents have unnecessarily kept him waiting. To one of these he says, 'I would be glad when you are at any time prevented in coming to me, when promised, you would send me word of it, for I stay'd at home all Thursday expecting you, lest you should have come and disappointed of seeing me; and for y^e raine, I would and will at all time bear your charges in coach hire rather than sett businesse aside on purpose for you and not see you.' In arranging for another meeting he says, 'It being Saturday I am stepping into y^e country for a little aire till Monday.'

Much has been written about Pepys's style, and these words will apply to the letters as well as to the Diary. We may allow that it is not elegant, but it has the superlative merit of expressing just what the writer meant to express. It is vivid and convincing. A

writer in the *Athenæum* in 1848—probably Peter Cunningham—was enthusiastic on the subject. He said—

‘He has the minuteness of Deë and Ashmole without their tediousness, the playfulness of Swift in his best moments without his prejudice and his party feelings, and a charm over Byron and Scott, and indeed above all other memorialists that we can call to mind, in that his diary was kept without the slightest view to publication.’

Mr. R. L. Stevenson in the *Cornhill Magazine* (1881) was more cautious, but the result is the same in both instances. He wrote—

It is generally supposed that, as a writer, Pepys must rank at the bottom of the scale of merit; but a style which is indefatigably lively, telling, and picturesque through six large volumes of everyday experience, which deals with the whole matter of a life and yet is rarely wearisome, which condescends to the most fastidious particulars and yet sweeps all away in the forth-right current of the narrative, such a style may be ungrammatical, it may be inelegant, it may be one tissue of mistakes, but it can never be devoid of merit.

It is surely our duty to think well of one who has instructed and amused us so much. I fear that one branch of his moral character must be given up as not to be condoned, but there is much left to be praised: He was kindly, cheerful, and helpful to those around him. His ability as a public servant must be acknowledged, but few are ready to acknowledge his mental power, and some are so short-sighted as to suppose that he was a man to be laughed at. This was not the opinion of John Evelyn, who may be considered to have been a good judge. On the 19th of February, 1671, that distinguished man wrote in his diary—

This day dined with me Mr. Surveyor Dr. Christopher Wren and Mr. Pepys, Clerk of the Acts, two extraordinary, ingenious, and knowing persons, and other friends.

Now we know that Christopher Wren was not only our greatest architect, but also a scientific man of powers second only to Newton, so that it is no mean honour for Pepys to be bracketed with him as an ‘ingenious person.’

Pepys evidently mellowed as he grew older. He gained the esteem and respect of his contemporaries, and he certainly deserved the honour in which he was universally held. I trust that the fresh extracts which I have been able to make from the Diary will give readers some idea of the pleasure still in store for them when at last they have the whole work in print, and that they will not agree with the former editors as to the tediousness of the matter which those editors have thought fit to omit.

HENRY B. WHEATLEY.

THE CHRISTIAN HELL

IN one of his moral essays, Pope speaks of a 'soft dean' who never mentioned hell to 'ears polite,' and adds, in a note, 'This is a fact.' The 'soft dean' appears, from the *Guardian* of the 31st of March, 1713, to have been an eminent divine, 'most exactly well-bred,' who told his congregation at Whitehall that, if they did not 'vouchsafe to give their lives a new turn, they must certainly go to a place which he did not think fit to name in that courtly audience.' All men have not been so delicate as Pope's dean, and there are very respectable precedents in literature for calling in this matter a spade a spade.

Hell has appeared as well in the names of persons as in the names of places and of streets. An infernal topography would not be devoid of interest. A gambling-house is still commonly called a hell. The Hell Fire Clubs are notorious. In the seventeenth century they were also numerous. They were full of 'diabolical profaneness and immorality, and frequented by reckless and abandoned characters of both sexes.' One of these sodalities consisted of the famous Monks of Medmenham Abbey, or the Monks of St. Francis, among whom were Dashwood, Paul Whitehead the poet, and Wilkes. Another was founded by Colonel St. Leger, or Sallenger. Another is said to survive in the Phoenix at Brasenose.

Of hell as a place of punishment the natural history is not only interesting, but instructive. As a subject of evolution, it comes well within the sphere of scientific inquiry. The chief difficulty about it is the vastness of its literature. The startling bibliography of religious terrorism makes us sigh for the simplicity of the hell of the Japanese, where the only punishment of the wicked is to pass into the body of a fox, or for that of the Talapoins of Surat, in which the absence of what Addison calls 'the fair sex' is the most excruciating torment of the imagination.

Herbert Spencer, in his *Principles of Sociology*, has shown how, from the primitive notions of the primitive man, the notions of sleep, and swoon, and dream, the ideas of ghosts, souls, devils, resurrection, and another life in another world, have gradually and successively been evolved. The conditions of being in the unseen and imagined

world of hell are varied. In Patagonia it is not regarded as a place of misery. In Mexico it is less a place of punishment than of relative discomfort. Thus, a not undesirable Hades may differentiate into a Valley of Hinnom, and a dreary region of negative felicity into a Tartarus of positive pain.

The general conception of hell, a conception primarily based on curiosity and fear, has been elaborated with marvellous ingenuity. For instance, the Hindu hells or *Narakas* are one hundred and thirty-six. The walls of the principal of these are over a hundred miles in thickness, and their shine of fire is so fierce that they burst the eyes of those who look at them even from the distance of four hundred leagues. Yama, the Greek Pluto, the Christian Satan, is two hundred and forty miles high. The hairs of his body are like palm trees. He punishes the damned by putting them in beds of boiling oil, sawing their bodies in two, pouring molten lead into their ears, pulling out their toenails and tongues, and a vast number of other varieties of torture. The mind, says Goldsmith with much truth, is ever ingenious in making its own distress.

The general conception of hell has for many a fascinating horror like that of a modern murder and the subsequent hanging which brings so rapturous a relish to our hot rolls at breakfast. It is an early sample of that remarkable human peculiarity which seems to delight in pain, that morbid tendency to self-torture which, not content with ills of the present, looks forward with quivering horror to other worse ills in the future. And the future beyond experience, if not beyond reason, offers an ample field to the fancy of the *Heautontimorumenos*. The unseen and the unknown have ever presented an attractive arena for the gymnastics of the imagination. But as the bee and the spider suck, we are told, honey and poison from the same flower, so we may extract pain or pleasure from our something beyond the grave. Generally, we prefer to extract pain. The Kaffirs, with only thirteen paradises, have more than double that number of hells.

The primitive Christians, says the sarcastic Gibbon, were animated neither by the love of pleasure nor by the love of action. They were alike careless of procuring private happiness to the individual, or any public benefit to the world. But, he concludes, 'it was not in this world that the primitive Christians were desirous of making themselves either agreeable or useful.' This passage, by the way, in an edition edited by Dean Milman, is curiously varied by the omission of the word 'not.' But Gibbon is perhaps a little hard on the primitive Christians. At all events, their hell is probably both as agreeable and as useful as that of other creeds. Though, indeed, it shows less variety of fancy than that of the Hindus, it yet runs a very close race in the arena of agony with that of the Muslims, wherein the lightest punishment is to be shod with shoes of fire,

the heat of which causes the skull of the unlucky wight who wears them to boil like a caldron.

The pagan hell of punishment expounded by Platonism was continued and intensified by Christianity. Plato's hell endured for one thousand years only. The hell of the Christians burns for ever and for ever.

The evils of mediæval life were transported into our creed. Buckle's 'barbarous fancies of a barbarous age,' the stings and fangs of noxious wild beasts, and the yet more noxious human contrivances for torture, the rack and the wheel—evils at which educated humanity shudders in horror—partly original and partly borrowed from the earlier Tartarus and Gehenna, harmonised well with the severities of a time of ignorance, of a period of extravagant punishments and of extravagant persecution. As Christmas succeeded the Saturnalia, so the Furies of the heathen hell became demons, Pluto or Pan Satan, Avernus the bottomless pit, and Phlegethon the lake of fire and brimstone. Moreover, to the Oriental conception of heat was added, as also in the Muslim hell, that of cold, the egregious bugbear of the Scandinavian Edda. Icy ponds were intermingled with meres of molten metal. In *Measure for Measure* Claudio complains to his sister Isabella, that most gentle of virgin nuns, of residence 'in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,' and the bitter change of fierce extremes is insisted on in Milton, where the damned 'starve in ice their soft ethereal warmth,' and pine periods of time in fixed and frozen round. Considerable difference of opinion prevails in the matter of hell, as will hereafter be seen. Ben Jonson satirically expressed the vain disagreements of divines much perplexed thereabout by Lanthorne disputing with his puppet in a Bartholomew Fair. Men may as well expect a union in the poles of heaven, as any unity of conceit in the matter of hell.

The holy fathers have spoken of hell at great length. About its existence, its varied pains, its everlasting duration, its names and its place, there are many ponderous tomes of patristic opinion. Nothing, if we may rely upon common consent, ancient origin, and religious authority, is more certain than the existence of hell. It is proved alike by holy Scripture, the holy fathers, and pagan testimony. It was framed before sin was hatched. Its pains are divided into general and special. A winepress will, according to Jerome, be a general torture of the damned. The Benedictine monk Eadmer allots them fourteen miseries, seven of the body and seven of the soul. Mortals will be afflicted with both of these, and so be in a worse case than the devils themselves. If a man, says S. Stephanus Grandimontensis, were to see these miseries, he would not be able to stir a limb, and would die incontinently of sheer fright. The special pains of hell are servitude, weeping, gnashing of teeth, darkness, confusion, despair, war, horror, fear, weakness, the worm, the society of

devils, and many more—every one of these supported by numerous authorities. Sinners will be punished after the degree of their sins. There is one fire only, but it will not hurt all alike. The peccant members will be principally punished. There are, according to some, many mansions in hell. Others deny this, and declare it to be one deep ample ditch. These maintain that, though there are degrees of torment, there are no degrees of place. The damned will be bound together like faggots. The punishment of usurers, according to Adam Scotus, is a too intimate acquaintance with boiling gold. The eternity of hell is demonstrated by holy Scripture, that is by the holy fathers. Radulphus Ardens, a name as happily expressive as that of the Rev. J. Furniss hereinafter mentioned in his sixteenth homily for the seventh Sunday after Trinity, proves it from the passage in Psalm xlix. 14:—‘Death shall feed on them.’ It is not written he shall consume them. For, says Radulphus, just as an ox tears not up the grass by the root, but so devours it that every day he may devour more, so the wicked will be for ever tortured by death, and will not be annihilated, that they may for ever live and for ever die. They shall seek death, as John says in the Apocalypse (ix. 7), and shall not find it, and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them. They shall be afflicted by four kinds of evil—shame, fear, penitence, and pain. But their shame shall be without a covering, their fear without hope, their penitence without profit, and their pain without pity.

It has been proved over and over again by others besides Jerome and Tertullian that the fire of hell is a terrible reality; that it is corporeal material; that its constituents are probably sulphur and fluid pitch. The sulphur stinks. This is satisfactorily shown by quite a swarm of learned authorities. Infidel quibblings have been easily quashed. How can incorporeal spirits be burnt? Answer: By incorporeal fire. How can material bodies be burnt for ever? Answer: By the analogues of the asbestos and the salamander, or again by a certain salting antiseptic virtue, or again by an Omnipotent implanting in the fire of a certain force which burns but consumes not. The causes of its intense heat are manifold. There is the divine justice and the confined nature of the situation; there is also the antiperistasis of external cold. The fact of the intense heat is proved by the Cacodemon himself, who, though a liar, and the father of lies, may in this matter be considered a credible witness. At all events, he would rather lessen than exaggerate its force. Caesarius, a Cistercian of Heisterbach, says that in a town called Enthenich in Bonn, a certain Walter when sick saw Satan, with a face like a monkey and goat’s horns. Walter asked him about the fate of his late master, Count William of Juliers. ‘You know,’ replied the demon, ‘the district between Wolkenburg and Drachenfels. In faith, I tell you, that if that district and those mountains were both made of iron and set in

that place where the soul of your master now is, they would be molten *antequam supercilium superius inferiori jungi posset*—in a word, before you could wink.' The colour of hell fire is probably a lurid green, no light but rather darkness visible. There is cold in hell, but no water. It is not improbable that there are corporeal worms, in the sense of serpents, and immortal, of which some say they are as thick as the rushes on the floor. But this is a matter of subtle inquiry and abstruse; and God, as the Muslim says, is the most knowing. This rigid and early doctrine of hell, elaborated by the fathers with more of cold—or rather warm—barbarity than of artistic skill, is always honoured with a prominent place in religious revivals. It was reserved for the later church to add those finer touches of adscititious torment which it is so difficult to read without deploring the savage and yet refined ingenuity of the human fancy.

Forsooth a terrible thing is the mediæval hell. What is it? A bottomless pit where the damned are confined under darkness in everlasting chains, a furnace where their fire is not quenched, a place of wailing and gnashing of teeth where their worm dieth not, a Tartarean eternity of hunger and of tears of which one hour is more bitter than a century here of acutest agony. A land of all evil, of every variety of physical and moral suffering, a land of lasting night and of never-ending despair. A deep fiery prison of divine fury, full of cries compared with which the cries heard by mortal ears are mere music, of pain to which all earthly pain is pleasure, of a stench to which the stench of rottenness is jessamine and balm, and of remorse of which all remorse here is but a picture or a shadow. Every body of the damned, says Jeremy Taylor, is more loathsome and unsavoury than a million of dead dogs. One body, says St. Bonaventura, would infect the whole earth. Any human idea of hell is paradise compared with what is really hell. We cannot conceive it. Suppose a man set in midwinter in a deep dark subterranean dungeon, without fire, or table, or bed. Once a day, says Drexel, who has supplied this illustration—once a day let a morsel of bread hard as a stone and green with mould, and an egg-cup full of stinking water be lowered to him by a long rope. This state of misery would be a state of luxury to him who is in hell. The poor folk are closely packed in Satan's hall—the German square mile, it has been computed by an exact ecclesiastic, would contain 100,000,000,000 of the damned. They are jammed together like grapes in a press, like bricks in a furnace, like the salt sediment of fish pickle in a barrel, like wood in a pile, like coals in a brazier, like sheep in a slaughter-house.

And yet everyone hates his neighbour, and would tear him, if he might, to pieces with his teeth. That noble passion, the queen of all the rest, the sun of life, has no being in hell. In hell there is no love. They would kill themselves, but they cannot. Theirs is a

life in death, a death that cannot die. They have no solace from past, present, or future. Sleep never comes to them that comes to all. They feel not the season's difference, they have no almanack, no stars. There is no clock in hell. Bridaine represents a tortured being rising from his bed of appalling agony, and asking What is the time? And a dull voice out of the darkness answers Eternity!

There is no clock in hell. Only they hear the tick of the clock of conscience, for ever and for ever. The sick man, tossing through the whole night on his bed of pain, hears with satisfaction the striking of every long expected hour which proclaims the slow departure of the darkness; but at last, at last the twittering birds salute the dawn with song, little by little the sun rises from his daily sepulchre, his pain slackens, sleep creeps on, and in the morning the faces of friends filled with tender solicitude surround his bed. But nothing of all this exists in hell. There, in hell, is no sunrise, nor sleep, nor dew of dawn, nor tuneful song of birds. . Nothing but devils, darkness, desolation, and despair.

Of the many curious hallucinations or impostures which have made such sad impressions on the feeblér intelligences of the world's childhood, the visions of hell are not the least important. One of the earliest sheaves of an exceedingly plentiful harvest of visions, cataleptic or otherwise, gathered by monkish industry into the holy barn, is that of the Irish saint Fursy, or Fiercy (as Milman spells it), in the seventh century, handed down to us by the Venerable Bede. It is distinguished by a comparative simplicity of detail. A monk of the ninth century, oné Wettin or Vettin, gives an edition of hell illustrated with considerable care and ability. Why, he asks, is Charlemagne thus terribly tormented?—the exact nature of this monarch's suffering cannot be here reproduced—why is a king who has done so much for the Church in this very distressing plight? The answer is that he was too fond of making love to the ladies. Passing over the personal experiences of those inspectors of hell; as they have been profanely called—of Saint Cyril of Jerusalem, and Sainte Thérèse, and the Monk of Evesham—we come to the interesting vision of Vaukelin. Ordericus Vitalis tells of a worthy priest of Bonneval, named Gualchelmus, or Gualchelinus, or Vauquelin, or Walkelin, who saw, on the 1st of January, in the year 1091—the moon then being in her eighth day in the constellation of the Ram—a vision of departed and reprobate spirits. Among these an innumerable crowd of women rode on saddles enriched with red-hot nails. The wind lifted them from time to time a cubit, and then let them drop. Of these several were noble ladies of the priest's acquaintance. 'Assuredly,' said the priest, 'I behold the ghosts of the departed, but none will believe me without tangible proof.' He therefore mounted on a black horse, intending to take it home to convince his neighbours. But his foot touched a stirrup of red-hot

iron, and the hand which held the bridle was frozen. A damned soul, tormented for his usuries, and for having taken a mill in mortgage for a debt, shows him a heavy bar of hot metal from that same mill, which he is condemned to carry in his mouth. The seer is afterwards told that the mass he sang on that day has saved him from destruction for his contemplated larceny of the horse. In most of these visions religious rather than virtuous deeds are rewarded, and the punishment of immorality is less by far than that of impiety. After beholding many more terrible sights which the ecclesiastical historian has minutely recorded, Walkelin falls seriously sick for a whole week. 'What I have written,' says Ordericus, 'I heard from his own mouth, with more which has escaped my memory. I have told it for the edification of my readers that the wicked may repent of their evil deeds.' In the next century we read the composition of Tundale, another Irishman, in the reign of Stephen. This piece is in the best style, and approaches a Divine Comedy in prose. One thing in his vision is particularly worthy of record: his soul, travelling through hell, asks the angel—its guardian in this perilous pass—how these tortures are consistent with the text 'The Lord is good, His mercy is everlasting' (Psalm c. 5). 'That text,' replies the angel, 'has deceived many;' and proceeds to explain the justice of boiling sinners and afterwards straining them through a cloth—a method of torture not devoid of a weird originality, but suggestive of a culinary operation with a colander which lessens somewhat the grandeur of the conception.

Matthew Paris, in his chronicle of the time of King Stephen, A.D. 1153, gives an account of a certain soldier called Hoenus or Owen, yet another Irishman—it is strange how Irishmen abound in these visions—who obtained leave of the king to visit his parents in Ireland. There, remembering his sins—especially in the invasion of ecclesiastical property—he resolved to enter the Purgatory of the blessed St. Patrick. This was a cave into which if one entered truly penitent, he should be purged of his sins and see the torments of the damned into the bargain. With the license of the local bishop, the soldier enters that cave. Investigators hitherto had entered hell in the spirit only; Owen enters it in the flesh, and discovers a vast twilight plain in which he is grievously assaulted by devils, but escapes them by the utterance of a sacred formula. In a second plain he sees persons of every age and of both sexes naked, with their bellies nailed to the ground by red-hot nails of iron, and all uttering a common *miserere*! Upon these wretched ones demons ran, whipping them as they went. Hoenus is again delivered by the repetition of what he had said before. In a third plain the people are lying on their backs, fixtures, with fiery dragons and flaming serpents and horrid toads banqueting upon the contents of their bowels. In a fourth penal plain the ill-starred

damned hang suspended over flames of sulphur by iron hooks in their feet, eyes, hands, nostrils, ears, navels, and other parts of their anatomy. Several pages follow of other excruciating agonies, but the reader has probably by this time had enough of it. Like Macbeth, he has supped full of horrors, and direness grown familiar can no more start him. Besides, to adopt the phraseology used by one of these seers of visions, there would be an end to this article long before there was an end to the torments mentioned in these books and others like them. A hundred tongues, a hundred mouths, and an iron voice would fail to describe them all. They are, however, species of genera which have been skilfully summed up by one of the Schoolmen in two Latin hexameters:—

Nix, nox, vox, lachrymæ, sulphur, laquei, sitis, æstus,
Malleus, et stridor, spes perdita, vincula, vermes.

A neat mnemonic form, whereby to remember punishments of which, albeit they are spoken of, as Jeremy Taylor says, 'variously, uncertainly and unsatisfyingly,' it may be said, as indeed it has been said, that nobody can, without an express revelation, prove that they are not true.

The infernal punishments shown by Virgil to Dante, who descended into hell, like Hercules and Orpheus and Theseus and others, including those mentioned above, are in this age of educational progress familiar to misses who 'smell of bread and butter.' The following synopsis is merely intended to refresh the memory—so apt to languish—of the adult.

In the very entrance and gate of Dante's hell are placed the apathetic, the indifferent in spiritual things, a neutral society, while on earth, in the matter of religious good and evil, which now fills the air with sighs and lamentations, an air stained by solid darkness and unpierced by the light of any star. Then in the first circle or limbo the unbaptised, among whom is Virgil himself, desire without hope. In the second are carnal sinners tossed by warring winds where light is silent. In the third gluttons bitten by Cerberus are exposed in a stinking land to storms of hail. In the fourth are the prodigal and the miser, each pushing a heavy weight up a hill with his breast. In the fifth are the irascible under the foul and fetid slime of the Stygian lake. In the sixth arch-heretics smart and agonise in tombs of flame. In the seventh the violent swim in rivers of blood, suicides are changed into gnarled trees, and blasphemers writhe under a rain of fire. In the eighth, or *Malebolge*, are pimps scourged by demons, flatterers sunk in human ordure, simonists with their heads downwards in equal and circular holes, prophets with their faces reversed—both of these punishments are probably new and original—public peculators in a lake of boiling pitch, hypocrites under gilded hoods of lead, sacrilegists stung by serpents, schismatics, among

whom is Muhammad, with maimed limbs, alchemists, forgers, and impostors, among them Ulysses, the hero of the Homeric poem, the victims of varied disease. In the ninth circle, which corresponds to the seventh or nethermost Muslim hell, *Al Hawiyah*, which, being interpreted, is the place of precipitous descent, the hell of hypocrites, the last, the worst, the frozen, traitors are fitly placed; and among these, blue pinched, shrouded in ice, and chattering like storks, are to be found the most famous of that crafty crew, Lucifer and Judas.

Of this long catalogue of post-mortem ills, the credit is far from being entirely due to the fertile fancy of Alighieri. The punishments of which he has given such minutely detailed and graphic descriptions were not all invented by himself. He is indebted for most of them to the above-quoted visions. His funereal song is but a faithful echo of the passionate fanaticism and barbaric fierceness of the fourteenth century.

Suso, or St. Amandus, a Dominican professor of theology in the sixteenth century, in his *Der ewigen Weyssheit Büchlin*, in the chapter 'Von immerwerender Pein der Hellen,' has a touch of pathos followed by a conception of quaint originality:—

Alas! [thus the chorus of the damned goes up] alas for our woe and pain which must endure for ever! Alas, oh, for ever and for ever! what art thou? Alas end without all end! Alas death beyond all death! To die every moment, and yet never to be able to die! Alas father and mother! and all we love! God be gracious to you always, for we may never see you, never love you any more. We must be separated from you for ever. Alas separation! Alas everlasting separation! how full of fear art thou!

. . . Alas! we want nothing but a millstone, as broad as the whole earth, and so thick and high as to touch the Heaven on every side, and let a little bird come only once in a hundred thousand years, and take away from the stone a piece only so big as the tenth part of a millet grain, we poor wretches want nothing else save that, when this stone is at an end, our martyrdom may have an end also; and yet that may never be!

Quevedo's hell in the sixth of his visions, written in 1608, goes by the appellation of *Las Zahuradas de Pluton*, or *Pluto's Pigsties*. This is rather a satire on the follies and vices of his time than a deliberate attempt to portray the condition of the damned. Passing through a little door like a mousetrap, through which it was easy to get in, but impossible to get out, Quevedo beholds the devils busied in punishing with various pains the tradesmen who ruin their neighbours by selling them what is unnecessary at a high price, the poets who torment one another, the false wits who are confined by themselves lest their frigidity should extinguish the fires of hell, those who boast of their high birth and ancient descent, men of so-called honour, astrologers, hypocrites, and many others. Shelley's *Peter Bell the Third* is written in much the same vein.

In 1620 was published Decker's *Dream*, in which the volume of hell was opened to him, wherein he read many wonderful things.

It bears the naive motto *Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo*.
Decker passes through hell's regions—

Being mounted on a spirit's back, which ran
With mandrake shrieks, and like a lubrican.

The lubrican adds a mysterious charm to the couplet. There is no remarkable originality in the *Dream*. It is the old, old story of agonies—

In Boiling brimstone, lead, and oil, and blood.

Such, says the genial Dr. Johnson, is the malignity of Milton that hell grows darker at his frown. Let us see if this be so. We may well imagine that human fancy cannot add to the horrors we have already encountered. Milton's hell is situated at the bottom of Chaos. Its description is, in short, an antarctic region of fire and ice, of dire hail and ever-burning sulphur. Its distance from heaven is three semi-diameters of our mundane system. The stature of Satan reaches the sky. Four infernal rivers are introduced from the pagan theology. In this geographical view Lethe is also included. On the other side of the flood of oblivion is a frozen continent. Hither all the damned are haled by harpy-footed Furies from beds of fire to pine in ice. The gates of hell are guarded by Death and Sin, in forms too well known to need description. By these ideal architects a long bridge is built from hell to the 'utmost orbs of this frail world,' which, being interpreted by Masson is, the uttermost circle of the starry sphere. Milton's torments are more poetic, but less painful, we may suppose than those of the Christian fathers. Just. Georg Schottel, a contemporary of Milton, added to the literature of hell his *Iron Wheel* (*Eisernes Rad von der ewigen Höllequaal*) in some 300 pages, and Meyfart his *Hellische Sodoma*, in about 800.

In 1715 appeared *Hell opened to Christians*, to caution them from entering it, a translation from the Italian of the J suit Pinamonti. This book contains considerations of the infernal pains distributed like Francatelli's bills of fare for every day in the week. The first consideration for Sunday treats of the prison of hell, its straitness, its darkness, its stench, and concludes with a prayer to avoid it. The book is illustrated with seven woodcuts of fantastic horror. The woodcut for Sunday shows a sinner in a cage fettered and in flames. He is pierced through with spears. Two monsters assail him, one above with the head of a panther, the body of a serpent, and the wings of a griffin, and one below of a similar composite form. Marks of their bites are plainly visible about him. This book, with its emblematic plates, passed through several editions. The last was printed in 1844. Successive artists have occasionally added to the original alarm. 'Do not,' says Pinamonti in his preface, 'suppose that I have exaggerated aught. I have indeed failed on the other side.'

The work of Pinamonti is fairly familiar from Lecky's reference to it. It cannot, however, compete in any way with a much less known volume, published in the first half of the seventeenth century, by Father Gio. Battista Manni, also an Italian Jesuit. The *Eternal Prison of Hell for the Hard-hearted Sinner* reached in 1692 its eleventh edition. It was translated into German in 1683 with additions. It possesses four times the number of illustrations in Pinamonti, and every picture is quadruply painful. Historical examples are added to every illustration. The book treats, in order, of the pains of the five senses, of darkness, wrath, despair, fire, immobility, eternity, and poisonous reptiles. It has a chapter on the multiplicity of torments, and on the want of room among the damned. Tyrants, misers, drunkards, blasphemers, and unchaste women have all their specially devised punishments. The conclusion of the whole matter is that absence of faith is the cause of hell. 'Dalle quali cose tutte chiaramente si comprende'—thus the author—'che la mancanza o la freddezza della fede sia la vera cagione di tutti i peccati che sono nel mondo.' What a contrast these two volumes of the Italian Jesuits present to the innocent loving-kindness of that tender-hearted village priest who, observing his congregation affected to tears by a picture of the infernal punishments he had predicted from the pulpit as their possible fate, concluded his homily by this comfortable exhortation:—'Do not, my beloved brethren, I beseech you, be thus overburdened with distress. I have told you of these punishments, as they have been told to me, but, after all, I really cannot vouch for their truth.'

A Welsh view of hell was given in the beginning of the last century by Elis Wyn, a Welsh parson, in a prose allegory called *The Sleeping Bard*. The reverend gentleman is taken by an angel to hell in his sleep. There is nothing remarkable about this work, except the donation to the devil of a family of three daughters—Pleasure, Lucre, and Pride—and the introduction of a new demon, the demon of tobacco.

An original idea of hell was the result of the speculative inquiries of Jean Hardouin. This most learned fool, as he has been somewhat impolitely called by Peignot, among the Jesuits, was a contemporary of Pinamonti. He maintained that the rotation of the earth was due to the efforts of the damned to escape from their central fire. Climbing up the walls of hell, they caused the earth to revolve as a squirrel its cage, or a dog the spit.

From the description of hell by Jonathan Edwards, that sturdy theologian, one sentence will probably be found more than sufficient:—

After you shall have worn out the age of the sun, moon, and stars in your dolorous groans and lamentations, without rest day and night, or one minute's ease, yet you shall have no hope of ever being delivered; after you shall have worn out a thousand more such ages, you shall have no hope, but shall know that you are

not one whit nearer to the end of your torments; but that still there are the same groans, the same shrieks, the same doleful cries incessantly to be made by you. . . . Your bodies, which shall have been burning all this while in those glowing flames, shall not have been consumed, but will remain to roast through eternity.

But still, even according to this amiable ecclesiastic, the damned will have one satisfaction. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and theirs will be the unselfish consolation of reflecting that the sight of the hell torments which they suffer will exalt the happiness of the saints for ever; for it will make them 'more sensible of it, it will give them a more lively relish of it.' Parents will see their children, children their parents, wives their husbands, and husbands their wives, in ineffable agony, and prize their own felicity the more — 'a sense of the opposite misery in all cases greatly increases the relish of any joy.'

This is no new idea of Jonathan Edwards. In the third part of the *Summa* of St. Thomas Aquinas, the great schoolman, the friend of Bonaventura, in the ninety-fourth supplementary question, it is concluded in three articles—first, that since contraries set each other in relief, the blessed in the kingdom of heaven will see the tortures of the damned, that their own blessedness may the more delight them; secondly, that since the damned cannot be transferred from their misery, the blessed will have no compassion upon them; and, lastly, that the holy ones in heaven will not rejoice in the pains of the damned *per se*, but *per accidens*, since they contemplate therein the divine justice and their own freedom therefrom. Thus the Seraphic Doctor. And Tertullian, in his *De Spectaculis*, anticipates with frank delight the torments of his ethnic opponents. 'Ah! the broad magnificence of that scene! How shall I laugh and be glad and exult when I see these wise philosophers, who teach that the Gods are indifferent and men soulless, roasting and browning before their own disciples in hell. Then shall I hear these dramatists declaim in tragedies of their own passion, then shall I see these actors become yet more supple in the fire. Then will this chariot-driver appear one red with his flaming chariot,' with other considerations of the same kidney. 'Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ!'

The *Eloge de l'Enfer*, attributed to one Bénard, or Bernard; but probably written by the Abbé Quesnel, is, like Quevedo's *Pigsties*, merely a picture of humanity and a satire on the foolish fashions of the time. The reader must be sick and tired, says the author, of the numerous descriptions of hell torments. He therefore proposes, for a change, to write in praise of hell. It is a strange subject perhaps of praise, but the learned Erasmus has written in praise of folly, and the elegant Lucian in praise of a fly. The nature of the work is shown by its commencement. All good things are placed in the middle. The mean is golden. The kernel is in the centre of the fruit. Jerusalem is in the centre of the habitable globe. The sun is in the

centre of our cosmic system. Hell is in the centre of the earth. The broad way is easier than the strait. Philosophers, politicians, poets, historians, artists, mathematicians, the bravest men, the fairest women, the best society, we find them all in hell.

Chateaubriand, in *Les Martyrs*, gives a more modern and less horrible idea of hell than has yet been presented to the reader. The pain in *Les Martyrs* endured by the damned is rather moral than physical, and no minute detail of torture is attempted. The book is big with pretty passages. Satan is dragged down to hell by the weight of his own wickedness. Though the king of that dismal domain, he himself is appalled by its lugubrious sounds. Death, a skeleton, appears like a black stain upon the flames which burn and leap behind her. The livid rays of infernal light pass through the hollows of her bones. Satan mocks the cries of the poor—placed in hell by Chateaubriand probably for the first time—calling them the enemies of all exalted above them by education or by morals. In the centre of the abyss of hell, in the midst of an ocean of blood and tears, a black castle stands, beaten by eternal storms: This is Satan's home. A barren tree is before its door, and on its windy summit waves the fallen archangel's standard of pride half consumed by the divine lightning.

In Pollok's *Course of Time*, published in the first quarter of the present century, we have several graphic and interesting pictures; notably of the wall of fiery adamant so high that Hope cannot fly over it, of the sad figures traced in fire, of the worm that never dies feeding upon a quivering heart—pictures described, without much pretence to originality, but with considerable unction, in blank verse.

The *Breve fra Helvede*, written by V. A. Thisted, under the pseudonym of M. Rowel, published in 1866 at Copenhagen, present consciousness and memory as hell's only torments. Thisted, both in his sobriety and in his satire, reminds the reader of Quevedo: Not inferior to the best pictures of the Spanish wit are those of Pilate ever washing his hands, like Lady Macbeth, to efface the stain of blood, and ever asking, 'What is truth?' Of Judas, with a noose about his neck, and thirty pieces of silver burning his palm, which return to him as often as he casts them away, while he repeats incessantly, 'What is that to us? see thou to that!' Of the servant of the high priest with shrivelled fingers crying again and again, 'Why smotest thou me?' Curious things are told us, too, in this book. Hell has its churches, and its sensational preachers, but there are no children in hell. It has its theatres, balls, novels, and finally its post-office, of which the peculiarity is that there the applicant is compelled to receive the letters he himself has written, and all his scandal-disseminating, anonymous lying epistles burn holes in his compulsorily outstretched hand.

Passing over the contributions of Swedenborg and Blake, the

reader arrives at a recently published tract, *The Sight of Hell*, written for children by the Rev. J. Furniss. This gives a detailed description of many terrible tortures. A girl of sixteen stands with bare feet upon a red-hot floor. A boy with flames issuing from his ears is immersed up to his neck in a boiling kettle. A little child utters shrieks of agony in a burning oven. Matthew Horbery's *Inquiry into the Scripture Doctrine concerning the duration of Future Punishment*—a work bristling with sacred texts and originally written against Whiston in 1744—was republished not more than a dozen years ago. And there is more than one edition in the present century, besides a Dutch translation in 1860, of the *Sighs from Hell; or Groans of a Damned Soul*, an unfamiliar sample of the familiar eloquence of Bunyan. A curious entry in the bibliography of this subject, that of Henri Johanet's *Descente aux Enfers*—which is merely a topographic study of the Bay of Naples and its vicinity—recalls Gosse's *On Viol and Flute*, which has been referred to as a treatise on musical instruments.

There is no space in the present article to do more than allude to the representation of hell in the mystery plays, and in church sculpture. On either of these topics an essay might be written. The sermons upon hell of such saints as Bonaventura and Dominic, preached at midnight, with a sudden and dramatic extinguishment of candles, are in their way as interesting and effective as the numerous pictures of hell by the ancient artists. For the painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Dante was the general guide. Sandro Botticelli's engravings illustrate every circumstance of the *Divine Comedy*. Fra Angelico da Fiesole has not succeeded in making his demons terrible, but *en revanche* he has made them fat. The Orcagnas, both Bernard and Andrea, Jacques Callot and Peter Breughel the younger, have contributed largely to the infernal Nigaristan. Peter, indeed, was called Hell Breughel. Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, with its pagan bark of Charon and its revenge on Biagio, is of course well known.

The place of hell has given rise to very wide divergence of theological doctrine. It is the darkened air of Chaos, it is the waters above the firmament, it is the valley of Jehoshaphat, it is the poles, it is the antipodes, it is Mars, it is, as Plutarch also opined; the moon. It is clearly not any burning mountain, such as Hecla, Ætna, or Vesuvius, as some fatuous folk have maintained, because these mountains are not for ever vomiting fire. The general, and perhaps the orthodox, opinion—this assertion is made with considerable doubt—places hell in the earth's centre. Such appears to be the conviction of Tertullian and others, borrowed perhaps from Plato's *Phædo*; Jeremy Drexel, writing in 1680, deduces it from the history of Korah. Objections were very soon started to this belief, such as the absence of air, the presence of water, the combustion of the earth, and the insufficiency

of room. Then rose up one Tobias Swinden, M.A., a rector of Cuxton in Kent, and published in 1797 a book well stuffed with recondite erudition, showing that the local hell is, in all probability, the sun. The spots upon that fiery orb are possibly clotted companies of damned souls.

The idea of locating hell in the sun was promulgated more than a century before the time of Swinden by Sandys in his *Travels*, but he speaks of the Muslim and not of the Christian Tartarus. The religious tenets entertained by the Mahommedans—who have by the way an especial hell for Christians, the third of the seven, called *Hutamah*, which, being interpreted, is the place of breaking—exceed, according to Sandys, the vanity of dreams and all old wives' fables. For they declare that Cain will be the ringleader of the damned; that the burning globe of the sun will be their continent; and that the Devil or Iblis will be ultimately annihilated.

About the shape of hell another question arises. Is it oblong, square, circular, or pyramidal? It is probably circular, but its area is uncertain.

In the matter of hell's inhabitants, also, declarations greatly differ. When Elizabeth died and James the First came in, an Irish priest thus expressed it:—'Elizabetha in Orcum detrusa, successit Jacobus alter hæreticus.' 'You will ask,' says Selden, who relates this story, 'why did they use such language in their Church? Answer: Why does the nurse tell the child of Raw-head and Bloody-bones? To keep it in awe!' Mediæval ecclesiastics commonly placed in hell their enemies and opponents. Still we commonly say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide. Much more than two-thirds of the human race must necessarily be turned into hell, according to those who set therein all the heathen. By numerous authors, the wisest and best men of antiquity—Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Trajan, and Epictetus—the most moral and religious votaries of alien creeds are confounded in the penal pit with the most execrable of mankind. Dr. Emmons, an American clergyman of repute, in the earlier half of the present century, in a remarkably impartial sermon *On the Hopeless State of the Heathen*, damns atheists, deists, heretics and heathen alike. The future state of man, it seems to some, depends upon his views of predestination. Dr. Prideaux told his auditory they are damned who do not believe in this, and in original sin and in other matters of a similar nature. Very few in this business are so liberal as Luther, who spoke of Cicero as 'ein weiser und fleissiger Mann; ich hoffe unser lieber Gott werde ihm und seines gleichen gnädig sein.'

The most interesting book on the future state of the heathen was written by Francis Collio, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, *De animabus Paganorum libri quinque*. This work, which is full of learned arguments and quotations, contains some

900 pages. Its reach extends from Melchisedec to Tertullian, and it embraces Orpheus, Homer, the Seven Wise Men, the Sibyls, the Magi, Apollonius Tyaneus, and many more. About the souls of the Queen of Sheba and Hermes Trismegistus Collio declines to express an opinion. He supposes that the friends of Job, the midwives Sephora and Phua, Melchisedec and Solomon, are exulting in the beatitude of the blest, but that Balaam, Nebuchadnezzar and Tertullian are irrecoverably damned. In this list of the lost Origen is commonly included. Etienne Binet, who wrote a whole book about Origen's future state, puts the matter, like Cornélius in his *Erraticissima infantium in limbo clausorum querela &c.*, in a legal form. The judge defers his opinion *sine die*, but Binet thinks that the evidence, on the whole, is in favour of the Saint's acquittal. Others besides Origen have had books devoted solely to a consideration of their condition after death. Among them are Pythagoras, Seneca, and Thomas à Becket. Swedenborg is said to have set David and Paul among the damned, but made George the Second and Louis the Fourteenth into angels. The Rev. R. W. Dibdin, M.A., minister of the West Street Episcopal Chapel, St. Giles, thinks, in a sermon entitled *The Patriot Palmerston, was he saved?* that the Lord may have had mercy on him though at the eleventh hour.

Of devils, Gulielmus Parisiensis has found on an exact computation that there are 44,135,556, but it has been said that they vastly exceed that number. Their external forms and internal characteristics have been minutely described. Their bodies are not terrestrial, but, according to the Church scholastics, something analogous. John Wier, a physician of Clèves, convinced that this world is peopled by crowds of devils, wrote in 1576 a book of some thousand folio pages, which is one of our chief sources of information on the subject. He makes 72 princes of devils with 7,405,926 subjects. He may have owed this information to his master, Cornelius Agrippa. Collin de Plancy, in his *Dictionnaire Infernal*, has given pictorial illustrations to supplement Wier. The figure of a devil, generically, is that of a goat with two horns in front and two behind; but he also appears as a frog, a fly, a donkey, and a spider. Blake saw him as a swimming spider. He assumes, shortly, every shape except that of a dove and of a lamb. By Europeans he is commonly painted black. The Africans prefer a white devil. That old serpent Satan, the supreme Prince of this world, of the powers of the air, and of darkness, Lucifer the devil *par excellence*, is described as a great red dragon with seven crowned heads, ten horns, and a huge tail. He has two deputies, one of the sea, having three crowns more than his master, displayed with the body of a leopard, the feet of a bear, and the tail of a lion; the other of the earth, known as the beast, with two horns only. Lucifer, who spoke with Eve, being bound in Tartarus, is, according to some authorities,

not busied with this world, and Beelzebub is his lieutenant here. The demons are divided into hierarchies, and one is preferred before another. There is, moreover, a division of demons into those of air, who are concerned with storms and lightning, those of earth, who bring sickness and death, and those of water, who busy themselves about wrecks. Some of the most important demons are named by the pupil of Cornelius Agrippa: Sytry, Nibhas, Morax, Nisroch, Otis, Prufas, Oray, Tartac, Valefar, and Chax. Chax, or Scox, is described as like a stork, with a thin hoarse voice. He can take away the sight and the hearing. He can also take away (from their right owners) money and horses. He is addicted to lying, save when he is introduced into a triangle, when he will immediately speak of hidden treasures. He rules over thirty legions of devils.

As to the number of the damned there is also dissent. Some, as Cælius Secundus Curio, in his *Amplitude of the Heavenly Realm*, suppose that the number of the saved will be much greater. Prudentius, a Christian poet of the fourth century, opined that a few only would be damned—

paucosque non piorum
Patitur perire in ævum.

Others think the number will be much less; and others, again, that it will be equal. But Dr. Lewis du Moulin, a professor of history at Oxford in 1680, proved from Scripture and other evidence, to his own satisfaction plainly and conclusively, in his *Moral Reflections upon the Number of the Elect*, that not one in a hundred thousand (nay, probably, not one in a million), from Adam down to our times, shall be saved. And the Professor is certainly in the right of it, if, as we are told, all liars will be damned. Modern opinion on this subject seems to side with Curio. As all idiots and children between seven and twelve will undoubtedly go to heaven, the proportion of the damned to the saved will be as that of the inhabitants of prisons and penitentiaries to the whole population.

It is a vain thing, says the author of the *Uxor Hebraica*, to talk of a heretic, for a man can think no otherwise than he does think. Opinion, whereof neither gods nor brutes partake, has made all the confusion in the world. Yet will men continue to disseminate opinions, and to talk of heresies, and many are those which have from time to time arisen about hell. They will be touched as lightly as possible, for here one walks 'per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.'

About the eternity of punishment there has been lately quite a little epidemic of controversy. But this is, in truth, a very old matter of religious debate. St. Augustin wrote a whole book on the subject. The lively discussions and discordant speculations which buzz about our ears buzzed with a near similarity of sound from the mouths of Epicureans and Peripatetics, Platonists and Origenists,

lewd Pagans and carnal Christians, about the ears of the early Fathers of the Church. Nothing was satisfactorily determined then. Nothing is satisfactorily determined now. Yet it is an article of faith with a large section of Christian people. Both the Jew and the Muslim, however bad, are saved from everlasting torment. But eternal damnation for the Christian is a cardinal tenet of orthodoxy. This burning question is like the shirt of Nessus. It is difficult for many people to tear it from them. In vain may Mr. Morley speak of it as the most frightful idea that ever corroded human character. In vain Herbert Spencer includes it among beliefs destined to die out. In vain is the observation of Oliver Wendell Holmes that all reasoning, all texts, cannot reconcile the supposition of a world of sleepless torment with the declaration that God is love. Unbelief, pathetically laments Carlyle, has got so far that it would be some comfort even if we could believe in a devil. The philosopher takes too desponding a view of the situation. Not only do most of us believe in a devil, but in eternal damnation to boot.

The mixed constitution of the human mind is curiously shown by the fact that the same saint who wrote a book supporting eternal pains was also the author of some observations touching the purpose of the creation of hell, otherwise too naughty to be quoted. 'I reply,' says St. Augustin, 'to him who inquires what the divinity did before he made heaven and earth—not, indeed, that which one is reported to have replied in a jocular fashion in order to avoid the question—he prepared Gehenna for such as are for investigating mysteries. No! I would reply that I know not what I do not know, rather than put off the matter in a manner which might cover an earnest inquirer with mockery, though the respondent might obtain the praise of a witty fellow.' The Saint afterwards says boldly that before the divinity created heaven and earth, he did—nothing. The jocular story of St. Augustin recalls the negro preacher who, in explaining the creation, showed how Adam was made out of clay, and then set to dry against a post. But, said a sceptic of the congregation, 'if Adam was first man, who fixed dat ere post?' 'Dry up dere, nigger,' replied the preacher; 'anoder of dem questions 'll bust up dis whole meeting.'

Prudentius has in some of his hymns given vent to the heterodox opinion that the damned have an annual holiday. They repose, he sings, on the day of the resurrection:—

Marcent suppliciiis Tartara mitibus
 Exultatque sui carceris ctio
 Umbrarum populus liber ab ignibus:
 Nec fervent solito flumina sulphure.

Of this matter Jeremy Taylor has taken notice. It is, according to him, an idle fancy to suppose that when the paschal taper burns,

the flames of hell cannot burn until the holy wax is spent, and he assures us that the evil portion of the damned shall be continued without intermission of evil.

After the form of excommunication writ by Ernulphus had been read by Dr. Slop in *Tristram Shandy*, 'I declare,' quoth my uncle Toby, 'my heart would not let me curse the devil himself with so much bitterness.' And when Dr. Slop replied, 'He is cursed and damned already to all eternity,' 'I am sorry for it,' quoth my uncle Toby. 'Too merciful,' says Dr. Rusca, an eminent Italian theologian who presented the world in 1621 with a volume of some 600 pages on the subject of hell—'too merciful are many and insantly mild and compassionate in the matter of devils.. They will have us suppose that at some time, after many myriads of years indeed, yet still at some time, they may return to happiness and to heaven.' John Tritheim, in his *Chronicle of the Benedictine Abbey of Hirsau of Würtemberg*, speaks of a yet more terrible heresy in 1315—forsooth, that both Lucifer and his demons would be eventually restored to beatitude, but that St. Michael and all angels would be deputed for eternal torment. The final restoration of the devil has been supported by the authority of Origen and his less known pupil, Gregory of Nyssa, and Ambrose and Jerome, according to some; but others deny this support, and declare in the case of Origen that his pages have been adulterated by heretical subterfuge and deceit. This particular heresy bears in the religious phraseology of the present the title of Restorationism. It was maintained by Oliver Cromwell's chaplain, Jeremy White, who, in the interval of making love to his master's daughter, wrote a book *On the Restoration of all Things, or the Recovery of the whole Creation out of their Fall*. The opinion of the modern Annihilationists, among whom is to be numbered John Locke, appears to have been sustained by Arnobius and by Irenæus. They supposed the damned would be annihilated by the fire which is with them the symbol of destruction, but not of suffering. The Universalists, whose views approach very closely those of the Restorationists, who seem to deny the existence of hell, and say that all will be ultimately saved, date from the beginning of Christian history. A celebrated modern exponent of these views, Hosea Ballou of Boston, was also a Unitarian. The famous Archbishop Tillotson informed his audience that the threatened pains of hell might be remitted. Of course the Bible is quoted in confirmation of all these heresies by their supporters, as it is quoted in defence of every variety of religious creed; the Bible—whereby, as Selden says, if they would speak clearly, they mean themselves, but they are ashamed to say so.

Origen holds the heresy of a metaphorical fire in direct opposition to the Schoolmen who, describing hell's pains as positive and negative, tell us that the former, those of sense, are literally indicated by the fire, and the latter, those of loss, metaphorically by

the worm. Origen, in his *De Principiis*, says, the fire of hell is kindled by the sinner himself and not by another. That the fuel of this fire is sin. That outer darkness is nought save ignorance. That the sinner has, as it were, some seeds of sin left in his soul from which arises a whole harvest of ills. The contemplation of these ills is his punishment. This is the fire which is profitable for the soul's cleansing. It is an emendatory fire. The *raison d'être* of hell is not condemnation, but correction. Origen, in a word, substituted purgatory for hell. John Scotus Erigena followed his example in the ninth century, and Bossuet, in his sermon on the Glory of God, says, 'L'Enfer, si nous entendons, c'est le péché lui-même.' The Christian homilist is dangerously near the pagan philosopher Lucretius, who says, 'in vita sunt omnia nobis.' And they both approach in this respect the unbelieving Sadducee. Hell has also been supposed to be a living animal, as, according to Origen, was the earth; conscience, passion, the body, death and a naughty life. The last view was that of Philo and of Jean-Jacques. It is very near that of Swedenborg, who found the fire of hell in the love of self and of the world. Why, asked Rousseau, are we to look for hell in another life? But these are idle interpretations. There is, indeed, no orthodox doubt that the fire is material.

A common opinion divides hell into four parts—the lowest part is for demons, for the souls of the damned, and for their bodies after the resurrection; the next is purgatory, where the same fire burns, but differs in duration; the next is the limbo of unbaptised infants, and the next or highest, that of the fathers or just men dead before the season of redemption, called Abraham's bosom. The third of these partitions of hell will be thickly populated. It has been said that, including embryos, two-thirds of the human race perish as infants unbaptised. If this be so, the 'domus exilis Plutonia' of Horace must by this time be fairly full.

The damnation of unbaptised babies has afforded, from the days of St. Augustin, the 'durus pater infantum' in the fourth century, a wide arena for the tactics and evolutions of the Evangelical militia. A certain priest has condemned the doctrine of their salvation in terms to which an auditor unfamiliar with polemical theology might object as unbefitting a humane man, not to speak of a servant of God. This monster of atheism, he says, referring to that doctrine, has little by little grown like a venomous serpent, and has by its slimy convolutions wound its way into our midst. Michael Wigglesworth, in his *Day of Doom*, written in what its author probably supposed was poetry, introduces the reprobate infants complaining of their punishment for Adam's sin, but, replies the divine arbiter, 'you may with reason share in his treason . . . yet unto you I shall allow the easiest room in hell.' How deeply theology has dived into this question may be seen by consulting Walch (J. G.), *De Fide in Utero*. The

prevalent persuasion seems to be that infants, being stained with original sin, are the predestinated prey of demons. It has been said indeed that hell is paved with skulls of infants not a span long, that the soul of an unbaptised baby flits over marshes in winter nights in the form of an *ignis fatuus*—and that the bosom of the robin was burned in the penal fire while he carried a drop of water in his charity to a child in hell. How, it is asked, if belief and good works be essential to salvation, can infants be saved? and, again, if children be totally depraved, is it true that of such is the kingdom of heaven? The *Exactissima infantium &c.* of Cornellius, published at Paris in 1531, now exceedingly rare, gives a fanciful report of a case on this matter, a case reported with all the formalities of civil and canon law. First comes the declaration of infants in limbo against divine judgment. Then the plea of the defendant, then the replication of the plaintiffs, and then the decision of the judge. Though the decision is against the plaintiffs, Garasse was so shocked at their replication, that he calls the author of the case a miserable abortion, and thanks God that even the publisher was reduced to poverty for having printed so impious a book.

Finally, what have the sceptics, the freethinkers, to say on this subject of hell? Like the poor, they are always with us, and their surmises, though inaccurate and illusory, must be allowed to adulterate the pages of the present, as they stained from the earliest period those of the past. They say, with Madame Guyon, that pure love and not pure hate is the only everlasting fire. That though they are provoked to mirth by the absurdity of hell, they are also provoked to wrath by its cruelty. That the good should be loved and the bad should be hated for itself, and not from hope of reward in heaven or fear of punishment in hell. That endless punishment is not credible, being out of all proportion to crime. That the clergy would have us believe in it against the voices of our heads and hearts. As the good woman said to her husband, ‘What, will you believe your own eyes before your own sweet wife?’ That the infliction of it is not overcoming evil with good. That it would not benefit, to use a human figure of speech, the deity as inflictor, nor the saints as spectators, nor the damned as sufferers. That it is hardly good tidings of great joy. That, if it be the proper wages of sin, the sinner could never receive payment in full.

They allow, however, that it forms a grand motive for missionary effort. They allow that all wisdom and knowledge, all improvements in art, science, commerce, and literature are worse than vain; that, in fact, it is the chief and bounden duty of us all to become disseminators at once of this one idea—if it be true. But at the same time they think it likely to produce a bad example. They quote Queen Mary’s justification of her human bonfires by the argument that since the souls of heretics were to burn eternally hereafter in hell, there could

be nothing more proper for her than to imitate the divine vengeance on a small scale by burning as many of their bodies as she was able here on earth. And she burnt them with green wood out of pure kindness, in order to give them more time to repent. Besides this, they say that the orthodox should have no children, knowing the ultimate fate, according to all probability, in store for them. Then they ask—and ‘*dimidium sapientiæ*,’ says Bacon, ‘*prudens interrogatio*’—why should the devil persecute his own friends? If a deity made an endless hell, was it included in the works which he saw were very good?

They say the orthodox doctrine of hell is a traditional abstraction and refuse to regard it as an evangel. That it is intellectually inconceivable and morally dangerous. That it is alike incredible to the mind and intolerable to the heart. They say it is the outcome of human cruelty and revenge and wrong, and not of divine mercy, charity, and justice. That it is one of the results of the evil influence of priestly ambition and hierarchic greed upon the sad docility of ignorance and superstition. That it is of the milk of human kindness turned sour. That it is wholly inconsistent with the gentle and tolerant character of Christianity’s founder, with the pitying love of that great arbiter who said to the adulteress, ‘Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.’ That it debases the character of man and is a blasphemous representation of that of God. That not even a Nero or a Phalaris could look with complacency upon millions in eternal anguish on account of some ancestral crime or some metaphysical mistake. That the sweet love of him whose tender mercies are over all his works is not to be discovered in burning coals. That, if it be true that God is a father, nay the best of fathers, hell is a moral impossibility. That it makes men callous or drives them mad. That it paralyses the best, the emotional part of humanity. That it destroys the possibility of happiness for those in heaven and for those on earth.

They say that hell is not made for the rich and the powerful, but for the poor and the weak. That it condemns too often the innocent and acquits the guilty. That it is like the spider’s web which ensnares the harmless little fly, but lets the hornet and the wasp go free. They quote Colonel Ingersoll’s fable of the animals’ conclave, in which they sought out the guilty one when they were stricken with a plague. ‘I of course am blameless,’ said the lion. ‘If anyone denies it let him step forward.’ ‘I,’ said the fox, ‘have obtained absolution for the slaughter of the fowls;’ and ‘I,’ said the wolf, ‘have attacked the shepherd solely to obtain deliverance for the sheep.’ Said the poor donkey, ‘It is I who am the naughty one. *Mea culpa; peccavi*. Once in a fit of hunger I ate two thistles in a field belonging to a company of monks who were engaged at mass.’ In less than a minute they had that donkey’s hide on the fence.

Finally, they say with Selden, 'If the physician sees you eat anything that is not good for your body, he cries "'tis poison;" if the Divine sees you do anything hurtful for your soul, He cries, "You are damned."' To preach long, loud, and damnation is the way to be cried up. We love a man that damns us. If a man had a sore leg and an honest chirurgeon should only bid him keep it warm, he would not much regard him. But if a surgeon should say 'Your leg will gangrene; it must be cut off, and you will die unless you do something I will tell you,' what listening there would be to this man!

JAMES MEW.

IS MAN THE ONLY REASONER?

THE 'whirligig of time' may be said to be bringing to the much-neglected brutes an ample revenge. The first naïve view of the animal mind entertained by the savage and the child is a respectful one, and may perhaps be roughly summed up in the formula in which a little boy once set forth his estimate of equine intelligence: 'All horses know some things that people don't know, and some horses know more things than a great many people.' But this pristine unsophisticated view of the animal world, though its survival may be traced in mythology and religious custom, has long since been scouted by philosophers. Thinkers, from Plato downwards, have, not unnaturally perhaps, regarded the faculty of rational thought, which they themselves exhibited in the highest degree, as the distinguishing prerogative of man. The Christian religion, too, with its doctrine of immortality for man and for man alone, has confirmed the tendency to put the animal mind as far below the human as possible. And so we find Descartes setting forth the hypothesis that animals are unthinking automata.

Not for ever, however, was the animal world to suffer this indignity at the hands of man. Thinkers themselves prepared the way for a *rapprochement* between the two. More particularly the English philosophers from Locke onwards, together with their French followers, pursuing their modest task of tracing back our most abstract ideas to impressions of sense, may be said by a sort of levelling-down process, to have favoured the idea of a mental kinship between man and brute. This work of the philosophers has been supplemented by the levelling-up work of the modern biologist. There is not the least doubt that the wide and accurate observation of animal habits by the naturalists of the last century has tended to raise very greatly our estimate of their mental powers. So that it would seem as if in the estimation of animal intelligence, scientific knowledge is coming round to the opinion of the vulgar, and as if 'the conviction which forces itself upon the stupid and the ignorant, is fortified by the reasonings of the intelligent, and has its foundation deepened by every increase of knowledge.'¹

¹ Professor Huxley, *Hume*, p. 104.

Definiteness has been given to the question of the nature of animal intelligence by the new doctrine of Evolution. If man is descended from some lower organic form, we ought to be able to make out not merely a physical, but a psychical kinship between him and the lower creation; and the more favourable estimate of the animal mind taken by the modern savant is of great assistance here. Mr. Darwin has, indeed, shown in his valuable contributions to the subject, that the rude germ of all the more characteristic features of the human mind may be discovered in animals. At the same time, Mr. Darwin's investigations in this direction amounted only to a beginning. The crux of the evolutionist, the tracing of the continuity of crude, formless animal inference, up to the highest structural developments of logical or conceptual thought, still remained. And so, the most powerful attack on the theory of man's descent has come from the philosopher, the logician, and the metaphysical philologist, who have combined to urge the old argument that conceptual thought indissolubly bound up with language sets an impassable barrier between man and brute.

Mr. Darwin's unfinished work has now been taken up by one who adds to the biological knowledge of the expert a considerable acquaintance with psychology. In his previous volume, '*Mental Evolution in Animals*,' Dr. Romanes took a careful psychological survey of the animal world for the purpose of tracing out the successive grades of its mental life. In his recent volume, '*Mental Evolution in Man*' (*Origin of Human Faculty*); he essays to trace forward this general movement of mental evolution to the point where logical reasoning or 'conceptual thought' may be distinctly seen to emerge. That is to say, he adroitly seeks to leap the 'impassable' barrier by merely denying its existence. Human reasoning and animal inference are not two widely dissimilar modes of intellection. The one is merely a more complex expansion of the other. If you start either at the human or the animal bank you can pass to the opposite one by a series of stepping-stones. In other words, the higher human product can be seen to have been evolved out of the lower by a continuous process of growth.

Dr. Romanes' present contribution to the theory of evolution is thus emphatically the construction of hypothetical stepping-stones for the purpose of passing smoothly from the territory of animal to that of human reasoning. In order to this, he has on the one hand to follow up animal intellection to its most noteworthy achievements, and on the other hand to trace the process of human intellection down to its crudest forms in the individual and in the race.

As it is obviously language which marks off human thought from its analogue in the animal world, our author is naturally concerned to limit the function of language. While allowing as a matter of

course that the 'conceptual thought' of the logician involves language as its proper instrument or vehicle, he urges that there is a good deal of rudimentary generalising prior to, and therefore independent of, language. To establish this a careful examination of the higher processes of animal 'ideation' has to be carried out. In doing this Dr. Romanes introduces a number of psychological distinctions of a somewhat technical kind. Of these the most important perhaps is that between the time-honoured *concept* of the logician and the *recept*. This last corresponds to Mr. Galton's generic image or the common image (*Gemeinbild*) of the German psychologists. It is an image formed out of a number of slightly dissimilar percepts corresponding to different members of a narrow concrete class, such as dog or water. According to our author animal reasoning remains on the plane of receipts. It is carried on by pictorial representations. At the same time it involves a process of classification or generalising. A diving-bird must be supposed to have a generalised idea (recept) of water, a dog a generalised idea of man, and so forth. Nay more, this receptual ideation enables the animal to reach 'unperceived abstractions,' as the idea of the quality of hollowness in the ground, and even 'generic ideas of *principles*,' as when 'the writer's own monkey having discovered the way to take the handle out of the hearth-brush by unscrewing it, proceeded to apply the principle of the screw to the fire-irons, bell-handle, &c.

The author's whole account of this receptual ideation or the logic of receipts is interesting and persuasive. He has, it must be owned, clearly made out the existence of a very creditable power among animals of carrying out processes analogous to our own reasonings without any aid from language. Yet a doubt may be entertained whether the author has really got at the bottom of these mental feats. The whole account of the recept is a little unsatisfactory, owing to the circumstance that the writer does not make it quite clear in what sense it involves generalisation. He writes in some places as if the fact of the generic image having been formed out of a number of percepts corresponding to different members of a class, e.g. different sheets of water seen by the diving-bird, gives it a general representative character. But this, as indeed Dr. Romanes himself appears to recognise in other places, is by no means a necessary consequence. A generic image may form itself more readily than a particular one, just because the animal is unable to note differences sufficiently to distinguish one sheet of water or one man from another. A baby's application of the common epithet 'dada' to all bearded persons suggests not that it is carrying out any process of conscious generalisation, but rather that it is failing to discriminate where there are striking and interesting features of similarity. It would seem as if an idea only acquires a properly general function after certain higher intellectual processes have been carried out.

These may be roughly described as the active manipulation of percepts and images, by analytical resolution of these into their constituent features, and a due relating or ordering of these elements. Only in this way does it appear possible to reach a rudimentary form of a properly *general* notion; that is to say, an idea which is consciously apprehended as representing common features among a number of distinct objects. Mere superposition of images may result in a new typical image; but the mind in which such an image forms itself cannot know this to be generic or general till these processes which underlie active thought have been carried out. Now we ourselves carry out these operations of resolving into elements and recombining these elements (analysis and synthesis) largely by the help of class-symbols or general names, which come to be general symbols just because we make use of them for the purpose of noting down and keeping distinct the results of our successive comparisons and analyses. And the really pressing question for the evolutionary psychologist is: How does this manipulation of the mind's imagery get carried out where the serviceable instrument of language is absent? That it does get carried out to some extent may be readily allowed. A sagacious and well-bred collie, who combines with a judicious preference for his owner a certain mild complacency towards mankind at large (with some possible exceptions), may be rightly regarded as having attained to a rudimentary consciousness of the distinction between the general and the particular, the 'class' and its constituent members. But how this has been attained Dr. Romanes' account of receptual ideation hardly helps us to understand.

The recept or generic image is the first of the psychological stepping-stones leading across the unfordable Rubicon, and it is also the principal stepping-stone. Should this prove to be unstable the transit would certainly become exceedingly doubtful.

From the recept we pass to the concept, which, according to our author, is in its simplest form a named recept. The addition of the name or sign is thus the differentiating character of the concept. We may have generic images, but no concepts apart from names or other signs.

In order to understand how the concept is marked off from the recept we must accordingly inquire into the psychological conditions and concomitants of the naming process. And this our author does at some length. He gives us a full and detailed account of names and of signs in general, distinguishing different grades of sign-making from the merely indicative pointing or other gesture up to the bestowal of a general symbol with a consciousness of its significance as connoting certain common qualities. Into much of this it is not needful for us to follow Dr. Romanes, but brief reference may be made to one or two points of special importance as bearing on the evolution of the higher conceptual thought. One of the most curious features

of Dr. Romanes' theory of concepts and naming is the proposition that the name is bestowed on the idea, and has for its psychological condition an act of introspection. He tells us that before we can bestow a name on a recept we must be able to set this recept before our mind as an object of our own thought. Or, to express the truth in the author's own words, self-consciousness is the necessary presupposition of naming and so of conceptual thought. Before I can name an idea I must reflect on the idea as mine, and before I can judge in the logical sense, I must realise the truth of the proposition as such, that is presumably as truth for me, so that self-consciousness would seem to come in necessarily at all stages of conceptual thought.

This doctrine seems by no means as clear and convincing as the author supposes. He is, as he clearly tells us, confining himself to the psychological treatment of his subject. This being so, it may fairly be urged that in making an act of subjective introspection an essential factor in the process of naming he is psychologically wrong. Is a child when inventing a name for his toy-horse or doll reflecting on his idea as his and naming this idea? Is he not rather thinking wholly about the object, and is not the name given to this external object and not to the idea in the namer's mind at all?² No doubt the completed process of logical reflection on names and propositions brings in the subjective element, that is to say the mind's consciousness of its ideas and judgments as representations of the realities thought about. But this reference to self, this act of introspection, so far from being involved in every act of conceptual thought, is directly excluded from it.

This brings one to the next point. In naming things the mind is busily occupied, not with itself and its ideas, but with the 'not-self,' the qualities and relations of the things perceived or represented. And this suggests first of all that naming, properly so called, only begins when things come to be apprehended as such, that is to say as wholes or unities. And here the question occurs whether an animal, say a dog that is just coming on to understand a name or two, as that of the baby of the house, can be said to have an organised percept precisely analogous to our own percepts? Dr. Romanes does not raise the question, but in view of the light thrown by modern psychology on the complexity of the process of perception, it might not have been redundant. But waiving this point as possibly smacking of the frivolous, we have to ask whether an animal at the stage of mental development at which it appears to begin to understand names, and even to make use of them, is capable of carrying out

² I believe that observers of children will endorse the remark that children regard names as objective realities mysteriously bound up with the things, and in a manner necessary to them. A nameless object is, for a child, something incomplete—almost uncanny.

the processes that go along with, and in fact constitute, naming in its true and complete sense. These processes have already been referred to in connection with the subject of general ideas. To name an object appears to mean to apprehend that object as a complex of qualities, to make mental separation of these, and so to relate it to other objects both by way of similarity (classification) and dissimilarity (individuation). To use a name intelligently at all would seem to imply that these processes have been carried out in a rough fashion at least. This being so we must be prepared when we endow an animal with the power of naming, whether under the form of understanding or that of using names, to say that it is carrying out in a rudimentary way at least these thought-processes. How, it may be asked, does Dr. Romanes deal with this point?

The answer to this question will be found by turning to new distinctions or 'stepping-stones' in the movement of thought-evolution. Our author attaches importance to the distinction between higher and lower forms of the concept. Not only is there the generic image to carry us on smoothly from image to concept, but within the limits of the concept itself there are higher and lower forms. Since, according to our author, a concept is any named idea, a proper understanding of these conceptual grades can only be obtained by a glance at his scheme of names.

There are, according to Dr. Romanes, four stadia in the evolution of the complete logical sign or general name. Of these the first is (a) the *indicative* sign, that is a significant tone or gesture intentionally expressive of a mental state, as the characteristic tones by which animals express their emotions. These are not names at all. Next to these in the order of evolution come (b) *denotative* signs. These, whether used by children or animals, e.g. talking birds, simply mark 'particular objects, qualities, and actions.' They are learned by association, and are not consciously employed as names. By the use of such a sign the talking bird merely fixes a vocal mark to a particular object, quality, or action: it does not extend the sign to any other similar objects, qualities, or actions of the same class; and therefore by its use of that sign does not really *connote* anything of the particular object, quality, or action which it *denotes*. Next in order (c) follow *connotative* signs which involve the 'classificatory attribution of qualities to objects.' This attribution of qualities may be effected either by a receptual or a properly conceptual mode of ideation. For example, a parrot had come to use a barking sound when a particular dog appeared on the scene. This sign was afterwards extended to other dogs, showing that there was a certain recognition of the common qualities or attributes of the dog. Similarly when the writer's own child, among its first words, used the term star for all brightly shining objects. Here again there was perception of likeness, but no setting the term

before its mind as an object of thought. Lastly (*d*) we have the *denominative* sign which means a connotative sign consciously bestowed as such with a full conceptual appreciation of its office and purpose as a name.

In this scheme Dr. Romanes evidently recognises the point we are now dealing with, viz. the implication of a true thought-process in the proper use of a name. He seems to be trying to dispense with this as long as possible, with the view of securing a number of intermediate stepping-stones. Can he be said to have succeeded? Does this hierarchy of signs with its parallel scale of ideation carry us up to logical thought? Is it even intelligible? Let us briefly examine it.

To begin with, it staggers one not a little to find that long before the 'classificatory attribution of qualities' is possible, the animal somehow manages to mark 'particular qualities,' whatever these may mean. How, one asks, can a sign be appended to a quality without becoming a 'connotative sign,' that is, attributing a quality to a thing? But let us pass to the really important point, viz. the alleged power of the animal, *e.g.* the talking bird, to extend a sign to different members of a class, and so to attribute common qualities or resemblances to these, while it is unable to form a concept in the full sense. This extension, we are told, takes place in the case of the sign-using bird by receptual ideation. And here the critic may as well confess himself fairly beaten. On the one hand, Dr. Romanes tells us that such a named recept is a concept (lower concept), and moreover that the sign employed is a connotative sign; on the other hand he hastens to assure us that it is not a name, and therefore presumably not a concept, in the rigorous or perfect sense, since the sign is not consciously employed as a sign. Here we seem to have a stepping-stone which it is impossible to define, a sort of *tertium quid* between the image and the concept which is at once neither and both. Surely if a sound is used for the purpose of marking resemblances and attributing qualities, it is a genuine name, and the mental process underlying it is a germ of true conceptual thought. To say that the parrot attributes qualities, and attributes them in a 'classificatory' way too, seems indeed to mean that the bird has got a considerable way along the conceptual path, and is fairly within sight of our distinctions of thing and quality, individual and class. Why logical reflection on this name as such should be needed to raise such a performance to the dignity of a true conceptual act, one is at a loss to understand. And indeed, the author himself appears to recognise all this in a dim way at least, when he adds that the connotative sign may be the accompaniment *not only* of receptual but of truly conceptual ideation. At the same time this addition may very well complete the reader's perplexity, for it appears to render the next stage of evolution, the denominative sign, unnecessary.

Altogether the author's account of sign-accompanied ideation

is not quite satisfactory. To begin with, one misses an adequate psychological treatment of signs in general, their nature and function in our mental processes, such as M. Taine has given us in the beginning of his work 'On Intelligence.' Then our author has left us very much in the dark as to what it is that the sign does for the intellectual process, when it begins to be used. On the one hand, since we are told that the mere addition of a name transforms the generic image into a 'concept,' we naturally expect the function of the sign to be a large and important one. On the other hand, we gather that signs can be used at the level of receptual ideation, where, consequently, true conceptual thought is wholly excluded.

This confusion seems to have its main source in the curious theory that while an idea may be general, it cannot become a true concept till it is introspectively regarded as our idea; and its counterpart, that while a sign may be a true sign and even subserve the attribution of qualities to objects, it cannot grow into the full stature of a name till it is reflected on as a name. By this doctrine, Dr. Romanes seems unwittingly to have substituted the logical for the psychological definition of the concept, and so to have put the latter higher up in the evolutionary scale than it ought to be. To this, it must be added that the author appears to have been over-anxious, with the view of making the transit smooth, to multiply distinctions. Such intermediate forms as Dr. Romanes here attempts to interpolate in the process of intellectual development cannot in truth do away with the broad distinctions which psychologists are in the habit of drawing. Thus the receipt only appears to connect the image and the concept just because it tries to be both at the same time. So the lower stadium of the sign only gives an appearance of bridging over the interval between signless ideation and sign-aided thought, just because it aims at once at being something less than a true sign, and this true sign itself.

If our criticisms are just, Dr. Romanes cannot be said to have succeeded in his main object, viz. the obliteration of all qualitative difference between human and animal intellection by the interposition of psychological links which can be seen to have the essential characters of both. And here one is naturally led to ask whether the author is after all on the right track. For he is a master of his facts and shows considerable power in the marshalling of his arguments, and, as even a hasty perusal of the volume can show anybody, he has here concentrated his force in a severe and sustained effort. Where he has failed it is conjecturable that others may fail also. And so it behoves us to see whether he has approached the problem in the right way, or, at least, in the only possible way.

The introduction of all this technical mechanism of receptual ideation, lower concepts, and the rest, has for its avowed object the avoidance of all introduction of qualitative change in the process of

intellectual evolution. Dr. Romanes tells us plainly at the outset that he is going to establish identity of kind between the animal and the human type of intellection. And, no doubt, if it were possible to do this in the way here attempted, that is to say by interposing transitional forms which virtually efface all qualitative unlikeness, it would be a great advantage to the evolutionist. But it may be said that it is not the only way of satisfying the requirements of the evolution hypothesis. Dr. Romanes pertinently remarks, in meeting *a priori* objections to the derivation of human from animal intellection, that in the life of the human individual we actually have a series of transitions from animal to human psychosis. Now, a glance at the intellectual development of the individual shows us that distinct qualitative differences are introduced. Not to speak of the obvious fact that every new sensation effects a qualitative addition to the infant's mental life, there is the more important fact that the first image of the absent mother or nurse introduces a new sphere of mental activity. The child that dreams and imagines is already a different being from the infant that merely touches and sees. Similarly it may be said that the first conscious process of breaking up its sense-presentations, the first distinct apprehension of relations, is epoch-making just because it marks the on-coming of a new mode of mental activity, a qualitative extension of its conscious life.

To say this, however, is not to say that the process of development is wanting in continuity. For, first of all, these higher forms of activity introduce themselves in the most gradual way, and only slowly disentangle themselves from the lower forms which constitute their matrix. Thus the image little by little lifts itself butterfly-like out of its chrysalis, the percept. Similarly, what we call thinking, with its conscious comparing and relating of the products of sense-perception, emerges in the most gradual way out of lower forms of psychosis.

But this is not all, or the main thing. While the higher and lower forms of intellection undoubtedly exhibit qualitative differences, it may be possible to transcend these differences by going deeper, and detecting the veritable elements of the intellective process. This deeper analysis is emphatically the work of modern psychology, and, as every reader of Mr. Herbert Spencer knows, is of vast assistance to the evolutionist in following the psychical process from its rudest conceivable form in the lower grades of animal life up to the highest achievements of human thought. The luminous idea that all intelligence is at bottom a combination of two elementary processes, differentiation and integration, seems to lift one at once high above the perplexities with which our author so laboriously deals. It enables us to say that animal intelligence, just because it is intelligence, must be identical in substance with our own. The qualita-

tive differences between perception and conception, or, to take Dr. Romanes' example, 'the logic of receipts' and the logic of concepts, which obstinately persist so long as we look at the process *ab extra*, now appear as mere results of different degrees of complexity, of unlike modes of combination of the ultimate elements; just as to the physiologist the manifold variety of colour resolves itself into different modes of combination of two or three elementary sentient processes.

When once this fundamental identity of all intellective processes is clearly apprehended, the question where exactly in the evolutionist's tree the twig of thought proper, or better, perhaps, of conscious generalisation, branches off, sinks to its proper place as a question of quite secondary importance. At the same time we may agree with Dr. Romanes that the point has its real historical or genealogical interest, and that he has not done amiss to devote a volume to its discussion.

The question turns mainly on the point how much the animal can do by means of pure imagining and the aid of association. Our author clearly recognises that this will carry animals some way, and may give to their mental operations the appearance of a true generalising process. But he has not fixed the limits of this pictorial or suggestive inference with the precision one looks for, partly, no doubt, because his whole view of the generic image as somehow involving a generalising process tended to obscure from him the real point. One might safely, perhaps, hazard the assertion that the diving-bird can get on very well without anything like a general idea of water, a pure (generic) image being all that seems necessary. On the other hand, one is disposed, on the evidence of the facts adduced by our author, to put the beginnings of the true generalising process pretty low down. It certainly seems to be involved in the mental life of the ants, as elicited by Sir John Lubbock's experiments, and described by Dr. Romanes (p. 94 and following). And since these particular actions plainly imply the use of signs, and apparently signs capable of indicating such abstract ideas as those of quantity, there seems no reason why we should hesitate to call ants thinkers in the sense of being able to form general notions. The same applies to the mechanical inventions of the spider, described by Mr. Larkin (p. 62). Similarly, it is difficult to deny the rudiment of 'conceptual thought' to a fox who can reason on the matter of traps in the way described by Leroy (p. 56), or to a dog that was cured of his dread of imagined thunder by being shown the true cause of the disturbing noise, viz. the shooting bags of apples on to a floor (pp. 59, 60). No doubt there is a danger in straightway endowing animals with mental qualities identical with our own, when their actions resemble ours. There may, of course, be two psychological explanations of the same action. We cannot, however, escape

our limitations, and, if we are to deal with animal ways at all, we are bound to interpret them in terms of our own mental processes.

The hesitation of the evolutionist to attribute rudimentary thought to animals, in which Dr. Romanes evidently shares, is no doubt due to the firmly established assumption that we generalise by help of language. To the nominalist more especially it savours of rank heresy to hint that animals apparently destitute of signs may be capable of generalising their perceptions and reaching a dim consciousness of the distinction between the universal and the particular.

But is the nominalist's assumption that language is the indispensable instrument of thought above challenge? A considerable part of Dr. Romanes' volume deals with the relations of thought to language. He gives us a fairly good summary of the results of research into the origin of language. It cannot be said that these throw much light on the question. Perhaps it is unreasonable to expect that they should. Our author contends with some skill as against Professor Max Müller that the earliest traces of human language suggest a highly pictorial and non-conceptual mode of ideation. And in his ingenious hypothetical account of the genealogy of man as the articulate reasoner our author inclines to the idea that, so far from language making the thinker, the endowment of language has to be engrafted on a high quality of intelligence, and even then to undergo considerable development before it becomes a mechanism for conceptual thought.

The whole subject is still a dark and perplexing one, and we must refrain from dogmatising. It may, however, be contended that the evidence on the whole supports the view that the generalising process is up to a certain and not very high point independent of language. That is to say, an animal unassisted by any system of general signs may make a start along the path of comparing its observations, resolving them into their constituents, and separating out some of these as common qualities. Whether in these nascent operations of thought there is some substitute for our mechanism of signs, we do not know and perhaps never shall know. However this be, they remain nascent processes never rising above a certain level. The addition of some kind of sign which can be used as a mark of common features or qualities seems to be indispensable to any high degree of generalisation, and to any elaborate process of reasoning. It is the want of such signs, and not the lack of the 'power of abstraction,' that keeps certain animals, for example the dog, from being rational animals in as complete a sense as a large number of our own species.

JAMES SULLY.

THE 'MIMES' OF HERODAS

BOOKS, says Hazlitt, are not like women, the worse for being old. But the most of men, loving the crude better than the mellow, would cheerfully surrender the classics, three-fifths of which America has condemned as 'very filthy trash,' for the last sensation of the circulating library. Perhaps it is the spirit of optimism which compels this eager interest in the newest literature. Upon so vast a rubbish heap, whispers hope, surely one or two pearls may lie concealed. And then how pleasant a satisfaction is it to forestall your neighbour, to discourse familiarly of a modern masterpiece, which has eluded a rival's vigilance! Reading is pursued less for its own sake than from the lust of discovery. Nowadays genius must e'en divide the honours with its Columbus, and not a few critics affect to believe that, if they did not actually create the works, which they 'first introduced to the public,' at least they have the sole right to appraise them. What doth it profit us to read Shakespeare or Sir Walter? In their works there is no monopoly. He who knows them not must needs in very shame feign their acquaintance. So ancient volumes—in letters ten years are as a thousand—are imprisoned, like criminals or paupers, in the gloomy dungeon of a library, while the common novel enjoys the larger freedom of Mudie's and the bookstall. And shriller and shriller rises the voice of Mr. Howells proclaiming that before him all was chaos.

The *Mimes* of Herodas, the treasure recently brought to light in the British Museum, should gratify a double taste. Two thousand years old, they are as young as yesterday. Though they have survived the searching test of time, they have been unseen of mortal eyes for countless centuries. Pliny, with perhaps a suspicion of recklessness, praised their elegance and charm (*humanitatis et venustatis*), and yet if you buy Dr. Rutherford's recension, with your own paper-knife you may separate their virgin pages. The seven short dialogues, thus revealed to us, will keep the critics busy for years to come. The lexicon must extend shelter to their ἀναξίσημα; their disorderly perfects will be placed upon trial before a jury of grammarians, while he whom no grammatical license can terrify will see in the *Mimes* of Herodas the revelation of a lost

genre as well as a vivid and familiar image of ancient life. Even in the golden age of Greek literature the Mime was practised and esteemed. The works of Sophron, the master of the form, have followed Menander and Sappho into the night of forgetfulness. Yet it is their glory to have won the admiration of Plato, whose last hours they soothed, and who is said to have died with a copy beneath his pillow. A few poor fragments and half a dozen titles are all that remain, and of Sophron no more may be said than that he wrote a kind of rhythmic prose or Whitmanian verse, and that he touched off the characters of his contemporaries and the habit of their lives in dramatic dialogues. But there is nothing new under the sun, and the recovery of Herodas proves beyond dispute that the long-lost Mime is still handled in modern France, that it is indeed none other than the *genre* wherewith Gyp has for many years delighted all such as love high spirits and good literature. The resemblance is more than superficial. In each case the dialogue is the chosen medium. Herodas' cherished theme is the passion and frivolity of women, and he treats it with a verve and freedom not unworthy the author of *Autour du Mariage*. His is not the spirit of force and raillery, which softens Gyp to our hearts; being a classic, he cannot throw restraint to the winds and let himself go with the abounding energy and reckless merriment of his French counterpart. But they keep their eyes fixed upon the same side of life, and for daring and directness it were difficult to award the palm. Dr. Rutherford declares that the *Mimes* of Herodas were intended for dramatic representation. But assertion must be backed by overwhelming evidence, before so preposterous an opinion may be entertained. To bury these dainty pictures of life, these delicate suggestions of character beneath the machinery of the stage were too shameless an outrage upon the proprieties, which the Greek temperament was wont to respect. Unless the Young Reciter were as deadly a blight upon the ancient as upon the modern world, the lines of Herodas can scarce have been spoken in public. Imagine *le P'tit Bob* performed with the pomp and circumstance of scenic display! The mere suggestion is blasphemy.

For the niceties of verse Herodas displays a perfect contempt. His metre—the choliambic—is more familiar than refined, and he has treated it with so licentious an asperity that it produces the effect of prose. It may be compared to the formless couplet wherein Reece and Blanchard were wont to enshrine their pearls of thought. The resemblance is merely external, as Herodas never stoops to the folly and dullness of those masters of burlesque. The diction is designedly undistinguished. In vain you look for jewelled phrase or long-sought image. One expression—and one alone—lingers in the memory. In the sixth mime two ladies are discussing with infinite animation some mysterious implements, the handiwork of Cerdon, the

leather-worker. 'Their softness,' says Coritto, in a moment of feminine enthusiasm, 'is sleep itself' (ἡ μαλακότης ὕπνος). The phrase is elegant, and though it may have been borrowed from Theocritus, its application is original. But if Herodas, in spite of Pliny's criticism, was not wont to polish and to refine his style, he had a marvellous talent for presentation. His characters breathe and live; his simple situations are sketched in a dozen strokes, but with so vivid a touch that they are perfectly realised. The material is drawn from the commonplace of life, but it is handled with so just a sense of reality that two thousand years have not availed to tarnish the truth of the picture. The book is as modern as though it had been written—not recovered—yesterday. The emotions which Herodas delineates are not Greek, but human, and no preliminary cramming in archaeology is necessary for their appreciation. The student of Greek literature is so intimately accustomed to the austere pomp of tragedy, to the measured dignity of restrained prose, that he is apt to forget that those who spake the tongue which Sophocles wrote also lived an engrossing life of their own. You contemplate their masterpieces of art, and you dream that they paced through life apparelled ever in flowing robes, a finger upon their brow, as though they were still rapt in adoration of the ideal. And you open Herodas, and Gyllis apologises to Metriche for not having called before, but then they do live so far apart and the roads are so muddy; or Metro and Coritto deplore the shortcomings of their servants, or a group of trippers gaze open-eyed at the glories of the temple of Æsculapius. What can touch the sympathies more nearly than these sketches of life? Not even Mr. Howells himself could sniff therein the pitiful odour of romance or classicism. Their surprising familiarity is, in a sense, more thrilling than the most exquisite verse. Here, indeed, is the Greek revealed in dressing-gown and slippers. The verisimilitude is heightened by the proverbs—or slang, if you will—wherewith the creations of Herodas enforce their meaning. 'Oh,' says Gyllis, when reproached with her long absence, 'I am ever as keen as a fly to come;' while the same lady, in extolling the virtues of her *protégé*, Gyrillus, exclaims, 'He never moves a chip (οὐδὲ κάρφος κινέω); he never felt Cythera's dart.' When the unhappy Battarus has received a thrashing at Thales' hands, he tells the jury he 'suffered as much as a mouse in a pitch-pot.' Thus spake the ancients, and thus might the men and women speak of to-day. As the world was never young, so it will never grow old. The archaeologist devotes years of research to compiling a picture of Greek life, and the result is *Charicles*—a solid and unrelieved mass of 'local colour.' The life and exploits of a generation are ruthlessly ascribed to one poor youth, who must needs crowd every hour of his life, that no custom be left without its illustration. There is no proportion, no atmosphere, no background, so

that all is false save the details, and they merely overload the canvas. Herodas presents not a picture, but an impression, and one mime reveals more of life as it was lived two thousand years ago than the complete works of Becker, Ebers, and the archæologists.

Metriche and Gyllis, who conduct the first dialogue, might have walked straight out of (or into) the classic page of Gyp. Theocritus has handled the same situation—a morning call—but then he was a poet, and carried the mime off with him to the skies. Metriche, the young wife of Mandris; Gyllis, an old lady; and Threissa, Metriche's maid, are the persons of the tiny drama, and thus it opens:

Metriche. Threissa, there is a knock at the door; go and see if it is a visitor from the country.

Threissa. Please push the door. Who are you that are afraid to come in?

Gyllis. All right, you see, I am coming in.

Threissa. What name shall I say?

Gyllis. Gyllis, the mother of Philainis. Go indoors, and announce me to Metriche.

Threissa. A caller, ma'am.

Metriche. What Gyllis, dear old Gyllis! Turn the chair round a little, girl. What fate induced you to come and see me, Gyllis? An angel's visit, indeed! Why, I believe it's five months since anyone dreamt of your knocking at my door.

Gyllis. I live such a long way off, and the mud in the lanes is up to your knees. I am ever anxious to come, for old age is heavy upon me, and the shadow of death is at my side.

Metriche. Cheer up! don't malign Father Time; old age is wont to lay his hand on others too.

Gyllis. Joke away; though young women can find something better to do than that. But, my dear girl, what a long time you've been a widow. It's ten months since Mandris was despatched to Egypt, and he hasn't sent you a single line; doubtless he has forgotten you, and is drinking at a new spring. For in Egypt you may find all things that are or ever were—wealth, athletics, power, fine weather, glory, goddesses, philosophers, gold, handsome youths, the shrine of the god and goddess, the most excellent king, the finest museum in the world, wine, all the good things you can desire, and women, by Persephone, countless as the stars and beautiful as the goddesses that appealed to Paris.

Metriche protests, and Gyllis, suggesting that Mandris is dead, reveals the purpose of her visit.

Now listen to the news I have brought you after this long time. You know Gryllus, the son of Matachene, who was such a famous athlete at school, got a couple of blues at his university, and is now amateur champion bruiser? Then he is so rich, and he leads the quietest life; see, here is his signet ring. Well, he saw you the other day in the street, and was smitten to the heart. And, my dear girl, he never leaves my house day or night, but bemoans his fate and calls upon your name; he is positively dying of love. Now, my dear Metriche, for my sake do commit this one little sin. . . . Think it over, take my advice: he loves you.

Metriche is righteously indignant.

By the fates, Gyllis, your white hairs blunt your reason. There is no cause yet to deplore the fate of Mandris. By Demeter, I shouldn't like to have heard this from another woman's lips. . . . And you, my dear, never come to my house with

such proposals again. . . . For none may make mock of Mandria. . . . But, if what the world says be true, I needn't speak to Gyllis like this. Threissa, let us have some refreshments; bring the decanter and some water, and give the lady something to drink. . . . Now, Gyllis, drink, and show that you aren't angry.

And so with a delightful interchange of civilities the quarrel is brought to an end. 'The chatter of women,' as Mr. Lang says, 'has changed no more in a thousand years than the song of birds.'

The second mime is in a very different key. The scene is a law court, where Battarus, who pursues the ancient calling of Sir Pandarus of Troy, brings an action against one Thales, a Phrygian plutocrat, for assault and battery. The plaintiff's speech is as admirable a specimen of Old Bailey tub-thumping as may be found outside the private orations of Demosthenes. 'Deem not,' exclaims the valiant Battarus, 'that in protecting me you are guarding the interest of a poor pimp. No, the honour and independence of your city are at stake: I have been assaulted and robbed by one who is not a citizen, who is not even a man, but a Phrygian rascal—Artimmas was his name, a fitting appellation for a barbarian, though now he has the effrontery to call himself Thales. To cut a long story short, this Thales came to my house the other night, broke open my door, knocked me down, and carried off my Myrtale by force. Come here, Myrtale, show yourself to the court; don't be ashamed; imagine that the jury who face you are all brothers and fathers. See, gentlemen, how dishevelled she looks; that's all because this scoundrel dragged her off with intolerable violence. I follow a disreputable trade—that I don't deny—and my father Sisymbrus, and my grandfather Sisymbriscus (both inglorious names), were pandars before me, but Thales should treat me decently all the same. If you wish it, Thales, I am ready to be put to the torture, but you must first deposit the penalty. When I ask you for a verdict, gentlemen, I am thinking not only of myself, but of all the strangers who take refuge in your city. And it will do Thales good to be cast, for the more you beat a Phrygian the better he is.' And doubtless the jury-men of Cos found the flattery of Battarus, if not his eloquence, irresistible, and awarded a comfortable verdict. The speech, of which this is the meagrest outline, is not literature of the best kind, but it is an interesting document, and in the plaintiff's frank confession of his own iniquities there is even a touch of the sublime.

The scene shifts to the house of a schoolmaster, who is implored by an indignant mother to chastise her impudent good-for-nothing son. Flog him, she says, within an inch of his miserable life (*ἄχρῃς ἢ ψυχῇ αὐτοῦ ἐπὶ χιλιῶν μούνων ἢ κακῇ λειψῶν*). The text is so corrupt that we can only form a vague opinion of the rascal's crimes. He has a taste for bad company, and spends the livelong day in knuckle-bones, and pitch-and-toss, which is still worse; also, in defiance of discipline he has climbed upon the roof of the *συνοικία*,

wherein his parents occupy a flat, and broken the tiles. The schoolmaster is stern, as becomes his trade, and calls for his cow-hide. Poor Cottalus is unmercifully thrashed, and promises repentance between the blows. But his mother is obdurate. 'Take him away,' says the schoolmaster to his slaves. 'No, Lampriscus,' shouts the mother, 'don't leave off until the sun goes down.' 'He is far more mottled than a hydra already,' replies Lampriscus, and the boy is driven off to reflect in confinement upon his crimes and their punishment.

Far more interesting is *The Visit to the Temple of Æsculapius*. Two ladies laden with offerings come to consult the god. The demands of piety once satisfied, they wander off to look at the statues which adorn the temple, and to express with confidence their innocent enthusiasm. They might be modern trippers at St. Paul's. 'Dear, dear, friend Cynno,' murmurs one, 'do look at the beautiful statues. Whose work is that, and who set it up?' 'The sons of Praxiteles were the sculptors,' replies Cynno, 'can't you see, it's written on the base? And Euthies, the son of Prexo, set it up . . . But look at the boy strangling the goose! If it weren't made of stone you would say that he would speak. Before very long, men will be able to put life into stones.' The art criticism, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, is interrupted by Cynno's altercation with her maid. 'Go and fetch the verger!' screams the visitant. But the poor girl, overcome doubtless by the many splendours of the temple, merely stands gaping at her mistress. 'You shall! you make my blood boil. Go and fetch the verger, I tell you!' The maid does as she is bid, and again the ladies fall to art criticism. 'You might think that Athene fashioned those beautiful works.' 'If I were to scratch this naked boy,' replies the other, 'don't you think I should leave a scar? And this cow, and the man leading it, and the woman who meets him, and that hooked-nosed fellow, and the man with bristles on his forehead, aren't they lifelike?' 'To be sure they are,' says Cynno; 'but then Apelles always is so realistic.' These words are an echo of the country cousin at the Academy; but the ladies, grown serious, turn to discuss the sacrifice. The verger is made happy by the drumstick—a cock was the offering; and then — corruption overtakes the manuscript.

But *The Jealous Woman* (ἡ ζηλότυπος) is Herodas' masterpiece. Its realism may only be matched in the most modern French literature. There is a frank brutality in its subject which should endear it to M. de Maupassant, but so exquisitely is it handled, so justly is it proportioned, that its realism does not and cannot offend. Bitinna, an elderly lady, is madly jealous of Gastro, her favourite slave. She has caught him with Amphytaa, Meno's daughter, and the poor wretch sheepishly confesses that he 'has seen' the girl his mistress mentions. Bitinna is furious, and Gastro replies with much

dignity: 'Bitinna, I am a slave; use me as you will, but do not suck my blood day and night'—a phrase which might have come from the very last and most decadent of French novels. However, Bitinna is not to be appeased, and in a frenzy she orders her favourite a flogging—a thousand stripes on his back, a thousand on his belly, and bids her slaves drag him off to the punishment. But in an instant she changes her mind and, resolving to brand him, bids Cosis to attend with his needles and his ink. Then Cydilla, a slave girl, intercedes for the miserable Gastro, and the hard heart of Bitinna is softened. 'This time I will forgive you, and you shall marry this charming girl, Cydilla, whom I love as well as my own Batyllis, and whom I nursed with my own hands.' The *dénouement* is tame and trivial, and wholly unworthy of the spirited opening. But the fact that they do live happy ever after avails not to spoil a marvellously vivid and cruel picture of life. In Greek literature it is unsurpassed, and the world scarce realises yet how precious a treasure it has got in Herodas. There is not a single mime that has not a character and interest of its own. The last two, difficult as they are, contain the most spirited passages. Coritto and Metro prattle with light-hearted vivacity of a disreputable object—*βαύβων* they call it: its precise character is yet to discover—the work of an artist in leather, named Cerdo. Metro is burning to find the author of the masterpiece, and implores Coritto to tell her where he may be seen. At last Coritto is complaisant, and presently—in the last mime of all—Metro pays the distinguished cobbler a visit.

Such, in brief outline, is the work of this long-forgotten poet. To have brought him once more to light is an achievement of which the British Museum may well be proud. The mimes are not statues of the fifth century, but rather exquisite terra-cottas, quaintly and daintily fashioned, such as prudery commonly withdraws from public exhibition, and softened by that touch of nature which makes fiction real, and renders the old new again. And it gives us good hope of the future. If Herodas be found, why not Sophron, or Menander, or the priceless Sappho herself? An unjust fate still hides the works of these artists from our gaze. But we have Herodas, and let us make the best of him. At any rate, he is worth a hundred Aristotles.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

BYRON AT PISA

‘Leaving footsteps to be traced by those
Who love the haunts of genius.’

ROGERS, *Italy*.

WHEN in August 1821 Count Gamba with his son and Countess Guiccioli, his daughter, arrived at Pisa after being exiled from Ravenna, it is not surprising that the Governor and the local police demanded instructions from Florence. In the secret archives of the ‘Buongoverno,’ extracts from which I have been permitted to see, are files of letters relating to the Gamba family and

the famous poet, Lord Byron, who, if he were not held to be a madman, ought to be watched by the police of the whole world. This said lord has taken the palace Lanfranchi for one year for 200 zecchini, paying six months’ rent in anticipation; but many people say that he has, as usual, changed his mind, and that he will not come,

writes the police superintendent from Pisa. The Secretary at Florence answers:

The Government is well aware that Byron goes to Pisa solely for the beautiful daughter of Count Gamba, so you may expect him; you are to see that the permission to reside in Pisa of that family be renewed in proper time; at present it stands good for two months. The cook Tabanelli, who has gone from Florence to serve Count Gamba, *ha il biglietto delle 24* (the ticket for twenty-four).

This was, and still is, the Florentine expression for a person under police supervision who is not allowed to leave his house after sunset (24 o’clock).

When we remember that at Ravenna Lord Byron’s house was a magazine for the arms and ammunition of the Carbonari, that he gave large sums to the Society, and talked openly of his detestation of the ‘Barbarians,’ the alarm of the police in the quiet old city of Pisa is easily imagined. It even spread to Volterra, whence the Royal Commissioner, who was evidently a man of education, as he understood English, wrote a private letter to the ‘Buongoverno’ at Florence on the 9th of February 1822.

Most illustrious,—some copies of the *Prophecy of Dante*, a poem by Lord Byron, have reached this city. It is most decidedly not written in the spirit of our Government, or of any of the Italian Governments. To me it appears designed to augment popular agitation, already sufficiently aroused. Lord Byron makes

Dante advocate democracy and the independence of Italy for the salvation and good of the country. What different sentiments does Monti in his *Vision* put into the mouth of Dante! Which of these two poets has made Dante a liar? or, rather which of the two has lied? Meantime weak heads (and they are in the majority) are becoming hot, but it seems to me that they will be still more heated by a book of that Lady's,¹ called a fury even by the English newspapers, than by Byron's rather unintelligible verses. A copy of her work has also come to Volterra. The circulation of such dangerous literature in the provinces is likely to do the more harm because of the ignorance of those into whose hands it falls.

The Florentine official, evidently worried and puzzled, answered :

I have received your communication about the two books by Lord Byron and Lady Morgan. As regards the former, which the Royal Office of Censure here does not know, I should like to see it, or at least to have some idea of the terms in which it is written, and the salient points. As to the second, it would be good to know if the copy of which you speak is in the English or the Italian language.

In any case you are authorised to tell the owner that this Government disapproves the reading of it. He is therefore forbidden to show it to others, and still more to aid in its distribution or circulation.

A second private letter from Volterra contains the desired sketch of Byron's poem, which the Commissioner believes must have been printed in Florence, although it bears the name of *Barrois aîné, Paris*. He goes on to say :

The translator's introduction confirms me in my belief of its harmful character. He begins by stating that he found the poem difficult to understand, and adds that it was hard work to divest certain images and expressions of their prosaic dress. The style, he says, of nearly all living English poets is, in truth, so turgid and extravagant as to quite spoil their ideas, often grandiose and correct. Why did he, then, give himself so much trouble to translate a bad poet? Probably because everything is good which serves a party purpose.

Among the papers relating to Pisan affairs is a curious diary entitled '*Arcana politicæ anticarbonarie*,' kept by a certain Cavaliere L. Torelli who lived in Pisa from 1819 till 1822. He corresponded directly with the Emperor of Austria and with Metternich, and gave them private information about all the Italian courts. Nothing escaped his vigilant eye or was too small for at least a passing notice.

By an odd coincidence Marquis Nicolò Viviani, Governor of Pisa, had in his youth dabbled in literature, and had written a poem about Hero and Leander.² Our diarist says :

The marquis was curious to see the English lord who had swum the Hellespont, but was determined not to permit him to indulge in follies of any kind in Tuscany. So when Byron sent his butler to the Governor to ask whether he might practise pistol shooting (a favourite pastime of his) in the garden, the Marquis Viviani replied that it was against the laws of the land, and he was sorry he could not permit it, in order not to give a bad example to others. Indeed, the Hospodar

¹ Lady Morgan.

² Dedicated to Maria Louisa, Queen of Spain, and printed at Parma in 1794, for private circulation.

Karadia, who was then living in Pisa, had asked the same favour, and been refused. Milord led a very quiet and retired life: the only persons he visited, besides the Gambas and his English friends, were Madame Kemstein and her four daughters, and the Canon Danielle Girolami, priest of the church of San Pierino.

This tranquil life was interrupted by what Lord Byron, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, calls 'an awkward affair which gave me some anxiety.' Torelli thus describes it in his diary, putting of course the worst construction on everything the Englishmen did, and rolling Shelley and Captain Hay up into one person.

At length Lord Byron, with his company of assassins, gave us a taste of the temper he had shown in other places. The Government expected he would, and he had been watched from the day he arrived in Pisa. On the 24th of March, at twenty-three o'clock P.M. (about sunset) a certain Masi, a Pisan, sergeant-major of the mounted dragoons, who were quartered here, had been dining in the country outside Porta alle Piagge and was returning to the town. Afraid of being late for the muster roll, he rode fast, and near the gate saw Lord Byron, with several friends and servants on horseback, who took up the whole road. He pushed through them in order to get on, when Taafe, a friend of Byron's, exclaimed against his insolence. Whereupon Byron, or one of the servants, hit his horse. The sergeant abused them, and so they all surrounded him and tried to force him to go back. He answered that the road was free, and wanted to go about his business, at the same time putting his hand to his sword to defend himself. Byron asked his name and threw him his visiting card, which was picked up by an artilleryman near. Masi reached the gate before the party, and ordered the two old soldiers who were on duty not to let any of them pass until they had given their names. He put himself across the gateway, sword in hand, and the whole company tried to push through. In the confusion he sliced the nose of an Englishman, said to be a captain, who passes for a poet, and, among other eccentricities, prides himself, as though it were an heroic action, on having had the epithet *atheist* added to his name in his passport. He and his family live in Pisa.

The Turkish Egyptian, who was living in Pisa, and used to go every evening to see Byron shoot with a pistol at a silver 'scudo' on the threshing-floor of a contadino, was also at the gate when the row took place. But not wishing to be compromised, he did as though he had nothing in common with them, and came into town at a gallop, with the blackamoor, who looked after his horse, running in front like a flash of lightning.

What followed is described by Shelley in a deposition, evidently given in Italian.

The dragoon cried out to the soldiers to arrest us at the gate. My lord, with Signor Gamba, passed through notwithstanding, whereupon Masi (the dragoon) drew his sword, seeing we also were determined to pass, and assailed Mr. Trelawny, who, however, got so close to him that he hindered him from striking. Two foot-soldiers then drew their swords, and it appeared to me that one, at least, hit Mr. Trelawny on the thigh. I tried to interpose between him and his assailants, when the dragoon aimed a blow at me, which was partly intercepted by something—perhaps by Mr. Hay's stick—which we afterwards saw cut in two pieces. However, I received a blow on the head with the hilt of the sword, which knocked me off my horse. I remember looking into my holsters to see if there were pistols, but there were none. I remounted, and was able to enter the town, where I found Mr. Trelawny, and asked after Captain Hay, whom I did not see. He answered that he knew nothing of him, and that we must look for him.

The dragoon now passed us, using very bad language, and, I think, added, 'Are you satisfied?' and rode on. We returned to the gate in search of Captain Hay, and found him wounded, bleeding from the face, and supported by some men. I got off my horse, and, helped by Mr. Trelawny, assisted him to Palazzo Lanfranchi.

Gaetano Forestiere, of Ravenna, Lord Byron's cook, deposed :

On that day I returned from Leghorn about three hours after midday, and went straight to my kitchen to prepare for dinner, which my master always eats on his return from riding, about the time of the Ave Maria. That evening dinner was retarded for about an hour. It was one o'clock of the night (after sunset), or a little earlier, that I was called, and the master ordered me to bring a basin of water and a flask of vinegar. I did so, and an English gentleman, an acquaintance of my master's whom I have heard called Hay, washed his nose, which was bleeding. While he was washing I returned to my duties, but I saw the gentlemen who formed the company of my lord talking among themselves, and heard one say that he had been cut at with swords, and that was Mr. Shelley. . . .

Q. Do you know whether Lord Byron or any other inhabitant of his house knew of the wound?

C. I know nothing; my master has not spoken to me of such matters. He is a man of few words.

Q. Do you know for how long the Countess Gamba had been in Lord Byron's house on that evening?

C. The Lady Countess arrived before the return of my master. I was at the door of the sitting-room when she came upstairs much frightened. The bell had rung from below, which made me leave my kitchen to open the door; I then heard a noise on the big staircase, and this was the Countess coming up. Among other things, I gave her a glass of water from the master's table.

Q. Was anyone with the Countess?

C. Behind the Countess was Mrs. Shelley, and behind her the Countess's servant, Antonio Malucelli.

Q. You are sure that on that evening you saw Malucelli behind Mrs. Shelley?

C. I cannot say for certain that I actually saw him when Mrs. Shelley was coming upstairs, because I was running in a hurry, as I had a dish on the fire which would spoil, and paid no attention to anything. I did not even know that lady was in the carriage with the Countess.

Q. You have affirmed that you saw Antonio Malucelli in my lord's palace following Mrs. Shelley upstairs on that evening. You spoke decisively; so we may doubt the truth of the modifications you are now attempting to make.

C. No; I cannot say actually that I saw him. It was seeing the Countess made me imagine so. Then you must know that the Countess always runs upstairs very fast; the servant remains behind to put up the steps of the carriage, and, before he has done, she is at the top of the staircase. Then I was also much upset on hearing her cry out, 'Oh God! Oh God!'

In the diary of the Austrian spy, who of course hated all these tiresome *forestieri*, and could not understand why they should come and air their so-called liberal and subversive ideas in the well-governed and quiet Tuscan land, we find the end of the 'brawl' as Lord Byron calls it.³

During the row at the gate Lord Byron galloped home, and, dismounting, quickly rushed upstairs, perhaps to provide himself with arms or to give orders to

his servants, for he descended almost immediately, and got on his horse again, returning to meet the sergeant, who was coming by the same road, followed by the whole party, who flung insulting words at him from some distance. When Byron reached the Piazza della Fontana he stopped and waited till the dragoon came near, and rode up to him saying most bitter things. The others then took courage and repeated the insolent words of Byron. The sergeant exclaimed that he was ready to give satisfaction to all, provided they came one at a time; he addressed himself particularly to Sir Taafé, who did not answer one word, but separated from the others, and disappeared down a side street into the town. After this a glove was thrown at Masi, and he said he accepted the challenge for next day, but would have them come singly, and not all together against one man. Some say the glove was thrown by Byron, but others declare it was thrown by the captain whose nose was scratched. The fact is, that when the sergeant reached Byron's palace, the latter took his hand and said, 'If you are a soldier of any honour, then we understand each other.' 'During this colloquy, Byron's doorkeeper took hold of the bridle of Masi's horse, and as soon as he had signified his acceptance of the challenge, a servant rushed out of the palace and treacherously wounded him in the side with a triangular weapon, and broke one of his ribs. Another servant had come from the stables with a pitchfork, so they evidently intended to assassinate him. The poor sergeant, after riding the distance of a gunshot, got off at the Café Lung' Arno, of the Neapolitan Don Beppe, and, passing through the shop, went to the house of the jeweller Barletti, in Via dei Mercanti, whence the Misericordia carried him to the hospital. The doorkeeper was a well-known fellow, because he dressed in the French fashion with much braid, and had a thick, long, black beard. He had been twice in the galleys. Fortunately, the barracks were at some distance, and the attempted murder was not known by the soldiers that night; but next afternoon my lord was imprudent enough to go out riding again with his companions, and to leave his bearded bravo at the door of his palace. The trumpeter of the dragoons passed by, and proudly said to him, 'Thou art capable of giving treacherous stabs, but not of meeting a man face to face.' And Byron's servant grew pale, they say, and more than a hundred persons assembled near the palace, while two other dragoons drew near. But the adjutant, Birri, came up and ordered them away, and so the crowd dispersed. On the following day, while, as I have said, Lord Byron was out riding with his usual companions, there were many people in the streets, and several saluted him, raising their hats; he turned to young Prince Scubalof and said, 'The Pisans have become more respectful since last night'—which speech was immediately repeated to the police.

An eyewitness of the whole scene, a well-known Italian writer and a leader in the insurrection of Leghorn in 1848, then a student at Pisa, Francesco Domenico Guerrazzi, wrote long afterwards to a friend:—

I saw Masi, tottering in the saddle, ride as far as Don Beppe's café, where, being no longer able to sit his horse, his casque fell off; his hair was standing on end, and his face as white as a sheet, and he fell down exclaiming, 'I am killed! I heard him say this, and I shall never forget his terrible face, made yet more horrible by a mass of flaming red hair. I also remember—and a great impression it made on me—that all the English then living at Pisa, whether they knew Lord Byron or not, went armed to his palace to defend the great poet of their country. I thought, had he been an Italian, his compatriots would have assembled to stone him, and I began to understand why the English are a great people, and the Italians a bundle of rags in the shop of a second-hand dealer—at least till now.

The wildest stories were current in Pisa about the eccentric English 'Milord.' No wonder the quiet, sleepy inhabitants of the old city thought that madman and Englishman was an almost synonymous term, when they saw Shelley out walking in a short jacket reading a quarto Encyclopædia with another volume under his arm; and old Mr. Dolby going about singing at the top of his voice, his pockets bulging with books, and a pair of spectacles hanging by a gold chain round his neck, while his coat was tattered and shabby; Walter Savage Landor, who would know none of his own compatriots; Lord Byron, with his menagerie of cats, dogs, peafowl, monkeys, &c., riding wildly about the country with various companions. 'Mr. and Mrs. Mason' were there also, and the bewildered Pisans could not make them out, as they had heard that 'Mr. Mason' was really Mr. Tighe, and that 'Mrs. Mason' was neither Mrs. Mason nor Mrs. Tighe but Lady Mountcashell. 'A tall woman, fit for a grenadier and also imbued with those pernicious republican notions.'

Torelli's diary shows that the police officer deputed to take the deposition of Lord Byron, did so with some trepidation. He was evidently agreeably disappointed, after having studied the poet's life in a biographical dictionary, the name of which is unfortunately not given.

The chief clerk (Cancelliere) Lapini, before going to interrogate Lord Byron, read the *Biography of Celebrated Men*, recently published in Paris. The author says Byron descends from the kings of Scotland, but gives a terrible picture of his character. Among other proofs of his wickedness, he describes the murder of one of his mistresses, and how he had half of her skull mounted as a drinking-cup. He also states that the noble lord bought of the Sultan of Turkey an uninhabited rock, on which he built a palace, where he lived with a few followers for about two years after the separation from his wife, in order to avoid any contact with mankind. Lapini was, however, quite astonished at the courteous and kind manner in which this enemy of the human race received him. *Per contra*, I am told Lord Byron has mounted two small pieces of field artillery at the door of his room, and keeps a quantity of guns, pistols, and daggers on his table. So that a hunchback carrier between Piombino and Pisa, who was sent with a letter and a small wild boar from the Maremma to Byron, was so alarmed at this warlike show that he threw down the boar, gave the letter to a servant, and fled from Palazzo Lanfranchi without even waiting to be paid. This was the talk of the town.

Many witnesses were examined about this unfortunate business, and among them several who lived in the vicinity of Palazzo Lanfranchi. Every one agreed as to the fact, but all disagreed about the circumstances. All those that Byron knew would be summoned before the court were either called by him or visited by Taaffe and had money given them. It was said, by some one in a position to know, that this affair cost Byron 3,000 scudi. Countess Guiccioli, and the other woman who was in the carriage with her, were examined in their own houses, and so was Byron, as I have already said, for it seems that lords have this privilege. Anyhow it all proves that guineas are coins which pass current in all countries.

The letter from Lord Byron to Mr. Dawkins, now printed for the first time, is very matter-of-fact: after all the Pisan gossip, and his long deposition is the same.

Lord Byron to Mr. E. J. Dawkins.

Pisa : March 27, 1822.⁴

Sir,—I take the liberty of transmitting to you the statements, as delivered to the police, of an extraordinary affair which occurred here on Sunday last. This will not, it is to be hoped, be considered an intrusion, as several British subjects have been insulted and some wounded on the occasion, besides being arrested at the gate of the city without proper authority or reasonable cause.

With regard to the subsequent immediate occurrence of the aggressor's wound, there is little that I can add to the enclosed statements. The testimony of an impartial eye-witness, Dr. Crawford, with whom I had not the honour of a personal acquaintance, will inform you as much as I know myself.

It is proper to add that I conceived the man to have been an officer, as he was well dressed, with scaled epaulettes, and not ill-mounted, and *not* a serjeant-major (the son of a washerwoman, it is said) as he turns out to be.

When I accosted him a second time, on the Lung' Arno, he called out to me with a menacing gesture, 'Are you content?' I (still ignorant of what had passed under the gateway, having ridden through the guard to order my steward to go to the police) answered, 'No; I want your name and address.' He then held out his hand, which I took, not understanding whether he intended it as a pledge of his hostility or of his repentance, at the same time stating his name.

The rest of the facts appear to have been as within stated, as far as my knowledge goes. Two of my servants (both Italians) are detained on suspicion of having wounded him. Of this I know no more than the enclosed papers vouch, and can only say that, notwithstanding the atrocious aggression (of the particulars of which I was at the moment ignorant), the act was as completely disapproved of by me as it was totally unauthorised, either directly or indirectly.

It neither is nor has been my wish to prevent or evade the fullest investigation of the business: had it been so, it would have been easy to have either left the place myself or to have removed any suspected person from it, the police having taken no steps whatever till this afternoon—three days after the fact.

I have the honour, &c.,

(Signed) NOEL BYRON.

Mr. Dawkins on receipt of this letter wrote an excellent and temperate letter in French to Cavaliere Fossombroni, Secretary of State and Minister for Foreign Affairs, who answered the same day and seized the opportunity to put in a word for the 'well-known impartiality of justice in Tuscany.'

Three days after the dragoon had been stabbed, two of Lord Byron's servants were arrested, and our diarist notes:—

They were examined by the 'Coadiutore' Carloni, in the presence of the 'Auditore,' which is never done save in grave cases; they were imprisoned in separate cells. The bearded fellow (the porter) had two pistols and a long dagger which were found when he was locked up. It surprised everyone that he should have had such arms about him during his examination. On the following day another man, in the Guiccioli's service, was taken, who seems, by all accounts, to be the guilty one. There is no doubt it is a mere chance that the murderer did not fly from Pisa, for the police made no attempt to secure him from the 24th till the morning of the 27th. Meanwhile Byron, contrary to his wont, caused alms to be distributed to the poor at the door of his palace, in order to gain popularity.

⁴ In the Archivio di Stato at Florence.

A native of Ravenna told me that he did the same thing there during the Neapolitan revolution, when, at his instigation, the best families compromised themselves with the Government.

The 'bearded fellow' was none other than Tita, so often mentioned in Lord Byron's letters—the faithful

Battista, who upon the moonlight-sea
Of Venice had so ably, zealously
Served, and at parting thrown his oar away
To follow through the world; who, without stain,
Had worn so long that honourable badge,
The gondolier's, in a patrician house
Arguing unlimited trust.^a

The result of the examination of seventy witnesses, who all disagreed, was a decree that there were no grounds for proceeding against the accused, but considering the suspicious character of the three foreigners, Giovanbattista Falcieri of Venice, Antonio Malucelli of Ravenna, and Giuseppe Strauss of the same place, they were recommended to the attention of the civil authorities, and Giovanbattista Falcieri was condemned to be escorted to the frontier by the police, and exiled. He begged for a few days' grace to settle his affairs, which were granted, provided he remained in prison. He said: 'Where am I to go? I must remain with Lord Byron, for he bought me. He paid a sum down to my father for me and he still pays him an annuity.'

It seems that Tita was taken to Florence during part of the trial, and imprisoned in the Palazzo di Giustizia, where they made him shave. The following little extract from the diary is rather touching:—

Falcieri still had his long beard of Asiatic shape, and when told to shave it off with a razor, he imagined his beard was to be given to his master, Lord Byron; but on being told this was not the case, he wrapped it up most carefully in a sheet of paper.

Lord Byron had requested the celebrated criminal lawyer Carmignani, professor at the university of Pisa, to undertake the defence of himself and his servants, but,

although of the same detestable liberal school (writes Torelli) Carmignani would not appear against a fellow-town-man, or expose himself to the hatred of all Pisa. So Milord called in Lorenzo Collini from Florence, who arrived on the 20th of April, and went to the Inn 'della Donzelle,' but Lord Byron sent his carriage for him and insisted on lodging him in Palazzo Lanfranchi.

Collini was a freemason and an avowed sceptic. Highly educated and witty, with a magnificent voice, he spoke French so well that in Napoleon I.'s time he went to Paris and pleaded with great success. After the restoration of the Grand Duke of Tuscany he was obliged,

^a Rogers' *Italy*.

like every one else in Florence, to go to confession, and he went to the Badia where the 'padre' was easy-going and indulgent; his confession was short and pithy. At the church door he said :—

Padre Macario,
Da anno a quest' anno
Non c' è punto divario.

(Father Macario, from last year to this there has been no change.)

What a pity no prying diarist heard and chronicled the conversations between the witty Florentine barrister and the great poet !

Count Gamba, having been privately advised that his presence was distasteful at Pisa, took a house with Lord Byron at Montenero, near Leghorn.

Here (writes Torelli) was another scene of the sort that Byron seems to stir up in every place he visits. An altercation arose between the servants of milord and of Gamba, and they drew knives in the garden. Byron, from the balcony, with four pistols threatened to shoot the lot if they did not at once drop their knives; but the police had to interfere to quell the riot. This, together with the fact that Lord Byron's request that his schooner 'Bolivar' should be allowed to embark and disembark people without hindrance along the coast was supported by the English legation, made our Government determine to try and rid Tuscany of this revolutionary fellow, without openly expelling him. It was, therefore, resolved to exile his courier, and to intimate to the Gambas that they were to leave Tuscany immediately, under pain of a formal sentence of exile. Milord, as soon as he knew of this, wrote to the Governor of Leghorn in the language of his own nation, thus. [Unluckily the original is not forthcoming, and Torelli gives an Italian version.]

(Translation.)

Sir, I write to you in English, as I know you do us the honour of understanding our language. We have to thank you for an order of arrest and exile of my courier, and an intimation to the family of Count Gamba to quit Tuscany in three days. I am preparing to leave with them, not desiring any longer to stay in a country where my friends are persecuted, and where a refuge is denied to the unfortunate. As I have some affairs to set in order, I beg you will grant Count Gamba a delay, in order that I may be enabled to leave with them.

I have the honour, &c.

NOEL BYRON.

A delay was granted, until the 8th of July, when the Counts Gamba took passports for Genoa, but with the intention of going first to the baths of Lucca, whence they hoped to be able to work through friends at Florence, and obtain permission to return to Pisa.

The following letters from the archives of Lucca will show how well informed our diarist was :—

*Mr. Dawkins to Marquis Mansi.**

(Translation.)

Leghorn · July 7, 1822.

Marquis,—Encouraged by the kindness I have received from you ever since I have had the honour of transacting business with the Court of Lucca, I venture to

* State Archives of Lucca.

ask you a confidential question on behalf of Lord Byron, a peer of Great Britain, whose high reputation as a poet and a man of letters is doubtless known to you.

Count Gamba and his son, driven out of the Papal States for their political opinions, received orders a few days ago to leave Leghorn, where they are staying, and to cross the Tuscan frontier. The Countess Guiccioli, daughter of Count Gamba, who has never been included in the sentences of exile of the Court of Rome or of the Grand Duchy, and who is in a most delicate state of health, wishes, of course, to accompany her father and brother. Lord Byron is determined not to abandon a family to whom he has been attached for a long period.

He wishes to know whether the Government of Lucca would permit the Counts Gamba, father and son, to reside in its territory, depositing any caution it might please to impose. I need not say that such a request is superfluous in the case of Madame Guiccioli, who has always been exempted from the attacks to which her family has been exposed.

I may add in support of the request of my distinguished compatriot, that the Tuscan Government has officially declared that Lord Byron has never been suspected of having any share in the criminal part of the affair which made some stir in Pisa in March last, and that I have positive assurance of Count de Bombelles, that he has no recollection of even pronouncing the names of the Counts Gamba in his transactions with the Courts of Austria or of Tuscany. I have every reason to believe that their conduct has been irreproachable since they have inhabited Tuscany. I am ignorant of the reasons which have led to their having to leave it.

This will show you, Marquis, that I am not, in Lord Byron's case, advocating the cause of a person unworthy of the highest consideration, and as to the Counts Gamba, I should not accord my intervention, even in this confidential, and I may say, indirect manner, if I did not feel sure that their sojourn in the state of Lucca would bring no unpleasantness to you, and would be a matter of indifference to Austria.

Forgive my troubling you with so long a letter. I hope to make my excuses in person next month, and beg you to direct your answer to Leghorn, where I am staying. We shall see Lord Burghersh back towards the end of August.

I have the honour, &c.,

W. DAWKINS.

This was evidently a most knotty diplomatic question, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Duchy of Lucca passed it on to his liege lord at once.

Marquis Mansi to H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Lucca.

(Translation.)

Lucca : July 9, 1822.

Majesty,—I hasten to submit to your Majesty's consideration a confidential letter I have this morning received from the English Chargé d'Affaires to your Majesty's Court, and presented to me by Count Gamba.

From this letter your Majesty will learn the nature of the request made by the said Chargé d'Affaires. As I must reply, I beg your Majesty to deign to tell me your intentions as to dealing with this affair. I have no intelligence as to the motives which have led the Governments of Rome and of Florence to exile the Counts Gamba. All I know is that Lord Byron pays his court to Countess Guiccioli, daughter of Count Gamba, and that the said lord is as much renowned for his poetic talents and literary culture as for his eccentricities and his pernicious principles.

I am, &c.,

MANSI.

Young Count Gamba, who was not very wise (continues Torelli), has confided to one of his supposed friends, that Byron is in hourly expectation of receiving news that a revolution has burst out in France. This he expects will be followed by one here in Italy. It is impossible to describe the anxiety with which the followers of milord and of the Gambas run to the post on the advent of the French courier.

Count Gamba has gone to the baths of Lucca with his son; but, as Madame Guiccioli remains in Pisa, Byron no longer talks of leaving. On the contrary, he is expecting another English poet, a certain Smith, and they intend to start a newspaper against the Italian Government, which is to be printed in England, and bring them in much money. This will be something far worse than Lady Morgan's book—a weekly satire directed chiefly against Austria, whom they call the usurper of Italian freedom. This should be seen to.

The terrible fate of poor Shelley and his friend Williams is mentioned incidentally, on the 8th of July, and a few pages after Lord Byron's name occurs in the diary for the last time.

Milord has at length decided on going to Genoa. Some say he is already tired of his favourite Guiccioli, others that he is bent on going to Athens, and purchasing adoration from the Greeks.

JANET ROSS.

THE PSYCHICAL SOCIETY'S GHOSTS

A CHALLENGE RENEWED

THE relation of the Society for Psychical Research to the late Madame Blavatsky is a curious one. Her theosophy—that, I mean, which she had picked up or which had picked up her, before she became known in the Madras Presidency—is not at all a bad system. It is not more clumsy in its phraseology, or less effective in its *morale*, than two hundred other theosophies into which the thoughts about the universe of speculative men have in past ages shaped themselves. But it would have attracted little notice and exerted little influence in British India except for the claim on the part of its professors to perform material and materialising miracles. These marvels were, indeed, of a kind very trivial and worthless, except for the *evidential* purpose for which they were put forward. But, such as they were, when put forward, they challenged the scrutiny of the members of the Madras Christian College—men some of them, it should be said, highly accomplished in science as well as foremost in educational influence in Southern India. And the result was a conclusive demonstration that the Madras marvels, at least, were due to fraud, aided by the usual resources of sliding panels and *obiter facta* carefully prepared beforehand. Madame Blavatsky would have had difficulty in separating herself from these things in any case. But the speciality of the investigation was the production and publication of a whole series of letters, all alleged to be in the handwriting, as well as in the characteristic style, of that by no means characterless personage, and all confidentially arranging and preparing the frauds for the conquest of this or that dupe specially named. The letters were published and the charge was made in the *Madras Christian College Magazine* for 1884, with the avowed object of inviting the lady and her supporters to deal with the matter in the courts of law. She declined to do so, and transferred her residence to England, where by this time the Psychical Society had appointed a committee to inquire into the theosophic phenomena, and had sent out Mr. Hodgson to Madras as their commissioner. Mr. Hodgson did his work with great ability and apparently with great candour, and the Report in the Society's *Proceedings* for 1885¹ accordingly forms the

¹ Vol. iii. p. 201.

source of most people's knowledge of these interesting facts. The writer has met with some inquirers who knew of them at an earlier stage. But his chief interest is in the problem presented to scientific or theosophic speculators when their facts are challenged, not on speculative or *a priori* grounds, but in the rough and open plain of testimony and evidence. As a Scottish lawyer he has no particular bias on this. In Scotland even the common mind is free from the superstition which accepts the verdict of a jury as final for all purposes; and its favourite formula 'Not Proven' alike expresses and encourages the national tendency, when the facts presented are inconclusive, to say so—and to say no more. Yet the instinct in all countries that in such cases there must be an investigation, and that the public must resolve itself into a jury, is wholesome and strong. Madame Blavatsky's failure in, or at least avoidance of, the Madras investigation was a difficulty with her disciples. For, of course, she had disciples: no one could study that extraordinary face with its glare of intellect, aggressive even as reflected in photograph, without being sure that if she, who might have been so many other things, chose finally to set up in London as 'the woman that calleth herself a prophetess,' she would have devoted followers. The latest and strongest among them, Mrs. Besant, after some hesitation, selected her line on this matter. Mrs. Besant's view, it will be seen, is that Madame Blavatsky could not be persuaded 'to trouble herself much in reversing the verdict' of the public, which in a sense she had originally challenged. And, indeed, Mrs. Besant was fated in a very short time to illustrate the same twofold method in her own person. Selecting the critical occasion when she was to say farewell before a large audience to the Secularist body, she raised the question of Madame Blavatsky's good faith, and asserted that she herself, since that lady's death, had received a letter from the 'Mahatmas' in the same handwriting as her friend, when living, was said to have forged. Instantly from all London there was a roar of inquiry, *Where is the letter?* How did it come? Tell us all about it? To all which Mrs. Besant answered without hesitation by refusing to produce the letter, and eloquently declining the investigation of unsympathetic outsiders into such matters as useless or worse.

According to the views of the Psychical Society, no course could be more opposed to reasonable principle and fair conduct. So when Mr. Sinnett, immediately after Madame Blavatsky's death, attempted to meet the mass of evidence against her by his own individual opinion, the Society's representatives quietly published their adherence to its old verdict. The body was indeed itself founded for impartial 'research,' and though there seem to have been originally some half-acknowledged reservations,² the results in actual working were

¹ 'The Society of Psychical Research was founded with the establishment of thought transference as its primary aim, with hypnotism as its second study, &c.' *Proceedings of the Society*, Part XIII. p. 365.

for some time admirable. Nothing in this region has been so impartial on so large a scale, and there are traces of the secretaries having again and again rejected stories—some of them well-known or famous stories—which were pressed upon the Society by others than theosophists with a view to establishing the thought-transference in which both parties believed.

And yet—the question must be put whether the Society, in issuing its most important publication in 1886, and since that date in dealing with the problem as to testimony which was then raised, has not been in ever increasing danger of a lapse in the very direction which it has condemned.

Six years ago it published what is undoubtedly the best book of ghost stories in the English language—the best, because the best authenticated. The two big volumes are filled with narratives which have survived ‘a testing process carried on in some directions with a sifting severity and skill which are unprecedented and indeed unapproached in our literature.’ No doubt it calls its book ‘*Phantasms of the Living*,’ and what most people think the special fad of the society is that men, even in ordinary life, ‘undergoing some crisis,’ occasionally and unconsciously send intimations of it to their distant friends. But then the Society is wise enough to consider death as the great crisis of life, and, by including in its range one day after the moment of dissolution, it sweeps in the whole class of stories of *wraiths*—i.e., appearances or intimations at and about the time of dying. Now this is the only class of such narratives for which it is generally conceded that there exists a mass of evidence really worth sifting. And in spite of their fad, or, as the new investigators would themselves not unfairly say, partly because of it, they turned out a book beyond comparison the most careful and critical we possess on the general subject. But the true reason is that we have at last got the right sort of men to deal with that subject. The Society has in its Council some of the best names in English literature and thought. And the Council found in Dr. Myers, and in the late Mr. Edmund Gurney, men above even its own high average to do the actual work. (One result was that when, in this Review for August 1887, I attacked the part of the work founded on testimony³ as fatally defective in the only point on which the public could test it, I found it unnecessary to go for my canons of proof beyond the book itself. Mr. Gurney in it put at the head of all other evidence the case where the percipient—the wraith-seer—had ‘made a written record of his experience, with its date, at the time of its occurrence,’ and where it is possible to show that the record was written before the news of the fulfilment came round through the ordinary channels. In such a case we have not merely a statement made to the editors by some individual, himself unknown to the public.

³ As distinguished from experiment.

We have documentary and contemporaneous evidence of the statement's truth—evidence which may be not only cogent but conclusive.

Of course what would be the conclusive case of this sort is the ordinary one—a letter posted immediately after the wraith, or other intimation. And in all the most important of the Psychical Society stories of 1886 we have one such letter alleged—sometimes even two. Take only a few examples. A London man appeared a few years ago at the corner of his club to Mr. A., looking very ghastly. He might well do so, for he was at that very moment not in London where he appeared, but in Cardiff, and in the act of being knocked down by two miners. However strange, the story must be true; for we are told that his letter from Cardiff next day, telling what happened there, *crossed* the one from London informing him of his own apparition. An English lady dreamed in England that she saw her husband arrested as a spy during the Franco-German war, and writing him next day she actually etched the bushy black whiskers of the arresting sergeant. The husband's letter from France, narrating that all this happened to him, is said to have crossed the other much more remarkable one from his wife. Mr. Pengelly fell into the sea in an oriental port, and next day his mother and his sweetheart, both then in England, and a hundred miles apart, exchanged letters mentioning that each had dreamed they saw him so fall in. A lady dies in Jersey, and the same night her brother in Shanghai, and her sister in Canton (a thousand miles from each other), dream of her apparition or her death—at least they say so to the Psychical Society, and add that they wrote each other of it immediately, so that the letters crossed. Lastly, Colonel Meadows Taylor, when a young man in India, wrote to England to his father that a young lady whom he had left at home had appeared to him dressed in a profusion of lace but with a troubled countenance, and as she receded through the tent door she cried, 'Do not let me go.' His father's reply was in these words: 'Too late, my dear son; on the very day of the vision you described to me, A. was married.' Now for the general public, who are only readers of such stories, and have never personally met the narrators, there is nothing in their mere narratives more remarkable than in a thousand others which have turned out, on inquiry, to be romances, founded on excess of imagination or defect of memory, or both. But what gives these the evidential value which others want is the alleged existence of letters which passed through the post on a particular day—letters therefore the mere production of which would, seemingly, prove the stories they narrate. With regard to some of them, it seemed to me not too strong to say, that 'if such a letter exists, with contents and post-mark undisputed, it is worth a thousand guineas in the market, and its destination is a guarded glass-case in the British Museum. Circumstances, not at all professional, had drawn my attention to the

significance of this documentary corroboration, and still more of the want of it. And it was after enumeration of all the Psychical Society stories of this class, and analysis of the more important of them, that I ventured to put in these columns 'a question and answer.

'How many are there of these seven hundred cases of psychical research—how many even of the three hundred and fifty "first class narratives" of our letter-writing age—in which the indefatigable editors have seen or ascertained a letter or document issued at the time by the narrator, so as to prove his story to be true? *The answer must be, Not one.*'

Mr. Edmund Gurney, whose high qualities as a thinker some men had the opportunity of appreciating only when his career was about to be cut short, made an exceedingly reasonable reply.' He pointed out that, even in a letter-writing age, many people will omit to commit their startling dream to the custody of paper, and that many others, even when they receive such a document, will throw it into the fire after they have wondered sufficiently. It is no doubt true, and may balance the fact that there are some people who will write down, and others who will preserve, an experience of that kind, when they would not take the same trouble about anything else. Every allowance is to be made for the carelessness, inaccuracy, and inconsistency of human nature on this and all other matters. The strange and ominous thing would be if human nature, so various and reckless in other matters, should in this alone turn out to be cautious and uniform, and that in one direction only—the avoidance of evidence. What I had said in my summing up was, that, out of thousands of such stories, the best evidenced were for the first time picked out and collected in this book; that of the hundreds so collected a very large proportion indeed were capable of proof by contemporary documents, documents here alleged in many instances to have been really written; and yet that 'in the whole mass of cases there is not one which has been proved, not one which has not failed in this easy documentary demonstration.' I must maintain the same position now, after re-reading what Mr. Gurney had to say. Indeed, I do not understand him to deny it so far as the written evidence is concerned. And in the practical result—the urgent importance of getting better evidence of this higher kind in the future—Mr. Gurney, as might be expected from his distinguished candour, was prompt and emphatic. So, indeed, as we shall see, was the Psychical Society. But before dealing with the results of this renewed effort, I must refer to one narrative, and one only, in the already discussed *Phantasms*.

Mr. Gurney, as I have said, while urging that I had undervalued the evidence, and even the written evidence, for some of the stories in the book, scarcely claimed that evidence as in any one case conclusive. *That claim was made (if not by him at least by others) only*

for a certain new document, quoted now for the first time in his reply to me, and referred to with a certain pardonable pride. The *Saturday Review*, I remember, summarised our little controversy, and held that the Psychical Society must be held to have failed along the whole line, except in this one case. But as to it, it suggested that I should amend my above-quoted question and answer so as to run, 'How many of the seven hundred cases are there in which a document quoted shows the story to be true? The answer must be, *One*.' Let us look at the solitary case on which issues so momentous were left to hang. I do so the more readily, because as it appeared in the volumes originally it was made to run in the name of a distinguished traveller and authoress. While travelling on the other side of the Atlantic she employed as a guide a half-caste ruffian known as 'Mountain Jim,' and gained over him an influence, half personal, half religious. 'He made me promise to keep one or two things secret whether he were living or dead, and I promised him; but they come between me and the sunshine sometimes, and I wake at night to think of them.' And this tendency to think of him (testified to by a subsequent charming volume, of which Jim is almost the hero), was much increased by his last fierce words to his friend before she left America, 'I shall see you when I die:' 'I swear that I will see you again.' Eight months after this, the exciting news arrived in Europe that Jim, after being wounded in a wild quarrel in Colorado had recovered, and 'was planning revenge.' And it was upon getting this intimation at Interlaken that the vision occurred of which the following account was given, or alleged to have been given, *twelve years later*, to the Psychical Society.

Shortly after getting it, in September 1874, I was lying on my bed about 6 A.M., writing to my sister, when looking up I saw Mountain Jim standing with his eyes fixed on me, and when I looked at him, he very slowly but very distinctly said, 'I have come as I promised,' then waved his hands towards me, and said, 'Farewell.' When Miss — came into the room with my breakfast, we recorded the event with the date and the hour of its occurrence. In due time news arrived of his death, and its date, allowing for the difference of longitude, coincided.

It will be observed that no day is mentioned for the vision in the whole month of September, while in point of fact Jim died from his foeman's bullet not at six o'clock in the morning, but at 2 P.M. in America, or at what would be in Switzerland ten at night, on the seventh day of that month.⁶ At best, therefore, the coincidence is far from strong, and the case is not fitted to bear more than its own weight. But that is not the point. My point was raised by the words which followed,⁷ that the narrator 'hopes to be able to show us the diaries in which the date was recorded.' Was it fair to a lady

⁶ The hour and day of death were ascertained by Mr. Gurney and his Society with the scrupulous and admirable care which on *this* side of their investigation has made all inquirers their debtors.

⁷ *Phantasms*, i. 532.

to publish a story, taken merely from memory, of what happened twelve years before, when there were at the time two contemporary entries recording the thing as it happened? And was it fair to the public? Diaries are, of course, of little value in comparison with letters, and a case of this sort is in any view trivial as compared with the important ones I have already quoted, where crossing letters were alleged but in no instance produced. Still, a contemporary diary has its value, and in this and a dozen similar cases I had asked for it. But in this one case Mr. Gurney was able to give in October a twofold answer to my August question, an answer which I agree with the *Saturday Review* in thinking well worth noting in both its parts. In the first place, as to the diary corroboration, it turns out that I was right. The narrator's statement as to a note in her diary was incorrect, as she 'finds that she *did not keep a diary till later.*' And what of the other lady, who recorded it separately and at the same time? 'She cannot remember noting the fact in her diary, which is for the present "in the depths of a pantechicon."' But this not unusual collapse as to diaries turns out in the present case, in Mr. Gurney's view, to be of no consequence—perhaps to be not so much a loss as a gain. For, though the diaries have vanished, the letter to the sister has been preserved, and was now shown to him; and, 'as Mr. Innes rightly points out, a letter written before the news of the death is even more conclusive than a diary entry, which might conceivably have been added later.' Now then for the letter. Mr. Gurney, founding so strongly on this unique document, would, I think, have done better to print it bodily, and to indicate where it could be seen. But his own fragmentary account of it * (which I completely trust) is really conclusive, and makes it unnecessary for me at least to see more of the original. In the first place, it has no date but 'Wednesday'—and which Wednesday of that September does not appear. In the second place it speaks of the dream or vision as occurring 'a few days ago,' and consequently the narrator 'cannot have been writing to her sister at the moment the figure appeared, or she would certainly have mentioned the appearance in that letter instead of a few days later.' The significance of this point may rather be that if (as is now admitted) the narrator was not using her pillow at that early hour as a writing desk, she was probably putting it to its more legitimate use. But even that is of little consequence. Asleep or awake, or between the two, in vision or in dream, it may be conceded that on some morning in that September this most intelligent witness saw a figure which she recognised as the one which had haunted her memory. But did the figure say anything? The report published by the Society twelve years after, and which the diaries should have corroborated, is quite clear upon this. 'He very slowly but very distinctly said, "I

* *Nineteenth Century*, xli. 529.

have come, as I promised.” But the only report we have now—the letter actually written a few days after the incident by the narrator herself—puts it more truly: ‘There was an impression on my mind as though he said’ it!’

Enough. It is plain that the case finally put forward by the able secretary of the Society as apparently the strongest which he possessed, and which sharp critics were disposed to accept as the only one ever proved, has turned out quite typically. There are in truth sixty cases now left in the two volumes stronger than this particular one. Only the sixty are to the public mere hearsay, for they do not come to us with corroboration produced, whether from diaries written at the time or from letters written a few days later. And so the most important thing left in Mr. Gurney’s rejoinder comes to be the plea, renewed in his summing-up, for greater care in recording cases. There was nothing novel in his pressing this; in the book itself he had insisted on ‘the moral which must be enforced *ad nauseam* as to the importance of an immediate written record on the percipient’s part.’ But not Mr. Gurney only, but the association which was about to lose his admirable services, now took up the matter seriously. Professor Sedgwick soon after proclaimed that a ‘crisis in the history of the Society’ had arrived; a lady, very influential with its members, urged them all to ‘make a point of recording *before fulfilment* all dreams or other experiences which appear to them to be premonition,’ and the same number of the Reports which records these utterances gives a circular and appeal by the Society itself, dated April 1888.⁹ It narrates that the Council had reason to believe that persons in possession of facts ‘have lately thought it needless to proffer such evidence, supposing that the *reality* of thought-transference, for instance, or of apparitions at death, was now sufficiently proved, and that no further cases were wanted. The Council wish distinctly to state that their view is altogether different.’

Nothing could be more satisfactory, provided the Society (or those who should succeed Mr. Gurney in the responsibility for its management), understood the issues involved in their appeal, and were prepared to draw the proper conclusions from the mere *absence* of response to it. This is the point as to which I have now a few words to say. As before, I shall confine myself to incidents of alleged spontaneous telepathy, vouched for by testimony, passing by the other field or experiment (planchette, &c.); and in the former I shall look chiefly, as before, for documentary evidence that the intimation really came to the percipient. My sources, during the five years since the *Phantasms*, must be the occasional publications of the Society’s *Proceedings*, the last I have seen being issued this summer.

In the first place, there has during that time been no confir-

* Mr. Gurney’s reply to me had been in October, 1887, and he died in the following spring.

mation of any one of the stories to which wide publicity had been given in 1886 by the book on 'Phantasms,' and which were challenged in these pages in 1887. Yet during the succeeding years these stories, some of them most graphic and telling, must have been gradually finding their way among the friends of those who had contributed them. And every such reader must have at once felt himself compelled to cast about for that missing letter, which in almost every case was so obviously the missing link. The number missing is very large—on one page I gathered together no fewer than forty cases, in which documents were alleged in the story itself to have been written at the time the wraith or dream occurred. But in no one of these had the document been recovered by the editors, while in most of them no explanation of its absence was offered, and no special inquiry into the matter was alleged. The uniform absence of letters, many of which would be worth to any dealer forty times more than their weight in gold, was even at first impossible to explain and impossible to understand. But the continued failure to produce any one of them, after the widest publicity has been given to the necessity for it, seems to me to be pretty nearly fatal.

Yet, secondly, that was not what was directly asked for. What was asked for was new stories which should have the corroboration which those in the book lacked. The appeal had, I believe, a wide circulation in the English-speaking world. But, so far as the Society's own publications inform us, there has been no response. It would almost seem as if the demand for corroboration had stopped the flow of pretended incident.

Of course, during these years there have been some stories sent in, or reported from, other countries, and in some of these written letters have figured. We have, for example, an American tale (Part XIV. p. 449) where two people had the same vision of a deceased friend on the same Friday morning, so late as July 1888. On the following Sunday each sat down to write the other a consoling letter, and the letters crossed in the post. 'So,' at least, says the Psychical Society, 'we are told, both letters having been unfortunately destroyed.' We have a second type in the Russian story (Part XVI., p. 354), where also the letter was burned with other 'useless correspondence.' Yet the writer of it, Prince Emile de Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berlebourg, thought what had happened was not only very singular, but would 'stand criticism,' as being the 'finding of a will by spiritual communication' transmitted in the document now destroyed. In point of fact, the will was not found in consequence of this letter or by spiritual communication at all: it was found *before* the spiritually inspired letter arrived, and that letter merely suggested a particular *armoire*, which had already suggested itself to the parties making the search. A third type is

one, again from America, where the letter and its contents are actually produced, and they narrate how the writer, a clairvoyante, saw her friend slip in ascending the steps of a door. But then the letter was apparently written not only after the accident happened (if it happened at all), but long after the report of it might have come round in the ordinary way and so suggested the vision. Yet this is the very best documentary story 'that has been produced during the years since the appeal was made for more, and it has been described from the chair of the Society as of 'high evidential value.'¹⁰ That may be a mere slip in characterisation. What is certain is, that no part of the material recently added has attained the partial evidential value which a good deal even of the 'Phan-

¹⁰ It may be worth while, therefore, to analyse it, all the more as it is described (p. 35 of Part XVIII.) as 'a very striking case.' An unnamed lady in Washington, of 'rare psychical faculties,' writes on a Monday evening to Mrs. Conner, a friend said to be of high standing in the same city, with this lively picture:—

'I was sitting in my room sewing, this afternoon about two o'clock, when 'what should I see but your own dear self; but, Heavens! in what a position! You were falling up the front steps in the yard. You had on your black skirt and velvet waist. When you fell, your hat went in one direction and the papers in another. . . . You did look too funny, spreading yourself out in the front yard.'

Mrs. Conner received this letter on Tuesday morning, and Dr. Elliott Coues reports that a few hours later she verified it to him, if not in every particular, at least 'in every essential particular.' Dr. Coues, of whose own qualifications nothing is said, sent on both letter and story within a week to the Psychical Society, not of America, but of London.

Now it is scarcely worth noticing that the story, taking it at its best, depends on the unsupported statement of Mrs. Conner, but it may be remarked that it is not the first statement by Mrs. Conner of the same kind. The same friend, she says, has had a clairvoyant vision of her once or twice before. Let us, however, deal with this last time. Apparently no one saw her fall upon those steps that afternoon at all, and when she is therefore asked by Dr. Myers to fix the time of her own stumble, she gives it as 'within a few seconds of nineteen minutes to three.' That is, Mrs. B. in one Washington house saw her friend fall harmlessly on the steps of another, *at least forty minutes before it actually happened*. Few people will think it necessary to accept such a story, if the impression on the two ladies' minds can be otherwise more easily accounted for. And that is superfluously easy. Is it not possible that Mrs. Conner, who has faith in her friend's visions, may have been so much impressed by the vivid description of the letter as to believe *ex post facto* in her own stumble, a stumble which had no consequences, and which no one professes to have seen? But even that surmise is not necessary. For the lady of rare 'psychical faculties' lives exactly a mile and a half from the other, in a town presumably traversed by horse-cars; and if the accident happened at all it may have been seen, and may have easily travelled round in the usual way as a rumour, to one who was not only confessedly imaginative, but whose imagination took the form of visions of this particular friend. Her lively letter, written and posted the same night, would then represent what she had come to believe that she had seen, though she made a mistake of forty minutes in her shot at the hour. On either alternative and in any view it cannot be ranked as a striking case, or as one in which bare testimony is corroborated by real evidence, for while I am bound to admit that 'the fact that the percipient recorded her vision almost at once' gives it a certain interest, I am far from admitting that in the actual circumstances it gives it a 'high evidential value.' I fear, indeed, that the words suggest a contrast between the present standard of evidence of the Society and that which it theoretically maintained only a few years ago and maintained even in the admirable book in which I found so much to criticise.

tasms' (as mere unsupported and verbal testimony) undoubtedly possessed; while the attempt to fill the amazing blank of conclusive and documentary corroboration which that verbal testimony had disclosed has been an absolute failure.

Do these facts point us to any conclusion?

Before the Psychical Society published its inquiries, it might have been possible to hold that, as the *Spectator* puts it so late as the 28th of July of this year, 'there are so very many well attested accounts of telepathic visions at the moment of death,' that their occasional occurrence is 'fully established.' That impression had been produced in the minds of many people, and of the present writer among others, by the unverified traditions which you find in every private circle, and by the equally uncritical narratives of well-written books like Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature* and Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World*. But the moment all this rubbish begins to be sifted, as in the present case by this Society, many of the most vivid and most influential stories fly off as not worthy to be retained even as material. And with regard to the residue, which the Society preserved as legitimately advancing its original aim, while they are no doubt 'many' in number, there is not one more than on the ordinary principles of human nature might have been expected, while of the whole number no one was 'well attested' except in the sense of testing the *bona fides* of the narrator.

It will be remembered that Mr. Gurney, so far from believing that any one of his seven hundred narratives could be put forward as demonstrated, admitted to me that even all of them together—the whole cumulative collection—'was not put forward as a demonstration bound to be convincing to all candid students.' And the Society's Council, as we have seen, followed up this by proclaiming that while some people thought wraiths and thought-transference to be then sufficiently proved, their own view was altogether different. But the question now is, which way has the proof gone during the subsequent years?

It is worth noting that during these years Mr. Podmore, the Secretary of the Society, and the able associate as well as successor of Mr. Gurney in its actual work, has published his belief that its investigations do not indicate any thought-transference or other communication between the living and the dead. He still holds telepathy to exist as between the living; but I suppose that he, like Mr. Gurney, has been influenced a good deal in that matter by the thought-transference *experiments* of which Dr. Myers some time ago frankly said, 'We have not yet succeeded in experimentally obtaining thought-transference otherwise than between persons in close proximity.'¹¹ I have refused in these papers to take any notice

¹¹ *Proceedings*, vol. iv. p. 176.

of this region of experimental psychical research ; but I wish once for all to say that it is not because I would throw any doubt upon its value. Many subjective phenomena—let me instance only trance and double consciousness as examples—require still to be very carefully watched ; and the minutest ‘fallings from us, vanishings—blank misgivings’ even, should be accurately observed and registered. Remembering too that while men have professed to doubt the existence of their own spirits, they have never questioned the proximity of other personalities around them, it may be worth while to inquire whether one embodied spirit can ever immediately influence the other—a question which in hypnotism is not even yet quite settled, after so many thousand observations or experiments. But the region with which I have here dealt is that not of experiment but of spontaneous thought-transference or spontaneous spirit-communication ; an alleged fact which may undoubtedly be proved, and perhaps disproved, by testimony. On this matter I confess that in the controversy between Dr. Myers and Mr. Podmore I am inclined to take the side of the former. I do not see, that is, that there is in the Society’s accumulations any spontaneous evidence for phantasms or intimations before death, which might not equally be pleaded for the same phenomena having occurred after it. But there is for me no impossibility in either the one or the other. It is all a question of evidence.

And with regard to the only incidents in the Society’s collections which can be tested by the public as a class, there is no difficulty in deciding how the evidence preponderates. For however much they differ among themselves, they agree in this, that these are all startling incidents. They are not like the obscure intimations which I have already put on one side, and which, ‘deep-seated in our mystic frame,’ must be groped after darkly and doubtfully, if they are to be found at all. Such obscure telepathies can scarcely be proved, or perhaps disproved. But it is otherwise with the stories which are here appealed to as evidence. These narratives are vivid and startling, and must have been startling before fulfilment, and when they occurred—if they ever occurred, as their narrators have got themselves to believe. The test I proposed is this ; a startling experience is one which is likely to be recorded at the time. The very meaning of its being startling is that it strikes the mind as noteworthy, most of all if it is of such a nature as to point forward to a startling fulfilment. In such a case the chances are strongly in favour of some document existing ; and we find, in point of fact, that of all other startling events in our time, whether public, domestic, or private, records do exist, generally in the form of letters. What is the inference, if the class of telepathic or wraith stories is uniformly distinguished from others equally startling, either by this class alone having no record at the time, or by its being invariably found impossible to produce the document even

when it is part of the story that it was actually written? This is not a difficulty raised in the region of telepathy or philosophy: it is a mere application of the ordinary rules of common sense to the ordinary facts of testimony. And when I find that this, already the scandal of telepathy in 1887, has not been removed in the case of any one narrative down to near 1892, and that in the new stories it has rather persisted and increased, I fear that the representatives of the Society may soon come to have a very plain duty laid upon them. That duty will not be to discontinue experiment, or to deny any of their private convictions with regard to telepathy. But it may be to acknowledge that the more startling of the 'spontaneous' incidents—those upon which they have mainly relied with outsiders, and which alone, indeed, have taken hold upon the public mind—should never have been passed as evidential. Such narratives, however vivid and however honest, were in the view of Mr. Gurney probably false unless they were corroborated. What have Mr. Gurney's successors to say to the persistent absence during the last few years of the alleged documentary corroboration? Why should it be about as hard to get a letter from a Psychical Society as from a Mahatma?

A. TAYLOR INNES.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE CHURCH

IF the conduct of the Government in yielding too much to the Liberal Unionists excites the discontent of some of its supporters, its conduct in yielding to the extreme Radicals would meet with still greater animadversion from them, and it is difficult to understand or to excuse the bad management which led to the dropping of the Clergy Discipline Bill, supported as it was by Mr. Gladstone, on account of the opposition of half a dozen little-known members, notwithstanding that Mr. H. Fowler appealed to them to let the Bill pass in deference to the wishes of Mr. Gladstone. This opposition was not such as could be formulated, for the opponents of the Bill could not say that they sympathised with criminous clerks, nor could they consistently allege any distrust of lay tribunals, or a preference for ecclesiastical courts in cases more properly coming under the cognisance of criminal courts; their real motive—the desire to retain abuses in the Church, or grounds upon which to inveigh against the clergy—was to a greater degree one that could not be proclaimed aloud, so that the opponents of this Bill could only obstruct it by wasting time with irrelevant talk, which would call for and deserve the closure.

Another Bill of a most useful nature has also been prevented and sacrificed from the same motive, and merely because it would have been useful to the Church, especially since the low price of corn has deprived the clergy of nearly a quarter of their incomes, calculating tithe rent-charge at par, and has caused a far greater reduction of the incomes of those incumbents who entered into their benefices some fifteen or twenty years ago. In 1863 an Act was passed by Lord Westbury authorising the Lord Chancellor to sell the advowson of certain poorer livings of which he is patron, specified in a list or schedule of that Act, and to apply the purchase money to the augmentation of these poor benefices. This Act has worked very beneficially, and the advowsons of nearly all the benefices in the list situated in England have been sold, and those benefices augmented. The prices they fetched have been published in a return moved for by the late Earl Beauchamp.

The Lord Chancellor is, moreover, patron of sixty benefices in Wales, the greater part of which are extremely poor. Fourteen of these happen to be in the list or schedule of the Act of 1863, but a great number had been omitted, and among them several that required augmentation, and that could be augmented by this method in a very suitable way. Some, for instance, of these potential patrons have been assisting these poor clergymen—either increasing their stipends or assisting to pay their curates. If the large and responsible landowners were able to become patrons of the parishes in which they have an interest, not only would these benefices be augmented by the purchase money, but the persons who became patrons would be still more inclined than at present to assist the clergyman whom they had been the means of bringing into the parish. There is another argument in favour of the Lord Chancellor's selling the advowsons of his benefices and divesting himself of his patronage, especially in Wales—namely, that on account of proficiency in the Welsh language being absolutely necessary in most parishes in Wales, it has frequently been customary for the Lord Chancellors not to exercise this patronage directly, but to consult the bishops, thus increasing the episcopal patronage in the Welsh dioceses, where it about equals the lay patronage, and is rather too preponderant in Anglesey, and not sufficiently tempered by lay patronage. The Lord Chancellor, therefore, would lose no political advantage, and would save himself some trouble, by divesting himself of the patronage of poor benefices in Wales, which would probably be better filled up by those who, living in the immediate neighbourhood, are more acquainted with the junior clergy, and who are principally interested in the well-being of the parish in or near which they reside. The incumbents of the Lord Chancellor's benefices feel, moreover, that, once appointed by him, their patron is too much of an abstraction, and they cannot apply to him as they would to an ordinary patron for assistance in small parochial matters, and they very properly abstain from troubling him with letters, as they would not do in the case of a lay patron not burdened by official duties.

In June 1888 the Lord Chancellor introduced a Bill into the House of Lords for the Augmentation of Benefices, to supplement the omissions and enlarge the Act of 1863. The Bill went down to the House of Commons, where it was blocked by Mr. Dillwyn, and accordingly did not pass. The only motive or reason for this opposition was the same as that which last Session caused the opposition to the Clergy Discipline Bill—namely, a wish to prevent any benefit to the Church, even where no one else could lose or suffer by it. The following year an attempt was made to carry this measure by beginning with it in the House of Commons, but this also failed; and it is hardly to be expected that a Lord Chancellor should attempt to

introduce a Bill again at the risk of another failure, unless he gets more support and encouragement from outside.

It may be asked why all, or nearly all, the benefices situated in England in the schedule of the Act of 1863 have been disposed of, whilst fifteen of them situated in Wales remain undisposed of. It may be that money is scarcer in Wales than in England, but also, from cases that have come to my knowledge, because the Act of 1863 is less known or is now forgotten in Wales. It may also be that some have been deterred by the noisy fraction who talk of disestablishment, and had not the courage of the Roman citizen who bought the field under Hannibal's tent. It may be useful, therefore, to give the names of these benefices and their net value, as an inducement to the landowners interested in those parishes to come forward and apply to the Lord Chancellor for the purchase of these advowsons, and in doing so they may have the satisfaction of feeling that, though they will not get value for their money, they will be doing a charitable act by increasing the miserable stipends of several deserving men.

					Net value	Larg advowson	Lay improp.
					£		
Cardigan	224	1	—
Crunwre	122	2	—
Fishguard	102	3	1
Freystrop	.	.	.	No house	90	4	—
Hubberston	107	3	—
Marloes	.	.	.	No house	123	2	—
Norton W. Rock	163	4	1
Port Eynon	82	1	—
Prendergast	111	—	—
Rhosully	102	1	—
Rosemarket	122	2	—
Rudbaxton	165	4	—
St. Ismael	} held together				(No answer could be obtained from this incumbent.)		
Hlasguard							

The advowson of Ilston, near Swansea, was sold in 1864; its gross value was then 200*l*. Its sale has secured about 78*l*. free of deductions more to this benefice per annum. For under the Act of 1863 half the interest on the purchase money is at once given to the incumbent, and the other half accumulates in the augmentation fund, and allows of 3½ per cent. interest, and this other half of the interest together with the first half, or the whole, is given to the succeeding incumbent after the next avoidance of the benefice.

Two other Welsh benefices were sold, and Earl Beauchamp's return shows that 105 poor benefices, 12 of which were in Wales, were augmented under the 26th section of the Act of 1863 by grants, mostly of 400*l*., out of a total sum of 49,500*l*. The sale of the advowsons of 106 benefices produced 177,359*l*.; fourteen other benefices sold under the 23rd and 24th sections produced 47,350*l*. Total result of Lord Westbury's Act, 274,209*l*.

Some years ago the dean of an important cathedral urged me to take the opportunity of the first Ecclesiastical Bill that came before the House of Lords to move the insertion of clauses to allow of the sale of advowsons for the purpose of augmentation of the benefice both by the Lord Chancellor and also by the bishops; and I heard later that another dean, not a person of more weight than the first, but the dean of a more important cathedral, was of the same opinion. Accordingly, in March 1887, I moved two clauses¹ to that effect in the Archbishop of Canterbury's Church Patronage Bill. The bishops, however, would not hear of such a clause on any account, and objected that they could not divest themselves of their responsibilities; totally oblivious of the fact that their predecessors had done so with respect to every case of lay patronage in the kingdom, and according to the ancient practice of the Church in this and other countries (when there was only one Church) of rewarding lay benefactions to the Church by the concession of the privilege of selecting the priest they preferred for a particular benefice, out of a number of priests presumed to be equal as to morals and doctrine. This lay patronage still exists in Spain, and has worked well in England since the Reformation.

If the bishops of the present time have not the same powers as their pre-Reformation predecessors over the doctrines and morals of their clergy, they have equal power over them at starting by means of the conditions which they can exact from them through their examining chaplains, and also by the testimonials brought by the candidates for ordination, and searching inquiries respecting them. The right reverend prelates who objected to being allowed to sell some of their advowsons for the benefit of parishes crippled by the poverty of the incumbents could not have read the excellent speech of the late Bishop of Peterborough on the occasion of introducing one of his Patronage Bills, in which he explained the whole origin of lay patrons. The Bishop of Peterborough's Bill was intended to remove the few abuses of this patronage and trust by prohibiting the sale of next presentations, and this is another instance of that unfair opposition in the House of Commons to Bills intended either to remove abuses recognised as such by all parties,² or to improve the temporal condition of the Church of England. The clause moved in March 1887 applied to all the dioceses of the provinces of Canterbury and York, but their application is more required

¹ The clauses were :

(7) The provisions of the Lord Chancellor's Augmentation Act, 1863, shall extend to all benefices in Wales of a yearly value of less than two hundred and fifty pounds, in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, and which are not named in the schedule of the said Act.

(8) It shall be lawful for the Archbishops and Bishops, if they think fit, to sell the patronage of benefices in their gift, in accordance with the provisions of the Lord Chancellor's Augmentation Act, 1863. 1

² See Earl of Selborne, *Defence of the Church*, 1886, p. 293.

in the four dioceses of Wales than elsewhere by reason of the greater poverty of those benefices, and, it may be added, of the laity, from whom subscriptions will be obtained with greater difficulty. The prelates of those four dioceses might be asked to consider whether their responsibilities would not be sufficiently covered by their examining chaplains, and their unfettered discretion as to ordination in the first place, and by their power to refuse to institute clergymen nominated by lay patrons on the ground of their insufficiency in the Welsh language, as well as on the other grounds upon which all the bishops have the power to refuse to institute; and even should they not promote such a clause themselves, yet to say if it were again presented to them for acceptance, 'My poverty, though not my will, consents.' As to the clause moved to allow of the Lord Chancellor selling the advowson of any of his benefices under an annual value of 200*l.*, he objected to it on the ground that no schedule of these benefices had been submitted, and that the clause did not specify whether gross or net value was intended. To the best of my recollection the Lord Chancellor had not long occupied the woolsack, and had not had time to learn how very poor some of his clergy were. Be that as it may, about two years later he introduced the Bill above referred to for the augmentation of these benefices in the way proposed by the clause he had before declined to accept. This Bill quoted and referred to certain sections of the Act of 1863, and my first impression on reading the Bill was that the Lord Chancellor intended to augment these poor livings out of unclaimed Chancery funds. Charity obliged me to suppose that Mr. Dillwyn, who blocked this Bill, had arrived at the same conclusion that I had, and without the same opportunities of getting disabused of this error; otherwise there was no excuse for his blocking this Bill—an act of which he, no doubt, would be ashamed if he would imagine what his feelings would be if some M.P., hostile to dissenters, and as intolerant as those who prevent every measure calculated to benefit the Church of England, had blocked and prevented the passing of two Bills which Lord Cairns introduced or took charge of in the House of Lords for the protection of the property of Wesleyans and of some other non-conformist body in the north of Ireland.

To show the poverty of many of the benefices in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, and the urgency of some remedy such as was contemplated by his Bill of 1888, it may be stated that thirty-five of his benefices in Wales are under 200*l.* net value; of these, sixteen are under 150*l.*, and eight are under 100*l.* Eleven benefices have no house attached to them. Another cause of the poverty of the Lord Chancellor's benefices is that they are much infested with lay rectors or impropriators, for in his parishes there are nine lay rectors, if not more, who derive much more tithe from the parish than do the vicars; and in many of these parishes the lay rector does

nothing for the church or schools. These lay rectors, who do nothing for the places from which they draw tithe, are worse than absentees, for they have been a great cause of the recent disinclination to pay tithe. The figures given below show how many Welsh benefices require augmentation, and what the Bill of 1888 might have done for them; and if the Lord Chancellor should again introduce his Bill these figures and facts should plead with the Government to make the Lord Chancellor's Bill a Government Bill, as well as the Clergy Discipline Bill, which Mr. Goschen announced last August would be made a Government Bill next session.

STANLEY OF ALDERLEY.

LIST OF LORD CHANCELLOR'S POOR BENEFICES WHICH SHOULD BE ADDED TO THE SCHEDULE OF THE ACT OF 1863.

Parishes	Net value	Large landowners	Improprietors
	£		£
Ambleston	158	1	—
Bettws Caedwen	179	4	—
Cayo Conwyl	170	5	1 of 400
Clarbeston No house	79	2	1 of 232
Crinow No house	70	—	—
Dylife	140	5	—
Eglwys Cymmin	135	3	—
Kidwelly No house	149	5	1 of 386
Kilgerran	149	1	—
Kilmaenllwydd	157	—	—
Llanaber or Harmouth No house	165	2	—
Llanadwaladr	190	1	—
Llanbadrig	158	3	1 of 400
Llandeimolen	192	1 ¹	—
Llanfihangel Nantmellan	130 ^b	—	—
Llanfihangel Penbedw	87	1	—
Llanglydwen No house	113	3	—
Llangwrig	200	—	—
Llanigon Old house	166	4	1 of 237
Ludchurch	—	—	—
Llanmadoc	215	3	—
Llanybyther Old house	144	1	1 of 160
Manerdivy	223	4	—
Merthyr	173	3	—
Newborough	144	1	—
Nevern	170	3	—
Penmaen	170	3	—
Penrieth No house	88	4	1 of 374
Rhoscrowther	267	4	—
St. Edrens	170 ^c	—	—
St. Ishmael, Carmarthen	172	4	—
Verwick ^d No house	63	—	—

^a Pays for English service.

^b Pays 60*l.* for curate.

^c This parish contains the new seaside place of Gwbert-on-the-Sea; it will soon require a new church.

^d These figures have been calculated, not supplied by the Incumbents.

FRENCH AUTHORS ON EACH OTHER

'Two recent works,' says (substantially) M. Jules Huret in the preface to his *Enquête sur l'Évolution Littéraire*, the collection of 'interviews,' 'pen-portraits,' and 'revelations' which has caused lately such a fluttering in French literary dovecotes, 'may be looked upon as having suggested the idea of these researches: *Le Jardin de Bérénice*, by M. Maurice Barrès, and M. Jean Moréas's *Pèlerin passionné*. The former of these productions was hailed as a triumph by the "Psychological" school of writers, while the latter was celebrated loudly by the "Symbolists" or *Décadents*. The Psychologists now claim to have triumphed definitively over their predecessors in the field of fiction, the "Realists" or "Naturalists;" the Symbolists contending that in the domain of verse they have succeeded to the rank held formerly by the representatives of the *École du Parnasse*. It has been a fierce battle, as a result of which the old order has passed, giving way to the new: in the opinion, that is to say, of the new men themselves. It appeared interesting therefore to elicit from the chief warriors in the divers camps their respective opinions concerning the literary situation in general and the position and prospects of their own cause in particular.'

To the 'psychologists,' who would seem to be just at present in the ascendant altogether, our clever young reporter (the sketches composing M. Huret's book came out originally as separate and successive articles in the columns of the *Écho de Paris* newspaper) first directed his attention. May M. Anatole France be considered a psychologist? Possibly so, as being more or less a disciple of M. Ernest Renan. M. Huret at all events proceeded to 'interview' him, and point-blank asked him 'Is Naturalism really dead?'

As a door-nail (was M. France's reply). With Flaubert, the Goncourts, and Zola in his earlier novels, naturalism for some twenty or thirty years reigned supreme. But all along it was easy to foresee the inevitable reaction. Naturalism, even when true to life, taught us nothing that was new; and it always was essentially distressing and depressing. Often, though, it was not true, and then was absurd as well as ignominious. Take *La Terre*, for example. It is the work not of a realist, but of an idealist, depraved and perverted. Common sense shows it to be impossible that peasants, working in the fields from morning till night, should devote all the rest of their time to bestialities such as M. Zola depicts. No: invention for invention, he might at least have invented something clean. Here,

too, is another reason for the decline and fall of naturalism: women, who read so much more than men, and who like to discuss what they read, could scarcely be expected to avow acquaintance with works like *La Terre*. Bourget's psychological romances, on the other hand, afforded an admirable field for feminine discussion, and moreover were filled to overflowing with the most delicate fondness of and appreciation for all things feminine—an element conspicuous only by its absence in the books of the naturalist school. Hence, in great measure, the extraordinary success of 'psychology.' Realism may be said to have died a natural death equally on account of its filthy grossness, and of its total lack of tenderness and passion. Dead 'it is, most undoubtedly; for see, to-day even M. de Maupassant forsakes it, and devotes himself, with his *Notre Cœur*, to 'psychology' pure and simple. Hennique long ago turned away from naturalism, and Huysmans never really was one of its champions. All the new writers of talent are psychological: Barrès, with his brilliant, penetrating intelligence; Pierre Loti, Edouard Rod, Jules Lemaitre, M. de Vogüé, and how many more! As for 'Symbolism,' it merely represents another aspect of the same literary evolution. It is the natural and necessary reaction against the 'exteriority,' the 'impassibility,' the lack of soul, in a word, long advocated as essential qualities of art by the small but gifted band of 'Parnassian' poets. Nowadays we are seeking, and obtaining, greater suppleness, greater elasticity, greater freedom and warmth of life in our verse, through the medium of novel or renovated forms. Personally, I do not see any necessity for the archaisms desired to be introduced by M. Jean Moréas. For I believe that all imaginable effects may be obtained by means of our modern tongue, if the writer only have sufficient talent. Moréas himself, however, is a charming artist.

'A charming artist: ' the very epithet which, as everyone who knows him will allow, might be applied to M. Anatole France himself. His close-cropped dark hair, now turning grey, his agreeably regular features set off by the neat primness of a small peaked beard, and, above all, the mingled intelligence and affability of his glance, are notable points in a singularly sympathetic physiognomy.

A small high-shouldered figure, square visage of the kind certain to become weazen later on, and peculiar smile that would like to be still keener in its irony than it is: M. Jules Lemaitre, next interviewed by the literary reporter. M. Lemaitre, like his *confrère* or rival in criticism, M. France, opines that Naturalism is defunct; but to his mind Naturalism means M. Emile Zola alone. Daudet is an artist, the Goncourts artists, only Zola really is a realist. Evidently M. Lemaitre is a monotheist in matters literary. For he likewise holds that 'psychology' is represented by a single writer, and that writer M. Paul Bourget. Barrès? a humourist, like Sterne; besides, he studies only his own soul, whilst the true psychologist studies the souls of others. Anatole France? essentially a moralist.

Symbolists? (continues M. Lemaitre), symbolists? *connais pas*. . . . A school, without any scholars. . . . Its only production up to the present has been Jean Moréas's *Pèlerin passionné*, which contains—what? Just a few charming pieces in the style of the old popular songs, amid a mass of incomprehensible rubbish.

Finally, the *feuilletoniste* of the *Journal des Débats* expresses the opinion that French literature in the future is likely to wander

further and further away from the classical ideal, if only on account of the increasing neglect of Latin studies.

From M. Edouard Rod, the young Swiss novelist and critic, now a fixture in a professorial capacity at the University of Geneva, M. Huret received a letter whose contents may be summed up as follows :—

Naturalism in its heyday introduced into contemporary French fiction the useful and valuable element of precision. It should, therefore, not be wholly despised in its present decline. As for the symbolists, they may render French poetry the inestimable service of saving it from the spirit of classical abstraction.

But was not this done two generations since by Victor Hugo?

Specially interesting was the interview with the young literary hero of the hour in Paris, M. Maurice Barrès. Parisian literary reputations very rapidly wax and decline. Fifteen or twenty years ago it was M. Alphonse Daudet; then M. de Maupassant's star rose above the horizon; then M. Paul Bourget became the rage, almost simultaneously with 'Pierre Loti'; and now the general cry is 'Maurice Barrès.' In a small *hôtel* of the Renaissance style at No. 12 Rue Legendre, the last earthly residence, by the way, of the ill-fated young painter Jules Bastien-Lepage, the author of *Le Jardin de Bérénice* was discovered in a comfortably and, indeed, handsomely furnished study. Flowers, of those sent weekly from Nice by M. Barrès's friend and literary worshipper, the mother of Marie Bashkirtseff, were placed in vases here and there about the room, and *des peintures moyen-âgeuses*, as M. Jules Huret styles them, abundantly decorated the walls. Cigarettes and a pleasant smile on the part of the tall, slender, distinguished-looking young host (*sourire bienveillant que des gens s'entêtent à voir ironique*) were the starting-point of a sufficiently animated conversation. Naturalism, of course, to begin with :—

It had its *raison d'être* (remarks M. Barrès) as a reaction against the rose-water novels of the Octave Feuillet type. But now the psychological school represents an equally necessary reaction against naturalism itself. As to the symbolists, I like Moréas, and I like his talent, but I, for my part, should hardly care to devote a lifetime to the task of chiselling phrases and reviving obsolete terms. Even if one is an artist, it is better to have a little brains, if possible, into the bargain.... Was not Heine, for instance, all the better and more interesting artist, because so singularly intelligent a man?

And now were sounded by M. Barrès the praises of a number of rising writers, who will perhaps be better known to-morrow than they are to-day: MM. André Maurel, the author of that strange book *Candeur*; George Bonnamour, who has written *Fanny Bora* and *Représailles*; Maurice Beaubourg, with his *Contes pour les Assassins*; Emile Hinzelin, the author of *André Marsy*; together with a number of others.

Who is M. Camille de Sainte-Croix, next introduced in the pages

of M. Huret's *Enquête*? A quite young writer, whose first novel, *Mauvaise Aventure*, attracted not long since the attention of the principal critics. In the opinion of several of his personal friends M. de Sainte-Croix is destined to infuse new blood into the somewhat impoverished veins of the novel of action and incident in France. He is at all events well inspired in his contention, brought forward in the interview with M. Huret, that literature is not so much a trade, or an art, or a science, as it is—Life itself. In other words, he writes best who has most variously and intensely *lived*.

M. Paul Hervieu, the young author of *L'Inconnu* and of *Flirt*, might be qualified as a species of Nathaniel Hawthorne in little. He possesses, in a remarkable degree, the great American writer's turn for acute, subtle psychological inquiry, for gravely indulgent moralising, and for the most delicately restrained felicity in style. In response to M. Huret's customary interrogations, M. Hervieu first of all declined to recognise the existence of any such entity as a 'school.' A literary 'school,' in his opinion, means simply a literary 'method.' The chief fault to be found with both the naturalist and psychological methods is that by dint of the constant practice of many hands they have now been reduced to a species of mechanical process, which any *littérateur* of ordinary intelligence can effectually follow. Every individual writer's literature must, in manner and in matter (says M. Hervieu), be special and peculiar to himself; or literature it cannot justly claim to be. Measured by this standard, MM. Mendès, Barrès, Rosny, Huysmans, Elémir Bourges, Hennique, Paul Margueritte, and Octave Mirbeau are true *littérateurs*: a great many others are not. The symbolist poets deserve credit, if only on account of their 'exceptionally pious attitude towards Art.' But it may be doubted whether the literary movement they are attempting to set on foot will in the long run prove successful.—So far the last writer on M. Huret's 'psychological' list.

There is in Paris a school of writers who style themselves the 'Occultists' or 'Magi.' To all life's problems they apply certain mystical solutions of their own, and their literature is merely the outcome or expression of their general views. Chief among these eccentrics is the 'Sar' Joséphin Péladan—the word 'Sar,' by the way, not being, as one possibly might imagine, a French mispronunciation of the English title 'Sir,' but, it would appear, merely some mystical Chaldean appellation gratuitously assumed by the bearer. Him, consequently, M. Huret first sought out. To bring off a personal interview did not prove feasible, but, in accordance with his practice in all such cases, M. Huret extracted from the victim a letter. In Sar Péladan's eyes, Chateaubriand is the great literary genius of the century. Balzac, Barbey d'Aurevilly, and Villiers de l'Isle-Adam are not, however, to be sneezed at, for they all of them had traces of the mystical in their composition. 'You ask me to explain my precise literary

formula,' then adds ingenuously the unappreciated Sar. 'How can I be expected to do so when my *Prince de Byzance* has been declined at the Odéon theatre, and my *Sar Mérodack* will no less certainly be rejected by the Comédie Française?' After this it is a little singular to reflect that M. Joséphin Péladan is the author of several works full of fine sentiment and lofty reason, such as that to which he has given the unfortunate and quite misleading title of *Le Vice Suprême*—for this book has nothing whatever to do with 'vice' in the ordinary sense of the term—besides *À Cœur Perdu*, *L'Initiation Sentimentale*, and others.

Also an occultist is M. Paul Adam. He was, a year or two since, a not unnoted exponent of naturalist doctrines; then a *décadent*, and then again an unsuccessful Boulangist politician. To-day, as this young man of nine-and-twenty is seen parading the boulevards at the hour of absinthe, his meagre undersized frame attired in a distant imitation of Bond Street fashions, and a half-naïf half-cunning smile upon his pallid face with beardless lips and chin and rather protruding bulbous nose, aspirant *littérateurs* seated by twos and threes behind little marble-topped tables in front of certain prominent *cafés* will nudge each other and exclaim: '*Tiens, voilà Paul Adam. . . C'est un Mage!*' Being a *Mage*, like M. Paul Adam, is not apparently incompatible with saying a great many very malicious things about the other *Mages*, one's *confrères*.

Mage No. 3, M. Jules Bois, contributes to the *Enquête* a picturesque, interesting letter in which he characterises with much force and dexterity of touch the respective artistic and intellectual processes of (1) the naturalist prose writers, (2) the symbolist and 'decadent' poets, and (3) the psychologists or 'psychological egotists'; the writer coming naturally to the conclusion that only the school of 'occultism' takes sufficiently profound and comprehensive views of man, the world, and the infinite. 'Occultism,' says M. Bois, 'is, practically, a sort of active mysticism, or more valiant Tolstoism. It stands in direct opposition to Buddhistic nihilism.' Nothing remains but for readers to try to comprehend what may be meant by these remarks.

M. Papus, with whom ends the list of the Occultists, is not only a *Mage* but a savant. His opinions, as expressed to M. Huret, may be nevertheless left unquoted.

Come we now to one of the most interesting divisions of M. Jules Huret's book: that in which are introduced the chief representatives of the symbolist and decadent schools of modern French poetry, including such celebrated personalities as MM. Mallarmé and Verlaine. Of the former, M. Huret traces the following *instantané* or tiny pen-portrait: Medium height, greyish beard trimmed smartly to a point, straight nose of no inconsiderable dimensions, large eyes shining with extraordinary brightness; a singular air of *finesse* tempered by amiability, but also of overpowering and overweening

pride. Altogether M. Mallarmé possesses remarkable personal charm. He talks admirably, with eloquent and precise gestures, and in a melodious, subtly intoned, perfectly cultivated voice.

Why these clumsy, coarse distinctions between verse and prose?—M. Mallarmé remarks at a certain juncture in the conversation. First there is the alphabet, and then there is nothing else but verse: verse more or less compressed, more or less diffuse, verse of innumerable unequal rhythms; but ever, and inevitably, verse. . . . Whenever it is attempted to write with anything like style, rhythm (and consequently versification) at once ensues in a more or less highly marked degree. Now is it not singular that always up to the present poetic expression should have been restricted officially to certain measures, limited in number and invariable in form, seeing that, as poetry's main object is to reproduce or suggest the infinitely diverse fluctuations of the soul, its motions should, on the contrary, be as various and untrammelled as those of the boundless sea itself? The old rhythms will not, in the future, be discarded; but they, along with all the new rhythms hereafter to be discovered and applied, will be used only when found to be in accord with the inner harmonies of the theme.

Regarding his own somewhat abstruse poetic methods and results, M. Mallarmé explains that he proceeds, in his verse, from comparison to comparison, without preserving the usual narrative and explicatory passages or transitions between. The effect is, naturally, that his poems—mere glittering masses of images, disconnected though separately beautiful—become in their sequence and *ensemble* incomprehensible to anyone except himself. A piece by M. Mallarmé is a cipher of which M. Mallarmé alone possesses the key. Pity this gifted gentleman, who, so far from his being a charlatan, as some ill-natured persons have insinuated, never has raised his little finger in the attempt to obtain notoriety and, although living narrowly and laboriously as a tutor of the English tongue, never has written a line for pecuniary reward, will not condescend to develop his remarkable poetic talent upon a somewhat less esoteric plane.

'An archangel, slightly damaged,' was Charles Lamb's memorable definition of Coleridge. And this is how M. Huret depicts Paul Verlaine:—

The face of a fallen angel stricken in years: rough irregular beard, nose of peculiar abrupt shape, harsh bristling eyebrows overshadowing the sombre, searching, greenish singularity of the glance; enormous, oblong, denuded cranium, marked all over with enigmatic lumps and bumps. The double tendency towards asceticism on the one hand, and insane monstrosity on the other, expresses itself with startling clearness on this visage, which to have seen once is never to forget.

The milk of human kindness, however, still lies uncurdled at the core of this terribly degraded and yet, at times, ineffably exalted nature: Paul Verlaine is not venomous, not embittered, not sarcastic: he blames or condemns no one, save Paul Verlaine.

When I feel unhappy I write melancholy verse. Any better explanation of my method I cannot give you. I don't know how others may judge of my

poems: still I imagine that the gulf-stream of my existence, with its currents hot and cold, its floating wreckage, its drifting sand and mud, and perhaps also here and there some uprooted, castaway flower, may be visible clearly enough beneath the surface of the lines.

The symbolist movement does not seem to have appealed to Verlaine's warmest sympathies; for he remarks that it is not poetic, not French, and not disinterested nor sincere. 'In 1830 a literary revolution took place to the cry of "Hernani!" Nowadays the cry is simply "Réclame!"'

M. Moréas, prime mover in this whole symbolist evolution, and chief of what he has christened the 'École Romane' (whose main object apparently is to revive the archaic French of Ronsard and even earlier), was the next person to speak. With the peculiar pallor of his complexion, slightly divergent glance of his glittering dark eyes, and bristling fierceness of the ink-black moustache he twirls incessantly 'twixt his finger and thumb, M. Jean Moréas presents a somewhat un-French appearance—owing, perhaps to the fact that he is a Greek.

My verse (says M. Moréas) by many people is considered merely as a species of mythical prose. The same insult was hurled at the head of Victor Hugo fifty or sixty years ago. . . . Yes, I wish to revive the terms and forms of Ronsard. But I do not slavishly imitate him for all that. . . . I copy Ronsard about as much as Victor Hugo copied Agrippa d'Aubigné.

. . . Victor Hugo and M. Moréas, M. Moréas and Victor Hugo. . . .

The symbolists have their critic—the acute, subtle, fastidious M. Charles Morice. And, indeed, M. Morice is nothing if not critical. Few contemporary writers find grace before his eyes. Maurice Barrès? Neither passion nor true sentiment; and yet (although he thinks it) not really a sceptic: what, then, is he? one might not inaptly inquire of M. Charles Morice. M. Moréas? A lyric poet without two ideas in his head. Verlaine and Mallarmé, it is true, are great and admirable, both as poets and as men (!). But Zola, Richépin, Daudet, Sully-Prudhomme, Loti, Maupassant, Dumas, Sarcey, Sardou, Wolff, Fouquier, Jules Lemaitre—all nonentities, and all contemptible. A man worth the lot of them put together is M. Joseph Caraguel. What though this gentleman be almost totally unknown? that possibly is the chief reason why M. Charles Morice so extols him.

Tall and slight, twenty-seven years of age, grey eyes, light moustache, delicate features, slender aristocratic hand, soft and musical voice—such is the pleasing portrait traced by M. Huret of the young poet M. Henri de Régnier, concerning whom several of the foregoing interviewees had expressed most favourable opinions. Original, decidedly, is this M. de Régnier; he dislikes praising himself, and he equally dislikes abusing others. 'No such thing as a regular symbolist school can be considered to exist; only a number

of young writers of diverse temperament and tendencies, who have banded themselves together in order to present a bolder front to the world. The moment success comes, they will naturally fall apart. And better so; art should be independent. As for the technique of verse, let that be what it will, so long as the verse is good.' The critical faculty in M. de R  gnier would appear to co-exist with the poetical.

From England, where M. Charles Vignier is now staying, he sends M. Huret so intensely virulent a letter that vitriol, not ink, might have been the substance employed in penning it. Verlaine's genius he admits, but for every other writer named M. Vignier has only some epithet of mockery and scorn. His violence is too coarse to be entertaining.

M. Adrien Remacle is known not only as a symbolist, but as the founder of an 'advanced' literary review. 'All literature is perforce symbolical,' remarks M. Remacle; 'therefore the new catch-word "symbolism" is meaningless. Moreover, there are no two writers at the present day who think alike.' Regarding this latter point, it is perhaps M. Adrien Remacle's experience in connection with his deceased *Revue Contemporaine* that speaks.

As though the number of literary 'schools' in Paris was not already more than sufficient, M. Ren   Ghil has invented yet another, a sort of offshoot or modification of symbolism, to which he has given the notable name of '  volutive-instrumentiste.' His long letter to M. Huret contains no point of special interest in regard to the *Enqu  te*.

From Paris to Ghent was not too distant a journey to be undertaken by M. Huret with intent to question the symbolist Belgian playwright M. Maurice Maeterlinck, brought so prominently of late before the French and English public. M. Maeterlinck's remarks to his young Parisian visitor need not, however, be reproduced here, as they already have been 'annexed,' in order to be given to the English-speaking world, by divers journals under the guise of information specially contributed to the latter.

Vieux, by M. Albert Aurier, is one of the few books recently written in France in which is directly discernible the influence of Balzac. Tall, round-shouldered, with large head, delicate features, and long hair beneath the wide flat brims of a hat pushed far back upon the brow, M. Aurier, says his candid and rather unceremonious interviewer, 'is, on the whole, sympathetic'—'Naturalism—a decaying corpse now beginning to emit foul odours. . . . As for the symbolists, most of them have a great deal of talent.' It may be not uninteresting to add that M. Aurier has lately become a symbolist himself.

Paris, at the present day, swarms with little literary reviews—bubbles, so to speak, forming upon the bosom of the literary torrent, and which a moment later burst and are seen no more. *Le Mercure*

de France is one of these ephemeral publications. Among its contributors is a certain M. Rémy de Gourmont, who wears a square-cut blonde beard, likewise a double eyeglass, and has—it is hardly necessary to state that for the present personal details and reflections, as well as for all others introduced in the course of this article, M. Jules Huret, with his *Enquête sur l'Évolution Littéraire*, is alone to be held responsible—a cold and penetrating glance. Villiers de l'Isle-Adam and Jules Laforgue, who both, by the way, are *déad*, possessed, according to M. de Gourmont, extraordinary genius. Emile Zola, not even attaining to the dignity of being a dragon, is a vile crocodile pierced through and through by the new Saint George M. Huysmans with that glorious celestial lance, *À Rebours*.

Another *Mercur* *de France* writer, and a clever one, is a gentleman rejoicing in the portentous name and title of 'Saint-Pol-Roux-le-Magnifique.' 'Down with the symbolists!' is M. Saint-Pol-Roux's cry. 'They hold themselves too far aloof from the current of ordinary life.'

Psychologists, symbolists, occultists, widely divided on most other points though they be, are all united in proclaiming the downfall and destruction of naturalism. It was, therefore, highly interesting to hear what the naturalists themselves might have to say in the matter. Among these, M. Edmond de Goncourt was the first to be consulted, both by reason of his age and of his talents. Enconced in his study in the little house at Auteuil, where each Sunday afternoon he holds a *levée* of friendly (?) *confrères*, the author of *Germinie Lacerteux* and *La Faustin*, who with his tall, erect, slender figure, jet black eye of gimlet sharpness, delicate sharply-chiselled features, and general air of morose intelligence and patrician disdain presents in striking degree the appearance of a *gentilhomme français* of the old *régime*, was constrained to admit that naturalism indeed has seen its best day. It has done its work, which was to get closer to real life; just as the work of the Romantic movement was to enrich the tongue emasculated by 'classicism.' At present the psychologists are riding on the crest of the wave. 'But,' says M. de Goncourt, 'was not my *Madame Gervaisais* as thoroughly psychological a study as anything by these later men?' Schopenhauer at Frankfort would place a gold coin beside him every day at the beginning of his *table d'hôte* meal, and at the close of the repast would pick it up and restore it to his right-hand waistcoat pocket. When asked, at length, what was the meaning of this singular demonstration, he replied that every day he made a bet with himself that some one of the men present, before the coffee, would start the subject either of gambling or of women. 'And,' he added, 'I have never once lost my wager!' Similarly, one might wager with absolute certainty of winning that M. Edmond de Goncourt will never let ten minutes elapse without beginning to speak of one of his own productions.

M. Emile Zola, however, could in this respect—to borrow the familiar sporting expression—give M. Edmond de Goncourt or any other living *littérateur* points, and a beating. Médan: a prosperous-looking country house, in which is a large and luxurious study, in which again is a middle-aged, blunt-mannered, parvenu-looking man: that is a faithful enough *instantané* of the author of *La Terre* as he appears surrounded by his household gods. M. Zola's first word, on receiving his interviewer, was to say that his last book, *L'Argent*, is selling like hot cakes: evidently—if true—a crushing argument in favour of the literary merit of its author, though one that in France might be used by M. de Montépin and M. Ohnet, and in England by the author of the *Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. 'Naturalism dead? never was further from it . . . Psychologists? Symbolists? So many impotent drivellers . . . If anything new should really be required he (M. Zola) will provide it.' And, in the meanwhile, in M. Zola's eyes, how ridiculous and entirely without a parallel is the puffed-up conceit of M. Jean Moréas!

M. Joris Karl Huysmans is a gentleman about forty, thin and of medium height, hair cut short and standing on end, slight drooping moustache, straight nose with wide dilated nostril, large sensual mouth and expressive grey-green eyes. Altogether a feline physiognomy, not unsympathetic. 'It was inevitable,' M. Huysmans says, 'that naturalism should wear itself out. Zola has ridden it to death.' And then M. Huysmans, like the rest, begins to enlarge upon the theme of his own literary achievements. What he has to tell people in this connection is not very interesting, as it relates mainly to his recent fiasco *Là-bas*.

'The most difficult man in Paris to get at:' such, in the opinion of his would-be interviewer, is M. Guy de Maupassant. And when one does get at him, braving the covert insolence of the lackey at the door, one discovers, in the words of M. Huret, 'a short little man with mediocre shoulders, dull eye, and heavy coarse moustache.' 'Oh, literature I never talk about,' draws M. de Maupassant, who, M. Huret has heard say, prefers as subjects of conversation yachts, trouser-stretchers, and boots. 'I write when I think fit, but I don't care to discuss it. With Zola I am on good terms, also with Goncourt in spite of his *Memoirs*. I however see them rarely. With the others I have nothing to do. And now let us drop the subject.'

M. Paul Alexis contributes to the 'Inquiry' a letter pages long. It contains, among other things, a sad plaint that the critics should have taken so little notice of his recently-published *Madame Meuriot*. A number of rather round-armed hits are then essayed at *confrères* whose productions, for some unaccountable reason, have not been thus neglected, the document throughout being seasoned with spices of true Alexian and naturalist salacity. M. Alexis, by the way, prior to compiling this epistle, bombarded M. Huret with a telegram containing

simply these words: 'Naturalism not dead—letter follows.' True: for Naturalism still has M. Paul Alexis to represent it.

According to M. Henry Céard naturalism never really existed. As M. Céard himself was once accounted a naturalist, such a verdict pronounced by him may appear paradoxical. He explains himself by saying that at all epochs a literature of observation has flourished alongside of the literature of imagination: Saint Simon together with Racine, Restif de la Bretonne with Voltaire (which latter example seems rather singularly chosen), Balzac with Victor Hugo, &c. &c. Thus naturalism always has been, and never will cease to be. Then followed the usual string of personal 'pearls'—Bourget, a *prétentive naïf*, who writes a simply shocking style; Barrès, interesting and clever, but really a naturalist at bottom (!); and other similar amenities too numerous to mention.

M. Léon Hennique, also formerly a Zolaite, now inclines more or less to symbolism; and has scored several successes with his realistic dramas at the Théâtre Libre. Being averse, as he states in a brief note, to insulting great writers of a bygone generation, to casting aspersions upon his immediate *confrères*, and to assailing with savage ridicule and disdain a number of ambitious young men, the leading *littérateurs* of to-morrow; being, moreover, not even desirous of trumpeting his own praises, M. Hennique thinks it preferable to say no word.—Thus ends the chapter of the Naturalists.

There exists, however (so M. Jules Huret informs us), a band of 'Neo-naturalists': young writers who still continue, though with differences, the movement set on foot by M. Zola and his friends. M. Octave Mirbeau, a brilliant if rather extravagant and erratic *chroniqueur*, and author of several excessively audacious 'moral' studies, is perhaps the leading spirit among this latter-day group. In response to the usual questions by M. Huret he remarked with characteristic bluntness that so far as naturalism was concerned he cared 'not a rap for it'; but that Zola nevertheless is an 'enormous artist.' Tall, stalwart, handsome, with short red moustache turned up abruptly at the ends, healthy sun-embrowned complexion, and a look of defiance out of the eyes with dark-green, yellow-speckled pupils, M. Mirbeau might be said to have the *physique* of his talent as well as the courage of his opinions. 'Labels are all nonsense,' he asseverates. 'What matter if a book be written by a naturalist, a psychologist, or a symbolist, so long as the book is a fine one? It will be all the same half a dozen years hence.'

Robust of frame and reserved in disposition: so M. Joseph Caraguel might be characterised—the 'great unknown' whose merits were celebrated so warmly by the critic Charles Morice. M. Caraguel is anything but tender in his appreciation of *confrères*. He 'runs them down,' with extraordinary alacrity, blaming them all the while for 'running down' each other. In passing, however, he strikes out

this rather interesting formula: 'Literature should be Truth translated into Beauty.'

Of late years in Paris there has been much talk in certain coteries of the unprecedented talent of a M. J. H. Rosny. This gentleman has passed a fraction of his life in England; and apparently considers that he has become hereby impregnated with the tone and spirit of all things British. So much is this the case, that in a 'study' dealing with aspects of London life M. Rosny has rendered the term 'teetotaller' by the French words 'totalisateur de thé'—'totaliser of tea.' Volumes could not give a more complete idea of the spirit of pseudo-science in which are lucubrated the majority of M. J. H. Rosny's books.

M. Gustave Geffroy is an agreeable stylist, a sincere and accurate thinker, and a modest though sufficiently determined critic. In manner and person he is essentially sympathetic: thirty-five, medium height, smooth face framed round by a thin dark beard, and rendered peculiarly expressive by the bright glance of the light-coloured eyes and thoughtfulness of the high open brow. 'All these so-called literary 'schools,' says M. Geffroy, 'represent nothing more than so many arbitrary and puerile classifications. There are no schools, there are only individuals. The one great school is—Life.'

After achieving a certain species of notoriety with a book such as few men would have had the hardihood to write, and no English critic could have the hardihood even to mention by name, M. Paul Bonnetain has settled down as assistant literary editor of the *Figaro* newspaper. He is able, perhaps, but not particularly sympathetic in the expression of his views and opinions.

Short squat figure, waddling walk, small eyes, pursed-up lips, sparse moustache, and nose of peculiar rough-hewn shape; a sort of French Tommy Traddles, all venom, however, instead of all good-nature: such is the author of *Sous-Offs*, M. Lucien Descaves. He is monotonous, this M. Descaves; of hardly a single *confrère* can he speak without a snarl or a jeer.

M. Gustave Guiches, a sympathetic young writer whose first novel, *Céleste Prudhommeat*, displayed a fine and ingenious talent, writes M. Huret an interesting letter in which he sounds the praises of a number of literary friends, and points out, in common with so many others amongst the interviewees, that the so-called 'schools' are mere idle distinctions.

'Fine tête de Pierrot distingué,' is the vivid little touch of personal description whereby M. Huret evokes to our view the physiognomy of the young novelist M. Paul Margueritte. M. Margueritte should be a man of many friends, for he, like M. Guiches, is a man of multiple panegyrics.

Few of the neo-naturalists can boast the possession of as much talent as M. Abel Hermant. His *Cavalier Miserey* is one of the

most striking novels written of late years in France, and his subsequent productions show no falling off in power. From Moscow he writes to M. Huret, his main contention being to the effect that one of literature's great objects should be to absorb and assimilate science, instead of presenting it, as now, in crude undigested forms.

A brilliant dramatic campaign at the Théâtre Libre has lately brought M. Jean Jullien into notice. His aim is to reproduce life on the stage with as much directness as possible. In matters of literary appreciation he is decidedly eclectic, for he says: 'I can admire Zola as well as Mallarmé and Verlaine, Barrès and Bourget as well as Péladan and J. H. Rosny.'

Twenty-eight years of age, blonde, deliberate and affable—M. Jean Ajalbert, former 'decadent' poet and now novelist of the 'neo-realistic' school. With gentle satire M. Ajalbert evokes some of the more ludicrous aspects of life among the literary coteries of the Latin Quarter. His name henceforward will not be over-popular in those circles.

The 'Parnassian' school of poetry in France flourished some five-and-twenty years ago. The impulse it imparted to the art of manufacturing French verse endured for a time, but may be considered now as having slackened and ceased. To-day the various prominent *littérateurs* once connected with the Parnassian movement are either dissidents or else mere survivors. To dub M. Leconte de Lisle a Parnassian obviously is inadequate, for he is nothing less than a host in himself. Still he is more Parnassian, perhaps, than otherwise. M. Leconte de Lisle occupies a handsome apartment at No. 64 Boulevard Saint-Michel. Possessing somewhat the head and air of a Grecian bust, he yet persists in adorning his right eye with a *monocle*. Strange to say, there is a species of corresponding *monocle* element, as it were, in M. Leconte de Lisle's conversation: a fondness for flippancy, 'smartness,' sarcasm, almost disconcerting in so reverend or at least so revered a personage, and so 'impeccable' and 'impassible' a poet: the *pater conscriptus* of French verse, now that Victor Hugo is no more. According to M. Leconte de Lisle, the symbolist school is nothing but a malicious invention of M. Anatole France, the critic, brought forward by the latter for the sole purpose, and with the sole design, of aggrieving and offending M. Leconte de Lisle and his friend and brother Parnassian poet M. José Maria de Hérédia. A lively personal 'incident' subsequently grew out of these verbal attacks by M. de Lisle on M. France. It was generally considered at the time that the 'marmorean' and 'Olympian' author of *Poèmes Barbares* did not get the better of the skirmish.

'One of the few men of this epoch who, through the extraordinary many-sidedness of his talent, may be likened to the great artists of the Renaissance.' Such is the warm eulogium pronounced by M. Huret on M. Catulle Mendès—on M. Catulle Mendès as poet, let it

be hoped, rather than as novelist or as author of those stories, so exquisitely wrought but so hideously corrupt. And, indeed, there is no gainsaying the extent and quality of M. Mendès's literary gifts and powers. Is it better to possess such powers, and to make frequently a more or less base use of them, or, on the other hand, not to have powers at all? Accordingly as one is inclined in one's own mind to answer this question, will be one's feelings of admiration or the reverse for M. Mendès. Admiration—and always the most intelligent and clear-sighted admiration—of whatever is best worth admiring in the work of other men, is one of M. Catulle Mendès's redeeming moral traits; he undoubtedly was sincere when he remarked to M. Huret, 'I could not forgive myself if I thought I had ever failed to do justice to the qualities of any genuine artist.' Many of M. Mendès's critical observations to his interviewer were both ingenious and profound. Thus he says with striking poetic insight:—

Every great poem is an Apocalypse in itself—therefore symbolical. There is no symbolical school, but there will always be symbolical verse. . . . For all true artists there is but one great rule: Do your best on the lines of your own thought and feeling. Always be yourself, even though you should have reason to fear that that self is not precisely the thing some other persons might prefer.

M. José Maria de Hérédia is a highly esteemed Parnassian poet, with a truly splendid sense for form and colour. But why, in his interview with M. Huret, did he think fit to take exception to the exotic character of the symbolist movement (Mr. Stuart Merrill, an American, Jean Moréas, a Greek, besides others hailing from Belgium, Switzerland, Roumania), seeing that he himself is of Spanish blood not unmingled with a duskier strain?

M. François Coppée, it would appear, labours painfully under the impression that, because he cannot very clearly comprehend the peculiar tendencies of the symbolists, all the rest of the world perforce must be in a similar position.

M. Armand Silvestre is not only the author of very horrible tales in the columns of the boulevard prints, but he also is a poet, and a fine one. The explanation is, doubtless, that he writes his tales for money, and his verses for the love of art. Being a most doughty champion of rhyme and rhythm, the which he handles with no less than Banville's dexterity and ease, he naturally is opposed to the metrical innovations of the symbolists, who would reduce rhythm and rhyme to the simplest imaginable expression.

M. Laurent Tailhade enjoys in literary Paris the proud reputation of being the bitterest *bêcheur* (a term of Parisian slang signifying, not exactly 'back-biter,' but something nearly equivalent) within the whole length and breadth of the Quartier Latin. In his conversation with M. Huret M. Tailhade surpassed himself: which is all that need be recorded.

M. Edmond de Haraucourt, that dry, hard, ingenious and laborious writer in prose and verse, had little enough to say to M. Huret, but said that little long: four pages. The desire of the symbolists to minimise the technical difficulties of verse M. de Haraucourt regards as merely affording evidence of their inability—or at any rate unwillingness—to cope therewith, as all true poets should and must do.

For a *jeune* like M. Pierre Quillard there was but one of two courses to be followed in replying to the literary 'Inquirer'—either to fall foul of all the other *jeunes*, or else to praise them to the skies. The latter and better part was that chosen by M. Quillard.

The 'Independents,' as he styles them, furnished M. Huret with his next general series. M. Auguste Vacquerie, editor of the *Rappel* and idolater of Victor Hugo, is, it appears, an Independent. When asked, 'Do you know anything of the symbolists?' he replied, 'No. . . . But you should read *Pan* by Victor Hugo.'

M. Jules Claretie knows of the symbolists, for he knows of everything that in any way concerns the literary history of his time. And he does not much admire them. But then it would seem that they do not much admire him.

English readers generally are not unacquainted, through translations, with the novels of a certain M. V. Cherbuliez, of Geneva. He will be glad, he writes, to see a strong new talent arise among the younger generation; or, in his own more figurative language, 'When I see the star emerge from behind the clouds, I shall be the first to salute it.'

M. Emile Bergerat writes *chroniques* in the *Figaro* under the pseudonym of 'Caliban.' His conversation with M. Huret was so exclusively in the 'Caliban' style that it contained no hint or expression worth reproducing.

Quite in the spirit and tone of M. Richepin's own *Blasphèmes* is the passage of his note on the subject of the literary situation in general, wherein he compares M. Huret's *Enquête* to a pestilential quagmire filled with frogs all simultaneously croaking, 'Moi! moi! moi!'—'Alas, for literary France!' is the import of M. Richepin's croak on this occasion.

A graceful, sincere poet who always has held himself aloof from *réclame* in its every aspect—such is M. Maurice Bouchor, of the pleasant paternal manners and the high Shakespearean brow. His letter to M. Huret is devoted mainly to the praise of his personal friends, Ponchon and Verlaine.

Raoul Ponchon, for years Maurice Bouchor's *alter ego*, even in the pages of this *Enquête* appears inseparable from his chum. Five rollicking lines are the sum total of Raoul Ponchon's contribution to the great literary discussion. 'The truth of the matter is,' he concludes, 'that only I and my friends have genius. I am not quite so sure, however, concerning them.' . . .

Émanuel Bressans, admired by Coppée, is M. Gabriel Vicairé's chief title to be considered a poet. He profoundly admires Verlaine, 'because Verlaine is sincere.' Talent, he holds, is always talent, howsoever labelled. 'Schools,' consequently, are superfluous.

Dear confrère,

Pray excuse me from replying.

To live in peace and quietness consoles one for living without fame.

Je vous serre la main.

JEAN DOLENT.

The above was the intensely paragraphic reply received by M. Huret to his request for an interview with the young author of *L'Inconnu* and *Amoureux d'Art*. Victor Hugo might have envied M. Dolent the laconism of his 'lapidary style.'

M. Edmond Picard, 'the Belgian Mæcenas,' writes in reference to the literary situation in his country that a vigorous outgrowth of young and sincere talent is now taking place there. Camille Lemonnier, Georges Rodenbach, Maurice Maeterlinck, Emile Verhaeren, Albert Giraud, Van Lerbergh, Grégoire Leroy, Fernand Séverin, Raymond Nyst, and others are stars in the Belgian literary firmament of to-day.

M. Gustave Kahn, one of the earliest and formerly most influential of the symbolists, is at present, as he virtually declares, nothing. The savage rivalries of the little literary cliques have so disgusted him that he has retired for good and all beneath his tent. He was on the point of leaving Paris for Brussels when M. Huret had the good fortune to meet him. At Brussels, M. Kahn remarked, literary cannibalism is as yet a thing unknown.

And now the final stage is reached of M. Huret's conscientious and exhaustive 'Inquiry.' Only a few 'philosophers and theorists' remain to be cross-questioned. MM. Charles Henry and Pierre Laffitte are no doubt highly philosophical and theoretical, but not sufficiently literary to call for more particular mention here. A much stronger 'note' of piquancy is sounded by M. Ernest Renan, in his remarks in furtherance of the objects of M. Jules Huret's *Enquête*: with which words of wisdom from the lips of the author of *L'Abbesse de Jouarre* the present article may be brought, not inappropriately, to a close. Said M. Renan, when discovered in the midst of a huge quantity of bulky tomes, and hard at work upon the conclusion of his *History of the People of Israel*: 'These symbolists, naturalists, psychologists, *et hoc genus omne*, are like so many nasty little children sitting sucking their thumbs.'

EDWARD DELILLE.

IS OUR YEOMANRY WORTH PRESERVING?

THE question which forms the heading of this article is one which must force itself upon all those who are intimately connected with our yeomanry. That it is a question of some importance, not only to yeomen but also to the country at large, needs no demonstration. The yeomanry costs the country a certain amount of money every year, and therefore the question as to whether the force is, or is not, worth maintaining becomes one of public interest. I propose to discuss the question as to the desirability of maintaining our yeomanry, and as to the best means of maintaining it as a serviceable portion of our army, and in doing so I am anxious fairly to investigate the economical side of the question.

It is often said that the great enemies of the yeomanry are those of advanced opinions, who see in it only an old-fashioned and expensive institution of a conservative tendency.

I shall endeavour to prove that the above estimate of our yeomanry is not a correct one, and I feel sure that, if there is any feeling against the yeomanry amongst men of advanced opinions, it is more owing to the fact that they are led to believe that the force is a useless one, than from any fear they can have of its political importance.

Now, the question of economy is one which depends entirely on how far the yeomanry is, or can be rendered, efficient and useful as a part of our army. If the yeomanry is or can be rendered an efficient force, then it is a remarkably cheap one. If it is and must remain inefficient, it is extremely expensive. If the force is worth maintaining, then the self-imposed taxation which largely helps to support it is very valuable and a gift not to be lightly refused; if it is not worth maintaining the money devoted by private persons to help in supporting it would be better spent in some other way.

Before entering on the question of the efficiency of our volunteer cavalry as it is, and as it might be, let us consider how much it actually costs the country at the present time, and how this cost compares with that of maintaining our regular cavalry.

In 1890 the yeomanry cost, including everything that can possibly be charged against it, 99,240*l*.

There were on parade, and actually inspected in that year, 9,251 yeomen of all ranks with their horses. The cost of one regiment of cavalry on our highest establishment—viz. 706 all ranks, with 424 horses—is approximately 57,000*l*. per annum. The number of mounted men that our regiments on the higher establishment can produce was fairly tested at the cavalry manœuvres in Berkshire in 1890, where it is to be presumed that regiments turned out as strong as they could. At these manœuvres the regiments in question put in the field, roughly speaking, from 370 to 400 horses each.

These figures speak for themselves, and should cause those who desire that the cost of our army should not be excessive to think twice before proposing to do away with a part of it, which, if it is nothing else, would at any rate appear by comparison with our regular cavalry to be inexpensive.

But, after all, the question to be considered is not so much what the yeomanry costs as what it is worth.

Before entering on the discussion of this subject there are certain arguments which must be put on one side as not affecting the case of the yeomanry in particular. And by these I mean arguments which may be used against volunteers of any description, whether horse or foot. However good in themselves they may be, there are yet many objections to depending on our volunteers as a part of our army. It has, however, been decided by the nation to reckon them as a part of the force available for the defence of England, and the theory that if an enemy once lands on our shores we may 'chuck up the sponge' has not yet been accepted as incontestable.

This being the case I shall only deal with the special objections which are commonly made against our volunteer cavalry. These are, as far as I am able to learn, as follows:—

1. That the yeomanry is an expensive force.
2. That in the event of invasion, there being but little scope for cavalry in this country, our regular cavalry would be all that would be required.
3. That no volunteer cavalry can be sufficiently trained to be fit to manœuvre with a view to shock action on the battle-field.
4. That the yeomanry are unwilling to undertake the work for which they are really fitted.

Let us examine these objections. If they are valid and insuperable, then we cannot too soon do away with the yeomanry. If, on the other hand, they are invalid or not insuperable, then our force of yeomanry should be supported in no half-hearted manner, but so as to make it in every way as efficient as it is possible for any body of volunteers to be.

Objection 1 requires no answer, the question of expense depending entirely on the question of efficiency.

Objection 2.—Until we know where our enemy means to land, what troops he proposes to bring, and what regular cavalry we shall have at our disposal at the time the landing is effected, it is, I think, hardly safe to predict that our regular cavalry will be all that we shall require. Our enemy is hardly likely to choose the moment to attack us when we are most ready to receive him, and, should any considerable proportion of our regular cavalry be employed abroad, a glance at the total number of cavalry horses we possess will show us that what cavalry remains at home will not have many horses to ride.

Objections 3 and 4.—These are the two objections which must be fairly considered by all—fairly faced and grappled with by yeomen themselves.

I take them together because they affect the whole question of how much the yeomanry can be fairly expected to do, and how much they are willing to do, to render themselves a really valuable part of our army. For the purpose of my argument I shall divide the work of cavalry into the following three classes:—

1. (a) Manœuvring with a view to shock action; (b) Delivering the shock.

2. Outpost duty, reconnaissance, escort duty, orderly work, &c.

3. Dismounted work—*i.e.* fighting on foot, using the horse as the means of conveyance, the firearm as the weapon.

1. I should say that the want of training inherent in volunteer cavalry must render them, at any rate for some time after mobilisation, unsuited for this work. There is, however, no doubt that, in the event of a body of yeomanry being kept together for any considerable time, they would very much improve in this respect, and rapidly attain such a degree of cohesion in manœuvring as would make it possible to use them for shock action if required. Seeing, however, the country in which yeomanry would probably have to work, and the work for which they would primarily be required in any country, I cannot think that their inefficiency in the cavalry work above alluded to is of much consequence. At the same time I think that it is of the highest importance that they should be trained to manœuvre as cavalry, and be *ready* to charge, and for this reason—*viz.* that without such training they will not have the confidence requisite to perform reconnaissance and outpost duties effectively, when acting against cavalry. The character also of a country in which manœuvring and charging are difficult would be all in favour of the less well-drilled cavalry, should resort to shock action become necessary.

2. The cavalry work noted under the second heading is work which there can be no doubt yeomen are especially fitted to perform.

To perform reconnaissance and outpost duties satisfactorily careful training is no doubt requisite, and in many ways it is the training which in our regiments of regular cavalry is the most difficult to carry out successfully. But the difficulty of instructing men in the duties above referred to varies according to the life the men have been accustomed to lead, and according to their intelligence and education. The majority of yeomen by the very life they lead have already had that training which requires so much care in our regular cavalry. Well educated, self-reliant, observant by necessity, and accustomed to act independently, the yeoman, before he is enrolled, has already undergone the most important part of the training necessary to make him an efficient scout or a reliable vedette. With such men it is only necessary to ensure that they should be instructed how to use to the best advantage for military purposes the training and education which they have already acquired as civilians.

As for the other duties grouped under my second heading, it will, I think, generally be accorded that the yeoman is capable of performing them, and thus freeing a large number of our regular cavalry for service urgently needed elsewhere.

3. So far, I have not approached our most debatable ground. Those who allow that the yeoman is any good at all will, for the most part, grant that he is neither unwilling nor unfit to perform the duties which we have just been discussing. The question, however, whether our yeomanry are willing and able to fight on foot is one which has led to much discussion. I venture to think that if it had not been complicated by the introduction of the question of what the yeomanry are to be called there would have been much less difference of opinion. I think we may say once for all that the yeoman refuses point blank to be, or to be called, a mounted infantryman. But what of that? If he is willing to work as a dismounted cavalryman is that not all that is necessary, and are we to quarrel with him about names, especially when, as many persons think, the second designation is the more correct of the two? I have no fear that the yeomanry cavalry will refuse to do as their comrades of the line do, or be unwilling to fight on foot when occasion demands. We know that, should our cavalry have to fight in England, whether they be regular cavalry or yeomanry, the opportunities of resorting to shock action will probably be few. The yeomanry, therefore, which is maintained for the express purpose of fighting in England, must, if possible, be at least as well able to fight on foot as our regular cavalry. But how is it that it has been so often asserted that the yeomanry are averse to dismounted work, and cannot, or will not, learn to shoot, accurate shooting being one of the first requisites, if dismounted work is to be of any practical value? I think the reasons for this assertion being made are not far to seek. In the first place there is

the question of the name, which, as I have already pointed out, is one which has needlessly complicated the matter. It must be remembered that a man who joins the yeomanry is enrolled as a yeoman not because he is fond of shooting, but because he is fond of riding. It is better, therefore, to treat him as 'a horsey man on foot' than 'a footy man on a horse.' But it is not only the sentiment of the thing which has, so far, given what ground there is for the assertion we are discussing. There are undoubtedly practical reasons to account for any lack of keenness in shooting which there may be amongst yeomen. What encouragement have yeomen had to make themselves good shots? Absolutely none, except what is given them by their own officers. Whilst an infantry volunteer can gain an extra grant of money for his regiment by good shooting the cavalry volunteer can gain nothing.

What is the allowance of ammunition with which the yeoman is expected to make himself a good shot? Forty rounds per annum in all.

Has the yeoman ever been seriously told that he *must* learn to shoot? He has not. At present he need never fire a single shot in the course of the year, but can nevertheless draw his pay, and his regiment can draw the Government grant for him as an efficient. The wonder to me is, not that members of the yeomanry shoot so badly or so little, but that they shoot as well and as much as they do. We are told that the yeomanry are 'no good' because they don't care to shoot. Truly I think the yeoman might retort that it appears that no one but his own officer cares much whether he shoots or whether he does not.

Make the shooting of his annual course one of the conditions which the yeoman must fulfil to become an efficient; give him a fair allowance of ammunition, and some recognition of the fact if he becomes a good shot, and I think we shall find that he will shoot and very soon will shoot well.

Englishmen naturally take to all such pursuits as rifle-shooting, and yeomen are probably more in the way of shooting for their own amusement than are their comrades in the Volunteers. Target-practice, however, requires some little education, and men require some incentive to make them take to it; and it is just this incentive which our volunteer cavalry have never yet had.

Once it is understood that every yeoman must fire his course, the rest will be simple enough, and it will only be necessary for inspecting officers to see that dismounted work is understood in the regiments which they inspect.

The question of changing the firearm which is to be carried need hardly be discussed at present. The present carbine, to say nothing of any carbine which may be produced in the future, is considered by many to have quite long enough a range for all practical purposes,

and a longer weapon most undoubtedly hampers men considerably, when getting over a country in the way they should be able to cross it, if they are to be really efficient scouts.

I have endeavoured to deal with the objections commonly urged against the yeomanry, and to show that the force is worth maintaining, if only it is properly managed. But so far I have only spoken of the yeomanry as of a force that should form a valuable part of our defensive army within the United Kingdom. 'Defence, not Defiance' should, no doubt, be the motto of all volunteers, and we can hardly conceive any portion of our volunteer army being used for aggressive purposes. But there is such a thing as active defence, and who can say that at some time we may not be engaged in a struggle for our existence beyond these shores? Should such an event unhappily occur, should we be engaged in a war that tried our utmost power of endurance, and tested the wealth and strength and pluck of the nation, then, I fancy, we should be thankful if such opportunities as are vouchsafed us by the military instinct of the country had not been lightly cast aside. I believe that in an emergency, should fair terms be offered them, a large percentage of our yeomen would volunteer to serve abroad. I believe that special corps of yeomanry might thus be raised for foreign service which would prove invaluable, and that the corps of yeomanry at home would form invaluable cadres, whose ranks would speedily be refilled. We are ready enough to fight in this country when we are satisfied that fighting is required, and it is no unknown thing that a battalion should be able to get recruits after suffering severe loss as it was never able to get them before.

But the picture that I have drawn of what we may expect from our yeomanry, in case of urgent need, is drawn only on the supposition that the force is fairly treated in times of peace, and kept in a healthy and efficient condition.

And now I must enter upon the question of what is necessary to make and keep our yeomanry healthy and efficient. If I have convinced my reader that the force is worth maintaining at all, then I will ask him to go a step further with me; but if what I have said has been in vain, to read no more.

I must at the outset explain that I do not pretend that all my proposals are original. Many of them are the proposals of others, and I have merely tried to collect such proposals as seem to me feasible, making some additions of my own—the result of what I have learnt by personal experience or by communication with others intimately connected with our corps of yeomanry. The proposals that I make may be open to many objections, but I am at any rate prompted to make them only by a desire for the welfare of the force. If they are not good in themselves; they may perhaps lead to others being made which are better. I may say at once that my plans are

not to be carried out without some expenditure. I am only now writing for those who think the yeomanry *is* worth maintaining, and, therefore, if I can prove that more money is *necessary* I need not fear to say so.

For the yeomanry to exist as a useful force two things are necessary—

1. That it should be placed on a sound financial basis.
2. That the standard of efficiency demanded of it should be sufficiently high.

By 'placing the yeomanry on a sound financial basis' I mean that the money which is devoted to its maintenance should be used to the best advantage, and at the same time that its members should not be put to undue expense.

In the first place, then, is the money spent on the yeomanry applied in the most economical manner? I should say that some of it is not, for I think that, considering the results obtained, the amount of money spent on the permanent staff is excessive, and that considerable economy might be effected in this direction. I should propose that the number of adjutants and of permanent sergeants employed with the yeomanry should be regulated by the number of men serving, instead of by the number of corps and the number of troops in each corps. As regards adjutants, I would propose that corps of yeomanry below a certain strength should be brigaded, and that the services of one adjutant should thus, where corps are weak, be utilised for two corps. The adjutant would then become the staff officer or brigade major of the two corps. He would perform somewhat the same duties as at present, but would of course not be able to attend to matters of detail in each corps. To assist him I would allow to each corps thus brigaded an assistant-adjutant—a yeoman officer duly qualified for his post at the school of auxiliary cavalry. This officer would receive travelling allowances at such rate as would fairly cover his expenses in this respect, and might, in addition, after a certain number of years as assistant-adjutant, receive an honorary step in rank. I think that were some such scheme as this carried out it would have the effect of stimulating self-reliance amongst yeoman officers, and of securing a larger number of eligible applicants amongst officers of the regular army to select from, to serve on the staff of our auxiliary cavalry. To elaborate the scheme in this article would take too long, but it must be understood that it is not proposed to interfere in any way with the practical independence of corps as they now stand. Should corps *agree* to perform their training together they would of course be under command of the senior officer, but otherwise the only difference from the present organisation would be that, where corps were brigaded, correspondence would have to go through the brigade, or head-quarter office.

As regards permanent sergeants, I would allow one sergeant to every so many yeomen in a regiment, instead of, as at present, one to every (so-called) troop, with an orderly room clerk in addition for the headquarter office in the case of corps being brigaded. I would reckon by the total numbers in a regiment, so that troops above the minimum strength should compensate, as far as their numbers permitted, for troops below the minimum. To guard against the ranks of any corps being swelled by non-efficients I would make the retirement of men non-efficient two years running compulsory, exceptions only being made in peculiar circumstances and by special authority.

I am quite aware that my suggestions as to the permanent staff might, to begin with, entail some inconvenience, but I believe that, were such a scheme as I propose carried out, it would increase efficiency amongst yeomen officers, by giving them greater responsibility, and would stimulate the exertions of the permanent staff by giving them work with more reality and life about it. But whether the reform which I propose be easy or difficult to carry out, I cannot but think that it is a necessary one, and that where the small numbers of a corps necessitated the reduction of the permanent staff the inconvenience entailed could hardly be reckoned as a hardship.

Lest I should seem to imply that the yeomanry staff have nothing to do, as some people suppose, let me only point out that distances to be travelled and the distribution sometimes over a wide area, of troops, and of members of troops, are elements which must not be forgotten in computing the work that has to be done. I shall be asked, perhaps, why then I propose to add more work. My answer is that I propose, not so much to increase in all cases the amount of work to be done, as to make the work more effective, by a more economical distribution of the workers. I would allow each commanding officer to distribute the permanent sergeants attached to his corps as he thought best, having regard to the distribution in the county of the members of the corps. Where a reduction had been effected it might be necessary that a troop sergeant-major should have the care of two troops or that a weak troop should be incorporated with a stronger one. In like manner the distribution of officers serving on the yeomanry staff would be regulated by the numbers, the situation, and character of the different regiments.

Approaching the other side of the financial question, as to whether the members of our yeomanry regiments are put to undue expense, I am bound to say that I think both officers and men most certainly *are* called upon to spend too much, and that, whilst the expenses they necessarily incur are as heavy as at present, it will be impossible to place the force on a satisfactory footing. *Indeed, in discussing the possibility of increasing the efficiency of the yeomanry

the question of expense to the yeoman must, I think, be considered before all else. Until this question is satisfactorily settled I believe that it will be useless to demand such a standard of efficiency as can alone make the yeomanry worth maintaining. 'But whence all this expense to officers and men?' I shall be asked 'Is there not a Government grant to defray the cost of uniform, equipment, &c., &c.; and are not officers and men paid at the training?' Yes, there is a grant, which may be drawn for every efficient yeoman, and there is a payment made to officers and men during the period of training, but, except under exceptional circumstances, the grant is not sufficient to meet the charges it is supposed to cover, and the pay is not sufficient to cover the *necessary* expenses a yeoman incurs.

The grant—called the clothing and contingent allowance—is at the rate of 2*l.* per annum for every efficient yeoman (who is not an officer) and is supposed to pay for clothing, accoutrements, saddlery, repairs, postage, stationery, expenses in connection with musketry, hire of horses for permanent sergeants at training, and some other items with which I will not trouble my readers. I think it will be admitted that the Government grant is not sufficient to meet the expenses it is supposed to meet, if a regiment is to be kept in a servicable condition. In former times the grant was drawn for every yeoman on the muster-roll, efficient or non-efficient, and with long muster-rolls and a not too critical inspection of clothing, saddlery, and accoutrements, the finance question was not so serious. But things are changed, and it would only be fair to inquire how much money, under existing circumstances, is necessary to meet the expenses the clothing and contingent allowance is supposed to meet. We are sometimes told that suggestions as to less costly clothing and so on are not received with favour by the yeomanry; but I submit that this is no answer to the statement that—be the clothing costly or inexpensive, be the general expenditure economical or the reverse—the allowance at present received is insufficient. Now, I do not propose that matters are to be so arranged that the yeoman officer is to be put to no expense. He, like other officers, is no doubt prepared to pay something for the honour of serving his country. But, were the Government grant sufficient to meet what it is supposed to meet, there would still be many expenses of a legitimate kind to be defrayed by officers who are anxious to promote efficiency in their regiment.

And now I come to the expenses which a non-commissioned officer or trooper in the yeomanry incurs, and in considering this question, it should be remembered that the yeomanry of the present day is recruited less exclusively than it used to be from the farmer class. Bad times and the increased facility of travelling by rail have made it more difficult to recruit farmers than it used to be, the average farmer being a poorer man and not so much in the habit of

riding as he was some time ago. This difficulty is very much to be regretted, but at the same time, without making any comparisons, it must be mentioned that excellent recruits are to be had amongst townsmen. The widening, however, of the area from which recruits are obtained, makes the question of expense a more important one, and it must also be remembered that the efforts that have already been made by the yeomanry themselves to increase their efficiency have naturally tended to reduce the number of men who looked upon the training only as a week's 'jolly' and an opportunity for spending money. After careful inquiry I have come to the conclusion that an economical yeoman spends *in addition to his pay* at the least from 3*l.* to 5*l.* in the course of the year, such expenditure being entailed by his yeomanry service. In this estimate I allow nothing for the services of the man's horse, which is often actually withdrawn from earning money for its master. There may of course be exceptions, but I am strongly of opinion that I have not overstated the amount that the average yeoman is necessarily out of pocket by the end of the year. Without going too closely into details I may mention some of the sources of expense to which I refer:—Stabling and extra expense of keep of horse at training; board and lodging for yeoman at training; expenses connected with musketry, such as extra ammunition, travelling expenses, etc.; expenses connected with drills performed throughout the year, such as travelling expenses, putting up and feeding horse, refreshments, etc.

Such expenses are incurred simply in the interests of the service. Some of them, I admit, might be avoided *at the cost of efficiency*, but the greater part of them are unavoidable, and there are other small expenses which it would be difficult to enumerate, but which all 'add up.' So much for the financial question. The remedy is simple, viz. :—

A larger clothing and contingent allowance, and higher pay to non-commissioned officers and troopers. I purposely do not suggest the amount of increase required in either case, this being only a matter of calculation, which might easily be arrived at by fair investigation. This much I would propose, however, viz. that the increase in the clothing and contingent allowance should depend in each case on the proficiency in shooting of the man who earns it, and that the qualifications for efficiency should be such that the efficient who draw pay should be well worth what they cost the country.

This brings us to the question of what standard of efficiency is necessary so as to ensure the yeomanry being a useful body of soldiers, and, at the same time, is possible, seeing that the force is composed of men engaged in civilian employments. Let us first consider what is the present standard of efficiency demanded to enable a man to earn for his corps the clothing and contingent allowance, and pay for himself at the training.

The qualifications for efficiency are as follows :—

Attendance at six squad drills and five troop drills during the year ; or

Attendance at six squad drills and two days' preliminary drills performed immediately before the training ; or

Attendance at four days of the training. (For these four days half-pay only is drawn).

The training of permanent duty, with the pay allowed for each day, is as follows :—

One day of assembly—from 7*s.* for any distance under twenty miles, to 17*s.* 6*d.* for any distance over forty miles travelled.

Two days' preliminary drills—3*s.* 6*d.* per diem.

Six days' permanent duty—7*s.* per diem.

(One day of dismissal—same rate as for day of assembly.

Ten days total, from which must be deducted three days—viz., one Sunday and day of arrival and departure, leaving seven working days.

I consider that the qualifications demanded for efficiency are not nearly stringent enough, and that the training is too short.

It must be understood that far more drills are performed by many yeomen than are necessary to make a man a (so-called) efficient, otherwise the yeomanry would be in a poor way. But at the same time there are, of course, men who will not do more than they are obliged to do. Such men are not, under present arrangements, worth the country what they cost. Were a higher standard of efficiency demanded some of these men would go, while others, who only require a little stimulus, would conform willingly enough to the new régime.

I would propose that yeomen, including officers, should perform the following drills to become efficient, and that the clothing and contingent allowance *should be drawn for efficient officers as well as for efficient in the ranks.* This would be an inducement to officers to be present at the drills the men have to perform—a matter, I consider, of very great importance, especially where the less interesting drills are concerned.

Qualifications for efficiency :—

Attendance at eight preliminary drills during the year, and eight working days during the training.

Recruits and third-class shots would have to attend two extra preliminary drills.

The preliminary drills (or exercises) should be as follows :—

Two preliminary musketry drills—aiming—position drill, &c., for recruits and third-class shots only.

Firing annual course.

Theoretical instruction in reconnaissance and outpost duties.

Six squad drills as at present.

Officers commanding troops should be able to grant leave under paragraph 166, Yeomanry Regulations, only in the case of the six squad drills. Under the paragraph referred to, troop captains have power to grant leave from squad and troop drills to men who have attended three trainings, or who have served in the regular army.

With regard to the qualifications for efficiency which I have proposed, I would remark that, if men are to learn to shoot, the firing of the annual course must be compulsory, unless the inspecting officer is satisfied that no range is available for the purpose.

Preliminary instruction also for recruits and bad shots is indispensable, and it is hardly possible to give such instruction unless it is compulsory.

Theoretical instruction in reconnaissance and outpost duty is most desirable, as it saves much valuable time in the field, and can be carried on at any time of year and any time of day.

Squad drills are valuable for the same reasons.

The period during which these drills might take place should be, I think, between the end of one training and the beginning of the next. At present, drills must be performed within the twelve months ending on the 30th of September, leaving thus a 'dead' time for regiments which have their training early in the year, as far as qualifying to draw pay at the training is concerned.

So much for preliminary drills. I would propose that the training consist of—

Fourteen days, including days of assembly and dismissal, with an increased and uniform daily rate of pay. During that time I would grant to every man applying for it leave on Sundays with pay, and leave on two week days without pay.

To enable men employed in agricultural or other business to be present at the training it is most necessary to allow them to get away sometimes to give an eye to their affairs. At present they can practically go when they like, and indeed, by regulation they can, out of the seven working days available, be absent three whole days, for which days they may yet draw two whole days' pay.

By the scheme I propose a regiment would get ten working days, eleven if it assembled or dismissed on a Sunday. Every man would be present at least eight working days, and could yet get away to see to business. Even if he only took leave for one working day and one Sunday he could be away from Friday evening to Monday morning, during which time a great deal of business might be transacted.

By increasing the duration of the training there would not be the same necessity as there is at present for mounted drills at other times. No doubt the more mounted drills the better, but mounted drills during the year are a source of expense both to officers and men, and, in many cases, getting to and from the place of parade occupies so much time that there is but little left for instruction.

To many men a mounted drill means giving up the whole day, whereas the amount of instruction imparted compares but very poorly with what may be taught in a whole day at the training. No doubt some troop drills would in any case be held in the course of the year, but, were I commanding a troop of yeomanry, and a training of fourteen days existed, I should be very much inclined through the year to go in more for sports of all sorts which encourage good horsemanship than for mounted drills.

With a longer training it would be possible to practise many things which at present there is no time to attempt.

I will here quote in his own words a most excellent suggestion on this subject, made by an officer of considerable experience both in the regular service and in the yeomanry :

A certain proportion of bell tents, say three, with the necessary amount of camp equipment, should be issued to regiments from the nearest ordnance store department previous to permanent duty, and be returned into the stores after the training.

Each troop should parade at least one day in heavy marching order, picket their horses, raise their camp, do stables, and be instructed in the duties of guards and sentries, and the construction of camp kitchens, latrines, &c.; also be practised in turning out quickly and quietly. This should be made compulsory on all regiments, and the inspecting officer should pick out a troop at random for the duty.

I think this suggestion all the more valuable because, though it would not be advisable to insist on a man always turning out his own horse during the training, it is of the greatest importance that he should be able to do so properly and speedily. The knowledge that the inspecting officer would see at least one troop turn out under his own eye would probably ensure that every man was well acquainted with this part of his duty.

There is one point regarding the qualifications of an efficient which I have not yet alluded to. I consider that, over and above the qualifications which I have proposed, it should be required that every yeoman, to draw his pay and earn the clothing and contingent allowance, should be clothed in a serviceable uniform, ride in a serviceable saddle, and be equipped with all such indispensable articles as head-rope, nosebag, haversack, &c. The inspecting officer would, of course, be the judge in this matter.

I have been induced to write as I have done by the strong conviction that the yeomanry cannot exist as things are at present with credit to itself or advantage to the country. I am only one of many officers of the regular army who, having been intimately acquainted with our yeomanry, believe that the force only requires fair treatment to make it a most valuable one. I am encouraged to write as I have done by the knowledge that many of the officers I allude to are men of great experience, who have been accustomed in their own regiments to insist on the highest standard of efficiency possible.

My suggestions as they now stand may perhaps not be capable of realisation, but I am convinced that some such changes as I suggest are necessary.

In our yeomen, as in our volunteers, we see that military instinct and that spirit of enterprise which have enabled Englishmen to conquer and to colonise. Until we make up our minds to compulsory service, or until the doctrines of peace societies have converted the world, let us not by a short-sighted policy refuse to make use of that instinct and that spirit in the interests of peace and for the defence of our homes.

AIRLIE.

LIFE IN A JESUIT COLLEGE

IN the autumn of 1872, having ended my studies in the lesser seminary (corresponding to an English grammar-school) of Polignan, I resolved on presenting myself as a postulant at the Jesuits' Residence in Toulouse. I was introduced to several fathers, and questioned by them on different personal matters, some of them delicate, but I cannot say irrelevant, after which I was told I was admitted to the first probation. I then went to their country-house, where, answering to the appellation of juvenists, dwelt such young members of the Society as, having ended their novitiate, were considered in want of additional literary studies, and likely to profit by them. Of this period of student life I shall say nothing in future, because the Society, judging either that I did not need those studies, or that I should make nothing of them, decided that I was to do without them. All I know is that the place itself was delightful, the villa being situated in the centre of a large garden, with numerous avenues of trees, whose thick foliage afforded the young humanists and rhetoricians a much more agreeable place of study than their cells, especially during the long hot summer of the south of France. My 'guardian angel'—such was the title bestowed on the juvenist under whose spiritual care they put me—was a very pleasant young man, full of unction and zeal, though perhaps a little too sentimental in his devotional transports. It is the custom to entrust the duties of 'guardian angel' to novices, juvenists, or scholastics of a later period rather than to priests already in active service; partly because the latter, having so many other things to do in the same line, would be less likely to attend particularly to the postulant than the former; and partly because it is thought that a young man will be more at his ease if he has to do with another young man like himself. With this latter reason, however, I for one can by no means agree.

The 'first probation' comprises two parts. The first part is merely a day of preparation during which divers Latin documents are set before the postulant. They declare the aim, means of action, duties and privileges of the Society, as explained in the Constitutions, and refined by various bulls and encyclical letters; also, what manner of men may not be admitted at all, who require a dispensation to be

admitted, and what ecclesiastical penalties await the man who, once let in, leaves the Society without the permission of his superiors. Before reading those papers, I must confess that I had a vague fear of *monita secreta*, or something of the sort, passing through my mind now and then, but this set me completely at rest. Here I saw the end and purpose of the Order, together with the means it intends to employ, clearly and straightforwardly set before me at the very outset. Should anything whatever be in future commanded or counselled that was not in strict agreement with this ostensible end, I should have the right to refuse, and say: 'My entry into and consequent stay in the Society depended on the tacit understanding that you would keep to those great lines which you yourself laid down in the first probation; since you have abandoned them, my refusal to obey you is perfectly well justified; and if I leave the Order, you are responsible, and not I.'

As I found nothing objectionable in the documents referred to, I passed to the second part of my probation, which consists of a 'retreat.' I had, of course, made up my mind to enter the Society, should the Society accept me; but this was a resolution of extreme importance, and not to be irrevocably taken without proper thought. So a retreat of a week's length, given up to consider, in silence and solitude, according to a fixed plan, what state of life I ought to choose, was by no means an excessive precaution. The plan was that of the celebrated 'Exercises' of St. Ignatius Loyola. As I shall have much to say about the long retreat of one month, which I went through later on, during my novitiate, and of which this was merely an abridgment, I here intend only to state the train of reasoning by which Ignatius brings out the germ of a calling to his Order. Man, he says, is created to serve God, and for no other end whatever. It is, therefore, strictly logical for any human being who believes this not to care for any thing or person in the world, except in so far as that thing or person is for him a means of serving God. When deeply convinced of that proposition, I proceed to review my past life from the new standpoint obtained, and when the necessary degree of fervour and repentance has been reached, terminate this review by a general confession of all sins, as far back as memory can go. At this point, I ought to be ready to die rather than commit the least sin. But now there comes another idea—an appeal to generosity. For Jesus Christ it was not enough not to commit sin: will it be enough for me? The world might have been saved by the mere incarnation and blissful life of Christ; to bring down more grace He preferred a life of misery and an ignominious death. Through a long series of contemplations, from Gabriel's *Ave, gratia plena*, to the *In manus tuas*, uttered on the cross, Loyola always returns to the same point—the self-sacrifice of Christ for the greater glory of God, with the question, 'Can I not, should I not, do anything to imitate

Christ more closely? and if so, what?' Then the end of the Society, with its poverty in imitation of Him who had not where to lay His head; with its ignominy in imitation of Him who, laughed at as a fool, was condemned to a felon's death; with its life of zeal, in imitation of Him whose every step made for the salvation of mankind—appears irresistibly as the very best means of doing that after which every generous heart ought to aspire. My choice was made beforehand, and nothing occurred in the course of my meditations to alter or annul it. So, when I had written out my 'election' (a document in which both my determination and its motives were stated at length), I showed it to the same fathers whom I had already seen, and at last, after due consultation, was admitted by the father provincial as a novice of the Society.

The Novitiate is in one of the most beautiful parts of France, well known to English valetudinarians. The Residence of Pau is a fine enough, though not very striking edifice. It stands next door to the chapel, which is a specimen of modern Romanesque architecture, the ground plan being in the form of an elongated rectangle, with one of its ends terminating in a semicircle for the chancel and the high altar. Above one of the side aisles there is a gallery where the novices are heard but not seen, when they have to be present at High Mass or Benediction. In a niche of this gallery, over the centre of the high altar, stands a very large white statue of Mary Immaculate, with a crown above her head. This crown communicates with a gas-pipe, and when the gas is turned on—as it is upon certain festivals—presents a very picturesque appearance.

On entering the Residence a stranger is struck, if he be in good spirits, by the peculiar air of tranquillity and calm that pervades it; if he be melancholy, with a pressing sensation of monastic gloom. A long corridor downstairs, running from one end of the house to the other, with a few black shadows passing silently to and fro; on the first and second floors, same corridors and same shadows. Fixed venetian blinds in the windows at either extremity increase the solemn and religious dimness. Nobody is to be seen, nobody is to be heard. The fact is, that all the novices are on the third floor, and no one lives below but a dozen or so of old or middle-aged fathers, some engaged in the quiet labours of authorship, some employed as confessors, others preparing sermons, and some making ready for the hour of death. Everything is very nicely arranged in the sacristy and chapel; everything bears testimony both to riches and good taste. Where the riches come from, it is easy to guess, since novitiates, according to the Constitutions, may possess no fixed income, and must depend entirely upon alms. In the Residence, at least outside the cells where the fathers live, the same appearance of simplicity and good taste is seen, and the perfect cleanliness of the corridors and vast staircases bears witness to the order that reigns in the

house. On entering the cells, however, one is surprised to see, together with the same cleanliness, a degree of poverty for which the rest of the building hardly prepared us. A writing-desk, a lamp, a small brazen or bronze crucifix, a *prie-Dieu*; one wooden chair for the father whose cell it is; another, and perhaps a third, for a casual visitor or two; a curtained bedstead, a night table with a jug and basin upon it, and a broom concealed in one corner, make up the whole furniture of the apartment. Carpets, flower-pots, and all such luxuries are strictly reserved for the public chapel. You would think it impossible for more rigid poverty to be found together with the same amount of neatness. But come up to the third story, and inspect the novices' rooms. Here live, in one cell, three, four, or more novices, according to the size of the place. Each bedstead consists of a few separate planks, on wooden stands; each bed, of a large sack filled with maize straw, covered with sheets and blankets according to the season, and provided with a bolster; beneath it stand the basin, jug, and whatever else may be necessary. Each novice has besides a table, a chair, and a low stool to kneel upon. The beds are concealed by curtains upon iron rods, which divide the room into as many compartments as there are novices, but are drawn and folded up over the rods during the daytime. The name of every novice is printed in large letters over his bed. There is besides a diminutive bookstand in every room for reference, containing about thirty or forty books; the Vulgate is one of the volumes that must be there in every case.

Passing to the lecture-room, we find a large apartment with a sort of form fixed to the walls, and running round them. There are a table and two chairs; one is for the Master of the Novices, and the other for the Socius, when he is present. This room is used not only for the spiritual lecture that takes place every day, but also for the classes of pronunciation and grammar, for the exercise of catechism, and for some sorts of manual work. Round the walls hang a number of photographs, taken from some very curious old engravings in the novitiate of St. Andrew, Rome, representing various events in the life of St. Ignatius. The domestic chapel, or oratory, is on the second floor. Close by is the infirmary; a little wicket that opens into the chapel allows sick novices or fathers to be present at any devotional exercise that is going on. The same principle as was before noticed in the public chapel—luxury there, and there alone—is also carried out here. The floor is waxed until it shines again; the little sanctuary is profusely and richly carpeted; gold and silver ornaments abound even to excess. On the right hand, before the stools on which the fathers and novices kneel, there is a *prie-Dieu* for the father rector, and on the left, another for the master of the novices. The refectory is on the ground floor. Going downstairs to look at it, we may notice how carefully all the windows of the house have

been provided with ribbed (or grooved) panes, so as not to diminish the light, and yet effectually prevent any one from seeing what goes on outside ; so that it is impossible to break the rule about not looking out of the windows, except by deliberately opening them for that purpose, which would almost constitute a case for expulsion. On entering the refectory you may perceive a small cupboard, divided into pigeon-holes, with a name upon each of them, and containing table-napkins rolled up and neatly tied. Each Jesuit goes into the refectory with his napkin thus tied under his left arm, and uses it until he finds, every Sunday, his pigeon-hole empty and a clean napkin on his plate. A long seat runs round the room, as already described for the 'Salle des Conférences,' or lecture-room. Before the seat are placed tables of different lengths, with spaces between them sufficient to enable any one to go in or come out with ease. If, when the whole refectory is thus lined, so to speak, with fathers and brothers, some still remain unplaced, one or more tables are laid on the opposite side, and supplementary benches are placed for them. It may be thought that all these details are rather too numerous for the description of a single house ; but, since the Residence of Pau may be taken as a type of French houses of the Order, from which type they never recede very far, I do not consider them as excessive. It may now be worth while to follow, step by step, a day passed in the novitiate.

A brother rises a few minutes before four o'clock in the morning, dresses hastily, rings the bell, and passes through all the rooms, saying in each, 'Benedicamus Domino!' to which 'Deo gratias!' having been answered, he lights a candle placed overnight for him, and passes on. The moment the bell rings you hear a series of jumps on to the floor ; some dress more, others less quickly, but all, hearing the voice of God in the bell, instantly obey. And should the visitor, who passes through the rooms a quarter of an hour after, find anybody still in bed, it would certainly be a case of illness. The passage is soon filled with novices who, having performed their ablutions and dressed completely, go to throw their dirty water down the sink. In this, there is nothing extraordinary. Among Jesuits it is a rule that, as Francis Xavier said, 'What their own hands can perform, that they will allow no servant to do for them.' I myself have seen rectors and provincials not only doing this very menial work, but blacking their own shoes, and sweeping their own rooms. But what can really be called extraordinary is that the novices carry their basins, &c., *walking on tiptoe*. It certainly would present a sufficiently comical spectacle to any outsider, if he saw six or seven novices at a time bearing with grave faces those very unclerical vessels, and hastening by 'with Tarquin's ravishing strides.' The reason for this peculiarity is that the master of the novices thought that one of the best means to inculcate silence, not only in words

but in actions, was to order everybody to walk on tiptoe in the house. But as it was not only a very awkward fashion of getting over the ground, but a very tiring one too, nobody will be surprised to learn that this rule was very frequently broken.

As soon as the rapid toilet of the novices is over, they hurry down to the oratory to visit the Holy Sacrament, and say their morning prayer. You may see several of them kneeling down outside; for it is a rule that, if not ready by 4.25, they must not go in, for fear of disturbing the others. It sometimes happens that, as they are allowed to possess no watch, and the clock is too far off to consult, a novice ready before many others fancies he is late, and kneels down outside, all the rest follow his example as they come, and upwards of twenty novices remain outside for a quarter of an hour. But half-past four strikes, and at the sound of the bell they all go upstairs for their daily hour of meditation. Following the directions of St. Ignatius, the novice stands for a quarter or for half a minute 'considering how the Lord our God sees him,' and then performs an act of humiliation, kneeling down and kissing the ground. During the whole time he remains on his knees and, as far as possible, motionless. As fleas are very numerous in the south of France—so much so that with the strictest cleanliness it is scarcely possible to avoid them—this immobility whilst smarting under the bite of invisible assailants is by no means an easy matter. I for one could not manage it, I remember. But I knew a novice who could: he never moved in the least, from the beginning of the meditation until the very end. This may seem a small, even a ridiculous thing; but a few years later, he got a disease of the spinal marrow, and I cannot help thinking that constant suppression of all feeling had something to do with it. At all events, I cannot imagine why this sort of mortification is allowed to novices, while the use of sackcloth is condemned as hurtful to their health. One can get accustomed and hardened in time to every sort of pain that is inflicted always in the same place; whereas a bite here, then another bite there, always unexpected, always changing its place, and always excruciating, is much worse, in my opinion. Was a novice never allowed to sit down? Yes, if he had the permission of the master; but then the admonitor (a brother who was something like the master's prime minister) was to be told of the permission, and the 'ancient of the room'—he who had entered the novitiate before any of the other occupants of the chamber—had to be warned each time.

The bell rings at last for the end of the meditation; again the novices fall prostrate, kiss the ground, and thank God for the spiritual food vouchsafed to them. They then proceed to review the course of their thoughts during the preceding hour, and note briefly what has struck them most. A quarter of an hour afterwards another signal is given, and they proceed to make the beds, each accord-

ing to a uniform plan; every bed untidily arranged is liable to be pulled down and unmade by the admonitor, once, twice, or even three times, until perfection in bed-making is attained. Sometimes, if a brother is of an impatient fiery temper, the admonitor receives orders from the master (although the bed is perfectly well made) to pull it down and get him to make it again. Sometimes secret orders are given, and he is set upon and teased for trifles by five or six novices in office, whilst the master is most particularly kind and encourages him to bear up against these trials of temper; in other cases, when he is too weakly and sensitively attached to the master, the latter treats him for months together with affected coldness, never finds time to speak with him, and so on. Every weak point of every character is soon found out, and war is waged against it in different ways; if it be serious, and no progress be visible after some time, the novice receives notice to quit.

Mass is heard at six. The novices remain kneeling all the morning, except from the Gospel to the 'Sanctus' bell, during which time they stand. Their attitude is the following: head slightly bent forward, neither to the right nor to the left; eyes cast down; body straight as an arrow, hands folded in each other. By the by, this attitude they are required, or rather counselled, to keep at all times, as far as possible, except, for instance, when either hands or eyes are required for useful purposes. It is, of course, very hard to look easy and natural in such an attitude, especially when not accustomed to it; and an Englishman, not beforehand imbued with reverence for the novices, would perhaps say that they looked very stiff and 'prig-gish'; while their threadbare and patched 'soutanes' or cassocks, so poor and worn that one could hardly give them away to a beggar, would probably induce him to give them another epithet, hardly more flattering. And a novice, if he should by chance hear any such epithet, ought to be ashamed of himself if he feels any other sensation than joy.

These may be looked upon as miserable minutiae reducing every Jesuit to the state of a machine, grinding every particle of individuality out of him, and unworthy of Loyola's genius. Without attempting to enter into that question, which would lead me to speak of my own point of view, I shall merely state the fact, that these practices, particularly the Rules of Modesty, appeared extremely important to St. Ignatius, and that he paid more attention to them than to many other matters seemingly of greater importance. His ideal was: *Jesuita, alter Jesus*, and therefore wished the Jesuits to imitate the exterior of Jesus as far as they could. But, instead of leaving this imitation to be worked out by each individual member, according to the ideal each had formed of Jesus' appearance, he laid down those rules according to the ideal that he himself had formed. And with regard to that, I remember a remark of our master of the novices in

one of his lectures. 'There were,' said he, 'two manners of proceeding. One was to render the interior holy, and let the exterior take care of itself; interior holiness would be sure to react upon the exterior. Another was exactly the contrary: to take care and keep up the exterior of holiness; one would certainly in the end become holy, by acting in all things like a saint.' I believe much could be said on both sides as to which is the better system; but, given the ineradicable temptation of judging by appearances, to which almost everybody gives way, St. Ignatius' system seems better adapted to an Order whose every member has to appear much in public. And this I can say, that when not exaggerated, but rendered natural by either in-born or acquired tact, this 'modesty' produces a pleasing rather than a disagreeable effect. Englishmen, as a rule, are apt to think that people who don't look them in the face are either sneaks or cheats; but a quiet, self-collected, meditative look is something quite different from a sly and stealthy one. Few defects were more severely and, I must add, more frequently censured in the novitiate than the latter hypocritical caricature of real 'modesty.'

After mass, from 6.30 to 7.30, the novices repair to their rooms, in order to read their Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. At 7.30 the bell rings, and they go down to breakfast. There is a reserved place left in the refectory for the father rector, and another for the master of the novices; then come the priests, without any fixed order, and just as they enter; always, however, they are nearer to the father rector than any who are not priests. The scholastic novices, or those destined to study for the priesthood, come next, and last of all the lay brothers. But no difference whatever is allowed, either in quality of food or of anything else, between the father rector and the youngest lay novice. This is perhaps carried even to extremes; but the reader may judge. When on my trial, or 'experiment,' in the refectory (to lay the table, &c.), an old lay brother pointed out to me a glass rather more costly than the others; this he told me I ought, out of respect, to reserve for the father rector. I did this perhaps five times running; the rector at last perceived this. He instantly called the novice who then served in the refectory, ordered him to take the glass away and give him another; and I was subsequently forbidden to treat him in any thing otherwise than the rest of the community. The breakfast consists of coffee with milk, and of bread; but, in my time, the novices had a plate of soup given them instead, because it was asserted that coffee excited the nervous system too much. On fast days, however, we had the choice either of a large bowl of coffee without milk, or a minute cup of very thick Spanish chocolate; this was called the '*frustulum*,' and it was necessary to have the master's permission either to take it or to fast completely.

At a quarter to eight, the bell calls all hands upstairs; the

novices, standing in two lines in the passage, await the orders of the director of manual work, from whom, as from the hand of God, they are to accept whatever he tells them to do. Some, clad in large blue aprons, and armed with besoms, are to sweep out their own rooms (though the word *own* is hateful to the Jesuit's ears): these are designated beforehand. I had been told, when about to enter the novitiate, of most extraordinary things I should be ordered to do, as a proof of my absolute and mechanical obedience, and I came ready to eat green peas with a one-pronged fork, or to sweep out an apartment with the wrong extremity of a broom. Nothing of the sort was ever heard of, at least by me. I was expected either to suppose that reasonable directions had been given, or, if I saw that they were unreasonable, to conclude that there was a mistake somewhere. Nothing is more inaccurate than the idea that a Jesuit is merely a machine for obeying orders. 'I have done,' wrote Laynez to Ignatius, 'not what you ordered me to do, but what you would have ordered me to do had you been on the spot.' And St. Ignatius approved this sentence. It is quite true that such traits as the conduct of that novice who remained twenty-four hours sitting in the master's room, because the latter, called suddenly away, had quite forgotten all about him, were held up to public admiration. Yes, to *admiration* only, not to imitation. Irrational obedience is, in the Society's eyes, preferable to disobedience. But rational obedience is the best of all.

For three-quarters of an hour the novices are all busily engaged: some working in the garden, some drawing the wine in the cellar; some in the sacristy and oratory, waxing the floor; some in the lecture-room, making disciplines, chains and rosaries; others helping in the refectory or the kitchen. But 9.30 has struck, and the bell rings. At once, leaving a bottle of wine half filled, a link of a chain half formed, or a weed half pulled out, all the novices, with the admonitor at their head, speed to the garden with Rodriguez's treatise *On Christian Perfection*. The admonitor threads the alleys of the garden, and all follow close behind him in single file, like a flock of geese, walking faster or more slowly according to his pace, turning when he turns, and taking care at the same time to read Rodriguez and not to tread on the heels of those before them. This exercise, called 'tourner Rodriguez,' though ridiculous enough in outward seeming, is not without its motive. Three-quarters of an hour of physical exercise in the morning is little; 'tourner Rodriguez' kills two birds with one stone; and many novices are forced by this system to take a sufficient amount of movement, which perhaps they would not have done if they had walked alone.

From nine to ten it is the time of the conference, or lecture upon spiritual subjects, being in general an explanation of the rules of the Society. The master comes in, kneels down, and after a short prayer asks one of the novices to give an abstract of what was said last time.

He adds a few words, corrects erroneous ideas, and proceeds with his subject. Cool, measured, almost dry in his manner of speaking, his voice nevertheless vibrates with concentrated energy; all his gestures are restrained, and even his tone is so low as at times to be scarcely audible; but this, though disappointing to a man fresh from the world, and accustomed to the noisy eloquence of a pulpit in the south of France, is calculated to make a different impression on those who are tired of the oratorical ways and means which they have to use for the people, and which they know too well to be moved by them. Here the emotion of the audience must proceed naturally from the very subject presented, and the speaker cannot keep himself too much in the shade. Hence this attempted suppression of all outward feeling, this affected dryness, this low pitch of the voice. The novices, young men fresh from their rhetoric, or seminarists and priests accustomed to give and criticise sermons, would be sorely tempted to think too much about the manner, were it not purposely thrown into the shade.

The master drops his voice, says a short prayer, and goes out; the conference is ended. Then follows the repetition of the conference—a most strange scene, and still more striking after the impressive silence with which the still small voice of the master has been heard. Groups of novices are formed by threes and fours, as the admonitor tells them off; a novice in each begins giving an account of what has been said; as more groups are formed the noise becomes louder, and as the din increases each novice raises his voice in order to be heard above the others. The lecture-room that was just before as quiet as a Quakers' meeting seems a ward in Bedlam now. A mere spectator would laugh, but here all are eager to make sure that the notes they have taken are not defective, and pay little attention to the hubbub that surrounds them.

A visit to the oratory follows; then the novices again proceed in single file to the garden, there to get by heart a few verses of Scripture. St. Ignatius proscribed all studies in the novitiate, except an exercise of memory, to prevent that faculty from rusting by disuse. That all studies are carefully proscribed in the novitiate I very well know. During two years I was there I had not a single occasion of speaking English; those brothers who knew the language were forbidden to converse with me in any other than the French language. All I could obtain was the permission to read the *Imitation* and the *Lives of the Saints* in English, i.e. forty-five minutes per day. But that the daily exercise of the memory above referred to was sufficient to preserve it from rusting may safely be denied: first, because at least twice a week—on Sundays and Tuesdays—and oftener when there occurred a religious festival, there was no such exercise; then, the exercise itself was much neglected, because it was very easy (the verses being so few) to repeat them, after

having looked them over once or twice. And the temptation to shorten this exercise was very considerable, every additional minute given to it being so much taken from the 'free time,' until eleven o'clock. Now, the novice has a great deal to do: he has to read once a month the book of *Instructions for the Novitiate*; he has, once a fortnight, to go and see the master—and how much time is spent in dancing attendance at his door with four or five others before him, goodness knows, but it is a very good trial of patience. He must write out his 'spiritual journal,' noting down every change he perceives in the state of his soul. He may want another volume of Rodriguez, another Life of a saint, or a volume of meditations; in that case he has to apply to the brother librarian. He may want another soutane, a hat, a pair of boots, or paper, or ink, or pens; if so, he must go to the brother substitute. In both cases he must draw up a written petition on a small scrap of paper—a bit of an envelope or a little piece two inches long—is often given 'on account of holy poverty'; then, before putting these documents in the box destined for them, he must inform the 'ancient' of the room—or, in his absence, any one else, according to the time they have stayed at the novitiate—of the place to which he is going and of what he intends to do. If no one was in the room when he left it, he must say on his return where he has been; if he goes anywhere else, he must also mention it when he comes back. I do not know whether many of my readers will not begin to indorse the saying of a Capuchin friar to a Jesuit: 'Our poverty is more crucifying (*crucifiante*); yours is more absolute. We have more scourgings, but you have more continual mortifications. The discipline one can get accustomed to in time, but one cannot get accustomed to never doing one's own will.' If so, I think they will indorse it with much more conviction when all I have to say about the novitiate is said.

Eleven o'clock strikes; it is the hour for the pronunciation class. A novice presides over this exercise. From the beginning, Loyola accustoms them to obey those who are not above them in station or age, in order that, later on in life, old fathers may reverence a young superior quite as much as an aged one, and not inquire whether the rector is a professed father, or only a coadjutor. We may pass over this exercise, which is very seriously performed, except, perhaps, for a few fits of contagious laughter, occasioned by a slight mistake, or often by nothing at all; for novices, having their nerves highly wrought from morning to night, are more prone than any other class of human beings to laughter and merriment. They are young; they are continually striving to be supernaturally grave; they have no reason (in their opinion at least) to be uneasy or sorrowful; so the slightest cause, even the remembrance of something droll heard a long time ago, is enough to give them an attack. Thence the

humorously philosophical definition, *Novitius, animal ridens et risibile*. It is, indeed, one of the most striking features of the novitiate. Sometimes at visits to the Holy Sacrament, sometimes at grace after dinner, sometimes at Mass or during the meditation, a novice is suddenly seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter which, on account of its contagious nature, speedily sets a good part of the community in a chuckling, giggling, convulsive state; for they generally do their best to keep their laughter down.

A little free time, occupied as usual, after the pronouncement class is over; and the midday examination begins at a quarter to twelve. This review of conscience, together with the evening review, is the only ostensible and obligatory one. But after every action of any duration, Jesuits and novices in particular are counselled to examine themselves if they have acted properly. One day St. Ignatius asked a father how often he examined his conscience in that way, and being told 'Once an hour,' replied, 'That is very seldom.' It is certain that this exercise predisposes to reflection in all that one does, which is a great factor to insure its being well done.

At last the Angelus, or midday bell, rings, and the novices, hungry as hunters, struggling to detach their souls from the thought of food, rush down on tiptoe and with downcast eyes. The bill of fare is certainly not anything that a poor man could reasonably complain of. By the side of each plate stands a half-litre (almost one pint) bottle of pure wine. On festivals there is a bottle of superior wine allowed besides to every table. The first dish consists of soup or broth, as it does everywhere on the Continent. Then come two dishes of meat—one boiled, lashed, or stewed, and one baked or roasted—a dish of vegetables, according to the season, and on Saints' days something more or less closely resembling an English pudding or pie. Lastly comes the dessert, always consisting of cheese and some fruit or other, between which it is allowed to choose; on festivals there are added cakes and other fruits, and then two desserts out of the four may be chosen. It is not allowed to pass any dish on without taking some, unless the master of novices has given express leave; this leave he rarely gives, in order that singularity should be avoided. If, for instance, a novice wishes to be a teetotaller, he can be so, to all intents and purposes, by pouring into his water just enough wine to redden it; he can dine, if he likes, on a few drops of soup, two microscopic bits of meat, one potato, and a slice of cheese so thin as to be transparent. Yet even this plan of abstinence has to be sanctioned by the master, on the general principle that all mortifications and penances not approved by holy obedience are real acts of disobedience, and in so far sins.

In order that, the brothers and fathers should think as little as possible about what they eat, reading goes on in the refectory, from the beginning of the meal to its very end, in the following order.

First of all, several verses of Scripture—in Latin, of course. Then follow the public notices, if any are to be given. Then some serious but sufficiently interesting work in French. In my time they were reading the Church History of Abbé Darras—very brilliantly, indeed too brilliantly, written; and the novices often ventured to laugh at his ‘points d’interrogation suspendus à travers les siècles,’ and other such metaphors. But precedence was not seldom given to religious articles from the newspapers, or to letters of missionaries lithographed in the scholasticates of Vals and Laval, often containing extremely curious details about manners and customs; or, in short, to any publication that seemed likely to interest and edify the novices. In the evening the *Ménologe* was read. Fathers who had died in the odour of sanctity after a life spent likewise, had their names mentioned therein at the date of their death, with a short biographical notice. Many strange things were stated in those biographies. I do not mean to call in doubt the good faith of their authors, but really some facts related there, whenever I heard them read, excited in me a feeling of curiosity as to how far they could, if necessary, be authenticated.

I cannot now recall any instance of such facts as related in the *Ménologe*, but shall give instead, as a specimen, some marvellous details in the life of Father Anquieta, a missionary in South America more than a hundred years ago; though I must confess that they rather exceed the utmost limit of what is found in the *Ménologe*. If the principle of the possibility of miracles be in general allowed, the possibility of the following ones must be allowed also; and yet, when we find Father Anquieta thaumaturgising (if I may use the expression) on the slightest occasions and almost in sport, we very naturally want to inquire about the value of the testimony in favour of such miracles. For instance, he is said to have left certain provisions that he could not take in his canoe, under the care of two jaguars that came down to the river to drink; when he came back, several weeks after, he found these extraordinary keepers still watching over the provisions, and, having stroked their fur, dismissed them with his blessing. On another occasion, seeing that the vertical equatorial sun was very hot, and fatiguing not only for himself, but also for his Indian converts who were paddling upstream, he made the sign of the cross, and a multitude of birds came flying overhead and they made a thick shadow; and they accompanied him and his companions to their resting-place. Once he fell into the water, that was very deep. As there was a strong current, the Indians went down stream seeking after him, but they could not find him. Weeping over the loss of their spiritual father, the Indians returned to the spot many hours afterwards; and there, at the bottom of the water, they beheld Father Anquieta himself; and he was walking about quietly, saying his breviary, as was his wont. One day he was

at dinner in the Residence. They brought him a roast pigeon. The good father, seized with pity at the thought that a harmless creature had suffered death on his account, made the sign of the cross over it; and the pigeon, returning to its former state, spread forth its wings and flew away out of the open window! If I may express an opinion, such marvels as these were very probably first made known to the world by his Indian converts, whose sober truthfulness was not equal to the occasion; and collected by some father who (I have known many such) would never have thought of charging others with a falsehood of which he was himself incapable. For my own part, I think one should never admit any such facts—whether miracles, spiritualistic phenomena, or assertions about thought-transference—until it becomes unreasonable not to believe in them.

Dinner being ended, the Holy Sacrament is visited again, in order to prepare for the most difficult exercise of the day: the recreation. Why I call it the most difficult exercise is evident enough, for an almost impossible combination of virtues is required in order to pass it correctly. Its end is 'the unbending of the spirit,' in order to rest a little from the constrained state which self-communion and the silence of the morning have produced in most minds, and to be fresh for the exercises of the afternoon. But, at the same time, it is necessary to possess perfect calm and to keep a strict watch over one's lips and demeanour, lest anything be said or done that is not quite worthy of one's calling. It is recommended to speak of pious subjects, though not in too serious a manner. Discussions are to be avoided. Jokes are not well looked upon, as they are remembered after the recreation is over, and novices are but too apt to laugh at all times. I remember that I had serious scruples about a tale that I told, which sent the whole community almost into convulsions of laughter: it was the well-known story of Newton stirring his pipe with a lady's finger. No conversation about studies is allowed; and it is still more severely forbidden to criticise the conduct of any brother. Such criticism is, however, not only allowed, but commanded, on another occasion to which I should have alluded before, had it been convenient. I mean the exercise of 'modesty' or of charity, which ought regularly to take place once a week, instead of the conference. A novice designated by the master goes down on his knees in the middle of the room, and listens to whatever can be said against him. All such as are questioned are bound in conscience to state whatever defects they have noticed in his conduct. Of course this is no accusation, but merely points of exterior want of perfection. Still, it is far from agreeable to hear: 'Our brother makes too much noise in eating; he talks too loud in recreation; he shows too much exterior piety; he drags his feet in walking; he likes too much to talk of himself, &c.' But such a way of proceeding, if properly and regularly maintained, effectually

puts a stop to all sorts of backbiting or complaints against others, and therefore during the recreation there is not the least excuse for them.

To return to the subject: the multitude of virtues—charity, modesty, cordiality, gaiety, self-collection, piety, and I know not how many besides—required for a recreation to be properly passed, has in most cases an unsuccessful result. Some, striving hard to be supernatural in all things, manage to be unnatural, and consequently very disagreeable. Others, taking as a first principle that one must not be unnatural, forget their position, and talk as they were accustomed to do before they came to the novitiate. One novice, a few words that he thinks useless having been said about the weather, effectually puts an end to the conversation by immediately relating several things read by him that day about the torments of hell. Another has a little notebook filled with sentences of the saints and anecdotes relative to the Mother of Christ; when the recreation begins he asks his brother novices whether they will say something to him about Mary, and on their negative reply entertains them until the end with information that he has got by heart. Another makes his companions roar with laughter at the tricks he played off upon his teachers when at college. And some, acknowledging the truth of Seneca's saying, '*Quoties inter homines fui, minor homo redii,*' and wishing to return to their cells undisturbed, resolve to keep silence, and speak only just as much as is necessary, answering all questions in few words.

The difficulty is much increased by the fact that one is never allowed to choose one's companions; to do so would be a most flagrant breach of fraternal charity. Except on festivals, bands of three or four novices are made by the admonitor, and he is instructed beforehand by the master to put the most contrary characters together, on purpose that their tempers may be tried. I shall never forget how it amused us to see, for several weeks running, a rollicking young novice from college, fond of fun to the extreme, and a great hater of all mysticism, named as companion to a very dull fellow, who could never understand a joke, and to a seraphic brother who sighed and groaned during the meditation, went to confess almost every day, and never spoke of anything less pious than the Sacred Heart, the conversion of the whole world, or a scheme he had formed for administering all the railways of the world gratis, having put them into the hands of a new religious order that would stoke and drive the passengers for the love of God. Later on, he was with the latter in the same room; and every time that Frater Seraphicus began to sigh, his neighbour interrupted him with a loud dry cough.

Then there were differences of principle, strange as the assertion may seem. Our admonitor once had a serious tussle with another novice who had been a barrister, and whose easy jovial character led

him to interpret every rule, when doubtful, on the side of lenity ; whereas the former always explained them in the most austere sense. Had he thus interpreted them for himself alone, it would have mattered little ; but he was a public character, and his word was law among the novices. The subtle lawyer had discovered a flaw, that is, a contradiction, in the rules of the novitiate. It was said in one place that brothers 'in experiment' were not to speak to those who enjoyed the second recreation, lasting until two o'clock ; in another, that they were to be present at the second recreation. The admonitor, full of zeal, was unwilling to acknowledge a contradiction, and said that they were to be present, but that they must not speak. His opponent said that his explanation was absurd, and they both lost their temper about it, one waxing furious at this attack upon the sacred rules, and the other maintaining the sacred rights of reason. Of course, it turned out that 'second' was a misprint. I mention this as almost the only case of an open quarrel in the novitiate ; but how many suppressed ones, how many antipathies and heart-burnings there were, none can say.

It was during the recreation, besides, that the two contrary currents which must ever be found in all assemblages of men were most clearly noticeable : I mean the worldly and the unworldly currents. Of course, these expressions are quite relative, and the term 'worldly' may even be objected to as too strong to denote a man who scourged himself regularly three times a week. Still, in a community where everybody did this, such a proof of unworldliness is by no means decisive. A dislike of those who are most fervent, an undue notice of, and nervous irritation at, such little exaggerations as pious persons are liable to ; too great an esteem of the purely natural qualities—intelligence, wit, eloquence, good looks—is a much farther-reaching proof of worldliness, than scourging is a proof of the contrary. Placed in a very different position from men of the world, they judged of things with the very same eyes as they, so far as it was permitted to them to judge at all, without endangering their vocation. 'Ah ! mon frère, on retrouve le monde au noviciat !' sighed one day the seraphic brother already mentioned, who had entered the novitiate on purpose to escape from the world. That current was of course kept down as much as possible. Severe remonstrances were often addressed to those in whom it predominated, and they showed it very little ; but they instinctively felt in whom they could confide, and, according to the proverb, flocked together when they could.

Little remains to be said about the afternoon. After the visit to the chapel, by which the 'recreation' ends, as it began, there is once a week an exercise of 'tones,' followed by an improvisation. The novice who has to 'give the tones' has a quarter of an hour to prepare himself ; he that has to improvise, receives his text three quarters of an hour previously. The 'tones' are a short sermon, if

we may call it so, about one page long, in which the principal tones taken by a preacher are given one after another; the tones of exposition, of admiration, of pious feeling, of reproof, of quotation, of holy anger, and of enthusiasm. This sermon is to be learned by heart and recited. It is, I may say, impossible to 'give the tones' well and naturally; for that very reason, it is a very good exercise of declamation, because it is, as a literary composition, below contempt, and there was the utmost difficulty in dissembling its absurdities so far as not to be ridiculous. Not one out of five novices succeeded in giving it without exciting uncontrollable mirth. As a specimen of the style, I quote here the tones of pious feeling and reproof.

O infinite bounty! sweet Lamb of God, who compelled Thee to put on our iniquities, to take up our sins, to accept death that we should have life, ungrateful and miserable beings as we are?

O stupid men! O men plunged in the sleep of sin, wherefore awake ye not from your fatal slumbers? Weep over your sins, weep over the iniquities of the people, utter groans and lamentations.

As for the improvisations, as they were called, they were generally written down and learned by heart, so the less said about them the better. Afterwards there was, as in all the exercises, either of pronunciation or of anything else, a critical examination of the merits and demerits of the performance.

On other days the tones are not given, and there is instead the catechism, an exercise which, in its speculative part, consisted of remarks on the best way of teaching religion to children, and on its practical side partook of the nature of a comedy. A novice had to explain a chapter of catechism to the others as if they were children, and question them in the same way. They had to answer as children, and that they certainly did. A worse class could hardly be found in all Christendom. Such laziness, such insubordination, such utter recklessness for reproof and punishments! It was, however, a little overdone; for children, even the worst, are never so bad as that. It was probably for this reason that the second part of the exercise was suppressed later on, as I have been informed.

By the by, I may here say a few words about an analogous exercise practised during the third probation by the young priests who are preparing themselves for active service in the Society. It is the exercise of confession. But here the tertiaries have their parts beforehand assigned to them, and have to come well prepared: one as a nun, with no end of scruples and peccadilloes of her own; another as a *dévôte* laden with the sins of others; another as a trooper, rough and ready, hearty and frank. A man kneels down: he is a Voltairean workman, come to dispute; he is followed by an innkeeper, whose gains are not always of the most honourable sort; and then there comes a monk, with an unintelligible confession, having something he does not want to tell, and fears to leave untold. When all

these have been counselled, rebuked and shaven one after another, then comes the criticism—the most important part: ‘Our father might have shown himself a little more authoritative with the workman; perhaps patience was wanting in his treatment of the monk; he seemed to listen a little too willingly to the *dévoté’s* tales about her neighbours; he ought to have cut the nun’s confession much shorter,’ and so on. Evidently, though highly comical, and more amusing than many a comedy, because the actors are authors at the same time, this exercise is of much and undeniable use to a conscientious Catholic priest who wishes to confess as well as he can. Knowing how others deal with certain classes of people, he can see how far he is right to treat them as he does; and experience that, could otherwise only be attained after a long series of blunders is thus easily and quickly acquired.

After the catechism, half an hour of manual work until half-past four, when there is half an hour either of writing or of French grammar. Then comes a quarter of an hour’s private reading of the *Imitation of Christ*, and half an hour spent over the Life of a saint. After which, according to the rules of the novitiate, a second meditation for the space of half an hour must take place. At the end of the meditation they rush down into the garden and say their beads, walking rapidly round and round, but this time by groups of three; then up again to the third floor, to prepare the meditation for next morning. The Angelus rings at seven; each novice partakes of two out of the four dishes offered to him at supper (soup, meat, vegetables, and salad), and one of the two desserts, as at noon.

Supper is over at or before 7.30; recreation ensues until 8.15, the last quarter of an hour being devoted to conversation concerning next day’s meditation; then the bell is rung, and the ‘*silentium majus*’ begins, only to end the next day after breakfast. During this time it is strictly forbidden to speak or to leave one’s cell, except in a case of absolute necessity. The Litany of the Saints, which is the Society’s evening prayer, is then said by one of the residence fathers, the whole community being present. And lastly, at a quarter to nine, the examination of conscience begins; it is over at nine; the curtains in each room are pulled down and drawn, and in a few minutes every novice is in bed—enjoying very heartily, as you may imagine, the blessings of repose.

H. DZIEWICKI.

DARWINISM IN THE NURSERY

WITHIN quite recent times we have learned that such seemingly trivial things as nursery rhymes and fairy tales are of the greatest importance in illustrating some points of the history and affinities of the human race, and also, in a less degree, in indicating the character of the ideas of our early ancestors concerning the forces and phenomena of Nature.

The value of the intense conservatism of the nursery in thus preserving for us, in an almost unchanged form (like ants in the resin of the tertiary epoch or mammoths in the frozen tundra of the quaternary), relics of the thoughts and customs of long ago has only begun to be appreciated: and doubtless if the nursery were less of a close preserve to the poachers and priors of science, and, like the beehive and the anthill, were available for purposes of investigation or experiment, we might considerably add to our knowledge concerning the history and habits of primitive man. At present there is a gap between embryology and anthropology which has never been filled up; and, oddly enough, with one or two exceptions, there have been hitherto no attempts to make use of the abundant material close at hand for the purpose of filling it. In this essay I propose to bring forward a few results of researches that have been carried out during several years under rather unusually favourable circumstances, in the hope that in some humble degree I may contribute to this end.

Some of the results obtained have been extraordinary, and the hesitation with which they have been received by some of my friends well versed in physiology and anthropology shows that hitherto the facts have escaped attention. They are, however, easily verified, and in several instances a single experiment performed in presence of a sceptic has cut short the controversy in a satisfactory manner. Many of the inferences drawn are no doubt much more open to question, and they are here put forward chiefly with the purpose of drawing the attention of those much better able to judge of the value and bearing of the facts than the present writer.

It is curious how little has been written on the natural history of the human infant in its normal state. We have of course an abundant medical literature on the ailments and care of young children,

but the many eminent physicians who have written on the subject have confined their attention almost entirely to abnormal or diseased conditions. Even in studying the healthy physiological processes the primary idea has been to gain the kind of knowledge which would be available in the treatment of disease rather than that which might illustrate the history of the development of the race, and this may easily account for many facts of very considerable value for the latter purpose being overlooked or not appreciated at their proper value.

It is plain that a typically healthy infant, in which Nature's processes go on without the interference of medical art, will, after the first crisis of its entry on an independent existence is over, scarcely come under the notice of the physician at all.

The three classes of persons who are brought into close enough contact with the objects under discussion to study their habits and characteristics are medical men, nurses, and parents. The first have been already dealt with. Of the second class we may say that their knowledge, although doubtless profound, and derived both from tradition and observation, does not seem very available for the purposes of science. This has hitherto been my experience, for although in nearly every case where questions were asked there was every assumption and appearance of superior erudition, yet it seemed almost impossible to tap the supply.

Parents, as a rule, from the very nature of their relationship to their offspring are obviously unable to look on them with the cold impartial gaze of the scientific investigator. At any rate experience has proved that very little has resulted from their observations. The parental bias must, more or less, vitiate results; and the average mother, in spite of many unquestioned merits, is about as competent to take an unprejudiced view of the facts bearing on the natural history of her infant as a West African negro would do to carry out an investigation of the anatomy and physiology of a fetish.

There are some illustrious exceptions, and Darwin himself, in his *Expression of the Emotions* and *Descent of Man*, gives an account of some very interesting observations on several of his own children when infants. Several salient traits seem, however, to have completely escaped him, and some of these, which will be dealt with in this paper, have a most important bearing on the argument on which he was then laying most stress, viz. that man is descended from an arboreal quadrumanous ancestor. The fact that such important and easily ascertained characteristics as those alluded to should have been passed over by one so keenly observant of all phenomena bearing upon his theory might suggest that the great man was scarcely so supreme in his own nursery as he was in the wider field of research, and that his opportunities for investigation were to some extent limited by the arbitrary and inflexible rules of this household department. In fact, the supposed interests of the Darwinian race, when conflicting with

the interests of the Darwinian theory, appear to have become paramount somewhat to the detriment of the latter.

It has been well said that the development of the individual from the single germ cell to maturity, is an epitome of the infinitely longer development of the race from the simplest form of life to its present condition. No branch of science, not even paleontology, has thrown so much light on the evolution theory as the study of the structure and progress of the embryo up to the time of birth. There seems, however, no reason why embryology should stop here. An animal until independent of parental care, and even beyond that point, until the bodily structure and functions are those of an adult, is still, strictly speaking, an embryo; and we may learn much of its racial history by observing the peculiarities of its anatomy and habits of life.

For instance, among our domestic animals, horses and cattle live very much in the same manner, and thrive equally well grazing in open pastures. Yet a brief examination of the young of each shows that the habits and habitats of their respective wild ancestors were widely different. A foal from birth is conspicuous for the development of its legs, and when a few days old can gallop almost as fast as ever it will in its life. It makes no attempt at concealment beyond retiring behind its dam, and it carries its head high, evidently on the alert to see danger and flee from it. A young calf, on the contrary, is not much longer in the leg in proportion than its parents (I exclude, of course, the breeds artificially produced within quite recent times), and has but an indifferent turn of speed, and it is slow and stupid in noticing its surroundings. It has, however, one powerful and efficient instinct of self-preservation; for if, as is often the case in a bushy pasture, the mother leaves it under cover while she goes to graze, it will lie as still as death and allow itself to be trodden on rather than betray its hiding-place. Hence we see that the ancestors of our domestic horses inhabited open plains where there was little or no cover, and that they escaped by quickly observing the approach of a foe and by speed. Wild cattle, on the contrary, as is still seen in some parts of Texas and Australia, never from choice stray far from the shelter of the woods; and their ancestors, when threatened, lay couched among the bushes like deer, in the hope of escaping observation. It is very remarkable how quickly horses and cattle, though domesticated for thousands of generations, during which long period many of their wild instincts and habits have been entirely in abeyance, regain all the old power of self-preservation proper to the wild state, and often in a single generation become as acute in powers of scent and vision, and other means of escaping from their enemies, as animals which have never been tamed. There are at present probably no animals so alert and difficult to approach as the 'kumbiëns' of Australia. In no way could

more eloquently be shown the immense stretch of time during which these qualities were formed and became ingrained in the very nature and structure of their possessors than by comparing them with the trivial and evanescent effects of many centuries of domestication.

In the case of our own race it has often been observed that schoolboys present many points of resemblance to savages both in their methods of thinking—especially about abstract subjects—and in their actions. Younger children without a doubt also reflect some of the traits of their remote progenitors. If, as in the case of the calf and the foal, we look for traces of habits of self-preservation that for incalculably long periods were most necessary for the safety of the individual (and therefore for the preservation of the race), we shall find that such habits exist, and are impossible to explain on any other hypothesis than that they were once of essential service.

Take, for instance, the shyness of very young children and their evident terror and distress at the approach of a stranger. At first sight it seems quite unaccountable that an infant a few months old, who has experienced nothing but the utmost kindness and tender care from every human being that it has seen, should cling to its nurse and show every sign of alarm when some person new to it approaches. Infants vary much in this respect, and the habit is not by any means universal, though it is far more often present than absent. This would suggest that, whatever its origin, it was not for any very long period (in the evolutionary sense) absolutely necessary to preserve the species from extinction. Darwin merely alludes to the shyness of children as probably a remnant of a habit common to all wild creatures. We need not, however, go back to any remote ancestral form to find a state of affairs in which it might prove of the greatest service. We know that the cave-dwellers of the Dordogne Valley were cannibals, and that much later, when the races that piled together the Danish 'kitchen middens' lived on the shores of the Baltic and German Oceans, they were very much such savages as the present inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego, and lived after the same fashion. Like the Fuegians, they were probably divided into small clans, each of a few families, and these, from conflicting interests and other causes, would be constantly at war. The earlier paleolithic savages, living in caves and rock shelters, would be even more isolated and uncompromising in their treatment of strangers, for the game of any given district would only be sufficient to support a few. If in our day

Lands intersected by a narrow frith
 . Abhor each other, mountains interposed
 Make enemies of nations,

in the time of paleolithic and early neolithic man every district the size of an English parish would be the hunting-ground of a clan,

with fierce enemies on every side. In such a state of affairs a stranger (unless he were safely tied to a stake) would be a most undesirable person in proximity to the wigwam and the picaninnies.

If he paid a call it would very likely be—in the scarcity of other game—with the purpose of carrying off a tender foe for table use. Under such circumstances the child who ran to its mother, or fled into the dark recesses of the cave, upon first spying an intruder, would be more likely to survive than another of a more confiding disposition. Often, during the absence of the men on a hunting expedition, a raid would be made, and all the women and children that could be caught carried away or killed. The returning warriors would find their homes desolate, and only those members of their families surviving who, by chance or their own action, had escaped the eyes of the spoilers. On the approach of an enemy—and ‘stranger’ and ‘enemy’ would be synonymous—the child which first ran or crawled to its mother, so that she could catch it up and dash out of the wigwam and seek the cover of the woods, might be the only one of all the family to survive and leave offspring. Naturally the instinct which caused the child to turn from the stranger to the mother would be perpetuated; and from the frequency of the habit at the present day it seems probable that many of our ancestors were so saved from destruction. We must remember that the state of society in which such occurrences would be frequent lasted many thousand years, and that probably scarcely a generation was exempt from this particular and unpleasant form of influence.

When we bear in mind that the play of young animals is almost always mimic war, it is well worthy of note how very early young children will take to the game of ‘hide and seek.’ I have seen a child of a year old who, with scarcely any teaching, would hide behind the curtains and pretend to be in great alarm when discovered. Probably the readiness with which infants play at ‘ho-peep,’ and peer round the edge of a cradle curtain, and then suddenly draw back into hiding, is traceable to a much earlier ancestor. Here we see the remains of a habit common to nearly all arboreal animals, and the cradle curtain, or chair, or what not, is merely a substitute for a part of the trunk of a tree behind which the body is supposed to be hidden, while the eyes, and as little else as possible, are exposed for a moment to scrutinise a possible enemy and then quickly withdrawn.

It is remarkable how quickly very young children notice and learn to distinguish different domestic animals. I have known several cases in which an infant under a year old, which could not talk at all, has recognised and imitated the cries of sheep, cows, dogs, and cats, and evidently knew a horse from an ox. Not unfrequently I have heard great surprise expressed by parents at the quickness with which a baby would perceive some animal a long distance off, or when

from other causes it was so inconspicuous as to escape the eyes of older persons. Pictures of animals, too, have a great fascination, and the child is never tired of hearing its playmate roar like a lion or bray like an ass when looking at them in the picture book. This may seem of trivial import; but it is worth while to remember that the baby's forefathers for several thousand generations depended upon their knowledge of the forms and ways of wild beasts in order to escape destruction, either from starvation or from being overcome and devoured in contests with them; and that any and every individual who was a dunce at this kind of learning was in a short time eliminated. Hence an aptness to notice and gain a knowledge of different animals was essential to those who wished to survive, and a faculty so necessary, and so constantly operative through long ages, would be likely to leave traces in after generations.

Among all arboreal apes the ability firmly to hold on to the branches is of course extremely important, and in consequence they have developed a strong power of grip in the hands. The late Frank Buckland compares the hands of an anthropoid ape to grappels, from their evident adaptation to this end. Nor does this power exist only among adults, for although most apes, when at rest, nurse their young on one arm, just as does a mother of our own species, when, as often happens, they are fleeing from an enemy, such as a leopard or some other tree-climbing carnivorous animal, the mother would need all her hands to pass from branch to branch with sufficient celerity to escape. Under such circumstances the infant ape must cling on to its mother as best it can; and naturalists who have repeatedly seen a troop of monkeys in full flight state that the young ones as a rule hang beneath the necks and breasts of the mothers, holding on by the long hair of their shoulders and sides. This was the case with a young *Rhesus* monkey born in the Zoological Gardens. Wallace, in his *Malay Archipelago*, gives an account of a very young orang which he secured after shooting the mother. He states that the baby orang was in most points as helpless as a human infant, and lay on its back, quite unable to sit upright. It had, however, an extraordinary power of grip, and when it had once secured a hold of his beard he was not able to free himself without help. On his taking it home to his house in Sarawak he found that it was very unhappy unless it could seize and hold on to something, and would lie on its back and sprawl about with its limbs until this could be accomplished. He first gave it some bars of wood to hold on to, but finding it preferred something hairy he rolled up a buffalo skin, and for a while the little creature was content to cling to this, until, by trying to make it perform other maternal duties and fill an empty stomach, the poor orphan mias nearly choked itself with mouthfuls of hair and had to be deprived of its comforter. 'The whole story of this poor little ape is both amusing and pathetic, as well as instructive, and I cannot do better

than refer those not already acquainted with it to the book, which is as a whole as good an introduction for the young student to the science of evolution as could well be found.

This power to hold on to the parent in any emergency may be compared to the galloping power of the young foal and the instinct of concealment in the calf; it is the one chief means of self-preservation adopted by the young of the arboreal quadrumana. During long epochs, impossible to measure by years, it would constantly be exercised; and it is plain that every infant ape that failed to exercise it, or which was physically unable from any cause to cling to its mother, when pursued by an agile foe, would either fall to the ground or be devoured among the branches. When we consider the harassed and precarious life of all wild creatures and the number of their enemies, it becomes apparent that scarcely an individual would be exempt from being many times put to the test, and the habit would, by the survival of those only which were able to maintain their grip, become more and more confirmed, until it became an integral part of the nature of all quadrumana and their descendants.

This being so, it occurred to me to investigate the powers of grip in young infants; for if no such power were present, or if the grasp of the hands proved only to be equally proportionate to any other exhibition of muscular strength in those feeble folk, it would either indicate that our connection with quadrumana was of the slightest and most remote description, or that man had some other origin than the Darwinian philosophy maintains.

In *The Luck of Roaring Camp* everyone will remember the expression of one of Bret Harte's mining ruffians after he had passed through the shanty containing the newly born 'Luck' and the corpse of the wretched mother. 'He wrestled with my finger,' said Mr. Kentuck, regarding that member with curiosity, and characteristically adding some adjectives more emphatic than to the point. On reading the story aloud in company several years ago a discussion arose as to whether the novelist was as correct an observer of infant human nature as he doubtless was of the vagaries of the pious cut-throats and chaste courtesans of the Pacific slope in the golden days of '49, and considerable doubt was thrown on the statement of Mr. Kentuck, since it did not seem probable that so gelatinous and flabby a creature as a new-born babe could 'wrestle' (and prevail) even with a finger. Subsequent observation proved that the novelist here did not go beyond Nature's warrant, and that, whatever doubts we may have of the disinterestedness of Mr. Oakhurst, or the constancy of 'Miggles,' 'The Luck' was drawn true to type.

Finding myself placed in a position in which material was abundant, and available for reasonable experiment, I commenced a series of systematic observations with the purpose of finding out what proportion of young infants had a noticeable power of grip, and what was

the extent of the power. I have now records of upwards of sixty cases in which the children were under a month old, and in at least half of these the experiment was tried within an hour of birth. The results as given below are, as I have already indicated, both curious and unexpected.

In every instance, with only two exceptions, the child was able to hang on to the finger or a small stick three-quarters of an inch in diameter by its hands, like an acrobat from a horizontal bar, and *sustain the whole weight of its body* for at least ten seconds. In twelve cases, in infants under an hour old, half a minute passed before the grasp relaxed, and in three or four nearly a minute. When about four days old I found that the strength had increased, and that nearly all, when tried at this age, could sustain their weight for half a minute. At about a fortnight or three weeks after birth the faculty appeared to have attained its maximum, for several at this period succeeded in hanging for over a minute and a half, two for just over two minutes, and one infant of three weeks old for *two minutes thirty-five seconds*! As, however, in a well-nourished child there is usually a rapid accumulation of fat after the first fortnight, the apparently diminished strength subsequently may result partly from the increased disproportion of the weight of the body and the muscular strength of the arms, and partly from neglect to cultivate this curious endowment. In one instance, in which the performer had less than one hour's experience of life, he hung by both hands to my forefinger for ten seconds, and then deliberately let go with his right hand (as if to seek a better hold) and maintained his position for five seconds more by the left hand only. A curious point is, that in many cases no sign of distress is evinced, and no cry uttered, until the grasp begins to give way. In order to satisfy some sceptical friends I had a series of photographs taken of infants clinging to a finger or to a walking-stick, and these show the position adopted excellently. Invariably the thighs are bent nearly at right angles to the body, and in no case did the lower limbs hang down and take the attitude of the erect position. This attitude, and the disproportionately large development of the arms compared with the legs, give the photographs a striking resemblance to a well-known picture of the celebrated chimpanzee 'Sally' at the Zoological Gardens. Of this flexed position of the thighs, so characteristic of young babies, and of the small size of the lower extremities as compared with the upper, I must speak further later on; for it appears to me that the explanation hitherto given by physiologists of these peculiarities is not altogether satisfactory.

I think it will be acknowledged that the remarkable strength shown in the flexor muscles of the fore-arm in these young infants, especially when compared with the flaccid and feeble state of the muscular system generally, is a sufficiently striking phenomenon to

provoke inquiry as to its cause and origin. The fact that a three-weeks-old baby can perform a feat of muscular strength that would tax the powers of many a healthy adult—if any of my readers doubt this let them try hanging by their hands from a horizontal bar for three minutes—is enough to set one wondering.

So noteworthy and so exceptional a measure of strength in this set of muscles, and at the same time one so constantly present in all individuals, must either be of some great utility now, or must in the past have proved of material aid in the battle for existence. Now it is evident that to human infants this gift of grip is of no use at all, unless indeed they were subjected to a severe form of an old South of England custom, which ordered that the babe, when three days old, should be lightly tossed on to the slope of a newly thatched roof, that it might, by holding on to the straw with its little hands, or by rolling helplessly back into the arms of its father, assist in forecasting its future disposition and prospects in life. Barring the successful passing of this ordeal—with regard to which I have never heard that non-success was a preliminary to immediate extinction—it seems plain that this faculty of sustaining the whole weight by the strength of the grasp of the fingers is totally unnecessary, and serves no purpose whatever in the newly born offspring of savage or civilised man. It follows therefore that, as is the case with many vestigial structures and useless habits, we must look back into the remote past to account for its initiation and subsequent confirmation; and whatever views we may hold as to man's origin, we find among the arboreal quadrumana, and among these only, a condition of affairs in which not only could the faculty have originated, but in which the need of it was imperative, since its absence meant certain and speedy death.

It is a well-known fact that the human embryo about three months before birth has a thick covering of soft hair, called 'lanugo,' which is shed before a separate existence is entered upon. At the same stage of development the skeleton is found to conform much more to the simian type than later, for the long bone of the arm, the humerus, is equal to the thigh-bone, and the ulna is quite as long and as important as the tibia. At the time of birth the lower limbs are found to have gained considerably on the upper, but still they are nothing like so much larger as when fully grown. Physiologists have explained this want of development of the lower extremities in the fœtus by attributing it to the peculiarity of the ante-natal circulation, in which the head and arms are supplied with comparatively pure oxygenated blood fresh from the maternal placenta, and the lower part of the trunk and legs get the venous vitiated blood returned through the great veins and transferred *via* the right ventricle and the *ductus arteriosus* to the descending aorta. This, it is said, accounts for the more rapid growth and more

complete development of the head and arms before birth. To assert the exact contrary would be to contradict several great authorities, and apparently to follow the lead of the pious sage who admired the wisdom and goodness of Providence in causing large rivers to flow by great cities. Nevertheless it is well to remember that just as the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath, so the blood-vessels were made for the body and not the body for the blood-vessels. It appears to me much more true to say that the quick arterial blood is sent to the upper extremities because these parts are for the time being more important, and their growth and development essential to the welfare of the individual, than that they are coerced into a kind of temporary hypertrophy, *nolens volens*, through having a better blood supply arbitrarily sent them than is allotted to their nether fellow-members. That this view is borne out by facts can be shown by taking the example of a young animal whose hind quarters are of essential service to it from birth; and for this end we need go no further than the instance, already quoted, of the young foal. Now in the ante-natal state the foal has just the same arrangement of blood-distribution as the embryo man; yet he is born with a small light head and well-developed hind quarters, so that he can gallop with speed. Instead of coming into the world with the general outline of an American bison (as he ought to do upon accepted physiological dicta), he is, as is well known, proportionately higher at the rump and lower at the shoulder than in after life. The mention of the American bison reminds me that it is another capital illustration of the same fact; for a young buffalo calf must have speed from its earliest days to enable it to keep up with the herd on the open prairie; and, in consequence, we find that it is much better developed behind (the hind legs being the chief propellers in all galloping animals) than the full-grown bull or cow, and has none of the comma-like, whittled-off aspect of its adult parents. The massive fore end of the bull bison arises from his habit of using himself as a projectile wherewith to batter his rivals out of the overlordship of the herd; but the bison calf is almost as level-backed as the young of our domestic cattle—though it is a much more active, wideawake little beast than an ordinary calf.

Why, then, are the head and upper extremities so apparently abnormally developed in the young infant? I conceive the true reason to be something like this: For untold ages the perfection of the arms was a *sine qua non* of the continuance of the race; and as man, or the thing which was to be man, took to living by his wits—when, that is, *mind* began to take precedence of brute force and direct reflex action in the forefront of the struggle for existence—it became an absolute necessity for the being that was to live by his wits to be furnished with an abundant supply of the raw material out of which wits are made—that is, brains. Now every man, actual

or *in posse*—having elected, be it remembered; to fight chiefly with his brains, and having renounced for ever the more gross and carnal weapons, such as huge canine teeth and heavy, claw-armed limbs—would be certainly bested in the struggle, and driven out of being, if his chosen armature were not up to the mark. In other words, every incipient *homo* who was born with deficient mind-material lived but a short time and left no offspring. And, since the potentialities of the brain depend far more upon its primary degree of development than do, for instance, the potentialities of the muscles, only those infants which were born with crania capacious and well-furnished would attain that degree of excellence which would prevent them from being fatally plucked in Nature's great perennial competitive examination. Only those infants, then, survived and became our ancestors which had from the first a good development of head and arm, and, to insure this, Nature has provided for a suitable blood supply during the early period of growth.

With regard to the forward bend of the thighs in young infants, which is constant in all cases, as anyone who has the opportunity for observing can see for himself, this has been accounted for from the fact that the thighs are flexed against the abdomen during the latter part of intra-uterine life. But from analogy with other young creatures, such as those already mentioned and young birds, we find that the pre-natal position has little or no influence in decreeing the habitual attitude of the limbs after birth, and it seems to me more logical and reasonable to trace this also to a prior state of evolutionary development.

Man is, when standing erect, the only animal that has the thigh in a line with the axis of the vertebral column, and among his nearest congeners in the animal world the flexed state of the femoral articulation is natural and constant. As we go down the scale the angle between the thighs and trunk diminishes, until it reaches the right angle characteristic of most quadrupeds. I speak here of the attitude adopted when the animal is at rest upon its legs, for during sleep there is in many cases a curious reversion to the position occupied in embryonic life. Thus we see that a bird roosting with its head 'under its wing,' and the legs drawn up close to the body, offers a decided resemblance to the chick in the egg.

I have noticed that young children, when old enough to shift their limbs, very seldom sleep in any but the curled-up position; and that as often as not, when unhampèred by clothing or other artificial restraints, they sleep in the same attitude as do many quadrupeds, viz. with the abdomen downwards and the limbs flexed beneath them. I am told that negro mothers and nurses in the West Indies invariably lay their charges down, to sleep on their stomachs, and that this custom is also common in various parts of the world. Adult man is, I believe, the only animal who ever elects

to sleep upon his back. Some of the lower savages seem to sleep comfortably on occasion in a crouching position with the head bent down upon the knees, just as all the common tribes of monkeys do. Among the quadrumana it is not until we come to the platform-building anthropoid types that we find a recumbent position habitually taken during sleep. The young orangs and chimpanzees that they have had at the Zoological Gardens slept with the body semi-prone and with the limbs, or all except one arm, which was used as a pillow, curled under them. This is exactly the position voluntarily adopted by 80 per cent. of children between ten and twenty months old which I have had opportunities of watching. I was told by the attendants at the Zoological Gardens that no ape will sleep flat on his back, as adult man often does.

It would be very interesting to get exact observations as to the habits of all the lower tribes of men with regard to sleeping, for it is a point upon which a great deal would seem to depend, if, as Tylor and most of our anthropologists believe, man's first ideas of a spirit world arose from dreams. We know that most of our domestic animals dream, as is proved by their movements while asleep, and the same thing has also been observed in monkeys. The effect of the position of the body during sleep upon the character of our dreams is too well known to require comment, for probably every one of my readers has experienced the very disagreeable results of sleeping on the back.

Now, if the first glimmerings of another world came to early man through dreams, in which he saw his comrades, or enemies, long since dead, reappear just as in life, though mixed up with much that was incongruous and incomprehensible, it would seem as if the period during which man first adopted the *dorsal decubitus* might have been an epoch-making time in his raw theology.

Devils and devil-worship might easily have originated from a nightmare; and since even dogmas have pedigrees and are subject to the laws of evolution, it is perhaps no very wild suggestion that some of the more sombre tenets of our gentle nineteenth-century creeds may owe their embryonic beginnings to the sleeping attitude of some paleolithic divine who had gorged himself in an unwise degree with wild boar flesh.

LOUIS ROBINSON, M.D.

MY CRITICS

THREE months ago I wrote in this Review an article on 'The Next Parliament.' I have as little belief in the immortality of political magazine articles as I have in the immortality of political leaders; and it is to me a subject of surprise that the memory of this article should have survived so long. That it has so survived is proved to my satisfaction by the endless series of newspaper-cuttings which have been daily forwarded to me through the instrumentality of the press agencies. As the great majority of these cuttings consists of uncomplimentary criticism, I am not quite sure that 'satisfaction' is the right term to employ. Still, it may stand. There is a story told of a French carpenter who was rebuked by the priest of the village for not uncovering his head when he passed the image of the patron saint of the district, which he himself had carved. 'Mon père,' was the answer, 'je l'ai connu poirier.' In the same way, I—who have written so many newspaper criticisms, who have taken part in so many newspaper controversies, who have assisted so often in making up journalistic thunder and preparing journalistic lightning—cannot entertain any very grave sense of awe at the castigations of the press. When you have lived for years behind the scenes of a newspaper office, you know how much—or how little—is meant by press notices, whether to your praise or your dispraise. I have no intention, therefore, of replying to the amenities with which I have been favoured by the partisans of Mr. Gladstone, whether in the press or on the platform. I may be—as I am told by my censors—an utterly obscure and insignificant personage, whose utterances are unworthy of serious notice. All I would say in response is that the question of my humble individuality has no bearing whatever on the soundness or unsoundness of the views I put forward in the article which has brought down upon me the wrath of the Gladstonian party. Certain serious objections have, however, been taken in various quarters to the advice I ventured to offer as to the course most likely to serve the interests of the Unionist cause. These objections have proceeded pretty equally from those who share and from those who do not share my political views; and to these criticisms I should wish very briefly to reply.

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Now the head and front of my offending is that in the article in question I recommended that the general election had better be held later rather than sooner, as the longer it was deferred, the less likelihood there was, taking account of Mr. Gladstone's advanced age, of his taking an active part in the contest. If by thus speaking I gave pain to Mr. Gladstone himself or to any of his personal friends, I am only too happy to say that I sincerely regret, not having given this advice—for that I should give again—but having couched it in language which, however unintentionally, has given umbrage. It is a genuine pleasure to me to record here, that from Mr. Gladstone himself I have in former years received many acts of courtesy and friendliness. It has been my fortune to have been engaged in more than one controversy with him in these pages, and I shall always feel grateful to him for the terms in which he did justice, and more than justice, to arguments of mine to which he personally did not assent.

It may be due to moral obtuseness on my part that I fail to see why it is unbecoming on my part, or of anybody else for that matter, to express the opinion that, in his own interests and those of his country, Mr. Gladstone would do wisely to withdraw from active political life, or to call attention to the obvious fact that, in virtue of the ordinary conditions of human existence, his participation in public affairs cannot in any case be prolonged much further. Personally, I should have thought no higher compliment could be paid to the Liberal leader than by an admission on the part of a political adversary that even at his advanced age his name and fame constitute a power with which we, in our struggle to uphold the Union, would gladly not be confronted. It is unjust and unfair to assert that in anything I have ever written I have expressed a wish for Mr. Gladstone's removal to another and, I trust, a better sphere. But this much I own, that if I had to choose between the maintenance of the Union and the prolongation of Mr. Gladstone's existence, I should, without a doubt, select the former alternative. It may be due, as my critics tell me, to the perversity of my moral nature. But to a mind constituted like mine, the welfare of England seems a matter of far higher importance than the prolongation of Mr. Gladstone's political career. It is to me a matter of sincere regret if I have said anything calculated to give pain to the veteran statesman. But my offence, if offence it be, is one which, if necessary, I should feel bound to repeat. If it can be shown me that the issue of the approaching general election is not likely to be affected by the fact of Mr. Gladstone's taking an active part in the contest, there is no more to be said. But as in my own opinion, and in that of the public at large, the contrary is the case, I fail to see why it is either dishonest or unmannerly to suggest that the longer the election is delayed, the less likelihood there is of Mr. Gladstone's

playing an important part in the contest. To use a metaphor of the card-table, we Unionists are not playing for love. We are playing for stakes which, in our judgment, mean the salvation or the ruin of our country; and in view of the magnitude of the issue, we cannot afford to throw away a single point in the game.

Again, I have been accused of shameless cynicism because in my article I advocated the adoption, on the part of the Unionists of a programme which was likely to enlist on their behalf the sympathies of the working classes. My experience has taught me that to say a statement is cynical means, in most instances, that the statement is one which it is not convenient to answer. All I stated is that, as under our present institutions the artisan and labouring classes command the majority of the votes in a very large preponderance of constituencies, no party could hope to remain in power if their programme did not appeal to the sympathies of the classes in question. I also asserted, as a matter of fact, that the poorer classes of the community were certainly more ignorant, and probably even less disinterested than the wealthier classes. That these statements are true, I suppose no reasonable person would deny. Yet, if they are true, I fail to understand why it should be cynical to make these statements or to deduce from them their logical consequences. I can admit the argument that the suffrage ought not to be extended to classes who, from their lack of education and the material conditions of their existence, are almost incapable of exercising that suffrage wisely. But when, rightly or wrongly, the suffrage has been given, it seems to me idle to ignore the fact, that if you want to secure a class vote, you must take account of class interests, class ideas, and even of class prejudices. This is all that my proposals ever contemplated.

I argued that the 'one man one vote' cry was a popular one with the electorate at large; that the adoption of this principle would make very little change in the conditions of electoral power, while it would enable the Conservative party to insist on population being taken as the basis of representation: a reform which, under the altered conditions of the day, would tell materially to the advantage of the Conservatives.

I argued further, that as the Eight Hours movement is a measure which excited more interest than any other amidst the working classes, the Unionists are bound to meet it in a sympathetic, and not in an antagonistic spirit. The movement is one which appeals far more strongly to my own sympathies than most items of the working-class programme. That eight hours' hard labour is as much as is good for the great majority of mankind, either physically or morally, seems to me a self-obvious fact. I do not believe that wholesale or universal limitation of the hours of labour would be beneficial to the community, or, even if beneficial, could be secured by legislation. But I do believe that in most trades the eight hours' labour is already the general rule, and that this

general rule could be made an almost universal rule by means of legislation. Nobody acquainted with the practical working of our institutions can doubt that if eight hours' work were once declared to be in the opinion of the Legislature the ideal at which employers and manufacturers should aim at arriving in their relations with their workmen, such a declaration would have a very material effect in reducing the average hours of labour. The State is the largest employer of labour in the kingdom. Unlike other traders, it is not bound by the laws of competition to cut its expenditure down to the lowest point, or to sacrifice every other consideration to increasing the margin of profit. It seems to me, therefore, it would be a very fair subject for consideration, whether the State as an employer might not decide with advantage that, as a general rule, no workman in the employ of the Government should be required to work for more than one-third of each day. I should propose, therefore, the appointment of a Commission to decide how far the eight hours rule could be adopted in all Government workshops and dockyards and offices without serious detriment to the public interest. The appointment of such a Commission would give very great satisfaction, and if it should decide in favour of the proposed change, the decision would have my sympathy, and, I believe, that of the Conservative party as a body. It is our interest to convince the working classes that any rational attempt to improve their material condition and to increase their enjoyment of life has the sympathy of Conservatives as well as of Liberals; and we can best produce this conviction by showing that we regard the popular demand for some legal restriction of the hours of labour, not as an enormity to be rejected off-hand, but as a matter deserving of the fullest and most kindly consideration. If such an assertion is cynical, then I frankly own that I am a cynic.

I am not surprised to find that, while the Gladstonian organs denounce me as dishonest for proposing that the Conservatives should accept the logical consequences of their own legislation, the more truculent section of the Conservatives have held me up to obloquy, as a false friend to the Conservative cause. It is the fate of moderate men to incur the wrath of zealots on either side. All I can plead in my self-defence is, that it is my misfortune, not my fault, to have been born with a certain capacity of perceiving that there are two sides to every question. I am not, and never was, a strong partisan, and therefore, though I regret for my own sake my incapacity for partisanship, I think I am better able to see things as they are than the class of Conservatives represented by the *St. James's Gazette* and the *Anti-Jacobin*. For the sake of interests which I regard as infinitely higher than those of any party, I am most anxious that the Conservatives should remain in office, and it is exactly because I am so anxious that I have tried to dispel the illusion that *stare super antiquis vias* can be accepted as the guiding principle of modern

Conservatism. If the Conservatives are to hold their own, it must be by the help of the newly developed Conservatism of the towns and shops, which is a very different thing from the Conservatism of the counties and country gentlemen. The new Conservatism demands new cries, new policies, and new men, and if this demand is not satisfied, it will be bad for the interests of the Conservative cause.

Now in as far as I can understand the criticisms of my Conservative friends, my offence is that, apart from my heresies on the subject of equal electoral districts and the eight hours movement, I have expressed an opinion that the interests of the Conservative party would be advanced by the re-organisation of the House of Lords and the return of Lord Randolph Churchill to office. With regard to the two first-named heresies, I think that I have already shown that my opinions, whether sound or unsound, are capable of being defended from a Conservative point of view. On the two remaining counts I should like to say something in mitigation of sentence.

I recognise to the full the services that the House of Lords, in the capacity of a Second Chamber, has rendered to the country and to the constitutional cause. And if I believed that the House of Lords, as at present constituted, could continue to render these services in the future, I should be the last to object to any anomalies in its composition as the Upper Chamber of a democratic community. But it is beyond my powers of comprehension how anybody can imagine that the House of Lords, in its present form, can long continue to act as a controlling authority over the House of Commons. We may succeed—I hope and believe we shall succeed—in defeating the Liberals at the next election, and thereby consigning Home Rule to the Greek Calends. But whatever our success may be, we shall not succeed in destroying the Radical party. Indeed, the greater our success, the more powerful the Radical element in the Opposition must inevitably become. It is as certain as any future event can well be, that in the course of the next few years we shall have a Radical Government in office, whose Radicalism will be of a far more advanced type than that of any previous Administration. One of the first objects of latter-day Radicalism is to make the popular chamber absolutely supreme, and to reduce the hereditary chamber to a nullity. Already, Radical orators are threatening the House of Lords with extinction, because it is assumed that under certain conditions the Upper Chamber might possibly exercise its right of suspensory veto. If the Liberals should carry the day at the general election; if the majority acting under Mr. Gladstone's dictation should then pass a Bill granting legislative independence to Ireland; and if thereupon the House of Lords should refuse to sanction the Bill until the country had had an opportunity of expressing an opinion on so momentous a change in the constitution, the Upper House would be simply fulfilling its main duty as a barrier against

hasty and ill-considered legislation. Yet the mere surmise that the Peers might possibly decline to sanction a Home Rule Bill till it had been submitted to the constituencies, has led to an outcry that in that case the House of Lords must be deprived of all further opportunity of thwarting the will of the people. In this outcry Mr. Gladstone himself has not hesitated to join, though we are always being told by his admirers that at heart the Liberal leader is a true Conservative. We may judge from this fact what sort of treatment the House of Lords is likely to meet with when the leadership of the party passes from the hands of Mr. Gladstone into those of some political 'cheap Jack, such as Sir William Harcourt.

Now, as I pointed out in the article which so offended the delicate susceptibilities of some of my Conservative critics, the Unionist party has at present a unique opportunity of strengthening the House of Lords as a Second Chamber, of removing the anomalies which discredit its influence with the public, and yet at the same time of retaining the hereditary principle which constitutes its most effective strength. Lord Salisbury could carry any reasonable measure for the introduction of life peers and the elimination of unworthy members through both Houses of Parliament, and could do so with popular approval. Is it wise to let this signal opportunity go unused, and to allow the reconstruction of the Upper House to be undertaken by a party hostile to the hereditary principle, and jealous of the political authority exercised by the class of which the peerage is composed? For my own part I think it is not; and it is I, who argue that the reform of the House of Lords had better be undertaken by its friends than by its enemies, who are the true Conservatives.

In much the same way I fancy my critics are at fault when they accuse me of not having the interests of Conservatism at heart, because I should like to see Lord Randolph once more in office. I can quite understand the proposal not being palatable to the managers of the party. But I am unable to see why the suggestion should be so bitterly denounced by outsiders. In the course of a few months we are going to engage in a contest on which, in our opinion, the fortunes of the Empire are at issue. Success or failure in that contest must depend upon the extent to which we can enlist the convictions, the sympathies, even the prejudices of the masses on behalf of the Unionist cause. Whatever view may be taken of his public career, whatever estimate may be placed on his political ability, Lord Randolph is undoubtedly the most effective speaker on the Conservative side; the one most in harmony with the Conservatism of the villa and the workshop; the one who can, to take the lowest ground, collect the largest audiences, obtain the fullest reports, and influence most votes. It would be a thousand pities if this force should be lost to the Conservative party, at the very time that all assistance is most urgently required. The bare idea of Lord Randolph

being allowed to take the benefit of the political statute of limitations has excited the dismay of the *Standard* and the *Morning Post*. But in urging that his vigorous personality should be enlisted in behalf of the Unionist cause before the general election is upon us, it is I, as I hold, who am the best friend to the Conservative cause.

In several respects the advice I tendered three months ago has been justified by recent events. The Ministry stand pledged to carry out the undertaking entered into by the Liberal Unionists, and to pass next session a Local Government Bill for Ireland. That Bill will, it is understood, be under the charge of Mr. Balfour as the nominal as well as the virtual leader of the Unionist party in the House of Commons. Whether Mr. Balfour's succession to the leadership rendered vacant by the lamented death of Mr. W. H. Smith will strengthen the party in Parliament remains to be seen. But no one can doubt that it has strengthened the party in the country. Leaving Lord Randolph out of the question, Mr. Balfour is the one member of the Ministry whose personality has taken hold of the public mind. Apart from the talent and courage he has displayed, the spectacle of this quiet refined gentleman holding his own with cheery unconcern against all the attacks and assaults of the Irish crew, both in and out of Parliament, and gradually disarming their opposition by sheer force of will, has appealed to popular imagination. Whatever else Mr. Balfour may be, he is not commonplace: and the result is that he commands an amount of interest not accorded to the great majority of living English statesmen. Men who succeed in exciting this kind of interest are destined to rise high in any democratic community; and Mr. Balfour, it may fairly be said, has been called to the leadership by popular acclamation. The fact that the Conservatives have now got a leader in the Commons whose utterances the public cares to hear, and whose career the public cares to notice, has undoubtedly placed the party in a stronger and more hopeful position.

The course, too, of the recent by-elections has, with or without reason, done much to dispel the impression, so current a few months ago, that a Liberal reaction had commenced in earnest. Mr. Parnell's tragic death has failed to heal the dissensions to which the fight for the Irish leadership had given rise. The Home Rule movement stands disclosed in its true character before the British public, and the disclosures thus made, and the object-lesson thus taught, have done more to discredit the Nationalist cause than all the laborious argumentation of the Parnell Commission. The discredit thrown upon Home Rule has naturally extended to the Liberals, who only the other day were the staunch eulogists and apologists of Mr. Parnell and his followers. I am not sure myself whether the British public understands or cares enough about the Home Rule controversy one way or the other to render the damage which the pricking of the Home Rule bubble has inflicted on the Liberal party

as serious as its opponents fancy. Still, in so far as it tells at all, the collapse of the Irish Nationalists has unquestionably weakened the Liberals and strengthened the hands of the Unionists. No one is better satisfied with this result than I can be. Still, I see some reason to fear that the recovery of Conservative confidence may tend to render the party blind to the necessity of using every effort to secure victory at the next elections. It is at once the strength and the weakness of the Conservative party that it has an instinctive dislike to change, an innate preference for deferring reforms of any kind to a more convenient season. Under pressure of urgent need the Conservatives can act, and act promptly; but when the pressure is removed the natural desire to let things be resumes the upper hand. Under these circumstances, I am not very sanguine about the Unionist house being set in order previous to the approaching elections. As usual, our cause is more helped by the errors of its opponents than by the efforts of its advocates. After all, as I have often contended, there is a great element of good sense amidst the British public, and especially amidst the English electorate; and common sense is, as I think, coming more and more to the conclusion that it would be simple lunacy to replace the Liberals in office so long as their replacement involves the disruption of the United Kingdom.

Mr. Gladstone's speech at the meeting the other day of the National Liberal Federation has created a very general feeling of distrust even in quarters which, as a rule, remain indifferent to political controversy. On the eve of what he professes to regard as a certain victory, Mr. Gladstone set himself on this occasion to expound the programme of the Liberal party on their return to power. The manifesto issued at Newcastle must be regarded, therefore, as the formal platform of the Liberal party, endorsed with the authority of the great leader, for doubting whose infallibility, and for questioning whose immortality, I have been held up to opprobrium by the organs of the Gladstonian party.

What, I may fairly ask, is the outcome of the collective wisdom of the Liberal party, inspired by the genius of their veteran leader? Put into plain English the programme comes to this, that, in the language of shop-keepers selling off their stock, no reasonable offer will be refused. Any section of the community whose hearts are set on any particular measure is told in so many words that they can have the measure they desire if only they will vote for Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals. The Irish desire Home Rule, and if they will only vote with the Liberals, Mr. Gladstone is prepared to repeal the Union. The Welsh prefer Methodism to Anglicanism, and if they vote solid for the Liberals, Mr. Gladstone will support the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, though he is aware that by so doing he brings at once to the front the whole question of the

relations between the Church and the State in England. The Free Kirk party in Scotland have a social feud with the older Church of the Presbyterian community; and as the Liberal party north of the Tweed is more strongly represented in the Free Kirk than in the State Church, Mr. Gladstone is ready to pledge himself to the disestablishment of the historic Church of Scotland. The temperance party form a powerful electoral organisation; and if the tectotalers will only help the Liberals to drive the Conservatives out of office, Mr. Gladstone sees no objection to committing himself to local option. If the labour party wishes for triennial Parliaments and payment of members, Mr. Gladstone, whose proudest record lies in his career as a great parliamentarian, sees no objection to debasing and degrading the grandest legislative body the world has ever known, provided the labour party will assist the Liberals in the working-class constituencies. The residential qualification, the chief safeguard we possess against the classes which disgrace American elections, is to be abandoned on the plea that the shifting migratory class of electors who would thus be brought into existence will vote on the Liberal side. The agricultural labourers are assured that if they will only get the Liberals a majority, Mr. Gladstone will give them local self-government in the villages, and will furnish the village councils with compulsory powers for the purchase of lands which are to become the property of the labourer. In fact, all cliques or sects which have got voting power to sell are told that they may name their own prices, and that they will find a ready purchaser in Mr. Gladstone and his party.

I shall be told, doubtless, that this programme of power at any price was put into Mr. Gladstone's mouth by the Liberal wire-pullers. I admit the assertion, but its admission strengthens the case against Mr. Gladstone's return to office. And how are the fortunes of the United Kingdom to be entrusted with safety to a minister so devoid of judgment and foresight, as to go out of his way, on the eve of a general election, to pledge himself to the withdrawal of our troops from Egypt, provided he is carried into power? Nobody asked for such a declaration: nobody even suggested it. It was given, apparently, by Mr. Gladstone, out of the fulness of 'a light heart,' similar to that with which M. Ollivier went into the war with Germany, in the hope of gratifying the prejudices of his Radical supporters. And, in defence of this most rash declaration, Mr. Gladstone actually asserts that our occupation of Egypt is the act of a Tory Government. Why, it was under his own administration that we bombarded Alexandria, that we fought the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, that we occupied Cairo, that we compelled Egypt to evacuate the Soudan, that we despatched Gordon to Khartoum, that we sent the relief expedition up the Nile, and that we scuttled away, leaving Gordon's work unaccomplished and his murder unpunished; that we

committed the long series of follies and blunders which has rendered our occupation of Egypt the only guarantee for the independence of the country and the stability of the Government; and then Mr. Gladstone calmly assures an audience of his fellow-countrymen that he is prepared to wash his hands of the whole Egyptian imbroglio, for which neither he nor his friends have any responsibility whatever.

I have never heard that the Chinaman who, according to Charles Lamb's story, burnt down his house in order to roast his pig, was selected by his countrymen as a ruler in reward for the sagacity of which he had given evidence. Yet such a plea as this is the only one on which we can be asked to replace in office a statesman who is prepared to overthrow any institution in the country, and to involve England in the gravest foreign complication, in order to get a majority which will replace him in office. I, for one, refuse to listen to any plea of the kind; and if anything I have written has tended to diminish in the least degree the chances of the Liberals coming back to office under Mr. Gladstone, I am well content to be denounced by my critics as a cynic and as a man of the baser sort.

EDWARD DICKY.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake
to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE GERMAN NEWSPAPER PRESS

IN the course of the speech with which the German Emperor opened the Educational Reform Conference at the Ministry of Public Worship in Berlin last spring, his Majesty referred to German journalists as '*Press-Bengel*' (Press-scamps); and for the same class of his fellow-countrymen Prince Bismarck's favourite expression in his contemptuous moments, which were his prevailing mood, was '*Federvieh*,' or 'quill-cattle.' The present Emperor has further sought to determine the social status of the journalist by decreeing that no foreign Correspondent can be received at his Court, even though he should have been previously presented to his own Sovereign; and, indeed, that status in Germany tends to remind one of the condition of the English clergy in the reign of Charles the Second, as described by Macaulay, when a young Levite 'might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots; but, as soon as the tarts and cheesecakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for a repast from a great part of which he had been excluded.'

By a clever German writer, Herr Franzos, the novelist, it has truly been said (and herein lies the secret of the whole Semitic question) that 'every country gets the Jews which it deserves;' and the same remark might apply to journalists, a very large proportion of whom, by-the-by, in Germany are of Hebrew origin. Fletcher of Saltoun would have willingly surrendered to others the making of

his country's laws in exchange for the privilege of writing its songs; but Bismarck, on the other hand, preferred to make the laws of Germany himself, and leave the journalists to manufacture their sing-song of public opinion about them.

Public opinion in Germany is by no means the power it is in England or France, and some other countries. It rarely or never influences the Government to the extent of diverting it from any course of action on which it may have resolved, to embark, and for the very simple reason, mainly, that the vetoing power of the Crown is very much greater than the force resulting from the voting power of the people. The German Press registers, but rarely initiates. It is much more the valet and secretary than the companion or counsellor of the powers that be. The Government has its supporters and its censors among the members of the Fourth Estate, but no masters, no controllers, as in England. To Bismarck the ablest and most eloquent leading articles were only so much 'printer's ink' (*Druckerschwärze*), which he heeded no more than 'the wind whistling down an old chimney.' No man ever affected to have a profounder contempt for the Press and its practitioners, as no man—certainly no statesman—ever made a more systematic and effective use of these agencies for his own political ends. Sweet, too, are the uses of other people's adversity to the journalist, as scores of interviewers were quick to experience when the greatest man of his time had to retire into the chilling shade of Imperial disfavour. From the Berlin Congress up till that time the Prince had kept all journalists at more than arm's length, and only allowed them to come to his ante-chambers and his gates to receive their diluted dole from the hands of his subordinates, as the clients of a noble in Imperial Rome were permitted to carry off their matutinal *sportula* of victuals from the vestibule of the great man. But when the dictator of the Wilhelmstrasse became the rebellious and resentful exile of Friedrichsruh, nothing was more natural than that he should turn to the Press for sympathy and support. On the other hand, it was almost a revolting spectacle to see how some journalists who had fawned on him like dogs in the heyday of his power, and licked their allotted morsels from his hand, now turned against him with a vicious growl and a forbidding show of teeth. As Wallenstein received his fatal wounds from the swords and partisans of some of his officers in whom he had reposed most implicit trust—his Leslies, his Butlers, his Gordons, and his Devereux—so Bismarck, after his fall, must have smiled with a savage bitterness to perceive how fickle is the fidelity which is founded more on fear than on love, as evidenced by the altered attitude of some of those who had aforetime been his obsequious *Leibjournalisten*, or 'body-scribes.' Of all the ills which afflict a man who is down, surely none can be more galling than either the patronage or the persecution of his previous lackey, as

witness the sad case of Major Pendennis and his valet, Mr. Morgan; but certainly since his dismissal from office Prince Bismarck has had ample enough cause to smart at insolence and ingratitude of this kind. And yet he has mainly himself to blame for this result. For as a man soweth, so he shall also reap; and if the ex-Chancellor treated journalists, especially of the semi-official kind, as mere serfs trained to write to order, he has surely now as little reason to feel surprised at their change of front as Charles the Twelfth was entitled to wonder at his having been worsted at Pultowa by a semi-civilised people to whom he had himself taught the art of war.

Of all the Presses of the world, that of Germany—with the single exception, perhaps, of Russia—is the most 'trained to write to order;' nor is this to be wondered at so very much in a country where 'drill' is the first maxim of education, where the State is no less omnipotent than omnipresent, and where the Government is paternal, or rather, indeed, stepmotherly. There is little you can do in Germany without the cognisance and consent of the police, who are the brusque embodiment of the authorities, and these, in turn, have leading-strings for almost everyone. That being so, the only wonder is that the German Press is not much more of a State institution than it really is. But where it is without control or inspiration by the Government and its supporters, it is generally in the hands of the Jews or of other agencies who have got axes to grind.

Apart from the *Cologne Gazette*, which, with all its imperfections, comes nearest, perhaps, to our English ideal of the highest form of journalism, there are few, if any, newspapers in Germany which are at once enlightened, high-minded, independent, patriotic, and, to crown all, well-written. Poor in means, the German Press, as a whole, is also petty in motive and performance, and may almost be said to be still in its teething period. But how, indeed, could it be anything else, considering that its nominal, though far from real, independence from censorship and other stifling restraints only dates from the revolutionary year '48; while the burdens under which, even after that, it continued to groan and languish, in the various States of Germany, were only removed by the law of 1874, which substitutes Imperial for local jurisdiction over the Press? But can the manumitted slave suddenly display all the virtues of the man who has been the inheritor of ages of freedom? By that Imperial law Press censorship was abolished; that is to say, an editor was no longer obliged to submit a copy of his journal to the police *before* its publication could be sanctioned; but even now he is compelled to hand to them one of the first copies *after* it leaves the printer, so as to convince the supervisors of public order and morals that it is free from injurious matter, which, if found, would entail the immediate confiscation of all the issue of the newspaper.

number. It is true that this power of confiscation is exercised by the police in a manner which cannot altogether be called oppressive; but this power exists, and the consciousness that they have to wield their pen within the valley of the shadow of that power has naturally enough a chilling effect on the writers for the daily Press. In all cases of confiscation it is the main object of the police to discover and punish the real author of any objectionable article, and thus defeat the purposes of the 'dummy editors,' as they are called, who, for a consideration, might be willing to sit in the stocks for the sins of others (as Launce, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, did for his peccant and ungrateful dog); and it is thus with the view of enabling the police to detect the true culprit that the law empowers them to enter and ransack newspaper offices for the manuscripts of incriminated effusions.

It is these domiciliary visitations which vex and mortify German editors more than anything else in the Press Law, unless, indeed, it be the ease with which an aggrieved person can prosecute them for libel. They could sing a song to you, could most Opposition editors, about the manner in which the ex-Chancellor himself exercised this prosecuting power when any public writer or speaker so far forgot himself as to indulge in the pastime of *Bismarck-Beleidigung*, or, as it might be freely rendered, 'Bismarck-badgering.'

It is true that this particular offence is not enumerated among the crimes of the Penal Code; but it has been defined by jurists of acumen to partake of the nature of a common libel on the one hand, and of *lèse-majesté* on the other, for which due satisfaction must be rendered; and, during the latter years of the Prince's reign, never a week passed without bringing the trial of a case of this kind before some court or other throughout the Empire. At the Chancellor's elbow there used to lie a pile of printed formulæ, one of which he would hurriedly fill up and despatch to the Public Prosecutor whenever he felt particularly galled by the pen of any pestilential scribe, or by the sting of some aggressive tongue; and even men like Professor Mommsen and George von Bunsen have been plunged into all the worries and *tracasseries* of a trial for *Bismarck-Beleidigung*.

Not that convictions invariably followed on Press and personal prosecutions of this kind. On the contrary, the judges were generally animated by a surprising spirit of independence, evidently holding—good and noble men that they were—that the Bench, at least, must remain a refuge-rock of public freedom in Germany, and in most cases they gave verdicts of acquittal. But still these libel suits served, to some extent, the Prince's object, which was to paralyse the pens and tongues of his public critics by making them live in constant dread of his vengeance. Libel actions, arising from Press controversies, are of most frequent

occurrence in Germany, where warring editors, unlike their French colleagues, who generally settle their personal disputes with a pair of pistols, prefer to seek the moral satisfaction of a court of law. But, indeed, this is almost the only kind of satisfaction obtainable from these tribunals, which only afford material indemnification of the most trumpery kind, even in cases where hearts have been broken by breach of promise of marriage, or where the blow to a character or a reputation has been a very heavy one. Where injury to character takes the form of aspersion, the primary remedy is in a court of law; but if this injury results from mere misstatement or misinterpretation of facts, the process of purgation is as simple as it is effective. For, by a certain clause (the famous 11th) of the Press Law, every editor is bound to give an immediate and prominent place in his columns to the 'matter-of-fact rectification' of any person who feels personally aggrieved by any statement in his journal. Thus, for example, if Herr Schulz resented the assertion of editor Müller that he (Schulz) was in the habit of wearing a coat of snuffy brown, he could compel Müller to insert in his next number a contradiction of the damaging statement, even if Müller remained firmly convinced (and could prove, moreover, to the satisfaction of his neighbours) that Schulz's garment did not contain one single thread of sable hue, but was throughout of the colour of Irish Blackguard.

The Press is inundated with 'rectifications' of this kind, which are, indeed, almost the only 'Letters to the Editor' that find their way into print. Nothing is more characteristic of the English Press than the 'Letters to the Editor,' which express the grievances, the aspirations, the suggestions, the warnings, the wants, and the controversies of a free-speaking people, accustomed to and enamoured of the ends and methods of publicity. But the Germans are still very far behind us in this respect, if one may judge from the rarity of cases where 'voices from the crowd' ask or are allowed to be heard from the platform of the Press. These 'Letters to the Editor' form one of the main sources of the power wielded by the English Press both at home and abroad; and where is the hotel-keeper on the Riviera, or in Switzerland, or even in Russia (as once I found to my great advantage at Moscow), who would not grow pale at the threat of an overcharged or 'exploited' traveller to write to *The Times*? But fancy a German tourist in foreign parts menacing a rude or extortionate *Gastwirth* with exposure in the columns of the *Ologne Gazette* or the *National-Zeitung*! The *Gastwirth* would only sneer, and probably clap an extra ten francs on to his visitor's bill for his insolence. Not that the Germans are without plenty of private and public grievances. But they know that public opinion with them is a stone which cannot easily be set rolling, and that, even when it does at last begin to move, its force can be broken, or

its course altogether stayed, by the total indifference and dead inertia of the authorities.

Take the railways, for example, which in Prussia are now all in the hands of the State. However well worked on the whole, the methods and administrative machinery of these lines are by no means faultless; but, no matter how the travelling public are inconvenienced or even endangered, there are few who would ever think of writing to the papers to suggest remedies or change in this or that direction. For the railways are run by the State, which claims to be a parent knowing much better what is good for its children than these latter themselves; and even when accidents happen, as they sometimes even do happen in a splendidly disciplined and well-ordered country like Germany, the public are content with the very briefest and barest accounts of the catastrophes, nor seek to inquire too closely into their cause and suggest remedies against the repetition of such disasters. They know that the Government will do all that for them, and are content; and it is pretty much for the same reason that, at general elections, the percentage of German voters who actually go to the polls is comparatively small for a land of universal suffrage. 'What is the good of our bothering ourselves with these infernal ballot-boxes?' many of the voters used to say when Bismarck was in power. 'He will make everything all right for us, and what's the good of our saying "yes" if he means "no"?' Everywhere in Germany you find the paternal government idea deeply rooted in the people—an idea with which millions have already familiarised themselves to the extent of being comparatively content with it; and hence the currents of public life, as this is understood and practised in England, are sluggish and slow in Germany, as any stranger might soon gather for himself by looking into that mirror of the national life—its Press.

It is also for the same reason that the Germans are not a nation of newspaper readers to the same extent that the English or the Americans are. True is it that Berlin has its *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, its *National-Zeitung*, its *Kreuz-Zeitung*, its *Post*, its *Vossische Zeitung*, its *Tageblatt*, its *Freisinnige Zeitung*, its *Börsen-Courier* and *Börsen-Zeitung*, its *Kleines Journal*, its *Reichsbote*, its *Volkszeitung*, and its *Vorwärts*, its *Lokal-Anzeiger*, its *Staatsbürger-Zeitung*, its *Berliner Zeitung*, its *Neueste Nachrichten*, and its *Reichsanzeiger*,—it is true, I say, that Berlin, with all these and other newspapers, can boast of more dailies with evening and morning editions than London itself. But then I doubt very much whether the aggregate daily issue of all these prints is equal to one of our own 'greatest circulations in the world,' and the number of claimants for this distinction in England seems to be ever on the increase, in spite of the fact, which must be well known to them, that there is one newspaper in Paris, the *Petit*

Journal, which unquestionably cuts the record of them all. And this reminds me of a public-house I lately came across in one of London's great arteries, on the signboard of which flared an inscription to the effect that the traveller would not encounter another such house of entertainment within a mile thence, although I had not marched another furlong before a second hostelry of the same kind, and a better one too, gave the lie to the assertion. One is not so very much surprised to find staring falsehoods of this advertising kind on the signboards of taverns; but it is a little astonishing to see daily newspapers, those mentors of public morals, walking about, so to speak, with conscious lies printed on their foreheads. Happily, however, for the honesty of all Berlin journals, none of them are in the least degree tempted to boast extravagantly about their special circulation, as all their seats are fairly well to the back in this respect; and how they all get a living, poor things, Heaven only knows. Yet they all manage to scrape along somehow, doling out their dulness or their sensation, their facts or their fiction, according to the appetites of their readers—some, like the *Tageblatt*, being written by Jews for Jews; others, such as the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, being laboriously pieced together by Germans for Germans; another category composed of prints, like the *Borsen-Courier* and *Börsen-Zeitung*, ministering to the various interests and aptitudes of the Bourse; a fourth class, including the *Vorwärts* and the *Volkszeitung*, preaching, or rather screeching, to the hungry proletariat the jazzing doctrines of liberty, equality, and fraternity; a fifth class, with the *National-Zeitung* and the *Vossische Zeitung* (*Tante Voss*) at its head, posing as the champions of *bourgeois* bier-politics, softened with a dash of 'academic pedantry and the *belles-lettres*'; and a final phalanx, led on by organs like the *North German Gazette* and the *Post*, acting as the devoted touts and speaking-trumpets of the Government and the ruling classes.

As for the so-called 'society papers,' they simply do not exist in Berlin, and for the very simple reason that there is no society there whatever, in the English or French sense of the term. But even if there were, and if a society journal were started to trade upon its gossip and its scandals, it would be extinguished by the police in the twinkling of an eye, and its writers laid by the heels. For if there is one thing less than another which the Court cannot and will not stand, it is journalistic personalities about its members; and whenever you hear of a foreign Correspondent being expelled from Berlin, or, in the euphemistic phrase of the authorities, when his 'further residence there has been refused' (a fate which has overtaken several French and other alien journalists in recent years), you may be quite sure that personality and not politics has been his crime. *Lèse-majesté*, though something considerably less than high treason, is nevertheless a most heinous offence in the eye of the Prussian law,

which hedges round the person of the Sovereign and his family with the most rigorous exemption from public criticism; and nothing is more characteristic of the difference between English and German liberty, or, at least, license of speech, than the length to which a writer may or may not go in this respect. If London 'society journalists' were subject to the same code of criticism with regard to members of the Royal Family as obtain in Berlin, every one of them would be sent to gaol within a week. Even the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, which is the organ of the Prussian Junkers, who are mere mediæval feudalists in comparison with the new German Tories, was placed on the *Index Expurgatorius* of the present Emperor for daring to suggest to his Majesty the danger of going too far in the path of liberal concessions. Once before, indeed (in 1876), Prince Bismarck himself, who helped to found this journal in the reactionary days succeeding the Revolution of '48, and was one of its earliest paid contributors, had endeavoured to 'boycott' the *Kreuz-Zeitung* by calling upon all its subscribers to cease to take it in; but the young Emperor went a step further than this by ordering the obnoxious print's exclusion from all the royal castles—to the great astonishment of its writers, who were thus taught the folly of having exchanged their ordinary habit of toadyism for the exercise of a mild terrorism.

Like the proverbial poor country parson with a large family, most of the prints above enumerated had morning and evening editions, the latter of these, curiously enough, being the chief issue as far as news and public interest are concerned. But what the morning editions lack in pith they possess in padding, in the shape of academic essays, leading articles (one at a time and long behindhand), and *feuilletons*, which in a great many cases consist of mere translations of English novels, as these have the double merit of being at once cheaper and better wares than can be had in the German literary market. The Germans sometimes complain that we will not and do not read their so-called modern masterpieces in fiction. The 'do not' may be true, but not the 'will not.' Let but the Germans tender us better entertainment in this respect than we can get from our own novelists, as I have frequently told the grumblers among them, and they may be quite sure that our shrewdness as a 'nation of shopkeepers,' exercised even in matters of literature, will induce us to buy in the better market. But as long as we have Eliots and Thackerays, Stevensons and Hardys, Merediths and Kiplings, Barries, Blacks, and Braddons, they must not expect us surely to linger one moment over the sickening trash offered us by their Lindaus, their Maunthners, their Hans-Hopfens, and even their latter-day Spielhagens. In any case, as I have said, the very *feuilletons* of their own journals (and most of them, in the French manner, offer a daily dish of fact relieved by fiction) teem with translations from our English novelists;

and it is surprising how large a class of readers in Germany take in papers mainly on account of their story columns. With the exception of the *Daily Chronicle*, which has lately broken fresh ground in this direction, none of our great London dailies indulge their readers with the fancies of the fictionist; but in Berlin a newspaper would very soon go to the wall if it did not present its subscribers with light entertainment as well as laborious argument.

I say 'subscribers,' because most German papers rely very much more on this regular class of readers than on casual sales, which, indeed, are of a very sparse and precarious kind; and what may be called the street or bookstall sale of the journals is next to nothing. Though not absolutely forbidden, that sort of thing is far from being encouraged by the authorities; nor are the ears of the Berlin citizens deafened (except on very extraordinary occasions, when *Extra-Blätter* are issued) by the stentorian cries of multitudinous boys and men with their 'speshul edeeshuns' and all what not. 'Special editions' do not go down very readily in a country where it is a matter of pure indifference to most people whether they get their journals an hour or two sooner or later; nor have ever I seen anyone in Germany swear or swing a cat because he did not get his morning paper punctually with his coffee. What a contrast between this comparative indifference and the sunrise rush of 'railway trains' in England, the scramble for journals at the bookstalls and newsvendors', the City trains full of busy readers, the knife-boards of 'busses fluttering with the still humid sheets, and all the breakfast tables rustling with the turning over of the eagerly-scanned columns! This is large and free life; this is human interest; these are the occupations which constitute the Englishman and the American a πολιτικόν ζῶον of the first order.

The Germans frequently reproach us with being a narrow-minded and insular nation, wrapped up in our own conceit, and caring for no one else; this, too, of a people whose field of interest is co-equal with the circuit of the sun, and whose first act in the morning (after their prayers) is to scan the page of the preceding day's world history as they expect to find it reflected and recorded for them in their favourite newspaper. Where is the drama, or what is the event of prime importance throughout the entire world which the English Press does not aim at witnessing and describing? And yet a chapter of contemporary history like our Nile campaign, to speak of nothing else, was not, by any German journal, deemed worth a single line of original observation. It is little wonder that German journals have been described as bearing the date of to-morrow and the news of last week. Nor is the epigram without its truth; for many of the Berlin newspapers which are published in the evening are post-dated by a day; while, on the other hand, how is it possible for journals which cannot afford to pay for telegrams, especially from

abroad, to escape the imputation of being a se'nnight behindhand with their intelligence?

As a matter of fact, there are only two journals in Berlin—or perhaps I might add a third—which ever get independent telegrams of any length from foreign capitals, from London in particular, and even these are generally too brief and scrappy to convey anything but a wrong and misleading impression. On the other hand, it is only the very richest papers that can afford to keep foreign Correspondents of their own, the others contenting themselves—in the case of England more especially—with subscribing to a printed news-letter from London called the *Englische Correspondenz*, or with the concoction of London 'letters' from the English newspapers when they reach Berlin.

And I wish that those who have friendly relations between the two countries at heart could sometimes peruse the London letters of these various German Correspondents, who have often seemed to me to be animated by anything but a serious sense of the importance and responsibility of their office. Heaven only knows. There are Germans enough, with all their culture and acquirements, who still entertain the most grotesque and erroneous notions regarding everything English; but their accredited critics and chroniclers in London frequently appear to regard it as their function rather to deepen than dispel the prejudices and ignorance of their countrymen. I do not speak of observers like the representative of the *Cologne Gazette*, whose conception of his duty is as high as its execution is honest and able; but there are few of his colleagues who would not have much to answer for before a bar of international judgment.

Misrepresentation may be wilful, or it may be unintentional; while, in the latter case, it can only spring from ignorance, and in the former from malice. But German journalists who live in England, and enjoy at once the hospitality of her sons with the best of opportunities for studying their character and institutions, have surely just as little cause to be malevolent towards as to be ill-informed about them; and, therefore, it is difficult to imagine the motives which so often induce them to write about England and Englishmen in such a petty, perverse, and aggressive spirit. And the worst sinners in this respect are those who purvey prejudice and caricature for the Press of the German capital, not for that of the provinces, which, curiously enough, occupies a much higher level of honesty, enterprise, and influence than the journals of Berlin.

In this respect Germany is, perhaps, unique. But then, again, too, it is without a rival in the number of its capitals, which persist in their stubborn refusal to be merged in the Kaiserstadt on the Spree. Berlin has not yet become an all-absorbing centre of art, literature, science, politics, and commerce, such as renders London the most brain-congested city in the world. As the Empire has

capitals where art and law, commerce and learning, are more at home than in Berlin, so it has also newspapers on the Rhine, the Main, and the Elbe which outshine the journals of the Spree—newspapers like the *Cologne Gazette* (*Kölnische Zeitung*), the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and the *Hamburger Nachrichten*. In their methods and their spirit of enterprise these journals are more English than any others in all the Empire, and are served from the capital by special wires, across which are flashed (to the *Cologne Gazette* at least) even more complete reports of the debates in Parliament than appear in the Press of Berlin; and their example is imitated to some extent by other provincial prints, in spite of the fact that the Government has hitherto always refused the demand for Press-message rates, such as minister to the public good in England, while causing a positive loss to the public exchequer. And even the use of the telegraph wire from London to Frankfort and Cologne is extensively requisitioned at times by the leading journals of these two German cities; while the Press of the capital is content to depend in some few cases mainly, and in others exclusively, for its intelligence from England, France, and other countries, on the telegrams of 'Wolff's Bureau,' the 'Reuter's Agency' of Germany.

And now for a few words touching this peculiar institution, which has, perhaps, more claims to be considered the 'Reptile Press Bureau' of Germany than any other organisation I know of. A 'Reptile' print, in the ordinary sense of the term, is one which is subsidised by the Government to serve its interests. But a subsidy may either be paid in money or in kind, and the latter is the form employed with regard to 'Wolff,' who is salaried by means of patronage on the one hand and by privilege on the other. This patronage, whereof he is the partaker, assumes the shape of special information which is given to him for communication to the Press of Germany and of other countries—revelations, denials, rectifications, feelers, 'booms,' and the like—while his privileges include the right of priority in the despatch and receipt of his telegrams, an immense advantage over his newspaper rivals. In return for these valuable prerogatives, the 'Wolff' News Company binds itself to circulate nothing to the detriment of the Government or its repute, to submit questionable matter to the judgment of the Foreign Office before disseminating it at home or despatching it abroad, and generally to couch the language of its telegrams in accordance with the principles of 'cooking' as understood and practised in the Imperial *cuisine*. It will thus be seen that a Press which derives by far the greater part of its best intelligence—home as well as foreign—from an organisation of this kind may be said to be more or less under the thumb of the Government; and that the German Government is thus also able to extend this influence over the Press of other lands, especially of England, will be understood when it is explained that, according to the system of

international exchange prevailing between the News Agencies of various countries, English 'Reuter' is only another name for German 'Wolff.' 'Reuter' gets his German news mainly from 'Wolff,' while the English wants of 'Wolff,' on the other hand, are supplied by 'Reuter,' who has by no means the network of agents all over Germany suggested by the sight of his telegrams to the London Press from all parts of the Empire. These telegrams, I say, are mainly contributed by 'Wolff;' and touching the character of 'Wolff,' as an independent news-gatherer and transmitter, I think I have already said enough.

English writers on German affairs are very fond of referring in contemptuous terms to the 'Reptile Press Bureau;' but I repeat that, apart from the News Agency above described, I know of no organisation corresponding to the ideas of such writers on the subject; and I think that a residence of over twelve years in the German capital would have enabled one to discover such an institution had it existed. There is certainly no 'Reptile Bureau' that I know of in Berlin, though there was once a 'Reptile Fund' for subsidising certain organs of the Press; and as popular notions on this subject are still very confused and erroneous, I may as well repeat here the explanation which I have elsewhere offered as to the origin of the term and the object of the fund.

One of the means employed by both of them (*i.e.* the deposed Sovereigns of Hesse-Cassel and Hanover) to undo these events (of 1866) was the maintenance of a number of newspapers animated with the bitterest hatred of Prussia, and with the soul of falsehood, misrepresentation, and calumny—journals which did all they could to set France and Germany by the ears, and thus bring about a convulsion that would dismember Prussia, and restore the dispossessed Princes to their thrones. It was complimentary to the power of a free Press—which Bismarck has often affected to despise—that he beheld in the fury of these anti-Prussian prints a real and imminent danger to the peace of Europe, which it behoved him to counteract with all promptness and energy. And this he deemed could best be done by fighting the foe with his own weapons. Having captured the enemy's guns, he was quick to turn them against their owners by converting the interest accruing off the impounded revenues of the dethroned monarchs into a secret service fund, to be applied in watching and frustrating their anti-Prussian activity. It was during the debate on this subject that the Chancellor used an expression which has now become historical. 'There is nothing of the spy in my whole nature,' he said; 'but I think we shall deserve your thanks if we devote ourselves to the pursuit of wicked reptiles into their very holes, in order to see what they are about.' Hence the expression 'Reptile Fund,' as applied to the means employed by the Prussian Government to combat the opposition of the Guelphs. Gradually that opposition was broken; but the weapon which broke it was not given up. It continued, indeed, to be wielded by the Government against all who resisted it in the field of domestic, and even foreign, politics. But, whereas the term 'reptile' was at first applied to an anti-Prussian scribe, it afterwards came to be reproachfully used by the Opposition of all newspapers and writers subsidised to support the Government itself through thick and thin.¹

¹ *Prince Bismarck: an Historical Biography.*

The scandal created some time ago by the revelation (through the resentful recluse of Friedrichsruh) that the old Emperor had awarded Herr von Boetticher, Chief of the Imperial Home Office, for the purpose of saving some of his near relatives from financial ruin, a very large sum out of some secret source which was suspected by many to be the Reptile Fund, elicited much public criticism as to its private administration; and the Prussian Parliament, on re-assembling, will be asked to pass another bill on the subject. It will not, however, be entitled to demand an account of its previous disposal, though it cannot be doubted that much of it was employed by the ex-Chancellor in his efforts to 'noble' the Press both of Germany and other countries, as witness the following anecdote.

To a friend of mine Bismarck confessed that, for once at least in his life, he was completely sold. The late Dr. Schlesinger, who will still be remembered by many as the accomplished representative in London of the *Cologne Gazette*, was also the editor of the *Englische Correspondenz*, a printed letter of English news which was subscribed for, in lieu of correspondents of their own, by a great many German newspapers. Perceiving the opportunity which was thus afforded it of influencing public opinion in Germany about English affairs, the Prussian Government offered to buy this London News Letter on condition that Dr. Schlesinger remained its editor. But though the Doctor pocketed the purchase price (30,000 thalers, or about 4,500*l.*), he declined to alter his style of writing, to the great annoyance of Bismarck, who could only draw consolation from the proverb, 'Once bitten, twice shy.' But sometimes the English grapes for which the Chancellor longed fell down of their own accord into his very mouth; and it has always been matter for exceeding wonder to me that a London evening paper, still living, should ever have been able to survive for a single day the blow to its repute involved in the revelation (made in a court of law) of its having positively offered itself as the unquestioning instrument of Prince Bismarck's policy in return for a consideration—for 'payment in kind.' That remuneration in money has been extensively practised by the Prussian Government in days gone by towards venial prints is not to be doubted; but 'payment in kind,' of one form or other, is now, 'I fancy, its favourite method of doing business with the journalistic slaves who are ever ready 'to take their master's humour for a warrant.'

Any Press Bureau that ever existed in connection with the administration of this 'Reptile Fund' (which was voted as secret-service money by the Prussian Diet) has now shrunk to the dimensions of a shabby office with a few petulant and poorly-paid drudges in it that spend their time in snipping out extracts from the newspapers and pasting them on to foolscap sheets for the inspection of the Emperor and his various Ministers, who thereupon issue rectifi-

cations or denials, as the case may be, through 'Wolff' or some other more purely official channel. The only thing I know of in the shape of a regular 'Press Bureau,' as popularly conceived, is embodied in the duties of several functionaries attached to the various Ministries in Berlin. One of these, deriving his inspiration from the Home Office, spends his time in diffusing the higher light thus acquired throughout the darker regions of the provinces. This he does by means of the local *Kreis-Blätter* (*Journaux d'Arrondissement*), each of which—and there are hundreds, if not thousands, of such guides to the blind—is made to insert the leading article or the letter of his composition thrown off in Berlin, and furnished gratis to the local editors. For ought not popular education to be free? And who should set the example in this respect, if not Prussia? At the same time, the staff of the Foreign Office includes an analogous personage, whose function it is to survey the contents of the world's Press from China to Peru, with a special eye to that of France and Russia, and to act as the connecting link between the Imperial Government and the foreign correspondents, though I never heard of any of them who ever got much from him but denial and misdirection.

It is the emanations of this gentleman's pen—at once deft and disciplined—which furnish to the semi-official prints so many *entre-filets* and *communiqués* that are at once seized upon and telegraphed to all the four winds as the 'opinions of the German Press.' (Of these prints, the ex-Chancellor's favourite mouthpiece was the *North German Gazette*, of which he once remarked that it always kindly 'placed a blank sheet of paper at his disposal,' on which he could write anything he liked. And no one could have made an ampler exercise of the discretionary power thus accorded him. Frequently used for the purpose of assertion, aggression, revelation, and insinuation, the ex-Chancellor's 'body-organ' was yet essentially an instrument of denial, which carried the mind back to the very beginnings of English journalism—to '*The English Mercurie*, Published by Authority for the Prevention of False Reports,' in the days of the Spanish Armada. For about a quarter of a century the *North German Gazette* has acted as a sort of fugleman, or rather, perhaps, as bugleman, to the whole German Press, and in its time it has given out more texts for journalistic sermonising than any other single agency—texts which frequently had the effect of setting all the scribblers of the Fatherland by the ears. For I never yet heard of a race of political writers who panted to prey upon each other so much as German journalists; and many a harvest of dragon's teeth has Cadmus-Bismarck sown amongst them with his manipulations of public opinion through the medium of his mouthpiece in the Wilhelmstrasse.

But things in this respect have changed a little for the better

since the Prince was succeeded by General Caprivi, who prefers to use the *Reichsanzeiger*, or official 'Gazette,' as the means of making matter-of-fact communications to the outer world. The French, suspicious and irascible creatures that they are, used to be kept in a chronic state of irritation by the effusions in the German Press which they ascribed to 'M. de Bismarck,' and it was seldom, indeed, that we did not have a rancorous newspaper-feud of some sort or other raging between Berlin and Paris on the one hand, or between St. Petersburg and Berlin on the other. But it must be said that the Press relations between these capitals have improved greatly since Prince Bismarck gave place to a Chancellor who has no old scores to pay off, who believes that more can be accomplished by blandness than by bullying, and whose first act almost, on taking office, was to announce his determination to discard all the Jack-in-the-box machinery of journalism which had brought so much discredit upon the political methods of his predecessor. This improvement in the Press methods affecting the foreign relations of Germany also extends to the sphere of purely domestic politics, which is now a very much less noisy and strife-filled arena than it used to be, in spite of the persistence of the Opposition. But the word 'Opposition' reminds me that I must now proceed to deal, however briefly, with a very important branch of my subject.

Bismarck once (in 1862) ascribed the prevailing spirit of opposition to the Government—i.e. himself—to the fact that 'the Press had mostly fallen into the hands of Jews and men who had failed in life' (the 'proletariat of passmen,' complained of by the present Emperor at the Educational Conference referred to at the beginning of this article); and even Lassalle contemptuously referred to the journalists of his time as 'a pack of fellows (*Bande von Menschen*) too lazy to work and too illiterate to be the schoolmasters of children.' But why, it may be asked, should the fact of a man's being a Jew incline him to side with the Opposition, and to throw in his lot with men who have failed in their careers? Well, it is a difficult question; but in Germany, at least, there is the incontrovertible fact that the Opposition Press, to a very large extent, is manned by Jews, who cause the Government more bother and bitterness than any other of its public critics.

It has been asserted by Mr. Goldwin Smith that 'the Jew everywhere eats out the core of nationality;' and whatever amount of indignant denial this thesis may have provoked among the Hebrews of England, where the Semite is altogether a very different person from what he is in other countries, it must be admitted, I think, that there is some considerable truth in the assertion as applied at least to Germany. It would be preposterous of anyone to affirm that the German Jew is a patriot in the sense that a Prussian Junker, of proud and ancient lineage, is such, or that a *Bleichröder*

is entitled to claim the same rank in this respect as a Bismarck. Look how, when impecunious Russia recently appealed to the financiers of Berlin—who are Jews to a man, including the bankers who lately burst up and blew their brains out—for another big loan, several Hebrew firms, thinking only of their own interest, hastened to declare their readiness to accommodate these inveterate borrowers on the Neya, although all Gentile Germany was loud in its angry protest against such a transaction as one that was only calculated to furnish its waiting foes with the sinews of future war. It is true that Isaac of York, the prototype of all these Hebrew lenders and usurers, advanced to the Disinherited Knight the wherewithal, in the shape of a steed and personal armour, to enable him to enter the lists at Ashby. But Ivanhoe went into these lists for the express purpose of quelling the pride of the Norman knights, who were the truculent oppressors of Isaac and his race; whereas these co-religionists of his at Berlin were positively fain to lend millions of money, not only to the political antagonists of their adopted country, but also to the pitiless persecutors of millions of their own kith and kin. Was this either patriotic or humane?

In view of such velleities on the part of German Jews, it is surely not to be wondered at if their critics declare that such transactions are only conceivable on the assumption that the international idea is predominant in them, and that, at heart, they regard themselves much more as citizens of the world than of any particular State.

The true German thinks, with Tennyson, 'that man's the best cosmopolite who loves his native country best,' but argues that the Jew contents himself with the motto. '*Ubi bene, ibi patria.*' The very grandeur of the Jews, as a race, springs from the fact that, in spite of its dispersion and persecution, it has preserved entire its unity of thought and of action up to the present time; and therefore it is simply absurd to speak of the Semitic element in Germany, which has not yet undergone anything like the same process of assimilation as in England, as identical in point of aspirations and interest with the rest of the nation. It may be, that the Germans proper, as a people, have not yet reached so advanced a stage in the process of social and intellectual evolution as the Jews among them, who are the inheritors of a much older, and perhaps even a higher civilisation. But this circumstance only lends all the greater force to the friction which must thus necessarily arise between and divide the two races. The English Jew is a comparatively unobtrusive and unobjectionable citizen, because, having now compassed most of the personal liberties he longed for, he has settled down to the quiet and systematic making of money and other congenial pursuits. But it is very different in Germany, where the process of the Jew's civil and social emancipation is by no means complete, and where, in consequence, he continues to be a militant

and disturbing force. It is very difficult for him to be perfectly happy and contented in a purely military State, where the problem which is ever before the mind of the Government is: how to combine the highest measure of personal welfare and political liberty with the greatest degree of national security; and, if English politicians would only reflect on the enormous difficulty of solving such a problem to the satisfaction of fifty millions of subjects, they would surely be a little more charitable sometimes in their criticisms of the ways of German statesmen, and insist less rigorously that foreign countries should be ruled according to the model of their own.

But while a military State is by no means the civic ideal of the Jew, whom it forces into the paths of political agitation and even of anarchy (as witness the Hebrew element in the ranks of the Social Democrats), it brings him compensation of an ample enough kind in other respects, seeing that it tends to offer him a monopoly of the sources of wealth and of the means of influencing public opinion. The great predominance of the Jews in Berlin and elsewhere in Germany is, in my opinion, due to a very simple main cause, though an explanation of the curious phenomenon has often been asked for. It is not altogether that the Jew is a cleverer and shrewder man than the German; but the best brain and brawn of the German nation is now absorbed into the various services of the State—especially the army—from which the Jew is rigidly excluded (I mean from the officer career), not by law, but by custom and racial prejudice, and consequently the Hebrews have it all their own way in the money-making and power-acquiring walks of life. Your 'high-well-born' German disdains to tread these paths, preferring the service of the State in some form or other where individual character and initiative are lost in devotion to public duty; whereas the Jew consoles himself for the lack of competitive opportunities on these lines by surrendering himself, heart and soul, to pursuits where the individual is everything and the State nothing. As a consequence of this segregation of theirs—broadly speaking—from the ordinary ways of their Gentile compatriots, they have practically acquired a monopoly of all the Bourses of Germany, all the theatres, and all the Press, no less in its daily than in its other forms. The chief financiers, the chief musicians, the chief actors, the chief journalists, the chief novelists, are all men of Semitic mould and Semitic mind.

It is quite absurd to speak of modern German literature. There is, practically speaking, no such thing; but there is a Jewish literature written in the German language, which is a totally different matter. The real literature of modern Germany is expressed in the German army, and in the record of its great achievements. It will scarcely be believed, but the late Count Moltke and his pupils,

apart from their professional merit as soldiers, were positively the sole prose authors of classical worth in all Germany. And here I bethink me of a very fine thing that was once said of Frederick the Great (by one of Kotzebue's characters in the *King's Lieutenant*), which will illustrate the difference I wish to draw between a real Teutonic literature and a Semitic literature expressed in German. The great Frederick, as is known to all, very much affected French, which was the language of his German thoughts as set forth in his voluminous '*œuvres*.' But one at least of the chief masterpieces of these '*œuvres*' was written in the true German character, which the French-speaking king engraved with steel on the backs of the French themselves at Rossbach. And so it is, again, with the Germany of to-day, whose best and truest sons are more concerned to achieve excellence with the sword than with the pen, which is meanwhile accordingly surrendered to the Jews.

Certainly, too, the Jews make a very diligent use of it in their own interest, and it must be admitted that they are born journalists of a certain type. Your German proper has no natural bent for modern journalism, being slow, honest, veracious, and scrupulous; whereas the Jew, while not exactly disfigured by the reverse of those qualities, enjoys an easy self-assurance, a fondness for the necessary backdoor and subterranean methods of his craft, a thick-skinned indifference to snubs, a keen scent for sensation, a facile power of composition, and an ingenious capacity for combination that some would call sheer inventiveness, which eminently fit him for certain posts on the Press. That English newspaper proprietors, too, were quick to discover these suitable qualities in the Hebrew journalist seems to be proved by the fact that most of the great London dailies are represented both in Vienna and Berlin by German or Austrian Jews. I do not mention this reproachfully, but only in a spirit of due classification, and as another curious proof of the growing predominance of the Semitic race in certain walks of foreign journalism. And as much, if not most, of what passes for modern 'German literature' is only German in the sense that Frederick the Great's works were contributions to the mass of French culture and expression, so a great deal of the 'Press opinion' which is telegraphed to London and other capitals as 'German' is not in reality German at all, but only 'Jewish,' and the two things are as distinct as the Suez Canal is different from the Baltic Canal.

When Lord Beaconsfield went to Berlin for the Congress he was made the object of so much panegyric on the part of the Press as to lead his English countrymen to suppose that all Germany had 'enthused' itself for him and his methods to an extent which even eclipsed the honour paid to the Duke of Wellington in Prussia after Waterloo. But the real fact of the matter was that this 'Disraeli boom' resulted to a very great extent from the circumstance that he

was caught up by the multitudes of his own clannish race who man the German Press, and thus kicked up into a sort of hallelujah-heroism which Disraeli himself had been the first to wonder at, and which even Bismarck found a little out of keeping with his own honest admiration for our English Premier. Far be it from me to insinuate that the champion of '*imperium et libertas*,' the statesman who brought home to us from Berlin 'peace with honour,' was not worthy of all praise at the hands of Berlin journalists, whether German or Jew. I have only instanced his particular case to show how the Press of Germany can manufacture opinion which is not truly German at all, as well as to make it clear to Englishmen that there are others than encroaching Papalists who have most decidedly established an *imperium in imperio* within the borders of the Fatherland.

CHARLES LOWE.

'HIBERNIA PACATA'

It is to be feared that it is hopeless and almost impossible to stimulate or maintain public interest in Irish matters; still at the close of a Parliament, of which the principal duty has been the pacification of Ireland by corrective and remedial legislation, it may be permitted to review generally and not too closely the Irish legislation of the past session, and then to draw attention to the proposed legislation for the ensuing one, especially with regard to the fears that are entertained by a certain section of the Unionist party, and to the hopes which are raised in the breasts of the Gladstonian or Home Rule seceders from the Liberal party, as to the reform of Irish local government. There can be no doubt that the Land Purchase Act, in so far as the main financial provisions go, is the last word of the Imperial Parliament, and it is improbable that more generous terms will be offered by any future Parliament, though it may be confidently expected that the Act will be kept alive by creation or reissue of land stock when the present limited amount has been absorbed; and no one who is in any way interested in Irish land, be he landlord or occupying tenant, can or should cavil at any precautions taken to safeguard the British taxpayer's pocket. The very stringency of such precautions is the best guarantee of the continuance of the policy of the Purchase Acts in the future, so long as public confidence is maintained by the punctual and certain repayment of the rent-charges. In all human probability the safeguards against wilful repudiation are absolutely certain, as, over and above the security of the guarantee deposit, which has to be found in most cases by the vendor, there is also the provision, suggested by Mr. Chamberlain, by which a general county liability is created through the possible impounding of the Imperial contributions in aid of local institutions, and the consequent pressure of local public opinion on wilful defaulters. And so far as disaster or temporary misfortune special to an individual is concerned, it will probably be fully covered by the self-insurance which by Clause 8 he is compelled to provide for the first five years of the term of rent-charge. Some doubt is felt by gentlemen of large experience in the working of previous Purchase Acts as to whether these self-insurance provisions may not deter some of the smaller occupiers

from entering into negotiations for purchase, but it is more than probable that any such hesitation will be neutralised by the operation of Clause 11, especially of section 3, subsection (b). Though the foregoing provisions of the Act are of admirable conception and simplicity, it is to be regretted that the Government insisted on retaining clauses to provide against general agricultural distress, in face of the almost nominal rent-charges which will have to be paid for forty-nine years. It is greatly to be feared that these clauses will give a handle to spurious agitation and the manufacture of bogus distress in any year when the harvest might happen to be below an average. The levy also on a rent-charge of five shillings per cent., in excess of what is required to repay principal and interest, will create probably a sense of grievance out of proportion to the tax itself. So far as the primary object is concerned, as an extra security to the public, it is of infinitesimal value; and as to the secondary object, it will be felt as a great hardship by an occupier living in a portion of a county in which there may be an ample provision of labourers' cottages, if he becomes aware that the tax levied upon him is applied to provide cottages in a remote district of the county in which he has no interest. It is to be regretted also that the Government refused to accept a clause which it is believed would have been approved of by all sections of Irishmen who are really interested in the prosperity of the country. It was proposed that an occupier, by voluntary agreement with his landlord, might through the operation of the Act be enabled to fine down his rent in perpetuity to half the normal amount. The advantage of the proposals, which have long been advocated by Mr. James Wilson and Dr. Traill, would have been that a larger number of actual owners of land might be established at a far smaller demand on the land stock. The security to the State would have been as great or greater, and, as the clause would probably be mainly put in operation on those estates on which the proprietors had heretofore been resident, it would have offered some inducement to that class to continue in the country, as they would still retain a large part of the influence they had hitherto been entitled to. They would still be in possession of mineral and forestry rights, which it is so much to the public advantage should not be frittered away amongst a multitude of owners. They would also be liable to local duties, which can only be efficiently performed with the co-operation and assistance of a leisured and cultivated class.

It is not too much to say that a great and serious blot on the Bill is the new constitution of the Land Commission, especially with regard to the hearing of appeals in fair rent or sanctioning advances in purchase cases. Although the Land Commission is by Clause 28 made perpetual, any of the lay commissioners are removable for specific causes at the discretion of the Lord Chancellor, so that it is not an exaggeration to say that not only the first appointments, but

the tenure of office, also, of the lay commissioners would be subject to the whims or the policy of the political party in power for the time being. It is a very open secret that the judges of the Irish Bench had expressed their willingness, if required, to perform the duties of the High Court of the Land Commission, and it is more than probable that the Government was in possession of the offer of the judges when framing the Bill. Clauses were proposed in the Committee stage of the Bill in the House of Lords which would have provided for the addition of two judges to the Land Commission, one of whom would have been the present Land Judge. The Commission would then have consisted of three judges (the Land Judge, the present Judicial Commissioner, and one judge, to be selected), and the four actual lay commissioners who would have acted as assessors to the judicial members of the Commission on the hearing of any appeals arising on cases in their respective departments. As the final decisions of the Land Courts are of an importance in Ireland transcending those of the ordinary Courts of Law, it is not too much to say that the present composition of the Court cannot inspire nor does it deserve public confidence. No one can desire to cast any reflection on the ability or honour of the gentlemen who at present hold the position of lay commissioners; but, owing to their want of judicial experience and the possible insecurity of their tenure of office, it is impossible that the qualities of weight and finality can attach to their decisions—qualities which are inherent to the decisions delivered by persons of a permanent and judicial rank. It is in this direction, principally that the Land Purchase Act of 1891 will require alteration and amendment, which will be most assuredly called for by experience of the working of the Court. There is one other portion of the Act which is worthy of all praise, and which through the operation of a 'Congested Districts Board' will endeavour to permanently relieve or alleviate the normal condition of misery and distress existing in that small area of Ireland lying along the western sea-board. In so far as it is now proposed to abandon the method of haphazard grants in aid, and for the first time proceed in a systematic manner, the attempt must command public interest and sympathy. It is to be hoped, however, that in all attempts at emigration to the Dominion of Canada the current will be directed to the fertile inlets and valleys leading up from the coast of British Columbia, where the climate and general agricultural conditions are far more suitable to the lymphatic population of the West of Ireland and the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland than the plains of Manitoba and the North-western Territories, with their long and rigorous winters.

The Land Commission has *ipso motu* assumed the duty of collecting and publishing agricultural statistics, and, provided that the Commission acts in subordination to the Ministry of Agriculture, and places its information at the disposal of that department, it is

probable that a large amount of valuable work may be done. It would be a grievous mistake, however, to establish under the authority of the Land Commission a separate department of Agriculture for Ireland; there would be a danger, having regard especially to the Irish cattle trade, if the two departments for Great Britain and Ireland clashed, that the interests of the weaker country would go to the wall.

Two of the other Acts relating to Ireland passed last session are of comparatively small importance. One, relating to turbary, empowers the Land Commission to acquire and manage turf-bogs in the interests of adjoining occupiers; the other, a Redemption of Rent Act, enables occupiers under a perpetuity rent either to redeem their holdings or to come under the operation of the Land Act of 1881, thus removing the very last of the exemptions from that Act. Not the least of the work performed by the Unionist Government has been the removal of the artificial restrictions by which that mischievous piece of legislation was surrounded; and it may be confidently expected that some at least of the evil effects it has caused and engendered may be neutralised, if not obliterated, by the greatest work of the present Parliament, the Purchase Act, of 1891.

The fourth Irish Act of Parliament of last session—the Local Registration of Title Act—was perhaps overshadowed by the prominence given to the Purchase Act; in itself it is an important, even a momentous, piece of legislation, probably more far-reaching in its influence on future legislation of a similar character for England and Scotland than would be at first supposed. It is unfortunate perhaps that the importance of such legislation was not fully recognised by the framers of the Act, the ostensible cause and reason of which would appear to be that it should only be supplementary to the Purchase Acts of 1885 and 1891, and not as a means to the general simplification of the transfer of all kinds of landed property and registration of encumbrances thereon. The Act only requires one kind of compulsory registration, viz. by purchasers of holdings transferred under the Purchase Acts of 1885 and 1891; registration of all other description of properties or mortgages is purely voluntary. But perhaps a greater proof of the small importance attached to this Act by the Government was the fact that no attempt was made to create a central authority to which all cases of uncertain title could be referred for inspection and decision from the local or county offices. The first appointment as 'Registrar of Titles' was conferred on the gentleman who has up to the present held the post of principal officer in the Record of Title Office, a strictly subordinate department under the Land Judge. Further, the gentleman who now occupies that post, not only is entitled, but if he were under the ordinary Civil Service rules would very shortly be required, to retire from office; he is also reported to have expressed up to a very short time back the very greatest

hostility to the whole principle of registration of title ; it can only be hoped that during the short time during which he will be enabled to hold the office he will be actuated by all the proverbial zeal of a convert. There is one detail of importance which should be provided for. In Clauses 55 and 56, directions are given that boundaries of estates and holdings shall be marked on the Ordnance maps. It is to be hoped that considerations of economy will not be allowed to prevent accelerated progress being made with the 25-inch survey for Ireland. Not only is this of the utmost importance to the proper working of the Land Purchase and Registration of Titles Acts ; but, having regard to the fact that the survey of England on this scale is almost completed, there can be little reason why the full strength of the Ordnance Survey Department should not be devoted to the completion of the survey of Ireland.

Too much perhaps of this paper has been devoted to the question of legislation in connection with the land, but the question of the proper housing and accommodation of the labourer is so closely bound up with the final solution of the land question that it is permissible to call attention to what may still be done in this direction. It is true that the class of agricultural labourers in Ireland is not large as compared with the same class in England or Scotland, and it is also the case that much has been done through the operation of the Labourers' Cottages Acts to improve their condition, though in some cases it is to be feared that the Acts have been made use of to gratify spite and to cause annoyance to well-affected and industrious occupiers of land. It is probable also that boards of guardians will in the future find it difficult to fulfil the duties of landlords in keeping the cottages in proper repair and in the punctual collection of rent. It would be well to amend the Acts so far as to enable the cottages and plots of land, when built and fenced in, to be offered for sale at cost price, firstly to the original owners of the land or their representatives, secondly to the occupier of the farm on which they are placed, and thirdly, by open sale, to the public at large ; and provisions might be incorporated into the existing sanitary Acts to compel the immediate landlord of any cottage occupied by a *bona-fide* agricultural labourer, not only to put the cottage itself into a proper condition as to accommodation and sanitary requirements, but also to provide and properly fence off a piece of land in close proximity to the cottage, not less than a quarter of an acre or more than one acre in extent, the rent of the whole not to exceed the statutory rent or rent-charge of the holding, plus five per cent. on the value of the cottage and outbuildings.

There can be no greater illustration of the success of the Irish administration of the Government than that it is possible to propose an Irish Local Government Bill as the principal measure for next session. Allusion has been made at the beginning of this article to

the fears of a section of the Unionist party and the hopes of the Gladstonians with respect to the working of such a measure. Those fears and hopes may be said to be actuated by the same surmise, that the new county boards will be mainly political bodies whose principal object will be the furtherance of Home Rule; that in consequence they will neglect the legitimate business of local administration, and will lose no opportunity of oppressing the loyal and well-affected occupiers; but such neglect of duties and abuse of powers can well be checked by an automatic control or revision by superior authority of the proceedings of the new bodies, and although in some two or three counties it is possible that advantage may be taken of the facilities for gratifying private spite and continuing a factious agitation, still it is probable that if those who have a real stake in the counties, and have hitherto taken a share in local administration, continue to offer their services and experience to the public, not only in Ulster but in a large majority of the counties in the other three provinces, local business will be conducted with as great a sense of public duty as in England and Scotland, and as efficiently almost as it has hitherto been done by the grand juries.

But notwithstanding all these perhaps too sanguine expectations it will be asked, and fairly enough, whether the moment is opportune, whether Ireland is sufficiently pacified, and whether the Government is absolutely and specifically pledged to produce and attempt to pass such a measure before the expiration of the present Parliament. It may suffice to call attention to a debate in the House of Commons on the 26th of April, 1888, on the second reading of a Local Government Bill for Ireland brought in by Mr. Carew, M.P. The Chief Secretary in the course of the debate spoke as follows:

Everybody wishes that Ireland and England should be put on a footing of absolute equality with regard to legislative enactments, but what is equality? Equality of treatment implies similarity of conditions.

And he further said:

But I am not one of those who think that the present condition of things need necessarily be of long continuance. I do not believe that any society can long continue in the state of social warfare which now prevails in Ireland. I look forward, not merely with hope but with something like confidence, to the restoration of law and order and peace in Ireland. . . . When that time comes, and I do not see why it should be long delayed, I shall be one of the first to aid in carrying out that equality which we all desire to see.

And in the course of the debate Mr. Chamberlain, commenting on the Chief Secretary's speech, said:

I should not vote against the Bill comfortably if I believed the speech of the right honourable gentleman the Chief Secretary was intended to declare, as the policy of the Government, the indefinite postponement of the consideration of this question.

It can hardly be denied that amongst the masses of the Irish agricultural population social warfare is almost at an end; the collapse everywhere of the Plan of Campaign, notwithstanding the frantic efforts of professional agitators, proves this fact clearly; and Mr. Balfour, as leader of the House of Commons, may justly claim that the time has come to 'carry out that equality' to which he looked forward as the reward of his performance of duty as Chief Secretary in restoring law and order, and ameliorating the conditions of life amongst the masses of the people. But it cannot be denied that at first sight the task of framing such a measure will appear to be difficult, insomuch as, while it will transfer the fiscal powers and duties of the present grand juries to elective bodies, it will be absolutely necessary to provide adequate security for the property and rights of the larger ratepayers; but it will probably be found that the task will prove to be easier than at first supposed. The existing system of local administration in Ireland is far simpler than what was in force in England and Scotland prior to the establishment of County Councils. In Ireland the main fiscal duties of the grand juries have been the erection and care of public buildings, and the construction and maintenance of bridges and main roads; almost all other duties, sanitary or otherwise, have been performed by the poor-law boards. There has not been, as in England, a number of separate bodies with overlapping districts and conflicting authority. Although it might be necessary to transfer some of the duties of the poor-law boards to the new County Councils, still it may be assumed that the Councils would in the first instance take over the present work of the grand juries; but it would be of great public advantage to take this opportunity of still further simplifying the local machinery by bringing the Councils and Union boards into closer relations and making them, so to speak, independent, and thus consolidate country life.

In the first place, it would be necessary to bring within the boundaries of the counties the outer boundaries of the several Poor-law Unions, and generally to re-distribute within the counties the areas of the various Unions. The chief difficulty in carrying this out would be, how to deal with the workhouses and public buildings of a Union that now overlaps the border, when those buildings are on the very verge of a county. This would not be an insuperable difficulty; the buildings, being mostly well-constructed, and of a good design, could be made of use if converted into provincial industrial schools, reformatories, or asylums; and in the event of their not being utilised for public purposes, they would probably find a ready sale to charitable institutions or religious bodies. The boards governing the Unions would continue as at present to administer poor relief and control sanitary business. In the possible event of primary education becoming compulsory, and if a greater proportion of the cost is thrown upon the rates, these boards might become the school boards

for all schools within their respective Unions, delegating the actual management to the several dispensary committees. In order to meet the increased expenditure which the foregoing or any analogous propositions, if carried into effect, would throw upon the rates, relief might be obtained by powers being given to County Councils or Unions to levy the assessed taxes on carriages and armorial bearings, which are not now paid by persons resident in Ireland; there might also be a tax on carriages kept for hire, and an increased dog tax, and the horse tax might be reimposed in the shape of a tax on geldings and unsound stallions over five years old. This last tax would indirectly promote and encourage horse-breeding, for which the climate and soil of Ireland is so well suited, and which is in danger of dying out, owing to the stoppage of hunting in so many parts of the country. The existing Presentment Sessions should be abolished, and the baronial areas for all administrative and rating purposes, and the work performed at those sessions should be taken over by the guardians of the Unions, which would therefore, with their dependent dispensary committees, become the sole subdivisions of the county for all purposes of local administration.

The boards of guardians, as at present constituted, are composed of a fixed number of elected members and an equal number of ex-officio members, selected according to certain rules from among the body of magistrates owning property within the Union. These ex-officio guardians, besides having the right to sit upon the boards, have in common with other ratepayers of the Unions the right to vote for the election of guardians under a common restriction as to a maximum number of votes. The ex-officio guardians, it is well understood, represent the owners of property within the Unions, and though their present influence on the boards may seem out of proportion, it should be remembered that it is not excessive when account is taken of the fact that they pay not only the whole rates on property in their own hands, but that they return to the tenants half the rates on holdings valued at over 4*l.*, and the whole of the rates on holdings valued at under 4*l.* It has been calculated that the rates that owners of property have hitherto paid amount to five-eighths of the total rate, but this is probably a very low estimate.

Though their right therefore, at present, both legally and morally, to exercise the powers conferred upon them is indisputable and not out of proportion to their liability to contribute to the rate, still it would be better to abolish the ex-officio representation on the board of guardians, and with it the invidious distinction between the owners and occupiers of land, and for this purpose the occupier, whether rated at above or below 4*l.* valuation, should be solely liable for and pay the whole rate, a proportionate reduction being made from any rent he may have to pay to a landlord on an average of the rates struck for the previous five, ten, or fifteen years; and then the

voting power of all ratepayers without distinction should be in proportion to and commensurate with the rates they are liable for and ultimately pay.

As these boards are constituted solely for administrative purposes, representation should follow taxation in the most complete form. In order to qualify every payer of rates, the fairest method would be to found the principle not so much on the valuation as on the actual payment by a certain date of the joint rate struck for both county and poor-law purposes, each 1*l.* or part of 1*l.* over 10*s.* to carry one vote up to 5*l.*, each succeeding 5*l.* or part of 5*l.* over 50*s.* to carry a further vote; and as it will be proposed further on that the county and poor rate should be collected at the same time and on the same warrant, it will be evident that few or none of the occupiers of land will be deprived of the power of voting; there would be no difficulty even under the ballot in this method of voting, as papers could be issued carrying twenty, ten, or five votes. Non-resident ratepayers also should be entitled to vote by proxy. It is possible that objection may be taken to these suggestions as being too much at variance with the legislation relating to local government in England and Scotland, and it might be more advisable as an alternative to adopt the principle of minority representation by so re-arranging the electoral divisions of a Union that each would be represented by three guardians, no ratepayer to have the power to vote for more than two. It should always be borne in mind that in Ireland there is not that great difference in wealth and influence that exists in England and Scotland, and property is, so to say, more graduated. The national industry being mainly agricultural, the interests of all occupiers are almost entirely identical, a fact that will become more evident as the number of small freeholders is increased through the operation of the Purchase Acts.

The boards of guardians being thus constituted solely of elected guardians, it is proposed that they should, at their first meeting after election, proceed to co-opt, according to a scale to be fixed, from among their own members, delegates to the County Councils. The guardians of the several Unions within the county, having been themselves elected by the ratepayers, would obviously be fully qualified to select the most fitting persons to represent their Unions on the central County Councils.

As the Councils and the Unions would then be brought into close relations, it would be no longer necessary to levy the county and poor rates separately.

On a precept being forwarded to a Union for the amount required for county works within each electoral division, the sum required, together with that for Union purposes, could be raised on one rate, to be collected on the same system by which county rates are usually collected at present, viz. by contract, the collector being liable for the

whole sum for which warrants are placed in his hands, any default being at his own and his sureties' risk alone. This process might be reversed by transferring the collection of the whole rate to the staff of the County Council.

The most difficult detail in connection with the reform of Irish local government is the question of the method and amount of control over the proceedings of local bodies which should be exercised by superior authority. It is possible that in some few counties the new councils, following the notorious examples of a few poor-law boards, may attempt to abuse their powers, neglect legitimate business, and oppress persons who rightly or wrongly might be for the time objects of popular dislike. As it is absolutely necessary that this controlling power should be certain and automatic, and as the Local Government Board, which has hitherto exercised this control, is often dilatory in action, and from its constitution not sufficiently independent of parliamentary and public opinion, it would be better that all cases of alleged neglect of duty or misconduct on the part of a Council or Union board should be brought before the two Judges of Assize when going circuit, with whom might sit for the purpose the county Chairman of Quarter Sessions, or a Queen's Counsel of a certain standing, and with this court should rest the power of awarding pecuniary damages to any person aggrieved, and in extreme cases the duty of recommending to the Secretary for Ireland the suspension for a time of the offending local body. It is important also that the new councils should not have jurisdiction over cases of malicious injury, as these bodies might be composed of persons too closely interested in the cases in dispute. They should be left as now with the grand juries, subject to the fiat of the Judge of Assize, and any amount awarded should be compulsorily levied by the County Council.

It may not be out of place here to appeal to those gentlemen who have up to the present done their duty, whether as grand jurors or poor-law guardians, to continue their services to the public under the altered conditions of local government, whatever they may be. It is more than probable that, if they have the courage to come forward and endeavour to exercise their influence in the conduct of public business in the respective localities, they will earn the support and respect of their neighbours of all ranks, notwithstanding any divergence of political opinions.

The foregoing suggestions are made not with a view to create or uphold any class or ascendancy. A large and generous measure for assisting the occupiers of land to purchase their holdings having become law, they will, if the principle of graduated representation in proportion to taxation is fully carried out, find additional inducements to increase their stake in the country and to attain that prosperity which it is the object of all well-wishers of Ireland they should be possessed of.

It may be permitted before leaving the subject of local government to mention one further argument in favour of an early solution of the question. If County Councils are once established and in working order, it may fairly be asked what possible duties would be left for a Home Rule Parliament to perform, even if the Gladstonian party were placed in power after the ensuing election and in a position to establish such a Parliament. It may be assumed that, following the precedent of 1886, it would not be proposed to allow the Irish Parliament any control over customs, postal business, the army, the navy, and probably not the police; it would not be allowed to pass laws affecting the land, religion, or education; the County Councils would perform all duties connected with roads, bridges, harbours, embankment of rivers, main drainage, and sanitary works. So that, after carrying a measure for the payment of members, what possible duties would be left for the first, and presumably the last, Irish Parliament of this century to perform? May it not be assumed that the question of Home Rule will, through the operation of the Irish legislation of the present Parliament, be relegated to the position described by Mr. Gladstone in the concluding paragraph of an article in the September number of this Review:

A political conflict may, from being hopeful, become doubtful; from being doubtful, become hopeless. In the first of these situations, the combatants may be sanguine; in the second, nay, even in the third, their persistence need not necessarily be irrational; but there is a fourth stage, at which perseverance can no longer be a virtue, and that is the stage at which the struggle, besides being hopeless, has come to be also senseless.

There is one institution in Ireland, the Viceroyalty, which will not, it is hoped, be allowed to survive the present Parliament. The Viceroys of Ireland have been one and all men of the highest honour, courage, and sagacity, and there can be no desire on the part of any one to cast reflection on the capabilities of any of the unfortunate gentlemen who, at great sacrifice of personal convenience and fortune, have consented to fill this most thankless and ridiculous office. If it still retains any prominence, it is as a symbol of separation, and it is an absurdity to maintain it in these days when railway and telegraph communication is as easy and rapid between Dublin and London as with Edinburgh. The abolition of the office has been advocated, and pressed on the attention of the Government, by all the peers and Unionist members of Parliament connected with Ireland almost without exception, and to carry this into effect it would suffice to bring in a short Bill of very few clauses, practically enacting that the powers and duties of the Lord-Lieutenant should be transferred to a Secretary for Ireland of the same status as the Secretary for Scotland. In addition to this a schedule would be required specifying the Acts of Parliament affected by the change of office. The money saved, some 20,000*l.* a year, could be better employed in maintaining a school of forestry for

the United Kingdom on lands to be purchased in the West of Ireland by the Crown Lands Department of the Office of Woods and Forests.

Of legislation in a future Parliament it is hardly necessary to speak. There is still much to be done to develop railway communication on the same plan upon which it has been conducted recently, *i.e.* in conjunction with existing railway systems; and in connection with them the compulsory amalgamation of some of the smaller railway companies should be considered. It should be remembered also that there are other industries now dormant in Ireland, such as coal, lime, marble, which require assistance as much as the deep-sea fisheries.

There is one other question which can only be faced by a Government with the courage begotten of a large and docile majority; it is that of higher education, and is beset with difficulties. Should the policy which has governed University legislation for the last twenty years be reversed? Is it just and expedient to establish and endow a Roman Catholic University in Ireland? Should such a University be under exclusively clerical or under exclusively lay management, or under both combined? And, as a consequence, should the legislation identified with Mr. Fawcett's name be reversed, and the University of Dublin restored to the exclusive control of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland? These considerations are amongst the difficulties which would have to be encountered and solved. The introduction of such a Bill has wrecked one Government, and the rumour of it has almost shaken the security of the present one. Whatever is done in the future, there should be no question of the discontinuance of the Queen's Colleges, two of which at least have done good work in the furtherance of higher education; it would only be just to provide for them a permanent endowment out of any unquartered remnants of the property of the disendowed Church of Ireland.

In concluding this over-lengthy paper, full of wearisome details and suggestions for public consideration, it may not be out of place to make an appeal to men of all classes in Great Britain for a kindlier and more sympathetic feeling towards their fellow-countrymen in Ireland. It is often forgotten that the Anglo and Scoto-Irish form the bulk of the population even amongst those who sustain the vain and aimless effort to make 'Ireland a nation.' An example of these last is the remarkable man whose career has recently ended in an almost tragic manner, and who, though his cause all through was hopeless, and the weapons employed ignoble, held to the commanding position into which he almost unconsciously drifted with an iron will and tenacity worthy of higher aims and a nobler ambition.

It is from the happy mixture of races in Ireland that has come that large proportion of the great administrators of the Empire who unite vigorous determination to quick perception and vivid imagination. Not to mention those who have already passed from the scene,

such as the Wellesleys and the Lawrences, there are now in the public service two men, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Dufferin, Viceroy of the Dominion of Canada and the Indian Empire—Lord Wolseley and Sir Frederick Roberts, Commanders-in-Chief in Ireland and India, and one more prominent soldier, Sir George White, whose abilities must entitle him to high command. In the realms of science there are Professor Tyndall and Monsignor Molloy; in the domains of literature, Professors Butcher and Jebb. These are but a few of the names on the roll of illustrious Irishmen who are devoting the best years of their lives to the public service. The gibes which are too frequent and habitual against the race from which these men spring are as unwise as as they ungenerous.

Much has been done by the present Parliament and Government to carry into effect the weighty opinions expressed in a letter from the Lord Deputy of Ireland to the Privy Council as printed in *Pucata Hibernia*, a title which the writer has ventured to adopt for this article.

But as all paine and anguish impatient of the present, doeth use change for a remedie: so will it bee impossible for us to settle the minds of this people unto a Peace, or reduce them unto Order, while they feele the smart of these sensible griefes, and apparant feares, which I have remembred to your Lordships, without some hope of redresse or securitie.

So long as a certainty of 'redresse and securitie' continues, it is no exaggeration to say that there is not alone a dawn of hope for Ireland; there is more, there is a certainty that the dawn will brighten and broaden out into a sunburst of continuous and increasing prosperity.

DE VESCI.

HOW TO RE-ORGANISE THE WAR DEPARTMENT

A FEW weeks ago I endeavoured, through the medium of this Review,¹ to call public attention to the defective state of our War Department. The country pays heavily for its army, which, nevertheless, is in a thoroughly unsatisfactory state, and must so continue to remain as long as the first condition for securing efficiency is wanting—a sound and rational system of administration at headquarters. Our cumbrous machine, creaking at every joint, hardly works in peacetime: in case of war it would inevitably collapse. Everyone who is conversant with the facts and knows what is required for the successful and vigorous conduct of military operations must tremble for the consequences to follow, should England become involved in a great war while its military administration remains in its present chaotic state. Relatively to the other great European Powers—and to the smaller Powers as well—our military efficiency has gone backwards of late years rather than forwards; never was the country less ready to undertake responsibilities which the course of events may place upon it. The outbreak of war would find us with a War Department quite unfit to grapple with the situation, and the radical changes then demanded by the country would have to be made under all the disadvantage of hurry and confusion. Fortunate would be the country if it escaped another Crimean disaster.

Nor would it deserve to escape disaster. There has been plenty of warning. Nothing that is said here has not been said many times before in the reports of Committees and Royal Commissions, and to those who will be at the trouble of reading between the lines, in even more emphatic terms. The last Royal Commission comprised three former Secretaries of State for War, and might be expected, therefore, if speaking with authority, to handle the subject somewhat gently; yet their report is a scathing denunciation of the state of things which they found at the War Office, and an unqualified condemnation of the still further departure from the proper principles of administration which has signalled the rule of their successor. Yet nothing

¹ *Nineteenth Century* for July and August 1891. •

has been done to remedy the dangerous condition revealed by these exposures. On the contrary, so far as can be gathered from the inconsequential debate in the House of Commons which followed the publication of the report, it is to be inferred that nothing essential is contemplated.

The maladministration of the army is exhibited at every point by which it is approached; the great expenditure incurred and the small result, the inordinate delays in the business of the Ordnance Department, the absence of any definite policy or prevision of the wants of the country for either peace or war, the lamentable condition into which recruiting has fallen, are the most prominent of the evils under which the army and the country suffer; but these are merely symptoms of the malady which must first be attacked. To put the army in all its parts on a sound and satisfactory footing, the first and essential thing to do is to reform the department which administers it.

The breakdown of the War Office is due in the first place, through misconception by the head of it—not only the present head, by all his predecessors also—of the proper functions of the office; to the Minister having professed to undertake the direct administration of the whole business in all departments and in all their details, involving the fiction that he is personally responsible for everything. The heads of departments who should properly be charged with these duties have thus become merely so many mouthpieces for conveying the Minister's orders to the different executive officers outside the building; call them by what high-sounding titles you may, they are in effect simply his clerks—and irresponsible ones. On the other hand no one takes seriously the assumed responsibility of the Secretary of State for the orders which issue in his name. In effect no one is responsible for anything.

In the next place there is not, and never has been—although the muddle is greater now than it ever was before—any clear appreciation of the distinction to be drawn, and the separation to be maintained, between the business of commanding the troops and the provision of munitions, stores, equipments, and so forth, technically known as Supply. This distinction is strictly maintained in the War Department of every other country, but in the unwieldy overgrown establishment in Pall Mall a degree of confusion obtains in these matters which must be seen to be appreciated. No one department is able to settle anything by itself; everybody is entitled to have his say on everything; one result being the interminable delays of which the outside world gets an occasional revelation, as, to cite one instance of many, in the case of the new field gun. A natural consequence of this overlapping of jurisdiction is the chronic difficulty experienced in the office of determining to what department each case, as it arises, should fall to be dealt with. Papers are sent roving about the

building from one room to another in quest of somebody to take them in hand, often to be pigeon-holed by the wrong man, and perhaps lost sight of for weeks or months. This sort of thing goes on to an extent that would be grotesque, but for the injury caused to the public service.

Further, although the sole responsibility of the Secretary of State for the government of the army has been formally declared to be recognised, there still obtains to a considerable extent a dual government. The Secretary of State for War has nothing like the same recognised supremacy as the First Lord of the Admiralty, although a board of responsible members is associated with the latter. This is too well known to require more than brief reference here.

Lastly, the authority and influence of Parliament are insufficiently exercised, through its not being kept fully informed of what is going on. Secrecy is maintained about proposed measures, as to which no secrecy is needed, but on the contrary the criticism arising from publicity would often be most valuable. In other countries, including some which are less as well as some which are more democratic in constitution than England, the main principles to govern the administration of the army are laid down by legislative enactment, in some cases in great detail, and no changes can be introduced except by the same authority. With us, under the illusory profession of ministerial responsibility, which in this connection has no tangible reality, the Minister can spring any changes he pleases on the country, and without any record to show by whose advice he is acting, or whether he may not be acting in opposition to advisers, who are, as things go, no way responsible for giving or withholding advice, and whose opinions in the matter never see the light. In France the War Minister has abundant scope for his abilities in administering the army as he finds it, and his powers are limited to that extent: if he wants to alter the system, he must go to the legislature and establish a case for reform. With us the Minister may tamper with the most important conditions of army administration, and Parliament know nothing about it till the mischief is done.

Turning for the present from this point of parliamentary control to the cardinal principles which underlie all sound military administration, we may take three examples, very different in kind, yet in which these principles will be found to be fully recognised both in theory and practice, and in all of which business is carried on with perfect efficiency. First, to take the case of France. At the head of the War Department comes, as with us, the Minister. There the resemblance ends. In the French War Department there is none of that mixing up the business of departments, or of placing one department over another, which works such confusion in our War Office. The head of each department is immediately under the

Minister, and responsible directly to him for its efficiency. Further, the cardinal distinction is maintained between the administration of the combatant branch of the service, or the *personnel* of the army, and the provision of its *matériel*, or Supply. The former is dealt with by the Chief of the General Staff, and the directors of infantry and cavalry, the commanders of army corps and the inspector-generals of the different arms being also in direct communication with the War Department; the supply branch is dealt with by the different departments concerned, each under its director: (1) control, for the estimates, audit and accounts; (2) artillery, the director of which deals also with the *personnel* of that service, so far as regards matters not provided for in ordinary course under the command of troops; (3) engineers, for fortifications and barracks; (4) medical service; (5) powder factories, which are thus dealt with separately from the gun factories.

What appears open to criticism in this organisation is the large number of separate bureaux or departments, the business coming up from which is concentrated in the cabinet of the minister. This seems to indicate a degree of over-centralisation, which has perhaps always been a defect of French administration in all branches of the service; but the distinction between the functions of command and supply is throughout kept distinctly in view. An important element in the French system is presented by the Council of War, composed of the Minister of War, the Chief of the Staff, the Presidents of the Standing Artillery and Engineer Committee, and eight generals of standing, especially appointed by decree, with the Under-Chief of the Staff as Secretary. This Council must meet at stated intervals, and may be summoned as much oftener as the Minister for War desires, and it must be consulted on all the larger subjects connected with either the general organisation and administration of the army, or measures of defence and preparation for war. Heads of departments are called up in consultation regarding matters which concern their departments respectively.

The German system resembles the French in the essential conditions of sound administration, the principal difference between the two arising out of the difference in the political constitution of the two countries. The Emperor being the head of the army, the Minister of War takes a second place, coming into line with two other high officers, the Chief of the Staff and the Chief of the Military Cabinet, whose functions are somewhat similar to those of the Military Secretary at the Horse Guards. But although the Chief of the Staff is thus on an equality with the Minister of War, and, like him, directly under the Emperor, he submits all proposals involving expenditure to the Minister of War, who is responsible for the finance of the army, and lays the estimates before the German Parliament. The Chief of the Staff has no concern with the

direct administration of the army, and being free from the burden of details can give his whole attention to the business of preparing the army for war and to the defences of the country. In our overgrown War Department there is no officer of department charged with these duties. We have indeed a small Intelligence Department, but there is no one specifically responsible for utilising the results thus obtained.

In Germany, the Minister of War, as his name imports, deals with all the business of the army which is not undertaken by the Chief of the Staff and the Chief of the Military Cabinet, but decentralisation is secured by the large powers granted to the commanders of army corps, who report direct to the head of the army. The purely military business coming to the War Minister, therefore, is only such as cannot be dealt with by individual army corps commanders; this business is dealt with in the 'General War Department' of the War Ministry, which forms one great branch of it, and which also deals with the small-arms factories. The other great branch, termed the Military Economies Department, is concerned with the remaining branches of supply, i.e. the articles of equipment other than arms and ammunition—food, clothing, transport, pay—also with the army accounts. All guns are manufactured by Messrs. Krupp and passed into the service through a special system of inspection under the War Department. There are some other separate departments under the War Minister, for the medical and pension establishments and so forth, and various inspectors and special officers report direct to the Minister, but the essential thing to note is the distinct separation drawn between the command and discipline of the army and the provision of its *matériel*; there is no overlapping of functions or divided responsibility. One head of a department is not put under another head; the commander of the troops is not also charged with the nominal supervision of barrack building and gun-making.

Lastly, to turn to India. The war administration of the Indian Government is of course subordinate in many important respects to the military authorities at home. It is not concerned with the recruiting or regimental organisation of the British troops serving in India, its functions being limited as regards these to paying, clothing, feeding, and housing them, and it has nothing to do with the manufacture of guns and rifles, which are obtained on indent from the War Office; nor at present with the manufacture of shells, the rifle ammunition only being made in India. On the other hand the whole Indian army, British and native, considerably exceeds the strength of the regular forces serving at home and in the colonies. The force is necessarily a complicated one to administer, being composed in fact of four separate armies, recruited in different parts of the empire, and the equipments of the troops in tents, transport

animals, the establishment of cavalry and artillery horses, field hospitals, and the other things requisite for an army, are on a scale of completeness which, compared with what obtains at home, may be termed perfect. Every regiment is ready to move on service at a few hours' notice, and the transport and stores maintained are sufficient to enable a considerable part of the army to be immediately mobilised to take the field. And the sufficiency of the system which produces these results, so far as mere organisation can secure success, apart from the degree of ability exhibited by those who have to work it, has been proved by the record of the past century. There have been foolish councils at times, and incompetent commanders, but the system has always proved satisfactory and sufficient; there has never been any administrative breakdown: whether the troops were serving in Afghanistan, or Burma, or the Soudan, they have always been well fed and well found; there has been no administrative blundering and no need for subsequent recriminations and inquiries into calamities endured. And the efficiency of the system is due to the observance of two main principles which underlie all good administration: first, the command of the army and the supply of its *matériel* are kept absolutely distinct; secondly, the heads of the great administrative departments, for ordnance, commissariat-transport, barracks and fortifications, and account, are not, as in Pall Mall, the mere irresponsible agents of higher authority, issuing orders to their executive officers even on the most trifling details in the name of the Secretary of State or the Commander-in-Chief. They are the persons specifically responsible for the efficiency of their respective departments, and, within the large powers formally granted them, issue all orders in their own name and on their own authority. The system is based on decentralisation, division of duties, and delegation of responsibility.

To make the point quite clear some account of the Indian system may usefully be given. The Commander-in-Chief² is responsible for the discipline and efficiency of the Indian army. As a necessary condition of this responsibility, he is vested with the whole military patronage, save only as regards a very few of the highest appointments. The nominations to staff appointments, indeed, are submitted to the Government of India; but they are checked only to see that they are in order so far that the officer is qualified by the rules for the appointment, as to examinations passed and so forth; the propriety of the selection is never questioned. Further, every appointment to a native regiment, whether of commandant, second in command, or to a junior

² For brevity's sake the Commander-in-Chief in India only is here referred to. As a matter of fact the commanders-in-chief of the Madras and Bombay armies exercise similar functions in regard to those armies, subject to limitations from the authority of the Commander-in-Chief in India which, from want of room, could not be stated here.

grade, is made by the Commander-in-Chief, who has in this respect a free hand whether to supersede an officer in his own regiment or to bring in a man from another regiment. It is held that if he is to be responsible for the efficiency of the army, the selection and distribution of officers, staff or regimental, must go with the responsibility.

The command of the Indian army under these conditions is a very real one, and it may be added, it is a duty to command the best energies of the ablest man that can be found.* On the other hand the Indian Government has always retained the direct administration of all the branches of Army Supply. These—the Ordnance, Commissariat and Transport, Barracks and Fortifications, Stud, Clothing, Pay and Account and Audit, &c.—are administered by the Military (or War) Department of the Government of India, presided over by the Military Member of Council. All orders therefrom are issued in the name of the Governor-General in Council. There is, it may be noticed by the way, no fiction or infraction of the principles of definite individual responsibility in this; by law the Governor-General is empowered to make rules for the transaction of the business of the Government of India, and any act done by a Member of his Council under those rules becomes the act of the Governor-General in Council for which that body are collectively responsible. The extent to which the Military (or any other) Member of the Council disposes of business himself without reference to the Viceroy or the Council is therefore a matter of private understanding and good faith between him and them, but whether or not such reference be made the act done is in either case the act of the Governor-General in Council.

Thus in the administration of the Indian army command and supply are kept quite distinct; the Commander-in-Chief is responsible for the one; the business of supply—that is, all business involving expenditure—is administered by the Military Department of the Government. But that department does not undertake the actual conduct of the business. The heads of the different departments under it, the Director-General of Ordnance, the Commissary-General-in-Chief, the Accountant-General, and the others, although consultative officers, are not on the footing of the corresponding so-called heads of departments at our War Office; they are the responsible heads of the great departments they administer, and they issue all orders to the officers under them in their own name and on their own responsibility, within the large and definite authority accorded to them by the respective departmental Codes. They come up to the Government for orders only when the case is beyond their powers to deal with. And when they do come up, the reference is a formal one, set forth in an official letter, and the order passed on it is conveyed in the same way. The head of the department in submitting the

case is bound to give his definite opinion how it should be dealt with, for the Government to accept or reject. So, if anything should happen in consequence, the fact is clearly on record by whose advice or orders the thing was done or left undone, and the responsibility can be brought clearly home to the proper quarter. Further, it is not to be supposed that these heads of departments centralise all authority in themselves, and themselves conduct all the business thereof. The head of the Ordnance Department administers it through the agency of four Inspector-Generals, one for each of the four Indian armies,³ each Inspector-General being responsible for the magazines and the different factories—harness, gun-carriages, gunpowder, and small-arms ammunition—within his circle. The department of supply and transport under the Commissary-General-in-Chief is similarly organised in four circles, each under a Commissary-General, who is in direct communication with the executive commissariat officers of districts, and is vested with large powers. Only such matters as the Commissary-General or Inspector-General of a circle cannot dispose of are referred to the head of the department for him to decide, or to refer to the Government when it is beyond his powers to deal with. Similarly the business of the Accountant-General's Department is distributed among four Controllers of Military Accounts. Thus by far the larger part of the class of business which at the War Office professedly goes up to the Secretary of State, and is ostensibly disposed of under his orders, never reaches the Military Member of Council at all. It is only by decentralisation and the delegation of responsibility that so large and necessarily complicated a machine as the Indian armies could possibly be worked. If the same degree of centralisation as is practised at our War Office were attempted in India, with its larger establishments, and where there is practically always a state of war in some part or other of the Empire, involving the constant movement of troops, munitions, and transport animals from one part of the country to the other, the military administration would break down at once, just as the military administration here will assuredly break down at once in the event of war.

It will have been gathered from the foregoing account that, while the command and supply of the Indian army are thus kept absolutely separate and distinct, it would be a mistake to say that the military administration is divided into two departments, one under the Commander-in-Chief and the other under the Military Member of Council. The Commander-in-Chief has enormous power, patronage, and responsibility, but he is still the head of a department, just as is the head of the ordnance or the commissariat—a much

³ These are popularly supposed to be three in number, but the Bengal army is virtually divided into two, a Hindustani and a Punjabi, and the different administrative departments are organised accordingly.

greater one, but relatively in the same position. His business, like theirs, is submitted to the Government when it is beyond his powers to deal with. This, of course, is the necessary constitutional condition; the civil government must be supreme; every officer of a Government, high or low, must be under it. This condition is sometimes lost sight of from the circumstance that the Commander-in-Chief is also an extraordinary member of the Governor-General's Council; but he holds his seat under a separate warrant from that which conveys the command of the army, and although this additional warrant has always been conferred, and the practice may be regarded as invariable, it is not a necessary condition. The propriety of the arrangement is incontestable. It adds to the Council a high official who usually possesses special experience of the country; the military and political questions which necessarily occupy a large part of the attention of the Government are closely connected, and cannot be considered apart from each other; and at a time when these questions are daily assuming increased importance, it is advantageous that there should be two military votes on a Council of seven. It is also an advantage that the Commander-in-Chief, when overruled in that capacity, should be in a position to make an appeal against an adverse decision to the Viceroy and his colleagues in the Government, and fight his battles over again in the Council chamber. It will be no breach of confidence to say that he often wins it.

The position of the Commander-in-Chief in India is thus what the position of the Commander-in-Chief of the British army would be if he had also a seat in the Cabinet; if this were the practice, army interests would probably have suffered less damage on many occasions. The Master-General of the Ordnance was usually a Cabinet Minister.

But although the Commander-in-Chief in India is not directly concerned with, or responsible for, the business of supply, he has a potential voice in this as in all other matters connected with the army. No change of regulations is made without consulting him, and obtaining his formal opinion thereon in writing; and, if that opinion is not accepted, the reasons for the decision are formally set forth in reply. But such changes—and, indeed, all changes affecting the army, its strength, composition, organisation, equipment, and everything else—are usually initiated by the Commander-in-Chief himself. This initiation takes the form of a proposal embodied in an official letter, which is referred for opinion to the heads of the departments concerned, or, as is often done, these opinions are obtained in the first instance, and are embodied in the letter conveying the proposal. Finally, after the matter has been discussed by all parties concerned (including the originator of the proposal), either formally or informally or both, the decision of the Government is given in a formal letter of reply.

This formality of the procedure of the Government of India has arisen out of its obligation to keep the Secretary of State fully apprised of its actions. Printed copies of the correspondence of that Government (in every department), in a bound volume (indexed), are sent home monthly to the Secretary of State, who has thus before him the whole proceedings of the Government, the arguments and proposals addressed to it by its officers, and the reasons for the action taken thereon. But although this was not intentionally aimed at when the system was established (a heritage amplified from the days of the East India Company), it has brought about the invaluable result of establishing specific responsibility on the parties concerned for everything that is done.

This allocation of responsibility is specially valuable in the case of military operations. When, for example, an expedition is in contemplation, whatever discussion may take place informally is wound up by a formal letter from the Government to the Commander-in-Chief (the letter is signed by the Secretary to Government and addressed to the Adjutant-General), informing him that the expedition has been determined on, and the objects which are to be aimed at by the operation, and calling for definite proposals to give effect to them. These in reply comprise the strength and composition of the force recommended by the Commander-in-Chief, the selection of the general to command, and the staff to be employed, and the instructions which it is proposed to issue for the general's guidance. The proposals, after any modifications that may be the outcome of discussion, are then formally sanctioned, and all parties concerned are furnished with copies of the correspondence, and at once set about their respective shares of the business. The thing works with smoothness and regularity, because each person knows exactly what are his powers of action and responsibility. And until a similar allocation of functions and responsibilities is carried out in the over-centralised establishment in Pall Mall, confusion and embarrassment are inevitable should any sudden stress be placed on it. Things are now much worse than they were in 1882. Then there was at least a rational distribution of work, although the system was defective in many respects; it is within the last few years that the acme of confusion has been reached by shuffling up the duties of departments and dealing them out as if at random.

Two points may be noticed in this connection. That the Commander-in-Chief should have a potential voice in all matters connected with the army is necessary and proper; that he should be saddled with the responsibility for all executive business connected indirectly or directly with the army is not only to introduce a mischievous fiction, but to deprive the army administration of a most valuable check. The Commander-in-Chief in India has much more

real authority than the Commander-in-Chief at home; his wishes are practically decisive on every point of supply, but he has nothing to do with carrying them out. Here, instead of being himself the administrator, he comes in as the critic of the administrative departments. If any defect appears (say) in the ammunition or the rations supplied to the troops, or in the barrack accommodation, the Commander-in-Chief will be the first to bring it to notice, the military staff throughout the country being always ready to furnish the instances. The departmental officers are therefore working under a constant liability to criticism, which, if it is sometimes raised unreasonably, is yet a powerful stimulus to efficiency and an effectual check on departmental shortcomings.

But under the system lately introduced at the War Office this check is altogether absent. If troops are sent into the field imperfectly rationed or equipped, or if the accounts fall into confusion, or if barracks and fortifications are defective, there will be no one to bring the fault to notice. These mistakes will have all been made professedly by the Commander-in-Chief himself. Yet from the nature of the case his real responsibility is a mere fiction, as equally is that of the Secretary of State. When the breakdown takes place, no one will propose to commit Mr. Stanhope or his successor to the Tower; the utmost that will happen is the resignation of the Minister, taking possibly the whole Cabinet with him. What, however, the country wants is not to find a victim, but that the affairs of the army shall be placed on such a footing as shall make an administrative breakdown impossible.

Another result of the impotency to which the heads of the departments at our War Office have been reduced as the mere mouth-pieces of the Secretary of State or the Commander-in-Chief is that anybody is ready to undertake any office without any regard to his qualifications for it. As why should he not? The emoluments are respectable and the responsibility nil. An able man is not in a position to use his influence for good except indirectly; a dull or idle one may rub along without his incompetency being distinctly brought home to him. To this may be ascribed, what is known to everyone behind the scenes, that men have held high posts in that Department for which their antecedents gave them no claim, indeed for which their insufficiency should have been known beforehand, but who have succeeded in getting through their term of office without the discredit they would have suffered if they had been placed in positions of real responsibility.

It is noteworthy that those concerned in the business of the War Office are themselves for the most part thoroughly dissatisfied with the way in which it is conducted. And what is curious, you will never find anybody to claim the paternity of the distracting changes and re-organisations which succeed each other year after year

and month after month, settlements which settle nothing, impressing those who are the subjects of all these changes with the feeling of despair, seeing that nothing done has the character of finality—that other changes of the same kind are to follow as we go on blindly groping after a proper system of administration never to be arrived at. From all the moral shrugging of the shoulders which goes on at the War Office when these things are discussed, one might suppose that all the administrative mishaps must be set down, like the breakages in domestic life, to the War Office cat.

And yet a sound system may and should be arrived at. The English people claim above everything to be practical; what is accomplished in other countries should be possible here. I have described briefly the systems of military administration in France, Germany, and India, which, although they differ largely in details, are all based on the same principles of keeping the command and discipline of the troops entirely distinct from the administration of the different branches of finance and supply; that these different branches should be separate and distinct from each other; and lastly, of establishing the specific responsibility of each head for the efficiency of his own department. What has now to be done is to apply these principles to our own War Department, in a form adapted to our institutions, and especially to the responsibility of Government to Parliament.

The first step will be to recast the present chaotic distribution of departments among the existing branches of the War Office. The Ordnance Department is now divided into two parts, one with the Director of Artillery under the Adjutant-General and the Commander-in-Chief; the Ordnance Factories under the Financial Secretary, a junior Parliamentary official. These two branches should be re-united to form an Ordnance Department under a strong professional head. The Clothing Department, also at present under the Financial Secretary, should also be removed from his branch and stand alone. The finance of the army is not more connected with the supply of clothing than with the supply of food or horses. The Inspector-General of Fortifications, lately placed under the Adjutant-General, should be restored to the position of responsible head of his department. The Pay Department, now nominally under the Quartermaster-General, should be replaced in its proper position under the Financial Secretary. Lastly, the nominal responsibility of the Commander-in-Chief for the preparation of the estimates should be abolished. The evidence given before the late Select Committee of the House of Commons shows, what indeed was obvious to everyone conversant with the matter, that the arrangement was a perfect sham; it is difficult to characterise in adequate terms the impropriety of the measure which brought it about.

With these changes, the first principle underlying all sound administration will have been acted on, and it will be possible to establish the definite responsibility of each head of a department for the business thereof. The military department of the War Office under the Commander-in-Chief would then be responsible for the discipline and efficiency of the *personnel* of the army, and be relieved of all responsibility for the business of supply. The military business proper of the army is a charge amply sufficient for one man to undertake—more than sufficient indeed, as is well known—and is a point on which Lord Hartington's Commission laid special stress. There is no provision under our present organisation for a most important part of that business, a part which in Germany has been conducted with such conspicuous success by the great general staff under Von Moltke. The Commission advocate the appointment of a high officer, whose special duty it should be to arrange a system of defence for the country, and to prepare the army for war, in the fullest sense of the terms, and who, working out in peace time all the difficult and complicated questions involved in these conditions, should evolve for the approval of the country some definite principles on which to base the scale of our military establishments and all the appliances requisite for their utilisation—an agency, in short, by means of which an intelligent and methodical policy might replace the casual haphazard action which so far has obtained. The Commission recommend in this view the creation of a Chief of the Staff. In a previous article⁴ I had ventured to suggest as an amendment that these duties might, perhaps, be placed on the Quartermaster-General, his position being raised to correspond with the higher functions placed on it. Upon this suggestion however the opinion has been expressed by persons specially qualified to give it, that for securing the adequate provision of this long-neglected, yet vital element of military organisation, it is essential that an officer of the highest rank should be entrusted with the work and placed in the first line—in other words, that no officer less than a Chief of the Staff will serve the purpose—and this opinion will, no doubt, be accepted.

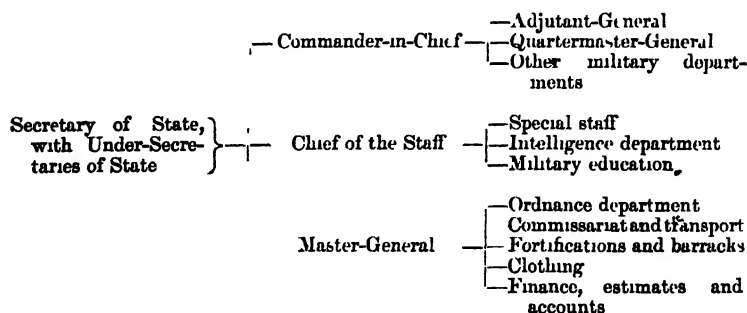
This disposes of the military side of the department. Turning to the departments of supply, the first point arising for consideration is whether the Ordnance Department should be on the footing here proposed, of being a branch of the War Office, or whether, as was recommended by Sir J. Stephen's Commission, it should be constituted a separate department independent of the Secretary of State. Important although this point be, it is yet fundamentally one of detail; either plan fulfils the fundamental condition postulated for all sound administration. Either plan would work; but I venture to think the less heroic remedy should suffice, provided the position of the responsible head of the Ordnance Department

⁴ *Nineteenth Century* for August 1891. •

be sufficiently accentuated, while it avoids the difficulty of arranging for the provision of some new channel of communication between the Ordnance Department with a permanent head and Parliament.

Another important point to be determined, but also one of detail, because not involving any radical principle, is whether all these administrative departments should report direct to the Minister, after the French practice; or whether, after the system which obtains in Germany and in India, there should be a permanent official of standing and experience, intermediate between the departments and the Secretary of State, and charged with the supervision of the whole business of supply. It seems hardly doubtful that the latter plan is not only in itself the better of the two, but is better suited to the special conditions obtaining in England; while it would certainly be advantageous that a Minister who comes to the business without experience, and holds office for an uncertain and often only a short period, should have on the Supply, as on the military side of the department, the advice of an officer of high position, whose function it would be to consider matters from the side of economy and cost as well as of efficiency. An appropriate designation for this official would be Master-General—not Master-General of the Ordnance, because he would have to do with a great deal besides ordnance, but simply Master-General.

The organisation of the War Office thus remodelled would therefore be as shown in the following table, from which for the sake of brevity minor departments have been omitted:—



The Commander-in-Chief, the Chief of the Staff, and the Master-General, with the two Under-Secretaries of State, would form the Secretary of State's Council, to which heads of department would be called up in consultation as required.

Lastly, there remains to bring the proceedings of this reformed War Department into the necessary relations with our parliamentary system. In every other country of Europe the army occupies the

foremost place in public attention, and the people generally are familiar with the nature of their military institutions in a degree unknown among ourselves. The reason for this is of course that the requirements of the army come closely home to them in every sense, while it is felt that on the efficiency of the army depends their very existence as a nation. And thus, while in France and Italy the constitution of the army down to minute details is prescribed by the law, and is placed beyond the power of the Government to tamper with, even in countries under a more autocratic rule the essential conditions of the army administration come under the purview of the legislature to an extent far greater than now obtains in England, where the Minister for the time is practically at liberty to make any change he pleases without reference to Parliament. It is true that military efficiency is not of the same vital importance to us that it is to the nations of the Continent; the sea guards our island home, and the navy is England's first line of defence. But if the invasion of England be difficult, her other risks are great, and our comparative security does not excuse our excessive apathy. Not that the state of the army fails to excite interest; there is, indeed, a widespread feeling of distrust and anxiety on the subject, but the feeling has no recognised outlet for expression. Parliament does not get proper opportunity for discussing the military affairs of the country, or sufficient information on which to raise useful debate; important changes are not brought under its notice till after they are carried out, and it is too late to discuss them to any useful purpose. Thus debates on the army too often degenerate into talk about petty personal grievances unworthy of the occasion, and the press and the public remain unenlightened about matters of real national import. The truth is that Parliament is not taken into confidence about the administration of the army to anything like the extent consistent with its functions, or to the extent with which it is consulted about other branches of the national affairs—as public education, for example, or the administration of the poor law. Yet the principles of military administration do not require technical training to be understood; the subject is essentially one which would admit of being handled with the greatest possible advantage by men of business habits in any walk of life. If our military affairs had been subjected to this sort of criticism during the last thirty years, the War Department would not have got into its present *impasse*, and if a similar catastrophe is to be prevented in the future, it will not be sufficient to provide a proper organisation within the Department. Parliament must have the means of watching the machine at work, and of ensuring that the machine shall not be tampered with without its knowledge and consent.

This condition involves therefore that, *vis-à-vis* to Parliament, the practice of secrecy now pursued should be replaced by system-

atic publicity. At present all that Parliament gets is a statement of the views of the Minister upon what may or may not be the views of his irresponsible advisers; the considerations which have led the Minister to arrive at a conclusion or carry out a measure are withheld; if indeed they have ever been definitely recorded, but as often as not there is nothing on record to show how a specific decision has been arrived at. This slipshod way of doing business should be replaced by one of precision and regularity. The outline of a code of procedure cannot be attempted at the end of this article, but it may be just suggested here that no important change of system should be made until a specific account of what is proposed has been laid before Parliament, with a statement of the objects and reasons for the measure, either in the form of a minute by the Secretary of State, or, if he proposes it in opposition to his Council, or to any member thereof, then with the Minutes attached of the dissenting members. Thus Parliament will have the whole case before it, to approve of, if it does not signify dissent, either with or without debate. No strong Minister need fear any weakening of his authority by such a procedure; his case will be greatly strengthened by the support of the responsible heads of the great departments of the army, while even when they may differ from him the Minister who has the ear of the House commands a great advantage over the absent permanent official. Nor is there any need to fear that the latter will be unreasonably obstructive; the tendency of the permanent official is everywhere against asserting himself overmuch. And generally any notion that the Secretary of State would be hampered by a responsible Council may be dismissed as a bugbear. By law the decision of the Government of India is that of the majority of the Council, consisting now of seven members, including the Viceroy; theoretically, therefore, the latter is liable to be constantly outvoted, but in practice the Viceroy's authority is all-powerful. And while any member of the Council may record a minute of dissent from the decision of the majority, this power is not largely used. The decisions of the Council are usually unanimous. So it would be with the Council at the War Office.

The Secretary of State should have the power of overriding his Council. This is necessary on constitutional grounds, to establish his responsibility to Parliament; but in practice he would seldom if ever have occasion to use the power. I believe that not a single occasion has occurred of the Viceroy of India having found it necessary to put in force the operations of the law which enable him to set aside the decision of the majority of his Council.

As a further measure for keeping the administration of the army in touch with Parliament, it is desirable that the Secretary of State should receive from each of the three members of his Council, who

are charged with Executive duties—the Commander-in-Chief, the Chief of the Staff, and the Master-General—an annual report on the working of his department, showing what has been done during that period, with his recommendations for any further measures he considers necessary for the efficiency of the branch of the service for which he is responsible. To the report of the Master-General should be attached reports by the Ordnance and other departments under him, showing clearly the state thereof, and what deficiencies remain to be made good. These reports to be laid before Parliament. Whether they should be then referred for consideration to a standing committee for military affairs, or in what way they should be dealt with, it would be for the wisdom of Parliament to determine. With subjects which are obviously confidential left out, nothing but benefit will result from publicity of this sort. The information which these reports would supply to Parliament about the state of our armaments, and the deficiencies in them, will always be well known to foreign Governments.

It may be objected that to subject military measures to parliamentary discussion will cause delays. The liability may be admitted, although the procedure suggested would tend, so far as is possible, to remove military subjects from party conflict; but the delays would be nothing like so great as now take place in transacting the ordinary routine business of the War Department. And of this at least we may be sure—that the result of taking Parliament into confidence will be to obtain whatever supplies are really required. The House of Commons has always been liberal when a proper case is established. Waste may be checked, but there will be no stint of what is necessary for the proper defence of the country.

Lastly, I submit that in order to ensure stability for whatever system be adopted, it is highly to be desired that the possibility of tampering with it in the future shall be prevented by incorporating all the main parts of that system in a Bill to be passed through Parliament. In this respect the French system is specially deserving of adoption.

I have thus endeavoured to explain that the administration systems of other great armies, however much they may differ in appearance, are based on certain fundamental principles common to them all, and which necessarily underlie any sound military administration; I have shown also, that in our military administration these principles have been altogether lost sight of, with, as result, a state of confusion. Lastly, I have ventured to put forth in outline a definite proposal for remedying existing defects, and which would be in harmony with the political conditions of the country. Of the necessity for a complete reform and re-organisation there is no room for doubt; whatever may be the particular shape these may

take, the measure to be successful must be based on the broad lines common to all good military administrations. This, too, may be accepted as certain, that until the reform is carried out, England is unprepared to defend itself. As we now stand, war, if it should be forced on us, will bring disaster.

GEORGE CHESNEY.

GARDENS

THE present season may seem foreign to the consideration of the subject of this paper, but it is when the army is lying in winter quarters that plans for the summer's campaign may best be laid.

By unravelling the mysteries of physical law and compelling inanimate objects to unfold the secrets of their origin and development, science has contributed to the significance and even to the romance of natural scenery. A beautiful landscape speaks two languages to one who has learnt the elements of geology: wayside weeds are more than merely foreground garniture in the eyes of one instructed in botany; the bleak moor, the muddy estuary, the gusty hill-top, the forbidding morass—each has its store of interest for the instructed eye; there is hardly an acre of the earth's surface that refuses a harvest to knowledge.

But it must also be confessed that while with one hand science draws the veil aside from truth, with the other she ruthlessly casts down many pretty images of the false gods, before which crowds of worshippers have bent the knee. Over no kind of created things has there been thrown such a network of poetic imagery and sentiment as over flowers; so much so that the good old word 'posy,' now elbowed out of English speech by the foreign 'bouquet,' is the very same as 'poesy,' as if flowers were indeed but a visible form of verse. They appeal so directly to our sense of beauty that it is a common thing to apply intensive language to them. Even botanists, usually grave and staid as becomes men of science, yielding to enthusiasm, ransack the dictionary for names descriptive of the graces of different species, and unscientific folk see nothing but fitness in such superlatives as *elegantissima*, *formosissima*, *spectabilis*, *eximia*, and the like. But how dry and emotionless is the language used to describe some of the loveliest flowers! It is hard not to feel indignant when a graceful plant, like our native gladwyn, or wood iris, with delicate lavender blossoms and stars of bright orange berries, is ticketed with the ugly name *Iris fastidissima*, the stinking flag, for no other reason than because its shining blades, when bruised, exhale the odour of cold beef.

Often as Perdita's exquisite catalogue has been repeated, it is difficult to resist quoting from it:

O Proserpina

For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
 From Dis's waggon! daffodils
 That come before the swallows dare, and take
 The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
 Most incident to maids: bold oxlips, and
 The crown-imperial, lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one.

Compare with this the sapless descriptions in botanical books. Bentham describes the daffodil as a 'single, large, scentless yellow flower'; the charms of the violet are summarised coldly as 'flowers nodding, of the bluish-violet colour named after them, or white, more or less scented'; while the primrose is dismissed with the comment that its 'corolla is usually yellow or straw-coloured.' So, when the same authority tells us that the blossoms of the sweet-briar are 'pink, usually solitary,' his language hardly conveys so vivid an impression of the flower as that contained in Tasso's glowing lines:

Dol mira, egli cantò, spuntar la rosa
 Dal verde suo modesta e verginella,
 Che mezzo aperta ancora e mezzo ascosa,
 Quanto si mostra men, tanto è piu bella.'

But the poets are prone to push matters far further than this. Not content with truthful description, they have invested flowers with a fanciful symbolism, and often go so far as to enlist them in sympathy with human mood and passion.

The slender acacia would not shake
 One long milk-bloom on the tree;
 The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
 But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
 Knowing your promise to me;
 The lilies and roses were all awake,
 They sighed for the dawn and thee.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate,
 She is coming, my love, my dear;
 She is coming, my life, my fate;

'Mark ye (he sings) in modest maiden guise
 The red rose peeping from her leafy nest;
 Half opening, now, half-closed, the jewel lies,
 More bright her beauty seems the more repress.'

Bayley's Translation.

The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near';
 And the white rose weeps, 'She is late';
 The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear';
 And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'

One is lulled by the beauty of such lines to forget the false sentiment in them, the 'pathetic fallacy' against which Mr. Ruskin long ago uttered a warning; but it *is* false, all the same, as false as Perdita's treatment is true.² Nothing is more clear than the utter indifference of Nature to human joy or sorrow: the daffodils are much concerned with the March winds, but with the sighs or smiles of men and women—not at all; the roses, the larkspurs, and the lilies would have reflected precisely the same rays, poured the same incense, held their fair heads at the same angle, whether Maud kept tryst or broke her promise to come. It is, in truth, not poetic insight, but intense egoism that makes a man suppose that trees and flowers, seas and skies are in sympathy with his feelings, and it is an impertinence even to pretend that they can be influenced by human vicissitude. To do so is as much an error against right art as to import supernatural agency into romance, and is as far astray from the genuine aim of literature as astrology differs from astronomy.

But, on the other hand, one cannot help being delighted when scientific method and cold-blooded analysis break down; swept away before the imperious sway of beauty, and Linnæus bursts into tears on beholding for the first time an English common covered with gorse in bloom. That great marshal of the host of green things, whose clear-sighted genius first prevailed to rally and array the multitudinous forms examined and described by his predecessors into manageable genera and species, has left behind him, in addition to the imperishable monument of the Linnæan System, a touching proof of his softer feelings for the objects of his study. It was not with the gorgeous flora of the tropics, nor with the towering pines of Scandinavian forests, that he sought to link his name; but, choosing a fragile, trailing herb which rears its tiny pink bells not more than two or three inches above the moss and fallen fir-needles in northern woods, he gave it the name it still bears, *Linnæa borealis*. This lovely plant he made his badge; it forms the device on his bookplate, with the tender motto, *Tantus amor florum*—'So deep my love for flowers.'

It is possible that the lovers of flowers in Linnæus's day may have thought him a tiresome pedant for arranging their favourites in artificial groups and genera, and thought his system an unnecessary interference with the beautiful art of gardening; but how much more seriously the latest results of botanical science threaten the whole significance of flowers! In childhood, in love, in war, in politics, in

² [Not false *art*, surely, but very *right art*, to put false *sentiment*, as Tennyson dramatically does here, into the mouth of a morbid egoist on the brink of insanity.—ED.]

feasts and in mournings, in every kind of ceremony, parable and poetry, flowers have been the fittest emblems ever since the world began. To some they seem to have been created for the joy of man, to others for the glory of God; but now we are told to believe that every use to which they have been put by human beings has been an interference with their real purpose, and that every meaning that has been discerned in them is utterly wide of their true function. Not to fill man's heart with joy and gratitude for a beautiful creation, nor yet to raise his spirit in adoration to the Creator, were those lovely petals spread in myriad forms and hues and all their alchemy of odour devised, but solely to attract winged and creeping things which, passing from corolla to corolla, should carry the virtues of one plant to another, and secure cross-fertilisation! We are told of islands in the South Pacific where, as yet, no winged insect has ever come, and there the plants have no gay flowers or attractive odours, and the pollen of one has to wait till a favouring breeze wafts it to the expectant stigma of another.

All this may seem to work sad havoc with our love for flowers, which is, nevertheless, so universal that it will take generations of materialism to uproot it.

Were proof wanted of how closely flowers are interwoven with the affections of civilised man, it would only be necessary to cite the evidence of every house in Europe which is worthy of being called a home, from that of the wealthy landowner, who spends many thousands a year on his flower-beds and orchid-houses, to the artisan's in a back street with its geranium-pots in the window, or the Alpine shepherd's, with a box of luxuriant carnations on the sill. Nay, strongest proof of all, does not the British Parliament, that sifts every pound voted each year in Committee of Supply with ferocious scrutiny and suspicion of extravagance, allow huge sums to be spent on the beautifying of London parks? And, to descend to personalities, it is no unfamiliar sight to behold a relentless Radical economist betraying his carnal affinities by the display of an orchid's 'phanerogamous inflorescence' in his button-hole.

Seeing, then, that flower-gardens are sources of pleasure, and that much money is spent on them annually, it is worth the inquiry whether they are made to yield all the pleasure that might be had from them, and whether the money, as a rule, is well spent. It would be strange if this turned out to be the case, seeing that a very small proportion of those who own gardens care to learn anything about their culture, or know anything about flowers except their general effect.

In this country the art of gardening has been made to encounter a serious disadvantage arising out of the way well-to-do people have chosen to arrange their seasons; for, whereas Nature has provided that by far the larger number of plants shall put forth their blossoms in spring and early summer, that is precisely the season which 'society'

has perversely ordained shall be spent in town. Further, the hues of spring and summer flowers being much purer and brighter than those of late summer and autumn, gardeners have been obliged, in order to give satisfaction to their employers, to have recourse to plants from those regions where spring corresponds to our autumn. This complicates matters immensely: it is much easier to obtain good effects having the seasons on one's own side than when they are contrary, but it is a difficulty that has been very creditably overcome in big establishments. Unfortunately, in order to do so, it was necessary to clear the ground of plants that had given pleasure to our grandmothers and to their grandmothers before them: borders which, year by year, for generations, had glowed with the same jewellery of crocus, hepatica, narcissus, iris, lilies and summer roses, had now to be cleared, and their contents, rich with all fond association, flung on the waste-heap, or, at best, banished to the kitchen-garden, to make way for glaring scarlet, blue, and yellow of geranium, lobelia, and calceolaria. I well remember, some twenty years ago, making prize of a barrow-load of roots of the white Madonna lily which had been thrown on the rubbish-heap of a villa garden in a small seaport town. They were planted in my borders, which they beautify to this day.

And the mischief did not stop with big fashionable gardens. People of far humbler means—even those who lived most of, or all, the year in their country homes—were induced to ape the prevailing mode, and chose, or were persuaded by their gardeners to be content with, brown barren beds for nine months in the year, provided a proper blaze could be prepared, for the autumn. The scheme of gardening that could only be carried out successfully on a great scale was attempted in cottage and villa gardens, with deplorable results. Even where space and means were not wanting, the new materials were infinitely more hazardous than the old. To deal with plants chosen because they produce a profuse mass of strong colour requires a trained eye such as few gardeners can be expected to possess; the old-fashioned permanent borders might be trusted to throw up such a wealth of foliage and variety of form as to soften crude contrasts and disguise indiscreet juxtaposition; their general effect was a bank of various verdure, lit up by splashes and sparkles of bright or subdued colour; but the new system aimed at unmitigated breadths of intense hue, disposed in bands, concentric circles, or other uncompromising forms—in short, as unlike Nature and as like upholstery as might be. The effect was, and is still, often excruciating; people sensitive to the beauty of Nature shunned the garden with its shadeless walks and fiery parterres, seeking in woodland paths that reposeful charm and those soothing scents which fashion had banished beyond the pale.

So universal was the submission to the new decree that the traditional English flower-garden almost ceased to exist, except about some quiet farmhouses in the South, and a few, very few, old Scottish

mansions. The links in the long chain from the days of Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare were severed. Spenser himself could not have described the modern garden as

Here and there with pleasant arbors pight,
And shady seats, and sundry flow'ring bankes,
To sit and rest the walker's wearie shankes ;

and it would have been the very last place of resort for him of whom he wrote :

To the gay gardens his unstaid desire
Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprights ;
There lavish Nature in her best attire
Poures forth sweet odors and alluring sights ;
And Art, with her contending, doth aspire
To excell the naturall with made delights ;
And all that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

For everything that interfered with the general view of the beds was cleared away, if timely intercession were not at hand. Some years ago there stood in the flower-garden of Bemersyde, near Dryburgh, four immense hollies clipped into dense domes of green. One of these was said to be the largest holly in Scotland, which was very likely true, for of the two that remain, one is the largest I ever beheld, either in Scotland or elsewhere. These four stood in a square on the flat pleasance in front of the fine old Border tower, till one evil day, it is said, it occurred to the agent who managed the property to lay out the ground in the fashionable style, and because two of these fine trees infringed on the symmetry of the proposed parterre, he ordered them to be cut down. O Priapus and Pomona ! O Hamadryads and Fauns ! where were ye that day, that ye did not hunt the wretched man into the deepest pool in the Tweed, rather than such cruel havoc should be wrought ?

The result of this and other acts of violence was an intolerable monotony. Go into one garden after another, you would come on the same Mrs. Pollock geranium, the same ageratums, lobelias, and calceolarias named after various members of the plutocracy, the identical cerastium and coloured beet. The only variety was in the pattern in which they were disposed.

For five-and-twenty or thirty years this tyranny endured. Everybody conformed to it, but nobody enjoyed the results very much, except the experts, who vied with each other who could produce the most fiery conflagration in autumn. People were dissatisfied, they did not know why, though the reason was not difficult to divine, for form, scent, and refined colour had been exchanged for uniformity and glare ; association had been broken, and it was impossible to feel for bedding-out plants any of the affection inspired by the old favourites that held the same places in a border for more than a century,

and faithfully told the changing seasons by their growth, blossom, and decay.

Gradually a reaction set in. Lord Beaconsfield, the anniversary of whose death has become so strangely associated with the rather primrose, probably knew as much and as little about horticulture as the Emperor of Morocco, but he was exceedingly sensitive to popular feeling, even in small matters, and gave indication in *Lothair* of what was coming. Corisande's garden (though it might have puzzled the author to define a 'gilliflower') was described with some minuteness on a Shakespearean model. People were captivated with the idea suggested; it reminded them of what gardens had been when they were children, and presently an inquiry began for long-neglected herbaceous plants. Mr. William Robinson became the energetic pioneer of the movement; his *Alpine Flowers for English Gardens*, *Hardy Plants and How to Grow Them*, *The Wild Garden*, and other works, were written with admirable skill and taste, and showed complete practical knowledge. They met with so much success, and did so much to stimulate the revolt against 'bedding-out,' that, just twenty years ago, he was encouraged to start a weekly journal, which continues, as it began, an effective advocacy of *Pedlita's* flowers and their like, and a protest against the exclusive or general use of tender flowers. The true key-note is struck in the motto selected by Mr. Robinson for his paper, *The Garden*:

This is an Art

Which does mend Nature; changes it rather, but
The Art itself is Nature.

The reform has been general; long-forgotten favourites have been hunted up from such places as they had been suffered to linger, and already English gardens are throwing off that distressing similarity to one another which threatened to make their old name of 'pleasure' a term of bitter irony. One feature they must always have in common, though it is capable of being disposed in a thousand different ways, namely, green turf. Thanks to our benignant skies, the 'moist, bird-haunted English lawn' is never likely to suffer permanently from any passing freak of fashion, and with liberal breadths of closely-shaven grass no piece of ground can be other than beautiful; as Bacon truly observed, 'Nothing is more pleasant to the eye, than green grass kept finely shorn.'

There was one dominant feature in Elizabethan gardening which it were not well to see universally revived, and that is the art of the topiarist, by which almost every tree and shrub that would suffer the shears was clipped into fantastic similitude of men, birds, beasts, castles, and other figures. The effect when this practice was as universal as bedding-out was a dozen years ago must have been equally monotonous. Nevertheless, such specimens of this treatment as have survived the lapse of centuries will, it is hoped, be jealously guarded,

for, apart from their antiquarian interest, and the romantic association with which they are invested, they afford a grateful excitement to the eye accustomed to tamer and more uniform arrangement. Not many such remain; indeed, Lord Stanhope remarks, in his *History of England*, that

Throughout the whole of England there remains, perhaps, scarcely more than one private garden presenting in all its parts an entire and true sample of the old designs; this is at the fine old seat of Levens, near Kendal. There, along a wide extent of terraced walks and walls, eagles of holly, and peacocks of yew still find, with each returning summer, their wings clipped and talons pared. There, a stately remnant of the old *promenoirs*—such as the Frenchmen taught our fathers, rather, I would say, to build than to plant—along which, in days of old, stalked the gentlemen with periwigs and swords, the ladies in hoops and furbelows, may still to this day be seen.

So great is the fascination of the garden at Levens, where flowers seem brighter and more luxuriant than in any nineteenth-century borders, by contrast with the formal, sombre yews and the sad grey walls of the old mansion-house, that it is strange that no attempt has already been made to revive the forgotten topiary art. Yet one shudders to think of the result should it ever become the fashion. Stripped of the glamour of old, tortured shrubs and shorn trees are not objects in which the eye finds repose; the object should be to assist and control Nature, not to deform or travesty her. Yet there is one feature in the Elizabethan garden which should find a place in the Victorian more commonly than it does—namely, the close or pleached alley. It gives the seclusion which is of the essence of a garden, and how the artists of romance, from Boccaccio and Marguerite of Navarre onwards, love to loiter in these leafy corridors!

It is no easy task to lay out or alter a garden. People with taste have not served apprenticeship to the craft; they have a general idea of the effect desired, but they don't know the means required to produce it; on the other hand, gardeners who have the skill and understand the materials rarely have had opportunities of cultivating taste. More than half the happy effects come by chance. Moreover, the newly-awakened zeal for hardy plants is sometimes disappointing in its results. Spring flowers, most charming of all, are too often arranged to give a dotty effect: they blaze from the brown earth with no friendly foliage to lend breadth to the arrangement. In summer, the borders are apt to look rank and weedy, the weaker species struggling for existence with robust neighbours; and in autumn, unless it is skilfully prepared for, they are apt to be dull and flowerless. 'Oh, I wish you had seen the garden a month ago; it *was* in beauty then, but the things have gone over now!' That is precisely where the gardener's art is wanted to assist Nature, and is quite capable of doing so with the wealth of material at his disposal. Perennial borders should never 'go over,' not even in winter, when they are generally given over to despair.

There should always be *some* part of the garden, no matter what the season, where things are at their best. Yet there is a family of plants, too much neglected, the peculiar property of which is to bridge the gulf between the embers of October and the first sparkles of February. This family is the Hellebore, of which the Christmas rose is a lovely and well-known member. The first to flower is *H. niger maximus*, which opens its great bells, of the colour of apple-blossom, in the first days of November, and thenceforward—blow high, blow low, come sleet or snow or frost or rain—will maintain great wreaths of bloom till well on in January. Then the other varieties of *H. niger*, of which there are at least a dozen, take up the running and keep things gay till the latter kinds, *H. abchasicus*, *antiquorum*, *orientalis* and others produce their pink, purple, or white clusters. By this time we are well into the months of snowdrop, crocus, winter aconite and hepatica, and the dead months have slipped away. But on the Hellebore need not be thrown all the work; there is the fragrant coltsfoot (*Tussilago fragrans*) blooming all the time, with a strong scent exactly like heliotrope, and as hardy as its plebeian relative of the roadsides; the winter cherry (*Physalis Alkekengi*), with the constitution of a burdock, hung with quaint orange bladders from Michaelmas to Christmas; there are also certain shrubs, such as the witch hazel (*Hamamelis arborea* and *virginica*), with strange festoons of yellow and crimson stars on leafless twigs, and the winter jasmine (*Jasminum nudiflorum*), a very Mark Tapley among herbs, that pour out in blossom at that season the virtue stored in them by summer suns.

People with well-stored conservatories and stoves will think rightly of this garniture of winter beds, liable any day to be buried overhead in snow; but without in the least undervaluing the luxury of glass-houses, one may be allowed to claim a special charm in the humble out-of-door flowers that re-appear year after year in the same place, only asking to be let alone. Some of these lowly plants are of extraordinary longevity; it is impossible to guess the age of some clumps of iris, sweet william, or scarlet lychnis, but there is no apparent reason why they should not outlive the oak, possessed as they are of perpetual power of renewing themselves.

One cannot be ungrateful for the skill which, by an elaborate system of forcing, supplies us with spring and summer flowers in mid-winter, and makes London flower-shops as attractive at Yuletide as at Whitsuntide. Still, there is a good deal of sense in Biron's speech in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

Why should I joy in any abortive mirth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish for snow in May's new-fangled mirth,
But like of each thing that in season grows.

No doubt our enjoyment of spring and summer flowers would be

keener if we were not accustomed to have lilies-of-the-valley at the new year and carnations at Candlemas.

People with knowledge of and liking for hardy plants are apt to give the herbaceous garden too much the character of a botanical collection. They have not the resolution to exclude species of inferior beauty; but, with the wealth of all the ends of the earth to choose from, resolute discretion is necessary if the garden is to be one worthy of the name.

If a contrast were sought to the formal style of gardening of the seventeenth century, so well exemplified in the beautiful pleasure at Levens above referred to, one more complete could not be found than in a garden of equal merit, though on a totally different plan, in Mr. George Wilson's grounds at Oakwood, near Weybridge. The owner and maker of this paradise may best be described as a decorative botanist; deeply versed in all plant-lore, yet with a constant eye to what consists with beauty. he has enclosed several acres on the slope and crest of a hill, including a wood at the foot and a piece of water. Here he has assembled a vast collection of plants, carefully arranged, but with all trace of design studiously concealed. A lady lately visiting it expressed the effect in a single sentence: 'I hardly know,' she said, 'what this place should be called; it is not a garden, it is a place where plants from all parts of the world grow wild.'

Call this field of beauty what you will—garden or wilderness—and visit it at what season you may, you will be penetrated with its charm: whether in April, when the hillside is flashing with rivulets and pools of pure hues from squills, windflowers, daffodils, gentians, sweet alisons; or in early summer, when many kinds of iris unfold their gorgeous petals round the lake in floods of purple, blue, and gold; or in autumn, when the troops of gold-rayed lilies rise ghost-like in the copse, and African *tritomas* hold flaming torches along the paths, Mr. Wilson has shown how royally English soil and climate will repay care and judgment with boundless wealth of blossom.

One great evil to be avoided in the design and contents of a garden is sameness. There is a phrase that constantly recurs in horticultural journals when some plant is being commended—'No garden should be without it.' Unfortunately, gardeners are too often content to grow the same flowers as their neighbours; are, indeed, dissatisfied unless they have the same species. Some years ago it struck somebody that the single dahlia was a more beautiful flower than the varieties hitherto approved, upon which great pains and much skill had been expended to get them as like ribbon rosettes and as little like natural flowers as possible. No sooner was the idea acted on than single dahlias became the rage, and now it is the rarest thing to go into any garden without seeing these plants, really of none but indifferent merit, sprawling over the borders. They were pleasing as a novel feature, but nobody gets much enjoyment out of them

now ; they perish with the first frost, and any scent they possess is disagreeable.

We have a hundred species to choose from now for every one that eighteenth-century nurserymen could supply. In China, Japan, the Himalayas, Siberia, Australasia, North and South America, in every mountain range and island of the sea, collectors have vied with each other in securing new plants, and each year many are added to the list of those which adapt themselves to our climate. It is about twenty years since the whorled primrose of Japan was introduced, and people willingly paid 30s. apiece for such a noble acquisition. Now it may be seen sowing itself in the borders with the freedom of an English 'paigle.'

Fraxinus in sylvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis,

was Virgil's precept, and the pine he recommended for decking a garden was the stone pine of the Mediterranean. How vastly greater is the variety of conifers from which we may choose, from the lovely *Picea nobilis* of Colorado, to the fantastic *Salisburia*, the Ginkgo of Japan, less like a fir than a huge maidenhair fern. It is only necessary to remember that fifty years ago rhododendrons were hardly known, to realise how far we excel our grandfathers in wealth of material.

It is provoking to see people at the pains to cultivate and decorate their ground, yet often neglecting to bring out the special characteristics of their soil and climate. Zones of mean temperature run in these islands much more with degrees of longitude than of latitude. In Cornwall, Argyllshire, and Galway, shrubs and humbler plants flourish luxuriantly which would perish in a single winter in Oxfordshire or Surrey. Yet in the benign West one is just as apt to find the walls monopolised by plants adapted for the London climate as with the myrtles, lemon verbenas, Edwardsia, and other choice things that might both surprise and delight the visitor. Any one who has driven across the desolate upland lying between Clifden and Letterfrack, in Galway, will surely remember with pleasure the miles of hedges of crimson fuchsia with which Mr. Mitchell Henry has had the taste to array the high road near his place, Kylemore. Of course it is right to give individual preference for certain flowers ; there is no reason why, if the lord of the soil loves the roses above other flowers, he should think himself bound to sacrifice them to camellias, in order to show the mildness of his climate ; camellias he should have where they flourish (as everyone will agree who has seen the fairy-like display they make in the open air at East Lytchett, in Dorsetshire), because they will distinguish his garden from ninety-nine hundredths of others ; but he should also take the full of his climatic advantage

* *Paigle* is the old English name for the cowslip.

in behalf of his favourite flower. Very few persons have ever seen the single white Macartney rose (*Rosa bracteata*), because, being somewhat tender, it will not reward culture in Midland or Eastern districts; but there is rare beauty in its thick ivory-like petals, clustered golden anthers, and glossy foliage. I well remember the impression it made on first seeing it on the wall of the boathouse at Port Eliot, in Cornwall—I rested not till I had procured it, though it was years before I found any nurseryman who kept it in stock; and it may be useful to record that it proves quite at home on the west coast of Scotland, where a dozen plants survived uninjured the rigours of the memorable winter of 1890–91.

But the westward influence is not enough for some roses, such as the Banksian, which is patient of a very low winter temperature, provided it gets a more liberal summer sun than can be had north of the Trent. Even in the South it is sometimes so ignorantly and harshly dealt with by the pruner's knife, that its owner looks in vain for the profuse drift of snowy or sulphur-hued blossom that rewards the *laissez-faire* treatment of this rose.

This advantage the denizens of old English gardens possess over recent importations, that names hallowed by time and endeared by association have been bestowed upon them; for, Juliet's opinion notwithstanding, there *is* much in a name, and the rose would not have been such a favourite with the poets if it had been christened turnip. A distinct sensation of freshness, as of early-summer mornings, is produced by simply repeating some of the old flower names, which Mr. Prior has arranged so handily in his *Popular Names of British Plants*.¹ The memory of childhood spent in the country is fondly stirred by the familiar names eglantine, lad's-love, fair-maids-of-France, goldilocks, lady's-smock, herb-paris (also called herb-truelove), gold-of-pleasure, &c. Many of them have a distinct significance; Gerarde affirms that bachelor's-buttons (a double-white ranunculus) was so called from the similitude of the buds 'to the jagged cloathie buttons, antiently worne in this kingdom,' while another authority attributes the name to 'a habit of country fellows to carry them in their pockets to divine their success with their sweethearts.' Then the celandine owes its name to the most irrational tradition ever conceived, yet one that received the sanction of such hard heads as Aristotle's and Pliny's, and has been repeated unhesitatingly by countless writers on botany and natural history. The name is from the Greek *χελιδών*, a swallow, 'not,' as Gerarde is at pains to warn his readers, 'because it first springeth at the coming in of the swallowes, or dieth when they go away, for, as we have saide, it may be founde all the yeare, but because some holde opinion, that with this herbe the dams restore sight to their young ones, when their eies be put out.' The flower-de-luce, generally written fleur-

¹ London: Frederick Norgate, 1879.

de-lis or lys, as if the last syllable had to do with a lily, is really *fleur-de-Louis*, and was the cognisance of royal France ever since it was chosen as his badge by Louis the Seventh, 'qui chargea l'écu de France de fleurs-de-lis sans nombre.'

But of all flowers of the garden, none has had so many fanciful names bestowed upon it as the pansy, *pensieri menuti*, idle thoughts, as the Italians call it.

The Pansy next, which English maids
Call Heart's-ease—innocent translation—
As if each thought that springs and fades
Were but a source of jubilation.

The pretty name heart's-ease does not, indeed, belong by right to the pansy, but was applied to designate the wall-flower, from its real or supposed virtue as a cordial, and the pansy itself has at various times and in different counties been known as Herb Trinity (from its three colours), Love-and-idle, Kiss-me-ere-I-rise, Jump-up-and-kiss-me, Three-faces-under-a-hood.

A place might surely be found oftener in the pleasure-ground for certain plants generally relegated to the herb garden, such as rue, lavender, and rosemary. Their beauty, certainly, is of a lowly order, but there hangs about them such a mist of popular lore that they bring to mind a time before these thorny days of social science, county councils, and school boards—a time to return to which, were the choice given us, it might be wise to hesitate, yet a time when our country was known among the nations as 'Merrie England,' when the poor were not so poor, and the rich were not so rich, and no one vexed his soul by asking if life was worth living. The rue, Shakespeare's Herb of Grace, was supposed to flourish stronger if stolen from a neighbour's garden. Lavender, though strangely enough omitted by Bacon from his list of sweet-smelling plants, is endeared to us by a thousand proofs of the esteem our forefathers had for it; such as Isaac Walton's description of 'an honest ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck against the wall, and my hostess, I may tell you, is both cleanly and handsome and civil.' Rosemary—

Trim rosmarin that whilom crowned
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer—

also called Guardrobe from its use as a préservative of clothes, may now be looked for in vain in the gardens of most peers, though it deserves a better fate; were it only in memory of gentle Sir Thomas More. 'As for rosmarine,' he wrote, 'I lett it run alle over my garden walls, not onlie because my bees love it, but because 'tis the herb sacred to remembrance, and therefore to friendship; whence a sprig of it hath a dumb language that maketh it the chosen emblem at our

funeral wakes and in our burial grounds.' It may sometimes still be seen so used, being laid upon coffins, especially in the northern counties. But a more equivocal significance is also attributed to it, with which some may be inclined to connect its disappearance from modern borders; it is alleged that it only flourishes where the mistress rules, or at least has a fair share in ruling, the household.

Since the days of chaste Lucrece,

Their silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin viewed in her fair face's field,

has gone on without intermission, though far from silently. Everyone admits that lilies and roses excel all other flowers, but the controversy as to which is entitled to pre-eminence has never yet been, and never will be, settled. It is best avoided by having plenty of both, and truly no garden is worth a visit that is not well furnished with them. Alexander Montgomery had made up his mind about it when he penned the verse:

I love the lily as the first of flowers
Whose stately stalk so straight up is and stay [stiff],
In whom th' lave [the rest], ay lowly louts and cowers
As bound so brave a beauty to obey.

But another Scottish poet, Dunbar, had already, a hundred years before Montgomery, given equally emphatic verdict for the rose:

Nor hold none other flower in sic dainty
As the fresh rose of colour red and white,
For if thou dost, hurt is thine honesty,
Considering that no flower is so perfite,
So full of virtue, pleasaunce and delight,
So full of blissful angelic beauty,
Imperial birth, honour, and dignity.

On the whole, Queen Rose commands a wider allegiance than Queen Lily, in our own country at least, where she is not only the flower assigned by heralds as the emblem of England, but is associated with the bloody strife between the Houses of York and Lancaster—the Wars of the Roses—and the white rose is specially dear to Jacobites as being the badge of the ill-starred House of Stuart; while the lily was the chivalrous emblem of England's ancient rival—France.

The perfection and profusion of what are known as 'hybrid perpetuals,' combined with the desire for autumn blooms, have prevailed to throw into the background some lovely summer roses, such as still make paradise of cottage-gardens in June. Of such may be named the old double white (*Rosa alba*), the York and Lancaster, streaked with red and white; the Austrian copper, with single flowers of intense fiery orange, much rarer than the same species with sulphur-coloured petals; and the Celestial Blush, of matchless shell-pink, in exquisite harmony with its glaucous foliage.

Mr. Ellacombe, in his pleasant volume, *The Plant-lore and Garden-lore of Shakespeare*,³ quotes a bit of rose-lore gravely told in the *Voiage and Trauaile* of Sir John Mandeville :—

At Bethelheim is the Falde *Floridus*, that is to seyne, the *Feld florished*; for als moche as a fayre mayden was blamed with wrong and sclaundered, for whiche cause sche was demed to the Dethe, and to be brent in that place, to the whiche she was ladd; and as the Fyre began to brent about hire, sche made hire preyers to oure Lord, that als wissely as sche was not gilty of that Synne, that He wolde helpe hire and make it to be knowen to alle men, of his mercyfulle grace. And when sche hadde thus seyde, sche entered into the Fuyr: and anon was the Fuyr quenched and oute; and the Brondes that weren brennyng becomen red Roseres, and the Brondes that weren not kyndled becomen white Roseres. And these weren the first Rosere and Roses, both white and rede, that euer ony man saughe.

Before passing from the rose, it may be permitted to allude to a term often used by Shakespeare but almost equally often misunderstood by his readers. The 'canker' was the common name for the dog-rose, and is so intended in such passages as—

So put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker Bolingbroke.

Or again, in the *Sonnets* :—

The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the rose.

But when Titania speaks of 'killing cankers in the musk-rose buds,' or the poet sings in the *Sonnets* that 'loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud,' the reference is to a parasitic worm.

Since the days when Montgomery championed the cause of the lily, the ranks of that fair flower in our own country have strengthened by a vast reinforcement from foreign climes. The giant lily (*Lilium giganteum* or *cordifolium*) is as hardy as the hemlock, and soars to the height of 8 or 10 feet under favourable circumstances; the Isabella lily (*L. testaceum*), of hybrid origin, almost equals it in stature, and is distinguished from all others by its delicate apricot hue; while of *Lilium auratum*, the gold-rayed lily of Japan, the most gorgeous plant that will endure our trying climate, it is worth recording that the variety *platyphyllum* is by far the finest and the most permanent, coming up year after year in the same spot, whereas the other varieties generally perish in the second or third season.

Gardeners love to prose about their pursuit: 'tis such a seductive hobby, and ambles along so easily that it were easy to strain the reader's patience; so only one other point in the decoration of

³ London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., 1884.

grounds will be here alluded to. Statuary is seldom used in the decoration of gardens now, yet of all places where it can be seen to advantage it is there. It gives a feeling of repose which is an indispensable quality in garden scenery, and in return receives tranquil attention, which can seldom be bestowed on it in public places. With trees, flowers, fair statues, greensward, and song of birds, what pleasant resting-places the pilgrims of life may make for themselves!

HERBERT MAXWELL.

MILTON'S *MACBETH*

It is one of the most curious facts in literary history that Milton at one time proposed to write a drama on the story of *Macbeth*—that more than thirty years after Shakespeare's great tragedy had been before the world, Milton proposed to take up the theme already treated with such incomparable power. Such a design seems at first sight to imply a strange want of discernment, or an extraordinary self-confidence, or a reckless audacity; 'for what can the man do that cometh after the King?' But the evidence of its entertainment is decisive; and I wish now to consider what motives could have induced Milton to think of such a thing.

The evidence that he did think of it is to be found in a well-known MS. in his own handwriting, now one of the treasures of the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. This MS. was in all probability written shortly after his return from his Continental tour, when at last he was leaving his father's roof and beginning an independent life. Till the year 1639, at the close of which he became thirty-one, Milton had been permitted by a highly appreciative and generous father to devote himself to learning and culture, that so he might prepare himself for some great poetical effort. Everything had been done for his education that could be done. Not content with the training and the lore imparted by St. Paul's School and by Cambridge, he, with his father's sanction and approval, had continued his studies at home for some six years; and then in 1638 had enjoyed the advantage of a foreign tour, which lasted some ten or eleven months, and acquainted him not only with famous towns and scenes, but also with some of the most distinguished Europeans of his day. Thus, over thirty years of perpetual and thorough preparation had gone by; and at last the time seemed come when the fruit of his long 'wearisome labours and studious watchings' should be put forth. Milton himself clearly felt it was so. He had not been quite at ease that the promise of his youth was so tardy of fulfilment. He speaks in one of his letters—the only extant one in English—of being 'something suspicious of myself,' and of taking notice of 'a certain belatedness in me': and in another to his friend Diodati ('Damon'), he remarks, 'it is well-known, and you well know, that I am naturally slow in writing

and-averse to write.' Certainly, when he settled down in lodgings of his own (just off Fleet Street, on part of the site of the 'Punch' office of our time), or a few months later, wanting more room for his books, in a 'garden-house' in Aldersgate Street (on the east side, not far from Maidenhead Court), he recognised that something must really be done: and we find him searching for a satisfactory subject. As late as 1639 his thoughts were set upon King Arthur, as can be proved from two of his Latin poems written in that year, viz. the *Epi-taphium Damoris* and the *Mansus*. But for certain reasons, the chief probably that he had realised the fabulousness of the Arthurian story ('Who Arthur was,' he writes in his *History of Britain*, 'and whether ever any such reigned in Britain, hath been doubted before, and may again with good reason'), he somewhat suddenly as it would seem dismissed that hero, and looked round for a substitute. In the above-mentioned Trinity College MS., most probably penned just at this period, he makes a long list—a hundred minus one—of subjects that might serve his purpose. 'Of these, fifty-three are taken from the Old Testament, and among them *Paradise Lost* is unmistakably the favourite; eight are from the New Testament; thirty-three are from British history; and five are 'Scotch stories, or rather British of the North Parts'; and last of these, and so last of the whole ninety-nine, is '*Macbeth*. Beginning at the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff. The matter of Duncan may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost.'

Now I propose suggesting and discussing two special reasons for the insertion of *Macbeth* in this list—the one historical, or having reference to the historical facts; the other didactic, or moral. But before I proceed to these, brief references must be made first to Milton's attitude to the Romantic Drama generally, and to Shakespeare in particular; and secondly, to the state in which Shakespeare's *Macbeth* has come down to us, and the manner in which it was presented in the seventeenth century.

To turn to the first of these points: there is abundant proof that Milton's dramatic sympathies were all in the direction of the classical form. Late in life, in the prefatory note to *Samson Agonistes* (published in 1671), he issued, as everybody will remember, what we may call a manifesto on this question, so far at least as Tragedy was concerned. After several remarks by no means friendly to the contemporary stage, he names Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides as 'the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy.' The circumscription of time, he adds, 'wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is, according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.' And in the work itself that is thus prefaced, he gives us in fact a Greek play in English, a splendid and a still unsurpassed or unequalled monument of Hellenic scholarship and insight. But it would be a mistake to

suppose that these convictions, so trenchantly enounced and so nobly illustrated, belonged only to Milton's senescence, or can be explained by his disgust with the theatre of the Restoration. Years and years before Milton had made up his mind on this matter. In the subject-list, drawn up as we have seen when he began seriously and practically to address himself to what he meant to be the achievement of his life, the dramatic form is the prevailing form—nay, the only form—entertained by him; and it is the classical (*i.e.* the Greek) dramatic form. In several cases he specially mentions the chorus, and of whom it is to consist. In many others the very titles sufficiently indicate the models that are in his thoughts; thus, *Naboth συκοφαντούμενος*, *Elisæus Hydrochoas*, *Hezechias πολιορκούμενος*, *Josiah αιαζόμενος*, *Herod Massacring* or *Rachel Weeping*, *Christus Patiens*, *Christ Risen*, *Vortiger immured*, *Hardiknute dying in his cups*, *Athelstan exposing his brother Edwin to the sea and repenting*, &c. And from the note added to the *Macbeth* entry it is certain that his intention was to treat the subject according to the usage of the Attic stage. Similarly, in one of the most magnificent of the many magnificent passages in his prose writing, in the famous account he renders of himself and his doings and his purposes in *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*, when he refers to the form his poem may take, whether epic or dramatic, he does not acknowledge or admit under the latter head any other 'constitutions' than those 'wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign.' He discovers the Greek 'constitutions' even in Hebrew literature. He agrees with Origen that 'the Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a double chorus'; and is of opinion, Paræus confirming him, that 'the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping sympathies.' Beyond question it was the Greek drama that was meet and right in his eyes; and the modern drama seemed a somewhat dubious growth or creature, with which as an author he meant to have little to do, however he might peruse it as a reader. For that in his younger days at least he read his Shakespeare with immense appreciation and delight, is vividly shown not only by those famous memorial lines beginning 'What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones?'—happily, the first lines of Milton's composing that appeared in print—but by a much more significant sign in the shape of numberless allusions and echoes to be observed in his earlier poems—in *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, and *Comus*. It is wonderful how well Milton knew his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, his *Romeo and Juliet*, his *Tempest*. (Often, no doubt, he had seen these plays and others from the same source acted in the Blackfriars Theatre or the Globe.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native woodnotes wild.

Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.

So he writes in his first 'Elegy,' when he describes his London life during a certain absence from Cambridge. But probably from the very beginning, genuinely and heartily as he appreciated the genius of Shakespeare, in theory he was attached rather to Ben Jonson and his school; and there may be detected in his tone an anticipatory concord with the kind of dramatic criticism which prevailed in Europe till the rise of Lessing, that is, with the habit of crying up Shakespeare's genius, and crying down his art—with the habit of estimating the modern drama by the canons and standard of the classical, instead of recognising it as a new and distinct embodiment of the dramatic spirit. It was Lessing who first led the world to recognise the cardinal fact that Sophocles and Shakespeare represent two quite separate theatres, and that to speak of Shakespeare as a bad Sophocles is as absurd as it would be to speak of Sophocles as a bad Shakespeare. In the seventeenth century this great discovery—for so it was, obvious as what it states now seems to us—had not yet been made; and we must not be surprised or contemptuous if Milton was not in advance of his age in this respect, and so did not understand the exact relation of the Elizabethan playwrights to the Periclean. Brilliant classical scholar as he was, and the classics at that time having such an ascendancy, it is no wonder if he was by no means contented with the popular drama of his time.

We must also remember, before we note the two particular reasons that probably led Milton to think of treating, in the classical style, the Macbeth story of all the Shakespearian tragedies, that the play of *Macbeth* seems to have been strangely handled even in its author's lifetime, or, at all events, just after his death. This question cannot here be discussed at length. I can only call attention to the view taken by many competent scholars, and venture to express my thorough agreement with it, that *Macbeth*, as it appears in the first folio, 1623, is not exactly what Shakespeare wrote, but a revised version of what Shakespeare wrote. There are many difficulties about the present shape of this tragedy, as all students and possibly some 'general readers' know; and they are probably best accounted for by the hypothesis that the play, as we have it, has been freely edited and modified by somebody, Middleton, very likely, who augmented the lyrical parts and multiplied the dances—operatised it, in short, if I may invent such a verb for the occasion. We may marvel that the right hand that did such a deed did not wither; we may be pleased to fancy that its owner afterwards repented, and, like Cranmer,

denounced such an unworthy member. But none the less the deed seems to have been done, and this tremendous tragedy was mixed with baser matter. A further evolution of this curious process is to be seen in Davenant's *Macbeth*, the current form in the Restoration period, printed in 1674 (the year in which Milton died). 'From hence' (my Lord Crewe's), writes Mr. Pepys in December 1666, 'to the Duke's house, and there saw *Macbeth* most excellently acted, and a most excellent play for variety'; and in the following month, still more significantly, he notes: 'To the Duke's house, and saw *Macbeth*, which, though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here and suitable;' in which sagacious comment many a modern critic would insert just the opposite adjectives. 'The Weird Sisters,' says Lamb, in a passage well known but deserving to be known yet better, 'are serious things. Their presence, cannot co-exist with mirth.' Yet, to the audience of Charles the Second's reign, they had become comic figures, and were greeted with roars of laughter. Conceive the *Eumenides* of Æschylus presented in like fashion. Conceive Alecto and her sisterhood as she buffoons, or Pluto 'entering' with the grimaces and the somersaults of a clown! This vulgarising of *Macbeth*, of which the beginnings are discernible, as we have pointed out, in the earlier half of the century, may surely be pleaded in mitigation of Milton's offence when he dared to meditate a fresh dramatic rendering of a story already set forth by Shakespeare.

Let us now consider those two special reasons that have been suggested above as probably influencing Milton in this matter. The first has relation to the treatment of historical facts by Shakespeare in *Macbeth*—to the freedom and license with which they were rearranged and altered. Milton's objection to Shakespeare's *Macbeth* on this score is I think suggested and proved by another entry in his subject-list, which has, I believe, never yet been noticed in this connection, viz. 'Duff and Donewald: A strange story of witchcraft and murder discovered and revenged.'

The principles on which the historical drama and the historical novel should be constructed are by no means easy to define. Certainly the historian has often resented, and often resents, the intrusion of the fictionist on his domain. And undoubtedly many popular errors are due to the gross inaccuracies or the daring interferences with historical fact that are to be found in most plays and novels that profess to deal with history. Some writers do not shrink from rewriting what has already been written for ever by the finger of time. The past is not the past with them, but a flexible and manageable present. They arrogate a power beyond that of Jupiter himself, who, however he may cloud or sun the skies to-morrow,

Non tamen inritum,
Quodcunque retrost, efficiet, neque
Diffinget infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

And, indeed, if they are verily 'creators,' how, they ask, is their creative power to be limited and fixed? And they quote, or might quote, for their charter Horace's trite dictum :

Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

And accordingly *quidlibet audent*. On the other hand, Aristotle insists 'that it is not the province of a poet to relate things which have happened, but such as might have happened, and such things as are possible according to probability, or would necessarily have happened. For an historian and a poet do not differ from each other because the one writes in verse and the other in prose; for the history of Herodotus might be written in verse, and yet it would be no less a history with metre than without metre. But they differ in this, that the one speaks of things which have happened, and the other of such as might have happened. Hence poetry is more philosophic and more deserving of attention than history.' However, the service which writers of imagination—Shakespeare and Scott, above all others—have done in exciting a real interest in distant ages—in making the dry bones live and 'provoking the silent dust'—is so great and grand that we accept their works with grateful thanks, and think it a comparatively little thing that they are not always found in exact agreement with the contemporary records which the researches of the learned from time to time bring to light. Now what were Milton's views on this question? He seems to have held that the poet, if he dealt with historical fact, should faithfully adhere to it; and, what is more, he seems to have held that the poet should deal with historical fact.

'It was necessary for Milton,' as that excellent critic and writer Mr. Mark Pattison observes, 'that the events and personages which were to arouse and detain his interests should be real events and personages. The mere play of fancy with the pretty aspects of things could not satisfy him; he wanted to feel beneath him a substantial world of reality. . . . His imagination is only stirred by real circumstances.' Perhaps we may relevantly refer to Carlyle's insistence on the impressiveness of 'the smallest historical fact' 'as contrasted with the grandest fictitious event.'

All those ninety-nine subjects that, as we know, Milton was revolving in his mind when he was earnestly meditating a great poetical work, are historical. All those stories that attracted him in the Old Testament and in the New seemed to him, whatever conclusions or views about them modern criticism may arrive at or

entertain, to be strictly historical, not Hebrew or Christian legends. In the *Reason for Church Government* he tells us how he considered 'what king or knight before the Conquest might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero.' As Tasso had chosen an historical person for his hero, finally adopting Godfrey of Boulogne after some hesitation whether it should be he or Belisarius or Charlemagne, so would Milton select one of our 'ancient stories,' i.e. one of our ancient histories, for the word 'story' is etymologically but a decapitated form of the word 'history,' and in Elizabethan and even later English it is often used in its original sense. As already remarked, he rejected King Arthur because he found, after careful scrutiny, that he was not historical—that he was mainly, if not wholly, a mere mythical figment. Finally he selected a Biblical subject, having in the Biblical narrative, as he read it, the *terra firma* his genius desired. For he accepted the Biblical narrative *verbatim et literatim*; in his eyes it not only contained the word of God; it was the word of God. And so, whenever he could, he followed closely the very diction of the Bible; and undoubtedly the comparative inferiority of many parts of *Paradise Lost*, considered as a poem, is due to this very method. It is as if he deliberately restrained the free movement of his wings. In a certain sense, and to a certain degree, he ceases to be a 'poet soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him'; he reproduces and translates and does not create. Invention came to be regarded as of secondary importance. This view of the poet's function grew more and more upon him, and does much to explain the austerity and baldness of his latest style. And indeed, strange as the statement may at first appear, it leads us on to the immediately subsequent periods of our literature, in which poetry became a kind of decorative art—in which formal themes that belonged rather to the province of prose are taken up by the reigning poets, and argued and discussed in metre. The seeds of the school of Dryden and Pope were sown in the middle of the seventeenth century. It is by no mere accident that Pope in the opening of his *Essay on Man* almost exactly repeats certain words in the opening of *Paradise Lost*. In Milton's time the tide of the imagination that reached such a height in the Elizabethan age had not yet completely ebbed; in Pope's time it was gone far down, and often we find ourselves in a sandy tract of metrical essays and treatises, and scarcely 'hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.'

Pope sneers, perhaps not unjustly—if sneering is ever just—at Milton for turning 'God the Father' into a 'School divine'; but it is not less true of Pope and his age that the poet is often transformed into the professor, and when we are listening for a song, we have a lecture inflicted upon us; we look for a vision of Apollo, and behold a doctor of theology, or some graduate in metaphysics or in science. I say the movement in this prosaic direction is perceptible

in Milton's age, and in Milton's theory at least, and in his practice, so far as he obeyed his theory. The most splendid passages of *Paradise Lost* are, in fact, just those where Milton is delivered from his theory—when he has no such facts to go upon as so often make him 'pedestrian.' In the first two books of his great epic, Milton has to rely only on his imagination; there is no restricting narrative to 'damp' his 'intended wing depressed'; and the result is one of the finest and noblest achievements of the poetical spirit.

And so happily in art, as in the moral world, men are often better than their theories: they do not live down to their creeds. Often, no doubt, it is true that 'the better is seen and the worse is followed'; but, if we may vary Ovid's familiar words, it is also often true—

Video pejora proboque,
Sed meliora sequor.

Nature is stronger than the rules and canons that are formulated for her guidance. The artistic instinct prevails over all the utterances of a self-conscious and a perverse analysis.

But, however this may be, and to whatever degree Milton's greatness and his theories are in harmony, it is certain Milton had a profound respect for historic fact, and was by no means willing to give poetry a charter to ignore or to reconstruct it. The poet might or might not adopt it as his material, and for his part he inclined to adopt it; but assuredly, if the poet did adopt it, he had no right to take liberties with it, he was bound to be faithful to it. Now what is to be said of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* in this respect?

Briefly, Shakespeare did just what Milton thought ought not to be done. Whatever may have been his practice with regard to later periods, which there is no time now to discuss, Shakespeare troubled himself little about the historical details in dealing with the more distant ones, e.g. in dealing with the periods of *Hamlet*, of *King Lear*, of *Cymbeline*, and of *Macbeth*. He submitted to no such bondage as Milton willingly endured and even gladly welcomed. Not that he altogether ignored the circumstances of his plots, or wholly forgot with what age they were connected, or said to be connected; but he was contented with a mere general recognition of the circumstances and the age. His first and his last thought was to produce a picture of life; it was not historical, or archæological, or ethical. Some local and some historical colour might be introduced; but such considerations were entirely secondary and subordinate. He would omit, and he would add, even as it pleased him. He would not attempt to tread precisely in the footsteps of any chronicler, let him chronicle ever so wisely. It was the book of life he studied, and Hall and Holinshed were valuable only as helps to that supreme study. And so in his great tragedy of *Macbeth* he drew many of the incidents from a quite different story. Nearly all the details of the murder of Duncan are,

it is well known, derived from the story of King Duff's murder by Donwald. In both narratives a wife appears, who instigates her husband to crime. But it is from the King Duff narrative that the particulars of the enactment are taken.

The drugging of the chamberlains, the assassination of the too confiding guest as he slept, the pretended unconsciousness—the outraged innocence—of the real criminal, and his slaughter of the royal attendants in a paroxysm of zeal, the wild furious storm which broke over the guilty scene, as if Nature must needs vent her horror at what was so accursedly done; 'the heavens, as troubled with man's act,' threatening 'his bloody stage'—all these things appertain in the old chronicler whom Shakespeare followed to the murder of King Duff, and not to the death of King Duncan. All that Holinshed reports of this latter event is this short paragraph:

At length, therefore, communicating his purposed intent [to usurp the kingdom by force] with his trusty friends, amongst whom Banquo was the chiefest, upon confidence of their promised aid, he slew the king at Enverness [Inverness], or, as some say, at Botgavane, in the vj year of his reign.

It would be easy to mention other points in which Shakespeare varied from his nominal authority;¹ but this single one is enough for our purpose. For I think we may infer from a certain fact that it was this that caused Milton some discontent and annoyance. The fact is that which I have mentioned above, and which, as I remarked, has not before been quoted in this connection, and so surely not properly understood—viz. that Milton mentions also in his subject-list *Duff* and *Donwald*. Evidently then in Milton's *Macbeth*, had it ever been written, the story of King Duff would have been kept quite separate from the story of King Duncan; the two threads which Shakespeare has so boldly intertwined would have been carefully disentangled; the confusion of two distinct historical events would have been in no wise permitted.

With the ultimate historical value of Holinshed's chronicle we are not here concerned. Shakespeare's disrespectful use of it did not spring, we may be sure, from any enlightened views as to its accuracy or importance; even the wildest of his idolaters will scarcely maintain that he anticipated the results of modern historical criticism and investigation, and so attached but slight weight to what is very largely a tissue of legends. But I may just quote one sentence from Mr. Robertson's *Scotland under her Early Kings*. 'The double failure

¹ 'With the exception of Duncan's murder [?], in which Macbeth was concerned either as principal or accessory, and the character of Lady Macbeth, there is hardly any point in which the drama coincides with the real history. . . . The single point upon which historians agree is that the reign of Macbeth was one of remarkable prosperity and vigorous government.' So Messrs. Clark and Wright in the Preface to the Clarendon Press edition of *Macbeth*.

in Northumberland and Moray [Duncan had made unsuccessful expeditions into England and against Thorfin] hastening the catastrophe of the youthful king, he was assassinated "in the smith's bothy" near Elgin, not far from the scene of his latest battle, the Mormaor Macbeth being the undoubted author of his death.'

On historical grounds then Milton was dissatisfied with Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Let us now turn to another point of view from which this play seemed to him no less, probably still more, unsatisfactory. Let us turn to the central action and thought of it, and reflect how Milton would regard Shakespeare's treatment of the great question presented.

And, first of all, let it be noticed that no other of Shakespeare's plays comes so near dealing with the very subject of *Paradise Lost*, or we may say does in fact so fully deal with it, as *Macbeth*. The subject of *Paradise Lost* is the Ruin of Man; and what else is the subject of *Macbeth*? Each work in its own manner treats of the origin of evil; each portrays a spiritual decline and fall. Adam represents the human race, but he is also as individual as Milton could make him; Macbeth is an individual, but also he is typical. Milton formally states the theme which he proposes to set forth. He bids the heavenly muse sing—

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden.

Without any such formal enunciation, not less fully, and with far greater power, does Shakespeare paint one of man's later disobediences, the disobedience of a remote son of Adam, and how he too plucked forbidden fruit, and was expelled from his Eden—expelled from the state of happiness, honour, and peace. For indeed the story of Adam is perpetually repeated; it is a faithful image of what goes on every day in the world. Every day in the world paradises are lost, and looking back poor exiles behold their so late

Happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms;

and, 'with wandering steps and slow,' they have to traverse the stony tracts that spread far away outside. Thus the fall of man never ceases being acted on the human stage. Happily, too, his restoration never ceases being acted; in some sort daily the lost paradises are regained. But this brighter side of the great human drama does not now claim our consideration. It is with a tragedy of tragedies that we have now to do—one in which all that makes life worth living is wasted and lost, and he who, when we first see him, 'sits high in all

the peoples' hearts,' is at last cast out into the outer darkness of men's hate and loathing.

Besides the fall of man Milton presents also the fall of Satan, and in his picture he gives us a scene exactly parallel to that in *Macbeth*, where the already demoralised nature of Macbeth receives a fresh strong impulse towards its fatal corruption through the preferment of Malcolm to be Prince of Cumberland.

The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

In *Paradise Lost* the appointment by God of His Son to be His Vicegerent awakes similarly the evil—how strange and unaccountable an inmate!—in the bosom of Satan; and shortly afterwards he thus addresses him whom we see in another book as his favourite devil:

Sleep'st thou, companion dear? What sleep can close
Thy eyelids, and rememberest what decrees
Of yesterday, so late hath passed the lips
Of Heaven's Almighty? . . .
. . . New laws thou seest imposed;
New laws from him who reigns new minds may raise
In us who serve—new counsels, to debate
What doubtful may ensue.

And so there is rebellion in Heaven, and in due time rebellion on earth, just as in *Macbeth's* 'single state of man.'

But, leaving secondary resemblances alone, I wish to dwell on the fact that Shakespeare and Milton are in these great works, each in his own way, thinking of the same transcendent problem, viz. the freedom of man's will. As to Adam, and as to Macbeth, the old, old questions arise: were they capable of resisting the terrible forces that were arrayed against them? Could they have delivered themselves from evil? How did they come to fall so miserably? Whence was engendered the weakness that undid them? How far were they responsible for such a disastrous debility? What is the real parentage of crime? Even such awful and insoluble problems are at once suggested by the careers of Adam and Macbeth. For in neither case do external causes explain the horrible mischief that is depicted. 'A man's foes are those of his own household.' It was the treachery of the defending garrison, not the overwhelming strength of the attack, that produced the overthrow. If Milton's serpent had had no encouragements or alliances in the heart of his victims, he might have charmed in vain. And it is not the witches that work Macbeth's ruin; it is Macbeth's own falseness that works it. When he first appears on the stage, so

honoured and trusted and loved, and seemingly so loyal and true, he is already in correspondence and treaty with the powers of darkness. Already he

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Those wild figures he encounters on the Heath, near Forres, only in fact give voice to the dire imaginings that already have a home in his breast.

Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind.

But Macbeth has invited evil to stay and abide with him, and is already saying, 'Evil, be thou my good.'

But the manner in which Shakespeare deals with these dark inscrutable problems is very different from that in which Milton deals with them; and what I have now to suggest is that this manner was far from satisfying Milton, and that Milton's dissatisfaction with it was one chief reason why he was guilty of the impertinence, as it will seem to many persons to be, of proposing to write another dramatic version of the Macbeth story. Briefly, Shakespeare deals with these problems as one who feels their infinite mystery, and that they are 'beyond the reaches of our souls.' Milton, to speak plainly, deals with them in the spirit of a dogmatist—of one who has an exegetic scheme ready drawn up, which he perpetually enforces and reinforces. In this respect Shakespeare's humanity exhibits itself in all its breadth and depth; and it must be allowed, I think, that Milton, with all his culture and all his greatness, shows by the side of him as one of narrower vision, and a less wide range of sympathy.

The catholicity of Shakespeare's spirit—I use the word, I need scarcely say, in no limited ecclesiastical sense—is nowhere more amply displayed than in *Macbeth*, whatever faults in some respects might be found with this play. As Dryden finely remarks of him, 'he was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul.' We may well apply to him Virgil's untranslatable line:

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

He had a profound sense of the pathos of things. 'But yet the pity of it . . . the pity of it.' He certainly does not spare the sinner. He certainly makes us hate his sin; but in him 'the quality of mercy is not strained.' As we watch Macbeth drifting towards the precipice, it is not contempt for his weakness that he excites overpoweringly within us; it is rather a profound compassion; it is not a sense of superiority and pride that we stand firm, but a sense of humility—a sense that we are of like passions with him, and might

too easily be drifting in a like direction. Pity and terror purify our souls. We feel ourselves face to face with

those mysteries which Heaven
Will not have earth to know.

We are conscious of the amazing shallowness of those who 'take upon' them 'the mystery of things, as if' they 'were God's spies.' We perceive with a new vividness that

There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy;

and that the truest reverence, and it may be that the most exemplary 'faith,' are exhibited in the submissive acceptance of the limitedness of human discovery and knowledge.

In striking contrast is Milton's attitude. He has so clearly as he believes reasoned out the matter, that he feels more impatience than pity—more anger than sorrow—as he narrates the fall of man. To him the event appears not so much pathetic as shameful. If I may put it so, he holds a brief for the Almighty as he conceives Him, and is perpetually defending Him from the charge of undue severity. He is always insisting that Adam was made perfectly well able to resist the tempter, had he been so minded. If he fell, he had only himself to blame; his Maker had done everything for him that could be expected—everything that was right. If he fell,

Whose fault?

Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all the Ethereal Powers
And Spirits, both them who stood and them who failed;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.

Qui s'excuse s'accuse. And Milton's God, scarcely perhaps a Being to attract men's devotion and love, 'protests too much, methinks.' To Milton's intellect, indeed, there is no mystery in what seems to most men so profound a mystery. Everything is amenable to argument, and can be made entirely plain.

When first this Tempter crossed the gulf for hell,
I told ye then he should prevail, and speed
On his bad errand. Man should be seduced
And flattered out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free will, to his own inclining left
In even scale.

And so, with scarcely an exception, this merely hard-headed, and therefore obviously limited manner, prevails in Milton's treatment of

this terrible tragedy. He writes for the most part like some inexorable logician, and not like a man conscious of the infirmities of his kind. Just the same spirit expresses itself in *Samson Agonistes*, especially in the scene between Samson and Dalilah.

All wickedness is wickedness; that plea, therefore,
With God or man will gain thee no remission.

Milton was himself of a singularly lofty and strong character, and lived throughout a life of noble and sustained purposes.

'Credibile est' illum 'pariter vitiisque locisque
Altius humanis exseruisse caput.'

And so he found it hard to make allowance—hard to feel any pity—for the weaknesses of ordinary mortals. He had in a high degree the faults of his virtues. And, as suggested above, his genius, with all its rich natural endowments, and with all the talents that learning and culture had contributed to it, was yet narrower—less catholic—than that of Shakespeare.

I am not, of course, attempting in this paper to discuss the profound and awful questions that are brought before us in *Paradise Lost* and in *Macbeth*. I am only calling attention to the difference between the manner in which these works, each in its own way so great and so splendid and priceless, present them to us. And I trust I have made it sufficiently clear how Milton would regard Shakespeare's presentment of them as inadequate—would be persuaded that Shakespeare had not enough emphasised the wilfulness of Macbeth's ruin, and so to his thinking had not satisfactorily asserted

Eternal Providence,
And justified the ways of God to men.

JOHN W. HALES.

THE DIMINUTION OF DRUNKENNESS IN NORWAY

It is difficult to say something fresh on the drink question or to throw any new light upon the subject ; and yet as long as this acknowledged curse lies heavy on our land, dragging down large portions of the working classes to the lowest depths of sin, misery, and despair, it cannot and ought not to be said that the last word has been spoken.

Only a few years ago drinking habits prevailed to a considerable extent amongst the populations inhabiting the Scandinavian kingdoms of Norway and Sweden ; now, both these countries, especially the former, have in a large measure freed themselves, with the happiest results, from the clutches of the Drink Fiend.

If it has been found practicable in Norway and Sweden to effect this reform, why should it be impossible in Great Britain ? The methods adopted to bring about this happy change in the habits of Swedish and Norwegian people should at all events be carefully studied by thoughtful Englishmen.

When lately in Norway, I was struck by two things—the rocky, barren, unproductive nature of the soil, and the comfortable appearance of the peasantry. The industry and thrift practised by both sexes were apparent to the eye ; one saw no idlers ; all were at work, the men in the fields, the women at the doors of their houses, knitting, sewing, and mending garments. One met no men or women in rags, no drunkards, no brawlers, no beggars, and I saw no taverns. On making inquiries I was informed that a great change had lately come over the condition of Norway. Since the legislation of 1866 and 1871 public-houses have been practically abolished in the rural districts, and greatly diminished and regulated in the towns. For instance, in Bergen, with a population of 60,000, there are only fourteen licensed houses, all under the strictest regulation. Soon after my arrival I took a drive round the neighbouring heights, and was informed that the wonderfully engineered road, the institutions I saw, and the beautiful public gardens through which I passed were all either maintained or aided by the society which enjoyed the

monopoly of selling ardent spirits in these fourteen public-houses. My curiosity was aroused to know more about this wonderful society, and on making inquiries I was recommended to read a small pamphlet written by Mr. Thomas M. Wilson, C.E., in which he gives a most interesting account of the history and progress of local option in Norway, together with a statement regarding the establishment and working of the society for retailing ardent spirits in Bergen.

As the pamphlet does not appear to be on sale in Great Britain, and contains matter which should be of general interest, I propose to give a few short extracts from the work, referring for fuller information to the pamphlet itself, which can be purchased for 1s. at the tourist offices in Bergen, Christiania, Stavanger, and Throndhjem.

Mr. Wilson, in the preface to his work, says that he was opposed to the Norwegian system when first introduced, but acknowledges that nearly twenty years' experience of its working has enabled him to realise how mistaken were his original views, they having been based upon a fear of evils supposed to be attached to the system, which subsequent experience has proved to have been entirely imaginary. He adds that he now realises fully his earlier mistake, and is perfectly satisfied that the societies for retailing ardent spirits in Norway have effected a maximum of good to the community at large, with a minimum of inconvenience to the legitimate consumer of alcoholic drinks. He states, what is well known, that to the town of Gothenburg, in Sweden, is due the honour of having first attempted to restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors, and that since that time the plan adopted by the municipal council of that city, and subsequently imitated by other urban authorities, has generally been known by the name of the Gothenburg system. In that city the municipal council is the licensing authority, and fixes the number of licences which it deems necessary for the public convenience. Instead of issuing them to individuals, the council grants a monopoly to a society of shareholders formed for the purpose of acquiring licences, and which undertakes to conduct the trade in the public interest. The shareholders are precluded by their contract from enjoying a larger benefit than 5 per cent. on the capital invested. All further profit made in the business must be handed over to the municipal council, to be expended by it in the reduction of the public burdens. The monopoly is granted for a limited number of years, and the council retains control over the operations of the society, fixes the number of bars and shops in which intoxicating liquors may be sold, as well as the sites of these establishments, and the appointments of the society's servants are also subject to its approval. The advantage of this system is that neither the society nor the managers of the drinking saloons are interested in the immoderate consumption of ardent spirits—the former being paid a fixed salary, and the latter being precluded from earning a larger dividend than 5 per cent. The

disadvantage, on the other hand, according to Mr. Wilson, is, that the urban authorities, and the ratepayers generally, are distinctly interested in the multiplication of drinking bars, and in the consumption of alcoholic liquors, inasmuch as all profits over 5 per cent. are paid into the municipal treasury and diminish the weight of public burdens borne by the individual ratepayer. Mr. Wilson tells us that the Norwegians were quick to perceive this blot, and in dealing with the drink question in their own country have adopted the strong and rejected the weak points of the system.

In the cities of Norway as well as in Gothenburg, the municipal councils fix the number of licences required to meet the reasonable convenience of the public, and respectively grant a monopoly in each town to a society formed for the purpose of undertaking the trade, usually for a term of five years. The council retains full control over the operations of the society, and its books are open to the inspection of the council. Its statistics, by-laws, and regulations, and the appointments in the society's service, are all subject to the approval of the council, and, with the exception of that of the servants, must also obtain the royal sanction and seal. The committee of management is formed of a body of representatives, of whom a certain proportion are now generally elected by the shareholders, whilst the remainder are appointed by the municipal council, and may or may not be shareholders, or may or may not be municipal councillors. Usually, however, the municipal council appoints members of its own body to act on the committee of management of the society, which, as at Gothenburg, is not permitted to pay a higher dividend than 5 per cent. to its shareholders.

Mr. Wilson tells us that the great feature in the Norwegian system, and in which it differs from that of Gothenburg, is the destination of the annual surplus after paying the shareholders their preferential interest. The surplus, instead of going into the local treasury in reduction of the public burdens, is applied each year in making pecuniary grants to the funds of deserving charities, benevolent societies, philanthropic institutions, or other objects of general utility which are entirely dependent for their existence on the voluntary support of the public. Any charity or institution which derives aid, however small, from the local treasury or rates is disqualified from participation in the grants of societies established under the Norwegian system of local option. The purity of motive of municipal councils in dealing with the drink question (which in consequence of the great financial success of the Gothenburg system is considered to have degenerated in Sweden) is thus in Norway retained, and the licensing authorities are secured against all temptation to stray from the principle which should underlie local option as a social reform.

At the time Mr. Wilson's pamphlet was written (1890) there were fifty-one Norwegian societies which conducted the retailing of ardent

spirits, and fifty-nine towns with a licensing authority. In five small towns with a collective population of 9,900 souls, licences had been refused to all applicants, and in these places no retailing of intoxicating liquors was permitted. In three other small towns with a collective population of 1,280, societies had not been formed to monopolise licences, and the retailing of ardent spirits in them was still conducted by private licences. The authority in every town may or may not grant licences in its discretion; the same may be said of rural districts; in them local option exists and is practised in its most complete form; in some places a few licences are granted, in others none at all, depending on the discretion of the communal body of representatives which is the licensing authority.

Youths younger than sixteen or seventeen years of apparent age are not permitted to be served at bars, and females may not be employed as attendants at them. The bar attendants are clad in a uniform, each man with a number on his collar, like a policeman, to enable him to be identified should a customer have any complaint to make against him, and he is not permitted to hand drink to anyone in an inebriated state, or to serve a customer with such a quantity as may be anticipated to cause intoxication. The bars are quite plainly fitted up, without the slightest glitter of the gin-palace; they are kept clean and respectable; no seats of any kind are provided; no private compartments, nor any conveniences for loitering on the premises.

Mr. Wilson informs us that all places licensed for the sale of spirits must close at five o'clock in the afternoon of the day preceding Sundays and holy festivals, and remain closed until eight o'clock in the morning following these sacred days. Licensed premises may not be opened before eight o'clock in the morning, nor kept open after ten o'clock in the evening. He states that the experience gained since the Act of the 3rd of May, 1871, was passed (which enabled societies to compete as applicants for licences, and to hold any number in the option of the licensing authority) shows conclusively that the vice of drunkenness has received in Norway a staggering blow, and that the consumption of ardent spirits is immensely reduced, while great financial results have been attained, to the benefit of many deserving institutions, charities, and objects of public utility, which but for the life thus given them could not have otherwise existed.

On the passing of the above Act the cry of compensation to the publican was raised. After much discussion, public opinion decided against the justice of the claim made by the publicans, and no compensation was awarded, but they had five and a half years' grace given them to prepare for the event, so that the actual transfer of the licences to the societies did not take place until the 1st of January, 1877.

The societies lightened the force of the blow to the publicans by purchasing their unsold stocks of spirits, and, by engaging as bar stewards the more respectable of the ousted publicans, many of whom found themselves in their new positions quite as well, if not better off than when they sold spirits on their own account.

The sale of wine and beer is independent of the spirit licence, but also requires special permit, obtainable, however, on much easier terms than the former. Mr. Wilson informs us that the diminution in the consumption of ardent spirits has been accompanied by an increase in that of wines and ales, especially of the latter, but that the diminution in the consumption of ardent spirits which has followed the establishment of the controlling societies has not been accompanied by anything like a corresponding increase in the amount of wines and ales consumed, whilst drunkenness has markedly decreased. He says, however, that the wine and beer shops have proved a great obstacle to the completeness of the societies' work, and that most of these have opened a special fund, to which a portion of the annual profits is applied, for the purpose of buying up the privileges to sell wines and ales that are held under Crown grants. There is little doubt, he adds, that as soon as the last existing privilege to sell wines and ales independently of a licence from the municipal council ceases to exist in a Norwegian town the private licensees of that town are doomed to see all the municipal council's licences monopolised over their heads by the societies. The public will never again permit licences to be granted to private individuals, inasmuch as they are unable to compete with a society in offering advantages to the public in return for the privilege of a licence.

It will be observed, says Mr. Wilson, referring to the tables, in the report of the society in Bergen for retailing ardent spirits that the shareholders' benefit was restricted to 3,140*l.* in 13½ years; that the item of 30*l.* is for six weeks' interest at 5 per cent. per annum on the capital from the date of the call, prior to commencing to exercise the licences on the 18th of January, 1877; that the municipal treasury received in the thirteen years 25,185*l.* of excise duty and 5,120*l.* of ordinary communal taxes; and that the public gained 78,965*l.*, that sum having been earned for the benefit of 53 local institutions, charities, and other objects of general public utility. In other words, the society has earned every year on behalf of the public an average profit of 127 per cent. on its capital since it commenced its operations. The indirect gain to the public from the society's beneficial work is stated to be perfectly incalculable. The visitor to Bergen who walks along the mountain road above the city—the Fjeldvei, as it is called—constructed with funds provided by the society for retailing ardent spirits, and punningly called in consequence the 'Dram Road,' or who takes a walk in the handsome, well laid-out Nygaard Park, also chiefly provided out

of the profits of the society, can readily understand what an important influence such benefits exercise in elevating the taste and improving the condition of the masses, and in leading them away from temptations that existed in the days of uncontrolled licensed publicans. When we think, continues Mr. Wilson, of the society's artisans' dwellings, of the labourers' waiting-rooms, of the coffee-houses sprung from the society's work, of its contributions to museums, of the workmen's lectures, clubs, reading-rooms, theatre, etc., besides the host of other beneficent objects, it is not difficult to understand why it is that English visitors to Bergen are impressed by the well-to-do look of the population, the absence of drunkenness, beggary, and squalid misery, and the well-clad and well-nourished appearance of the meanest member of the community. There is not in Bergen, or in other Norwegian towns, a tithe of the wretchedness, squalid misery, poverty, and drunkenness, which is, alas! to be found in British towns of similar size. There can be no question that the difference is due in no small degree to the fact that in Bergen the sale of ardent spirits is strictly controlled, whilst in British towns such is not the case. This marked contrast between two nationalities living under very similar climatic conditions, and closely allied by blood, cannot fail to impress itself on the minds of all who are intimately acquainted with the people and circumstances of both countries.

Mr. Wilson has supplied us in his interesting pamphlet with much food for thought. It is for us to consider whether we cannot extract from the facts he has given us something which may be of benefit to ourselves. Doubtless the circumstances of Norway and of Great Britain are not identical. That which is good for the one need not necessarily be suitable for the other—indeed the presumption is in the opposite direction; but still, when all allowance is made for the essential differences between the two countries, if Norway has in so large a measure regenerated its population by the regulation of the drink traffic, it ought not to be impossible for Great Britain to discover some effective means of freeing itself from the national bondage to the demon of strong drink, which cripples its energies, forces down large sections of its people into the slough of degradation, vice, and misery, and hinders the upward flight of its population towards the higher regions of morality and civilisation.

MEATH.

WOMEN AND THE GLOVE TRADE

THE glove trade in England gives employment to some 15,524 persons, of whom 13,261, or 85 per cent., are women.

The men's share in the manufacture consists in the preparation of the skins and in the all-important function of cutting the leather into pieces of the requisite length and width. They, too, punch out the glove-shapes, the pieces for the thumbs, and the forefingers—*i.e.* the little side pieces of the fingers.

The next stages in the glove manufacture give employment to women; but the final processes again fall to men, since it is they, or, at any rate, boys, who, with the aid of a machine, punch in the buttons of the heavier make of gloves; while they also 'lay out' the gloves, and give them the final touches before packing them. This finishing work is done in the factories—the last process in a room called the 'laying-out,' or, more jocularly, the 'deceiving' room where the gloves are drawn on to heated iron lasts, so that the creases may get smoothed out.

The women's share in the manufacturing process begins when the glove-shapes have been distributed to them, either by an agent established in the villages, or by bag-women—women who travel from factory to village, and, in consideration of the small charge of 1d. a dozen, take in the completed work and bring out the fresh. Pointing—*i.e.* stitching the backs—is the first operation.

This was formerly done with the aid of an engine, more popularly known as the 'brass donkey.' This little apparatus—still used for the pointing of fabric gloves—is to be seen in many of the cottages. It consists of a flat stand, out of which springs an upright, wooden stem terminating in two brass clippers with little notches or teeth, through which the worker passes her needle. The work is firmly held between these teeth, and the clippers open and close by means of a spring worked with the foot. The worker sits on a low stool, the stem of the engine between her knees.

When tambour-pointing is in question, the procedure is altogether different. Holes having been previously perforated in the backs of the gloves, these are then stretched tightly in a tambouring-frame,

and the tambourer, with a celerity which strikes the beholder as truly marvellous, works the silk or wool in and out of the holes with a sort of crochet-hook.

After the gloves have been pointed, they are handed over to another set of women to be sewn. The 'forgets,' or side pieces of the fingers, and the thumbstalls, have to be set in, and the seams closed up—an operation demanding, when it is done by hand, a skill only to be obtained by instruction in childhood.

Next in order come the welting and buttonholing processes. Little girls fell the welts and put on the buttonhole-pieces—the 'strengtheners,' as they are called. Buttons are mostly put on at factories, where also girls do various odds and ends—make and pack samples for special orders, &c.

But until lately it was only a small proportion of the women's work which was done at the factories. Most of it was carried on in the homes of the people, and in summer time little groups of girls and women could be seen sitting out in the tiny gardens stitching, their tongues keeping merry tune to the ceaseless clicking of the needles. All ages were represented in these groups: 'the child of eight, laboriously learning the trade; the little girl of ten, who ought to have been at school, bending wearily over the dull task; the young woman, in lively chat with a neighbour who had brought in her gloving; and the house-mother, with a sleeping baby on her knee, almost hidden by a little pile of forgets and snippings.'¹

INTRODUCTION OF MACHINES

The glove manufacture, in short, was one which, like straw-plait and pillow-lace making, seemed destined to remain the permanent stronghold of hand labour, and to furnish the most satisfying instance of our old system of domestic manufactures. Machinery, which had so successfully encroached upon most cottage industries, seemed powerless to affect this one, and women, to all appearance, possessed an inalienable heritage in a mode of work peculiarly calculated to commend itself to believers in 'sex in industry' desirous of seeing women engaged only in light and cleanly occupations, carried on by the domestic hearth, in the midst of the infant workers of the future.

Little by little, however, the tide of mechanical invention set in. First, a French punch, or cutting-machine, shaped like a hand, was introduced, capable of cutting out gloves with speed and accuracy. Until this time all the slitting had been performed by hand with shears—a by no means occasional irregularity in the length of the fingers bearing full witness to this fact. Then a man named Köhler, of Chemnitz, invented and patented in all European countries a machine with two needles for doing the ornamental stitching at the

¹ Cf. *Women's Union Journal*, April, 1887: 'The Dorsetshire Glove Industry,' by 'South Country.'

backs of gloves. The sole right in England and a hundred of these machines were purchased from him by a manufacturer of Torrington, who in a month's time was laying on the point for $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ a dozen pairs, and doing 2,000 dozen a week.

It scarcely needs to be said that this particular individual rapidly made a fortune; but much temporary loss was entailed on those women who had previously worked at this branch at the rate of $7d.$ per dozen pairs.

The mass of workers, however, remained unaffected, for the simple reason that the sewing of the seams—the process which gave the women of the gloving districts their chief occupation, still resisted all endeavours to bring it under the domination of machinery. The first machines invented were practically useless, as they would not close up the fingers, and the good hands among the glovers naturally refused to finish machine-begun work. But in 1880 a machine called the ‘looper’ was invented, which at once revolutionised the whole system of production.²

The new machines were quickly adopted by the manufacturers of Yeovil and the adjacent districts, and centres for the gratuitous instruction of the glovers were formed in the principal villages, so that soon skilled machinists were springing up on all sides. As the glovers naturally were not in a position to purchase the necessary machines, a more or less uniform system was established under which the manufacturers supply them to the workers. Putting aside slight differences of detail, the prevailing tendency is to ‘keep a hold on the workers by retaining ownership of the machines.’ Messrs. Whitby, of Yeovil,³ for instance, provide the machines and keep them in repair; while Messrs. Dent, Allcroft & Co., who began by taking a weekly payment, and allowing the machines in time to become the property of the workers, now lend them out in the same manner as the other masters. Although the manufacturers here mostly own the machines, there is always a section of the glovers shrewd enough to see that it is a manifest advantage to be themselves the owners, as they can then accept work wherever it is to be had, and can also refuse reductions in wages, without any dread of being told to ‘send in their machines.’

Such far-seeing, thrifty, and independent personages get their sewing-machines for $8l.$, of which $1l.$ has to be paid before delivery, and the rest in monthly instalments. To the manufacturers, only

² The looper is the shuttle of a double-thread sewing-machine, which holds the underthread; but, instead of working underneath the plate, it works in a slender upright rod, the length of a finger—the thread coming up out of its point. Over this point the machinist draws the glove-finger, working the machine with her feet, and the needle catches up the underthread from the point of the looper, at each stitch.

³ I must here express my acknowledgments to these gentlemen, who not only showed me all over their factory, but gave me much assistance in other ways.

6*l.* 10*s.* (cash) is charged; but this seeming unfairness is to be explained by the fact that they purchase in large quantities, and that with them payment is certain.

EFFECT ON HANDWORK ⁴

It was of course inevitable that the introduction of machines should affect adversely the wages of hand-workers.

Hand-gloving lasted on for a little while after the introduction of machines, but then there was no more given out from Somersetshire firms. Dent continued to give out a small amount of the best quality, 'but at much reduced pay—*i.e.* 4*s.* a dozen to 3*s.* 6*d.* for very fine work—and not much of it to be had either.' ⁵

Now, in the days of handwork before 1880 the Vale of Blackmore glovers had work from Yeovil, Milborne Port, and Dent's factory in Worcestershire. Dent paid best, giving out the finest work at the rate of 5*s.* a dozen, down to 3*s.* 9*d.* a dozen. The Milborne Port factories paid as much as 5*s.* when the stitching of the backs was included in the work. The commoner gloves from Yeovil and Milborne Port brought the glovers in 3*s.* 6*d.* per dozen. A first-rate hand, working not less than twelve hours a day, could make three pairs daily of the 5*s.* per dozen work, and four of the 3*s.* 6*d.* per dozen kind, and so earn 7*s.* 6*d.* a week.

Nowadays, however, hand-sewing is scarcely worth undertaking, while buttonholing and tambouring, both processes which are still done by hand, are very poorly paid. One woman in Sturminster Newton told me that, working six hours regularly every day, she managed at buttonholing to make 2*s.* a week! On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion she had done four dozen and seven pairs in a week. The pay for four-buttoned gloves was 1*s.* 1*d.*, for six-buttoned, 1*s.* 9*d.* a dozen.

Tambouring is generally done by hand in England, because English manufacturers are of opinion that machines tend to tear the leather. For four-row tambouring the women get 11*d.* per dozen, and for two-row are paid proportionately less. Pointing—*i.e.* stitching the backs, which before the introduction of machines used to be paid at the rate of 7½*d.* per dozen, has now fallen to 5½*d.* for the three-stitch pointing.

'How be I to live on that?' asked one of my informants, flushed and voluble, 'vor it takes me vive hours to meake that!'

FORMER EARNINGS OF MACHINISTS

But if the hand-workers suffered, the machinists, so long as they were thoroughly well supplied with work, flourished exceedingly.

⁴ Handwork still survives to a limited extent in particular villages, as, for instance, at Upton Snodbury, a village about six miles from Worcester.

⁵ Those of the Milanese glovers who sew by hand can do five or six pairs a week only. They are paid 5*s.* to 5*s.* 10*d.* a dozen for piqué sewn men's gloves.

A good machinist who devoted a great deal of time to the work could make a dozen pairs a day of the four-buttoned gloves, for which she was paid 2s. 2d. a dozen, while single young women living at home with their parents, and having no domestic duties to perform, could turn out ten and even twelve dozen pairs in the course of the week, and thus earn from 20s. to 26s.⁶

But in 1886 the supply of work diminished, and the machinists complained bitterly that a material reduction was being effected in their wages. At the instance, therefore, of Miss Mary Lowndes, the Women's Trades' Union Provident League determined, if possible, to organise the glovers so as to retain for them the advantage which the introduction of machines had seemed to promise.

As a preliminary, however, one of the committee offered to visit the West of England gloving district, and report on the condition of the industry, and on the alleged fall of wages.

PRESENT RATE OF WAGES

There are few things more difficult than to obtain reliable information about the earnings of any class of workers. Apart from the natural reluctance of those concerned to enlighten inquirers, there are innumerable unspecified considerations which diminish or increase the amount of wages actually earned; so that a perfectly true statement may yet convey a false impression.

It sounds excellent to be told that Mary Ann Fish earns 12s. a week, till one discovers that employment on these or any terms is only possible during so many days in the week or so many months in the year.

A first-rate machinist, whose case was brought under my notice, had not had more than three and a-half dozen pairs of gloves a week to make during the whole of one year; so that her total weekly earnings only amounted to 6s. 1½d.—1s. 9d. a dozen pairs being the rate of payment.⁷

Very often, too, seeming discrepancies occur in the statements of those interrogated, for which the inquirer's ignorance of trade technicalities is chiefly responsible. Thus, two or three different sums will be mentioned as the wages paid for sewing, and it will turn out on investigation that the speakers severally were referring to the different lengths of gloves—prices varying according as the gloves are four-, six-, or eight-buttoned. Again, the actual wages earned are often less than one would suppose, in virtue of sundry

* It will be interesting to compare these prices with those paid on the Continent. In the Milanese gloving district the machinists are paid from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 10½d. a dozen. In France, glovers earn 1s. 8d. a day in the country generally, and 2s. 1d. to 2s. 6d. a day in Paris. In Brussels, girls earn 1s. 3d. a day, women 1s. 6d.

⁷ It was the year when silk gloves were suddenly taken up for evening wear, and when, consequently, those who worked at kid gloves were at a disadvantage.

deductions, about which little is said by employers, and which are so much a matter of knowledge to the *employés* that they fail to allude to them.* In certain factories glovers have to pay for steam, silk or cotton, and needles, and these items, although small in themselves, cease to seem small when they mean a 10 or 15 per cent. reduction on the week's earnings.

Yet again, though the rate of pay per dozen pairs be the same, some change in the mode of doing the work may cause this pay to represent far more time and labour than formerly.

For instance, in one village I visited I found it was felt as a substantial grievance that an order had been issued to all the women making gloves for one firm 'to tie their ends.' As there are two ends to each forget (making four to each finger), the process of tying the ends of silk or cotton represented a great deal of additional labour, and there was a sense of brooding injury in one woman's voice as she told me that '2s. 6d. a dozen ought to be paid for the tying the ends; 2s. 6d.,' she repeated—'then three-dozen of the tying would mean 7s. 6d. a week, and I could do on that.'

It is but fair to add, that sometimes innovations in methods of doing work are said to be justified by a want of conscientiousness on the part of the workers. Thus, in the case of one firm, I was told that the rule of sending in the gloves inside out had had to be imposed on the workers because often, instead of pressing and pulling the thumb-piece out into its proper shape, and sewing it in at the extreme edge, they sewed it in too high up, leaving a large edge, which they then pared off; the natural result being, that the thumb-stall was too small round, and the glove girted across the fleshy part of the hand.

However, weighing every point carefully, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that the glovers had made out their case, and that Major Beadon, H.M. Inspector of Factories for the Southampton District, certainly took a somewhat over-roseate view of their financial position when he put their weekly earnings at from 10s. to 25s. a week. In all probability, in forming this estimate, Major Beadon confined his attention to the exceptionally flourishing branches of the industry, or perhaps failed to distinguish between the outdoor and the indoor workers; and, again, between those living in towns, such as Worcester and Yeovil, and in rural districts, such as the vales of Evesham and Blackmore.

WAGES IN FACTORIES.

The machinists in the factories naturally earn more than the workers in the distant villages. For one thing, the cost of living is

* In the matchmakers' strike it came out that deductions were made for paints, brushes, and stamps. 'One girl said that the abolition of deductions for materials meant 1s. 2d. a week more in her pocket.'

higher in the towns. If a girl living in the country can give her mother 3s. or 4s. a week for her board, it is considered enough; but in the town more is expected. In the towns, too, other industries compete with the glove manufacturers for female labour, and this competition has a beneficial effect on women's earnings.

The following particulars as to earnings were furnished by workers in some of the leading Worcester factories :—

	Pay per dozen 1 sh.	Earnings		
		1st week	2nd week	Average week
		s d	s d	s d
Sitting	2½d 5½d	16 0	6 0	10 0
Drawn-steam making	4s	18 0	6 0	—
Pointing	8d	18 0	5 6	—
Buttonholing { 2 buttonholes	10d	8 9	1 9	6 0
{ 4 buttonholes	1s 6d			
Lambour-pointing { 5 seams	1s 9d	8 0	1 9	—
{ 2 seams	8d			
Topping { Double welts	5d	1 2	0 6	—
Single welts	od			

When we come to rough general estimates of the glovers' earnings, we very seldom find mention of wages as high as 18s. or even 15s. a week.

One girl employed in the principal Worcester factory declared that she and others earned only about 7s. a week, after all deductions for silk, use of steam-power, and needles. Three men, two of whom were employed in this same factory, estimated that the girls on an average earned there from 10s. to 12s. a week clear, if well supplied with work. The workers' view of their earnings does not differ as much as might be expected from the manufacturers'. The manager of one of the Worcester firms gave 10s. a week as the average wage, though he mentioned that he had sometimes to pay a weekly sum as high as 17s. An agent, or representative, of this same firm in Dorsetshire put the net earnings of machinists in rural districts at 8s. a week, while one of the principal manufacturers in Yeovil (classed as 'a good Master') gave the average wage as 12s. His wage-book, however, showed that of late no such high average had been attained.

FOREIGN COMPETITION

All these estimates bring out one fact with disheartening clearness. Whatever the glovers may have earned when machines were first introduced, a permanent reduction has since taken place, and there is too much reason to fear that the tendency is still in a

* From the earnings in these branches, deductions for needles, silk or cotton, and use of steam must be made. The weekly earnings for topping, however, can easily be higher than the above estimate indicates.

downward direction. 'Everywhere,' says an informant well qualified to speak, 'the same story is told me of less wages and fewer employed; the trade being a declining one and pressed by foreign competition.'

Most unluckily, it is just this element of foreign competition which puts insuperable difficulties in the way of any effectual resistance to the continued fall of wages, and which compels the conclusion, that organisation amongst the glovers would be serviceable only in putting down evasions of the Truck Act, not in influencing wages.¹⁰

Of French competition it is scarcely necessary to speak, since everyone knows that France is the most important centre of the glove manufacture, and that French gloves have been a thorn in the side of the British manufacturer from time immemorial. But Germany, Belgium, and Italy also dispute the home market with us, the latter to an extent by no means adequately shown in our Board of Trade returns. To the kindness of Sir D. F. Colnaghi the present writer owes facts and figures which prove conclusively that though in Italian commercial statistics France is put down as the country to which Italy exports her gloves, it is the English and American markets which ultimately receive them. England, in particular, gets inundated with the common Neapolitan two-buttoned white kid gloves, selling at a wholesale price of 10s. the dozen.¹¹

It is scarcely surprising, then, that, pressed on all sides by their foreign rivals, our English manufacturers should be forced before long to effect a radical change in the character of the industry.

CHANGE IN THE CHARACTER OF THE INDUSTRY

Under any circumstances, there could be but little doubt but that the glove-manufacture would soon share the fate of most of our cottage industries. For, once introduce the sewing-machine into any branch of a manufacture, and it then becomes advantageous to drive the machines by power, in which case the workers get in-

¹⁰ Truck is always liable to prevail in places where domestic manufactures are carried on. Thus in Shetland, truck is extensively practised with the knitters of gloves, hose, and shawls, as also with the makers of lace. The pillow-lace workers in the Home Counties and the nailers of the Black Country are defrauded under a similar system. From the nature of the case it is not easy to get clear proof of truck transactions, but that the glovers do suffer from this evil is very certain. One woman I met casually, poured forth an unsolicited tale of the hardships which had been recently endured in her village through truck. The agent for a gloving firm, it appears, had abused his power of distributing work to such an extent that he at last actually 'bought a bullock, and made the women take their meat off him.' Those who refused to do this applied in vain for work. In Stoke-sub-Hamden I also heard detailed complaints about truck.

¹¹ The annual production of gloves in Naples has reached a total of 500,000 dozen pairs, half of which quantity is exported. In Milan the firm of Maggioni alone sends abroad annually 30,000 dozen pairs of kid gloves, at a price of 39 lire 75 centesimi the dozen. Cf. *Sulla Industria dei Guanti in Napoli*, da Oreste Lattes; cf. also the *Annali dell'Industria e Commercio* (1888).

evitably drawn into factories, and a great many married women lose their employment.

This consummation, I am aware, is one which commends itself to many, but personally I am of opinion that the disappearance of any of our few remaining cottage industries is matter for regret.

Particularly do I think this in the present instance. For gloving is work peculiarly suited to married women, as it can be taken up or laid down in obedience to the claims of domesticity, without any detriment to its satisfactory performance.

It might be well that married women should not work at all, but so long as the labour of the nominal bread-winner does not bring in enough for his family's support it is a distinct gain that the wife should be able to supplement his scanty earnings with the few shillings she can get from an accessory occupation carried on in her own home. Failing such methods of adding to their income as gloving affords, the women of these agricultural districts would have of necessity to take a much greater share of farm-work than they do at present. Even now, a good many of the glovers, in harvest-time, are to be found doing odd jobs for the farmers. This agricultural work can scarcely be considered as desirable for women as the gloving, nor is it as consistent with the maintenance of comfort in the home, though it would be rash to say that it is not as consistent with health.

HEALTH OF THE GLOVERS

Neuralgia, rheumatism, consumption, and various scrofulous maladies, seemed very prevalent among the Dorsetshire and Somersetshire glovers. The women looked anæmic, and the children that we saw were not robust and ruddy-cheeked as one would expect children in the rural districts to be, but pallid and flabby.¹²

Miss Lowndes, who boasts a lifelong acquaintance with the West of England peasantry, attributes the indifferent physique of the gloving population to the congested condition of the villages, and to the consequent intermarriage which goes on between the inhabitants. More than this, however, is needed to explain their want of stamina.

Years of insufficient food must be deemed one of the contributing causes; and to this we must add the bending formerly for long hours over the 'engines' and tambouring-frames, a constrained position of this sort leading to contraction of the chest, and necessarily developing phthisical tendencies. Nor must we overlook the further fact, that many of the women had the seeds of permanent ill-health sown

¹² On the other hand, Mr. E. H. Brodie, H.M.'s Inspector of Schools, who was kind enough to make some inquiries as to the children of the Worcestershire gloving district for me, states emphatically that 'there is no perceptible difference as regards stamina and intelligence between the children of the glovers and other children.'

when, as children, they were crowded into the small, ill-ventilated rooms which served as gloving schools, and forced to work beyond the limits of childish strength.

THE HOMES OF THE GLOVERS

Bad cottage accommodation has likewise something to do with the matter, for though squalor, overcrowding, and defective drainage are less common than they were, there still remains a great deal to be done in the way of improvement. The tiny two-roomed cottages, in which vast numbers of the glovers are born and bred, are apt to get unpleasantly and unhealthily close when winter cold and damp render it imperative for door and window to be closed. The four-roomed and better cottages were, we found in most instances, occupied by railway officials, the small shopkeepers of the place, and persons better off than the ordinary farmhand and his gloving family. The little thatched dwellings were picturesque enough; but when inquiring into the material well-being of the people, it is a good maxim to beware of the picturesque.

There was always danger, as on bright, cloudless days we wandered from village to village, each in its exquisite setting of pastoral scenery, meeting in the lanes, now one of the bag-women with her large, black bundle of gloves; now a little girl taking out 'mother's gloving'; now some of the workers, themselves acting as their own bag-women, and bent upon laying out their earnings elsewhere than at their own village shop—there was always danger that the industry would put on too idyllic an aspect. It needed close contact with the workaday facts hidden behind those cottage walls to get rid of the over-favourable impression.

The first day we sallied forth into the gloving district we came to one quiet Dorsetshire village bathed in sunlight, with its country road gleaming up white and smooth, as it wound through the irregularly-built little houses, and lost itself in the straggling hedge-rows of the undulating pasture-land beyond. The bits of garden were bright with yellow marigolds, the latticed windows curtained with white muslin, while in the space between some kind of flowering plant—often a Tom Thumb geranium—shone resplendent in all the glory of its green and scarlet. It was the hottest hour of the day, and not a sound was to be heard, save the droning whirr of the machines. The cottage doors were all wide open to the air, and we could note as we passed how scrupulously clean the little square-rooms were, but the floor was of stone, and the furniture limited to the strictly essential—a table, a few common wooden chairs, an old-fashioned bureau, and, of course, the sewing-machine on its stand in the window.

One woman, with ready country hospitality, pressed us to come

in and rest, and, while we did so, entertained us with details of her personal history. She had had 'a long family,' she told us, and had reared five boys and three girls. Her husband was a farm-labourer, earning from 9s. to 18s. a week. She made in good weeks, by the gloving, about 6s. When she first married, her husband hadn't wanted her to work at the gloving—she suffered from palpitation of the heart; but what with the children coming so fast, and doctor's bills, and school-pence, and the boys' boots, she had been obliged to take to it. If she but managed to do a dozen pairs in a week—why, it paid the rent!

The rent of their cottage was 1s. 9d. a week. It contained the one living-room, a little wash-house, and, above, two bedrooms—two by courtesy only, since partition between there was none—only an old counterpane hung curtainwise.

Cottage rent, we found, varied very much. At Stoke-sub-Hamden, for instance, where there are some large gloving factories, the rent of a two-roomed cottage with garden patch in front was 2s. 3d. a week; but at Stalbridge we saw one rather roomy cottage, commanding an uninterrupted view of a lovely stretch of meadow-land, and with a fair-sized garden at the front and side, whose rent was only 13s. a quarter. Speaking generally, the rents average from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a week. In Montacute we were unpleasantly impressed with such houses as we visited. The picturesque element is quite wanting here, for the houses are of buff-coloured stone, and as cheerless to look at from without as they are comfortless within. Even on that pleasantly warm day, when we penetrated into some of them, the cottages seemed chill, and we could not help asking one woman whether the stone floor was not frightfully cold in winter. 'Ay, sure, it do strike cold; but we put a bit of carpet under our feet, and that meakes things better,' was her swift response, given in the most cheerful tone imaginable.

The cheerful content of the glovers of the rural districts is remarkable; indeed, some people might use another word, and say deplorable, if it were not so certain that, when discontent cannot be used as a lever for improving people's position, it is better that the content which makes their lot tolerable should prevail.

It is impossible to go amongst the West of England gloving folk without soon feeling that they are eminently likeable, and that there is something very attractive in the way in which shrewdness and simplicity blend in their composition. That they are full of old-world superstitions, in spite of the march of education, which is fast affecting their children, does not need to be said. Belief in witchcraft, and in the 'wise man's' power to avert it, is still prevalent; so that all puzzling and inexplicable things are referred to the former, and made matter of consultation with the latter. Thus, when first the machines were introduced, and the mysteries of tension

proved too much for the rural intelligence, the difficulties were at once ascribed to witchcraft. Said one old woman, despairingly, to her employer when the tension 'couldn't be got right': 'I can't tell how it is, sir, but I would know if they hadn't sent he out of Yeovil that could tell me.' This was in allusion to the 'wise man' of the locality, who at that moment was undergoing a term of imprisonment for defrauding his country *clientèle*.

For the rest, though the factory glove-hand may in many respects be a distinct advance upon the cottage-worker, she yet lacks much that made the latter one of the most attractive figures in our industrial annals, and which will cause us to regret, foolishly perhaps, but not unnaturally, the transformation with which economic evolution threatens us.

ADA HEATHER-BIGG.

ANCIENT BELIEFS IN IMMORTALITY

A REPLY TO MR. GLADSTONE

THE author of the article on 'Ancient Beliefs in a Future State' in the October number of this Review has so many titles to one's respect that it is with regret that I even seem to place myself in opposition to him. I am sure, however, that he will not misinterpret the freedom which I take, and that were I to offer him exemption from criticism, his eager mind and generous character would not allow him to accept it. Moreover, to say the truth, Mr. Gladstone has several times of late courted criticism. Not only in his *Landmarks of Homeric Study*, but in a thoughtful and deeply earnest work on the study of the Bible, he runs counter to the prevailing tendency of modern research, and though there has been, perhaps, not much reply, at any rate from Biblical scholars, it is certainly not for want of opportunity. Still, I should not have troubled the reader with these remarks but for the circumstance that the article referred to has, on the one hand, given me credit for that which I have not done, and which it passes the ability of scholarship to do, and, on the other, passed over both what I may fairly claim to have proved and what I hope to have made in a high degree probable; it also appears to me to convey a thoroughly wrong impression of my treatment of the subject before us. I am sure that this is due to mere inadvertence. Mr. Gladstone simply acts like the great lay preacher that he is in seeking a brief and pointed text for his discourse, and if he selects one from an article of my own in a little-known Indian periodical,¹ I ought to feel myself honoured. And so I should, if this eminent writer, whose interest in the work of Oxford men for India gratifies me, had not first of all, in the manner of many text-without-context-quoting clerical preachers, misapprehended the meaning of his text, and then, unlike the preachers referred to, most urbanely but resolutely pulled his misapprehended text to pieces.

Perhaps, in justice to myself, I ought to point out that in the writings mentioned below² Mr. Gladstone would have found a much

¹ *The Indian Church Quarterly Review*, April 1891. Article, 'The Biblical Doctrine of Immortality.'

² *The Origin and Religious Contents of the Psalter in the Light of Old Testament Criticism and the History of Religions* (Bampton Lectures for 1889), 1891.

³ Possible Zoroastrian Influences on the Religion of Ancient Israel, two public

fuller statement of my case than in my popular article. The principal one is, in fact, referred to as forthcoming in the *Indian Church Quarterly*, but Mr. Gladstone had not time to seek it out. I will now quote some of my critic's introductory words:—

It is the opinion of Professor Cheyne that there is a doctrine of immortality in the Old Testament. He finds it in Psalms xvi., xvii., xxxvi., xlix., lxiii., lxxiii. He thinks he has proved that these psalms were composed 'during the latter part of the Persian rule over Palestine.' In the Review, however, he does not enter upon the date of these psalms, but states a principle which serves as a convenient text for a discussion of the subject touched by it. The principle is this: 'It involves a much greater strain upon faith to hold that the wonderful intuition of immortality was granted so early as the times of David and Solomon, than to bring the psalms in question down to the late Persian age.'

To this 'convenient text' Mr. Gladstone subjoins this comment:—

The general doctrine which appears to be here conveyed is to something like the following effect: that the human race advances through experience, heredity, and tradition, from infancy towards maturity; that the mind, subjected to these educative influences, undergoes a process of expansion, and becomes capable, in a later age, of accepting intelligently what, in an earlier age, it could not have been fit to receive. In my opinion, such a doctrine requires an important qualification: because moral elements, as well as those which are intellectual, go to form our capability of profitable reception, &c. (p. 658).

Later on he says (I omit for the present the two questions on page 663):—

For those who suppose [the psalms mentioned above] to have belonged to the worship of the Solomonic temple, and who are glad to follow Professor Cheyne when he proves that they embody the hope of a future life, it would be somewhat anomalous to believe that, while the public service taught this doctrine, no mark of it had been left, outside the temple-walls, upon the historical books of the Old Testament, or in the sense of the people (p. 661).

And after completing his examination of the narrative books of the Old Testament, he puts forward the theory, in opposition, as he conceives, to my own, that what I have called a 'great strain upon faith' 'seems to have been put upon the Egyptians and the Iranians at a very early age indeed' (p. 673).

Up to a certain point, therefore, Mr. Gladstone avails himself of my help. I have, as he is willing to believe, 'proved' that Psalms xvi., xvii., xxxvi., xlix., lxiii., lxxiii., 'embody the hope of a future life.' My critic disagrees with me, however, as to the date of these liturgical compositions, which he refers, not to the latter part of the Persian age, but to the age of David and Solomon (pp. 663, 664).

lectures delivered at Oxford; see *Expository Times*, June, July, and August, 1891. If I am not mistaken, mine is the first attempt, on the theological side, to reconsider the relation of Judaism to Zoroastrianism on the basis of the texts and of the actually leading authorities. The necessities of criticism led me to make it; for it is clear enough that no part of the Old Testament will yield the secret of its origin to an unassisted literary analysis. Whenever Zend scholarship was needed, I was able to apply to a learned specialist, Dr. Mills.

He apparently thinks, moreover, that I have been blind to the high religious attainments of sections of the human race before the time of David, and that I believe 'the idea of immortality' to have been 'made known to the Hebrews from Persian sources' (p. 663), having rashly ignored the evidence bearing on Jewish belief in a future life before the Persian age—in short, that I am an adherent of a somewhat crude form (which is described on p. 658) of the historical doctrine of development.

Let me with due modesty compare Mr. Gladstone's statements and implications with facts. Have I anywhere claimed to have proved on purely linguistic or exegetical grounds that six of the psalms 'embody the hope of a future life'? By no means. The greatest linguist or interpreter in the world could not do this; the old dogmatic certainty as to the one clear prophetically Christian meaning of the psalms has for ever passed away. What I have said, both in my article and elsewhere, is this—that there are passages in the six psalms referred to which may, without straining language, be considered to give a vague untheological expression to this great hope, on condition that these psalms can be shown, on grounds both philological and in the larger sense critical, to be of the post-Exilic, and, more precisely, of the late Persian or early Greek period. Mr. Gladstone will see that he has no right to take one part of my theory and to leave the other. If these six psalms are of the pre-Exilic or of the early post-Exilic period, then we simply cannot, according to my theory, interpret them as containing foregleams of the faith in spiritual immortality. If, however, they are of the latter part of the Persian age, when the direct and indirect influence of Zoroastrian ideas upon the Jews must have been considerable, we may.

Next, have I been blind to the higher elements in ethnic religions before the time of David? On the contrary. References to such elements in Babylonian, Assyrian, and Egyptian religions are wanting in few of my writings, while references to the religion of Zarathustra are prominent in the latest (including of course the article in question). To look for the same higher religious elements in the Homeric poems would have seemed to me an historical paradox, but I have expressly said that 'half the sympathy which we bring to the Psalter would reveal unsuspected beauties in the [upon any critical hypothesis] much older sacred songs of Chaldaea,'² and if I did not mention Egypt in this connection, it was only because 'Egyptian religion has not the elementary affinities with the Israelitish which are possessed by that of Mesopotamia.'³ And how is it possible that my courteous critic should have brought the next charge against me—that I represent the Hebrews as having borrowed the idea of im-

² *Bampton Lectures*, 1889, p. 267.

³ *The Book of Psalms*, 'Parchment Library' version, *Intro.* p. x.

mortality from Persia? Why, I have expressly guarded myself against this very misapprehension. 'My view' (the words are taken from my article) 'is *not* that the psalmists borrowed from Zoroastrianism, but that the example of this faith stimulated Jewish prophets and psalmists to expand their own germs of truth.'⁵ And upon turning to my *Bampton Lectures* Mr. Gladstone will find that Part I. of Lecture VI. bears this heading, 'The Religious Ideas of the Psalter not borrowed,' and that Part II. of Lecture VIII. carries out the theory already promulgated with special reference to the idea of immortality. If there is a more frank discussion of this subject anywhere, I shall be most thankful to learn from it. Meantime I will only quote a short passage from a published academical lecture which has escaped Mr. Gladstone's attention:—

'Both Babylon and Persia may, under God, have helped forward their growth, but they existed potentially among the Israelites in germs which had, to a certain extent, an inherent power of development. The hypothesis of borrowed beliefs is an easy but not always a very critical one, and it appears to me, in cases like the present, to be inconsistent with the policy of Israel's church-leaders, who felt that the originality of their own religion would be endangered by too large an admixture of elements of foreign origin. . . . The influence exerted upon them was not that of a master upon a slave, but that of one disciple of the true God upon another. Israel, though the destined leader of religious progress, was comparatively slow in his development; was there any reason why he should not receive, not indeed entirely fresh intuitions, but stimulus to thought, and, it may be, sometimes even forms of theological expression, from without?'⁶

It is, I submit, very unfair to my theory (which affirms a native Hebrew movement in the post-Exilic period in a Zoroastrian direction, and admits the controlling influence of the Divine Spirit) to describe it as Mr. Gladstone has done in his article. And in conclusion, viewing all the evidence together, it is surely an error in judgment to impute to me the crude development hypothesis (which leaves no room for prophets) described on page 658.

I hope that I have thus made two points sufficiently clear. First, that the 'text,' which Mr. Gladstone has borrowed from me is not at all a 'convenient' one; and next, that, except with regard to the date of the six psalms, he has not accurately represented my teaching. I know full well how my critic will feel: to a noble conscience, as his own poet says, "how bitter a sting is trivial fault!"⁷ He will certainly regret these mistakes, and will bear with me if, in the inte-

⁵ *Indian Church Quarterly Review*, April 1891, p. 137.

⁶ 'Possible Zoroastrian Influences on the Religion of Israel,' Part I *Expository Times*, June 1891, p. 203.

⁷ Dante, *Purgatory*, iii. 8, 9.

rests of truth, I endeavour to account for them. It might at first be supposed that there was something in the style of my article which lent itself to misapprehension. On consideration, however, this idea must be abandoned. In addressing the sensitive clerical public of the *Indian Church Quarterly*, the utmost simplicity of style was indispensable, and was in fact employed. No; Mr. Gladstone's difficulty in reading my article must have lain below the words—in the ideas. A free but profoundly devout criticism of the Old Testament was a novelty to him—accepted, we may hope, as a fact, but not comprehended in all its bearings. How, indeed, could Mr. Gladstone trust a criticism which was partly of rationalistic origin, and which, according to its enemies, still looked for directions to Germany? And how could Biblical scholars, who, as was supposed, were but apt pupils of this or that leading German critic, have anything fresh to say about the Psalms after Reuss and Wellhausen? Mr. Gladstone therefore contented himself with dipping into my unlucky article, not supposing that I had given the first comprehensive study of the origin and religious contents of the Psalter both from the point of view of advanced criticism and from that of the history of religions. I do not, however, find fault with Mr. Gladstone, for, as Dante's Statius says, 'oftentimes do things appear which give false material for doubting,'⁹ and I hope that he may realise in himself that other high saying of Dante's Beatrice, that 'doubt springs up, in fashion of a shoot, at the foot of truth.'¹⁰

Meantime I will venture to indicate some doubtful points in Mr. Gladstone's essay which 'Statius' may perhaps be able to explain. There is a weak point in the essay to which the author's delicately-veiled criticism of myself on p. 658 has opened my eyes. He is evidently fascinated by social and religious ideas, and delights in the literary expression which they have found. He has also a strong interest in prophets and revealers, but I miss any clear perception of the great historical principle of development. I will not quarrel with him for objecting to this or that theoretic form of the principle, but I do desire to see the principle itself distinctly recognised. It must be in consequence of this deficiency that Mr. Gladstone fails to realise what the references to a 'future state' in the admittedly older Scriptures mean. He constantly speaks as if the popular belief in Sheol were equivalent to a belief in immortality, and even thinks

* I mention the former because his able and interesting popular work on the Psalms has a position in England which would surprise German scholars (see e.g. Bishop Alexander's *Hampton Lectures on the Psalms*), and the latter because of a reference made to him by Mr. Gladstone in his *Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*. If Wellhausen should some day enter into a critical discussion of the Psalter, his English colleagues will no doubt listen to him with keen interest. But it is at present a mistake to connect the name of Wellhausen specially with the Psalter.

⁹ Dante, *Purgatory*, xxii. 28-30.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, *Paradise*, iv. 130-132.

it worth while to show that 'the people [of Israel] did not fall so low in the scale either of nature or of grace as to suppose that the life of man is at an end when his remains are laid in the ground' (p. 666). To this point I must return later; I now proceed to remark upon Mr. Gladstone's historical method. There is, it seems to me, one essential requirement in point of method which he does not satisfy. No one surely ought to discuss 'ancient beliefs in a future state' without a (so far as possible) first-hand knowledge of the ancient authorities and a critical examination of their dates. Now the authorities which I find adduced in Mr. Gladstone's essay are not ancient at all, except in the case of the Greek and Hebrew writings (i.e. the Greek Homer and Herodotus and the English Old Testament). Canon Rawlinson's *Ancient Religions* and George Smith's *Assyrian Discoveries*, Sir Gardner Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians* (first published in 1837-41), Haug's *Essays on the Sacred Language, &c., of the Parsees* (first published in 1862), and Duncker's *History of Antiquity*, certainly do not supply an adequate basis for the discussion of our subject. The ancient books and inscriptions themselves (in the best translations) ought in the first instance to have been consulted, and then recourse should have been had to the most recent leading specialists, such as Brugsch, Maspero, Renouf, Schrader, Delitzsch, Sayce, Pinches, Haupt, Winckler, Darmesteter, Mills, Spiegel, Geldner. And there is another defect which I venture respectfully to point out. It was unwise to admit Egypt (fascinating as all Egyptian things are) within the range of comparison, partly because there is still so much divergence of opinion on the course of Egyptian religion, and partly because of the fundamental contrast between Egyptian pantheism and Jewish theism. I may add that there is in my judgment no period at which a close historical connection between the Egyptian and the Jewish beliefs can be safely presumed.¹¹

It is equally doubtful whether the beliefs of early Greece deserved to be so prominently mentioned. Mr. Gladstone himself suggests that the conception of the Underworld in the *Odyssey* contains many 'exotic' elements, and holily traces the story of Ganymêdes in the *Iliad* to a Hebrew origin (pp. 662, 665). Would it not have been better to devote any surplus of space to some interesting phenomena of the later popular beliefs of the Greeks? Not, of course, that these are historically connected with the beliefs of the Israelites, but the

¹¹ M. Renan, as it appears to me, indulges somewhat too freely in Egyptian illustrations of early Israelitish usages. Still, even if we could accept all or most of his suggestions, it would scarcely oblige me to modify the above statements. The relation between the early Egyptian and the contemporary popular Israelitish religion is altogether different from that between the late Egyptian and the contemporary popular Christian religion. M. Renan himself admits that the early Hebrews would have found Egyptian ideas on the future lot of the soul 'in a high degree unacemly' (*Histoire d'Israël*, i. 130).

development of the Greek belief in immortality may very possibly throw light upon that of the analogous Jewish (and Christian) belief. I could wish at any rate that Mr. Gladstone had made some honourable mention of Pindar. As a preserver and a sanctifier of traditional stories, this noble poet strikingly resembles the old Hebrew narrators of the school of the prophets;¹² in his view of the things after death he is even, from a Christian point of view, superior to them. 'I will go down to Sheól to my son mourning,' says Jacob (Gen. xxxvii. 35); the narrator has no more idea either of an earthly or of a heavenly Paradise awaiting the righteous than the author of the Exilic or early post-Exilic poem of Job. In Pindar's second Olympic, however, we certainly find the belief in future retribution,¹³ and in one of the fragments of the Dirges we have that remarkable passage, the prelude of later spiritualism:—

καὶ σῶμα μὲν πάντων ἔπεται θανάτῳ περισθενεί,
ζῶν δ' ἔτι λείπεται αἰῶνος εἰδωλόν· το γάρ ἐστι μόνον
ἐκ θεῶν.¹⁴

Even if he had mentioned nothing else, Mr. Gladstone surely might have supplemented *Il.* xv. 232–235 by Pind. *Ol.* i. 41–46, where Pelops and Ganymêdes share the same heavenly honours. Had my critic hit upon this combination, he might perhaps have seen reason to think that the Homeric stories of Ganymêdes and Menelaus (*Od.* iv. 569) are chiefly valuable as affording fresh evidence for the widespread early belief that some fortunate men might even escape the common lot of souls. In these stories would seem to be the germ, not indeed of the cult of the 'heroes' which, by the time of the Persian wars, had attained such vast dimensions, but at any rate of that glorification of the lot of the virtuous dead which connected itself with that cult in later times. Immortality in the early ages of Greece was an aristocratic privilege; in the later times (not surely in all respects times of decadence) it was thrown open to the common people.¹⁵ Will Mr. Gladstone permit me to think that religious belief took a similar course (not indeed without one important divergence) in Palestine? I fear not. Yet Professor Mozley said, as long ago as 1877, that 'if one had to describe shortly the defect of recent criticism upon the Old Testament, one would

¹² The parallel becomes all the closer if, as we are assured, the idea of a future retribution, which was so vital to Æschylus and Pindar, was utterly alien to the contemporary popular belief. These poets had in this case something of the prophetic character, like the great Hebrew narrators.

¹³ Pind. *Ol.* ii. 109–140.

¹⁴ *Fragn.* xvi. 2–4.

¹⁵ See the evidence collected from the inscriptions by Carl Lehrs, *Aufsätze*, p. 337, &c.; and comp. Weil's review of Rohde's important work, *Psyche*; 'Seelencult und Unsterblichkeitsglaube der Griechen' (Part I.), in the *Journal des Savants*, October 1890.

say that it did not make allowance for the necessities of a progressive revelation.' ¹⁶ This great Anglican divine was referring no doubt to the older rationalism, but his words may be worth pondering, even by those who are most opposed to that form of thought.

I pass on to my critic's treatment of the evidence supplied by the Old Testament. He thinks that 'the doctrine of a future state,' though it 'nowhere entered into the prescriptions of the Mosaic law, and is not directly declared and inculcated in the earliest Scriptures,' yet 'probably subsisted among the Hebrews as a private opinion' (p. 669). But he also believes, as appears from a passage on p. 664 quoted above (p. 952), that 'the public service taught this doctrine' in the six temple-hymns already mentioned. I do not understand how these two sentences can be reconciled. If the *lex orandi* is the *lex credendi*, surely those who used the psalms in question did not merely express their 'private opinion'; they, in the proper sense of the word, believed in immortality. And if so, surely this belief *did* 'form a part of those truths which the Jewish people were appointed to maintain and to transmit.' Again: it appears from p. 664 that Mr. Gladstone finds the same faith expressed (1) in Ex. iii. 6, 'I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob,' (2) in Gen. v. 24, 'For God took him' (viz. Enoch), (3) in 2 Kings ii. 11, 'And Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven,' and (4) in the prohibition of necromancy (Deut. xviii. 11) and the story of the witch of Endor (valuable evidence of popular belief). My critic seems for the moment to forget that Ex. iii. 6, in its strict philological sense, will not bear the interpretation which he, as a devout Christian, puts upon it. ¹⁷ But, even were it otherwise, the assumed fact that the three patriarchs, and also Enoch and Elijah, escaped the common lot of souls, cannot prove much as to the existence of the idea of immortality among the Israelites, while the passages referred to under the fourth head distinctly prove that it was practically unknown, at any rate to the people at large. M. Montet's recent article ¹⁸ may contain serious errors, but this statement at any rate is true—and I know that the late Professor Mozley would have heartily accepted it—that 'Sheól is the negation of life.' To attempt to refute the theory that the 'intuition of immortality' arose late in Jewish history by pointing to the popular belief in Sheól, is a confession of weakness. The 'intuition' and the 'belief' (I will not call them both by the same name) are wide as the poles asunder. The one is the concentration of all happiness; the other (from an advanced

¹⁶ *Ruling Ideas of the Early Ages*, p. 80.

¹⁷ I am not opposed to developing the spiritual truth latent in these words, and see no reason whatever why the same principle should not be carried out elsewhere in the Old Testament (or in any other literary records), provided that these developments be not used for historical purposes.

¹⁸ *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, October 1890; cf. *Bampton Lectures*, pp. 425, 451, 452.

moral point of view), of all misery. The one stimulates to the highest efforts of virtue, the other conduces (as the psalms sufficiently show) to selfish tyranny and practical atheism on the part of the rich, and to an ever-recurring fear and despondency on the part of the poor. Ps. xlix. cannot be fully appreciated till we view it as incidentally (like some passages in the Book of Enoch) a protest against the old Hebrew belief in Sheöl.

Let me turn now to Mr. Gladstone's three theses (p. 660), and state the judgment which I have been led to form of them. The first—that the movement of ideas in the human race was a retrograde and not a forward movement—seems to be not properly an historical but a theological doctrine, and most recent theologians of the Reformed communities, who have been trained in historical principles, would agree in rejecting it. The second—that the belief in a future life worthy of the name, though not prominent even in the psalms, is referred to in some passages of the Old Testament—is true, but is contested by no one. The evidence adduced for it appears, moreover, to be both inaccurate and incomplete. The third—that the Hebrew race had no special mission to proclaim 'the truth concerning a future state,' and that possibly 'more may have been done for its maintenance by certain of the Gentile religions'—is also true, and well deserves to be pressed on the Christian public, though here, too, Mr. Gladstone's facts may need both revision and enlargement, and above all the application of a more critical method. I will ask leave to make but one observation on each of the three theses, and then pass on to two questions which my critic has done me the honour to address to me.

I find it, then, a significant fact that Mr. Gladstone still holds that ancient religion was in some sense dogmatic, i.e. that it consisted essentially in a certain 'precious knowledge,' which, as young mankind 'could hardly [why this qualification?] have discovered' it for itself, was graciously imparted to it by the Almighty, that fragments of this primeval revelation are to be found in 'the earliest Scriptures,' and other fragments, in a more or less corrupt state, in the 'Gentile religions.' This was no doubt the 'fittest' to 'survive' of all the theological theories which in the pre-critical period¹⁹ sought to account for the parallelisms between the various religions. It has been treated by Professor Max Müller as antiquated, but it will scarcely become so until a free but devout criticism of the Old Testament is more generally practised by Church theologians.

It is perhaps not less noteworthy that Mr. Gladstone, though he regards the argument of the *Divine Legation* as 'fair and probable' (p. 665), is not favourably inclined (so, at least I infer) to Bishop Warburton's critical principles. These were crude enough, no doubt;

¹⁹ See, in the seventeenth century, Theophilus Gale, *The Court of the Gentiles*; Thomas Hyde, *Veterum Persarum Religionis Historia*; Lord Herbert of Chesham, *De Religione Gentilium*.

but they contained the promise of that developement which we see going on around us among Christian scholars. The chief historical result to which they led this acute writer was one which few critics of our day would care to deny, viz. that the Jews 'learned the [higher] doctrine of a future state some small time after their thorough re-establishment [in Palestine].'²⁰

My third observation will, I hope, be altogether pleasing to my critic. Whereas Bishop Warburton angrily declared that 'not one of that numerous rabble of revelations ever pretended to come from the First Cause, or taught the worship of the one God,'²¹ Mr. Gladstone continues the nobler tradition of Cudworth and Stillingfleet. He evidently believes that the comparative study of religions is not merely a secular science, but a necessary part of theology. One is thankful for Mr. Gladstone's cautiously-expressed opinion, for though the study of religions has long attracted the charmed attention of a few theologians, this has not yet borne much fruit for the Church. The theologians have been almost too timorous, not being aware that there was a growing interest in their subject among the laity. The younger generation, both clerical and lay, is getting bolder. The cry is already heard that a broader and deeper view of inspiration should be more generally preached in our pulpits and taught in our higher schools. The religion of the Bible must no longer be isolated from every other, but its analogies and contrasts to other religions must form part of a religious education. One may venture to hope that Mr. Gladstone will not be repelled by these demands, which recognise the element of truth in his own long-cherished theory of a primeval revelation, and the granting of which can but contribute to a bolder and a stronger faith.

Before passing to Mr. Gladstone's two questions, I will only remark that, from his triumphant tone, he hardly appears to realise the seriousness with which historical theologians regard their duties. He seems to look upon them as well-meaning theorists, who have no sound practical judgment and little intellectual grasp, and who amuse themselves with fancies, of which a vigorous common-sense will soon disclose the emptiness. At any rate, this is one of the current estimates of the newer theology, and it cannot but exercise a certain influence upon the theologians themselves. For popularity is always grateful, and they would certainly please many outside critics better by eschewing comprehensive theorising and withdrawing into the domain of so-called facts. Now there can be no objection whatever to the collection of facts; indeed, the newer theology is distinguished by nothing so much as a respect for facts. But there are times when even the most enthusiastic collectors of facts must pause, and devote themselves to comprehensive theorising about the facts, and such a

²⁰ Warburton, *Divine Legation*, Bk. VI. sect. 2 (*Works*, v. 357).

²¹ Warburton, *Works*, iv. 74.

time we have reached in the study of the Old Testament. There are, of course, difficulties attendant upon every critical theory (whether Homer or the Bible be the subject), but let not Mr Gladstone suppose that Old Testament scholars have waited for him to propound such difficulties to them. They are provided with answers, sometimes complete, sometimes incomplete, deserving a respectful attention, and not to be blown away by an adverse gale of untrained common-sense. They welcome objections made in the right spirit, because they believe that their study has a real bearing on the welfare of the Christian Church, and they desire the laity to show its perception of this. But they would venture to point out that a certain degree of knowledge and experience is necessary to make useful objections. Even a practised New Testament scholar is not necessarily a good judge of Old Testament problems, the conditions of which, as Professor Sanday has often remarked to me, are so different from those of the New. Need I add that a Homeric scholar may also have to pass through a short apprenticeship in order to make objections fruitfully?

Mr. Gladstone's two questions are :—

Have we not then to wait for the evidence which is to show that the doctrine of immortality would have been too great a strain for the Hebrews at the reputed era of the composition of the Psalms under David and Solomon?

And—

Even were such evidence to be forthcoming on behalf of the general proposition, we should still have to ask how it is known, or why it is to be believed, that the idea of immortality was made known to the Hebrews from Persian sources (p. 663).

The first of these questions was suggested by my own remark that the ascription of the Psalms to the Persian period (I put aside the question as to psalms of the early Greek and Maccabæan periods) conduces to 'the interests not merely of critical progress, but of religion,' because it involves a 'great strain upon faith' to suppose that the hope of immortality was known in the times of David and Solomon. Mr. Gladstone unconsciously gives a little twist to my language, transferring the supposed 'strain' to the Israelites (so again on p. 673), which has the effect of burdening me with a theory of revelation which I do not accept. The phenomena of revelation are indeed, I admit, no illusions. The 'man of God' is 'taken hold of' by Another, but not without his own will and the co-operation of his highest faculties. A genuine revelation must be proportionate to the mental and moral state of the person receiving it, or a psychological exegesis such as is now being founded among us becomes impossible. Mr. Gladstone will pardon me if I infer too much from his language (p. 671), and wrongly address to him the protest against an excessive supernaturalism which I find dramatically introduced in one of his own essays.²² He certainly appears to me to have

²² Gladstone, *Gleanings of Past Years*, iii, 46.

misread his 'text' under the influence of a too mechanical theory of revelation. I spoke designedly not of a 'doctrine' but of an 'intuition' of immortality, to indicate the human element which blends in revelation with the divine, and the 'strain upon faith' of which I spoke had reference to us and not to the Israelites. Does Mr. Gladstone want evidence that this 'strain upon faith' exists? Colonel Ingersoll, or any of our own secularists, would be only too ready to provide him with it. Or take the famous article on David in the Dictionary of Pierre Bayle, which excited such a warm controversy in the last century. In it I find these words:—

David's piety is so conspicuous in his psalms and in several of his actions, that it cannot be sufficiently admired. There is one thing which is no less admirable in his conduct—to wit, that he could so happily (!) reconcile so much piety with the loose maxims of the art of reigning.²³

Now it is certain that a thorough study of the early records of the life of David in the light of a critical analysis and in an historical spirit introduces us to the most attractive character of ancient Israel, and even permits us to regard David as in his degree a herald of spiritual religion. But it also forbids us to believe that any of the psalms, as they now stand, were written by David. Indeed, even without appealing to criticism, the perusal of 1 Sam. xvi.—1 Kings ii. 11 makes the traditional view difficult in the extreme. For a living faith in immortality presupposes a development of the moral nature such as we do not find in the David of the narratives. And if the 'strain upon faith' is not yet sufficiently proved, let us carry on our reading as far as the works of Isaiah the son of Amoz. Do we find any trace of the hope of immortality there? Yes; but only of the immortality of the nation. Are we then to suppose that Isaiah, having the larger hope in himself, suppressed it out of regard to his dull audience? or that his works are a full repertory of the highest hopes and aspirations of his time? Can there be a doubt as to the right answer? But what a 'strain upon faith' to suppose that the David of the Books of Samuel possessed that larger hope of which Isaiah himself was ignorant!

Nor can this argument be met by referring, with Mr. Gladstone (p. 673), to the Egyptian and Iranian peoples as having been familiar with 'the doctrine of immortality' before the time of David. Let us suppose for the moment that there is an early Egyptian doctrine of immortality which can be compared with that of the higher parts of the Bible: how does this make it easier to believe that such a 'doctrine' was current in the Davidic age? For the hieroglyphic texts prove, at any rate, that the moral and mental development of the early Egyptians was far in advance of that of David and his contemporaries. It would have been wiser in my critic to confine his reference to the Iranians, whose prophet Zarathustra is placed by Haug,

²³ Bayle, *Historical Dictionary* (Lond. 1786), iv. 585.

West, Mills, and Geldner, on satisfactory grounds, in a period anterior to David. That Zarathustra was indeed a living, earnestly striving, and holy man, who had received a prophetic call from the true God known to him as the Omniscient Lord (*Ahura Mazda*), is clear from the Gâthâs. If Mr. Gladstone had but read and meditated on these ancient hymns (of which we have now an amply sufficient translation, with commentary, in the *Sacred Books of the East*), he would have been able, from his own point of view, to strengthen his argument considerably. For a belief in immortality, strongly akin to the Christian, so pervades the Gâthâs that it is quite impossible by analysis to discover any oldest portions from which it is absent. Mr. Gladstone might first have challenged me to prove that the Eastern Iranians whom Zarathustra taught were morally and mentally superior to the Israelites contemporary with David, and then asked me why the same 'precious knowledge' should not have been divinely 'imparted' to David which the Gâthâs prove to have been possessed by Zarathustra. My reply would, however, have been ready. I admit that what is asked can only be proved by exegetical evidence from the Gâthâs, which, from the nature of the case, cannot be as immediately convincing as the direct positive statements of the narratives in Samuel. I do not think, however, that any student of the Gâthâs will question what I now bring forward. The Eastern or North-Eastern Iranians, among whom Zarathustra laboured, were a law-abiding, industrious population, who not only contended earnestly for their faith against the Daéva²⁴-worshippers, but proved its soundness by the fruits of good living. For it was a moral as well as a religious movement in which they had engaged, and the immortality which their prophet promised was a spiritual blessing, reserved for the faithful worshippers of Mazda. The very imperfections and crudenesses of the Gâthâs prove that they are no mere forgeries, but were adapted to the moral and mental state of the people. There is no reason, therefore, to doubt that the followers of Zarathustra were both morally and mentally superior to the Israelites of the Davidic age; and Mr. Gladstone's appeal to the early date of Zarathustra's teaching must be rejected.

Mr. Gladstone's second question I must beg leave to recast, because in its present form it misrepresents my theory.²⁵ I must, of course, be specially careful myself not to burden Mr. Gladstone with any assumption unpalatable to him. What he really wants to know is probably this: What ground is there for supposing that, even if the hope of immortality first became current among the Jews in the late Persian period, this was in any degree due to Zoroastrian influence? Even as thus recast, the inquiry appears to me somewhat

²⁴ 'Il s'agit de l'indo-iranien *daiva* "dieu," sanscrit *déva*, devenu en sens *déva* "démon." Darmesteter, *Ormazd et Ahriman*, p. 265.

²⁵ See above, p. 953.

strange. Mr. Gladstone willingly recognises a large Hellenic 'intellectual factor' in 'the new dispensation of Christianity' (p. 671); why should he hesitate to admit at least a moderate Persian influence on the religion of the Jewish Church? There were, no doubt, native Israelitish germs of the later hope of immortality; but why did not Jeremiah or the Second Isaiah bring them to light and develop their latent meaning? Evidently help was required from without; more advanced religious thinkers had to assist the slow but highly receptive Jewish mind. Still, I will endeavour to answer Mr. Gladstone, and I will do this, not by referring him to books and articles which he may not have time to read, but by a very brief summary of the facts and considerations which I have already brought forward elsewhere.

Let me take as my starting-point a very just and significant remark of Mr. Gladstone. 'The Captivity,' he says, 'was not a Persian but a Babylonian captivity.' It is true that the Jehovah (Yahvé) of the Second Isaiah has a specially close resemblance to the Ahura Mazda of Zoroastrianism, but this is no proof of any historical connection between the two conceptions of God. If the deepened insight into the nature of God which meets us in the Second Isaiah was in any degree helped by foreign stimulus, that stimulus must have come from Babylon. The fact that the Babylonians and the Israelites who sojourned in their midst acquired similar ideas of the divine nature about the same time suggests that there may have been some religious intercourse between them.²⁶ Advanced Old Testament criticism has made it highly probable that some of the early narratives in Genesis, written shortly before and during the Exile, are partly of Babylonian origin; it is not unreasonable to hold that the higher Jewish conception of Jehovah was at any rate promoted to some extent by the higher Babylonian conception of Marduk. Towards the end of the Exile, I know, any friendly feeling which the Jews may have had for Babylon gave place to hatred; it is not for the religion of Babylon, but for that of Persia (represented by Cyrus), that the Second Isaiah expresses a general sympathy. But in earlier years, when Jeremiah's advice (Jer. xxix. 7) was fully carried out, it was probably different. Nor was it only the nature of God, but the future lot of the soul, on which the Jewish exiles seem to have formed ideas akin to that of their masters. I admit that Babylonian ideas on a future state may have reached the Israelites through the Canaanites long before;²⁷ indeed, we may partly thus account for the splendid close of the story of Elijah (2 Kings ii. 11),

²⁶ *Bampton Lectures*, 1889, p. 269.

²⁷ The letters sent by kings and governors of Western Asia to the Pharaohs Amenôphis the Third and Amenôphis the Fourth (see *Records of the Past*, iv. 67, &c.) prove that before the Egyptian conquests, and before the rise of the Assyrian kingdom, Babylonian culture had spread to the shores of the Mediterranean. Religious myths must have formed a part of this culture.

which is, of course, a pre-Exilic work. But it is more than probable that the belief in the possibility of escaping death (or of escaping out of death, for the two ideas were not sharply distinguished) was strengthened by a revived acquaintance with Babylonian myths, like that of Sit-napistim or 'Xisuthrus' during the Exile. Now, granting this, it becomes all the easier to admit that in due time a still greater influence was exercised upon the Jews by the Persians.

Mr. Gladstone deals with the theory of Persian influence in three sentences (pp. 663-4). He draws a distinction between Magianism and Zoroastrianism, and quotes Haug as denying the adoption by the Jews of Persian words on the subject of religion. But as to the first point, viz. that Persian influence in the Achaemenian period would promote Magianism rather than Zoroastrianism. Mr. Gladstone has, I fear, misunderstood his authorities. I am well aware of the difficulties connected with the history of early Mazda-worship, but few contemporary critics would care to deny that the ideas and sacred texts of Achaemenian Mazda-worship are in the main reproduced in the Avesta.²⁸ Even M. de Harlez, whose theological tendencies are somewhat similar to Mr. Gladstone's, sums up thus: 'The result is that the Gâthâs are the exclusive work of the Magi, and that the Avesta owes to them the greater part of its contents and its ultimate form.'²⁹ Now as to the second point. It would, no doubt, add strength to our argument if we had other linguistic proofs of the religious influence of the Persians upon the Jews besides the derivation of Asmodeus (see Tobit) from Aeshma-dêva. But the value of linguistic proofs may easily be exaggerated, for even when words are borrowed, the significations do not always remain the same. The attributes of the demon Asmodeus are in fact not altogether those of the Zend Aeshma-dêva. But I need not linger on this point; the reality of Zoroastrian influence upon Judaism is now generally recognised. The post-Exilic angelology and demonology of the Jews assumed more and more a Persian colouring; the belief in Satan, for instance, may be thoroughly Hebraic, and yet it would hardly have grown up as it did without the indirect influence of the belief in Ahriman against which it was a protest. So too the ancient blessing called *yûçêr ûr* had no doubt a polemical reference to Zoroastrianism, and yet the custom of reciting it at dawn was no doubt influenced by a similar Zoroastrian ordinance.³⁰ And though the establishment of the Law as the basis of Jewish national life was of course justified by the parallel of Deuteronomy (2 Kings xxii., xxiii.), yet we can hardly doubt that Ezra the scribe was partly influenced by the existence of the great 'book-religion' of Persia. And can we stop short here? There

²⁸ Cf. Darmesteter, *Zendaresta* ('Sacred Books of the East'), Part I. Introd. p. xiii.

²⁹ De Harlez, *Avesta*, Introd. p. xcii.

³⁰ *Hampton Lectures*, 1889, pp. 272, 448.

is indeed no necessity to suppose that the conception of God was affected (except very indirectly through the Satan-belief) by the Zoroastrian faith, but that of a future state surely may have been. Take the idea of the resurrection for instance. If Isaiah xxiv-xxvii. was written, as Professor Driver supposed in 1888, on the eve of the Captivity, we might suppose that it was a gifted prophet's inference from the firmly believed promise of the national restoration. But if, as this excellent scholar now admits, it is a post-Exilic work, it becomes at once possible that Persian influence assisted its development. Or take the idea of the immortality of the soul. If the six psalms mentioned at the beginning of this article are pre-Exilic, we must either deny that there is any reference in them to immortality, or, if we venture to admit such a reference, we must explain it on the same principle as in the former case. At any rate, as Professor Kuenen remarks, speaking of my own recent theories, we must, in accounting for the higher Jewish developments, consider the possibility not only of Hellenic but of Persian influences.³¹

The subject is indeed one of much greater importance than Mr. Gladstone's remarks would suggest. We are just at the beginning of a momentous historical discussion as to the character and origin of essential Christianity, and we cannot get very much further than Dr. Hatch has carried us without an investigation of the character and origin of pre-Christian Judaism. It has often been said that even the New Testament writings contain an Hellenic element, and Professor Pfleiderer has expressed the opinion that 'Hellenic eschatology had influenced the general belief of the Jews in the time of Jesus through the channel of Essenism.' These ideas are in the air; and though Dr. Hatch has not expressly said so, we cannot doubt that he would have admitted an unconscious Hellenism in parts of the New Testament. I think myself that this theory, under due limitations, is in a high degree probable, and I would ask if an infiltration of Hellenism into *Palestinian* Judaism does not become much more intelligible if more or less similar Oriental influences had gone before. I would even go further and inquire whether the Jewish Hellenistic philosophy of Alexandria is not more easily accounted for, if the Jews who, willingly or by compulsion, entered Egypt under the early Ptolemies had been already in some slight degree Zoroastrianised.

For the elaboration of this theory of a partial Zoroastrianising of post-Exilic Judaism I must refer to the writings already referred to. In considering it, the reader will kindly remember the limitations under which I hold it. 1. It is not till the latter part of the Persian rule that I suppose Zoroastrian influences to have been strongly felt, or at any rate to have affected the higher religious literature. The leaders of the Church-nation and those who wrote

³¹ *Theologisch Tijdschrift*, September 1891, p. 593.

for its edification were naturally slow in sanctioning non-Jewish influence. 2. I do not suppose the Jews to have read the Zoroastrian writings, though I refer to those writings, and especially the Gâthâs, as a repertory of Zoroastrian ideas. It must be remembered that the ideas of book-religions are not propagated even now exclusively by their sacred writings. 3. Zoroastrian influence was generally limited by Jewish presuppositions. The only exceptions to be made have relation to popular superstitions. 4. 'Indirectly Persia must have influenced the Jews throughout her vast empire, but directly not so much the Jews in Palestine as the large Israelitish colonies on the east of the Euphrates and the Tigris, which, however, must have transmitted the results to the Jews in Palestine.'³² 5. I assume that I-sa. xxiy-xxvii. (chapters which contain references to the annihilation of death and the resurrection of dead Israelites) were written not very early in the Persian period, that the Book of Daniel was composed at the beginning of the Maccabæan rising (B.C. 164), and that the psalms (or all the psalms but the eighteenth) were written during the Persian and early Greek periods. These dates I believe to be a close approximation to the true ones. Even with regard to the psalms, critics will soon probably be agreed that in their present forms few, if any, are earlier than the Exile. It may no doubt be possible for some critics to hold a Davidic element (which they will seldom, however, be able to indicate), or at any rate an element derived from the age of Jeremiah. But the most plausible view, because the most consistent with the other results which are forcing themselves upon impartial critics, is, I venture to think, that which I have adopted. 6. I am far from supposing that a primary reference in the psalms to immortality or the resurrection can be made out with certainty. But, as a Jewish critic observes, 'if there be psalms of the Maccabæan age, they would certainly agree, as to the immortality of the soul, with the Pharisees';³³ and the same remark may be extended, as I believe, to some at least of the psalms of the Persian age. Only, as the hope of immortality was not universally accepted, it is natural to expect that even those psalmists who themselves held it would express themselves in such a way as to edify even those who had less mature thoughts. 'Not merely because they were Eastern poets, but in obedience probably to the law of charity, they used vague expressions which needed to be explained mentally from the stock of ideas which the worshippers brought with them. To those whose religious position was the comparatively dry and meagre one of the older orthodoxy of Israel, those expressions had a dry and meagre sense; but to those who were being led to the confines of a nobler faith, the same words acquired a depth of significance which the older interpreters only erred in making too logically definite.'

³² *Dampton Lectures*, 1889, p. 281.

³³ Isidore Loeb, *Revue des études juives*, avril-juin 1930, p. 165.

But I have already tried my respected critic's patience too long. I will conclude with an expression of sympathy with him in his great object of improving the historical defence of Christianity, and not less with the two translators of the *Avesta* in the *Sacred Books of the East* in their efforts to promote a better appreciation of the religion of the 'Omniscient Lord.' I dare not say that the two religions, or even that Judaism and Zoroastrianism, are on an equality, but I may be thankful that when the appointed time for the blending of the Aryan and the Semitic mind had come, the ideas of Zarathustra had not become too much overlaid to be helpful in the process. And I cannot but recognise that had there been in Iran a succession of spiritual prophets like Zarathustra, the chief factor in the religion of the future might have been not Semitic, but Aryan.

T. K. CHLYNF.

A RAILWAY JOURNEY WITH MR. PARNELL

I ONCE had the good fortune of travelling *tête-à-tête* from Euston to Holyhead with Mr. Parnell. It was in July or August of 1887, and I was going over to Ireland to judge at the Dublin Horse Show. I see Mr. O'Connor, in his lately published 'Life,' discounts the general impression that Mr. Parnell was a very reticent man in private life, and he tells us that when he met anybody who could be interested in his ideas, or who wanted to draw him out, he would speak as freely as anybody else. I was very ready to be interested, almost rudely determined to draw him out, and a *coupé* in the Irish mail gave Mr. Parnell no chance of escape from me. At all events I found him the pleasantest and easiest of travelling companions, and we conversed, apparently without any effort on his side, between Euston and Rugby just as if we had known each other all our lives. I daresay I was becoming a little tiresome, for as we left Rugby he proposed in a very serious voice our both trying to go to sleep.

'Sir, we had a good talk,' I can say with Dr. Johnson. I took some dull and careful notes of our conversation next morning, and I remember I breakfasted late with Mr. Arthur Balfour, an invigorating antidote, and told him a little about my journey with Mr. Parnell. I intended using these notes as little as possible, they seemed so colourless as compared to my unwritten recollections. I remember almost everything he said, the way he said the things, the way he looked, many of the actual words he chose, but I despair of conveying these recollections in proper words, and so in great measure I must use the notes.

Of course, I had often seen Mr. Parnell before, and I recognised him taking his ticket just in front of me. We were in very good time, but he disappeared, and I did not see him on the platform, so thought no more about him one way or the other until he got into my *coupé* just as the train was beginning to move. He arranged his effects with almost old-maidish precision, and put on a small and unbecoming skull-cap—the same sort of cap, I suppose, as the one Mr. O'Connor tells us 'he startled and amused the world' by wearing in court. He then composed himself full length to read; it looked to me like one of Jules Verne's books; he did not read, however, but

looked straight in front of him at the black window. I had already opened, I need hardly say, with the weather, a subject upon which we had found ourselves discouragingly unanimous, and I felt these reading preparations would never do.

Early in that Session, I think, Mr. Parnell had asked leave to bring in an Arrears of Rent Bill for Ireland. Speaking generally, and speaking from memory, this Bill set aside the principle of the legislation which had fixed judicial rents in Ireland for terms of fifteen years. Under Mr. Parnell's proposed Bill, any Irish *ténant* who had paid in a certain proportion of his judicial rent was to be entitled to take his landlord again into the Land Court for a fresh adjustment. At the time it was styled a dishonest Bill, and was hounded out of the House of Commons in deep disgrace. This is all old history now, but it is history which has repeated itself, the present Government having since practically admitted the principle they were then so indignant about. I thought they were wrong at the time. With their strong battalions they might have done as they pleased with the Bill at its later stages. Tactically it seemed to me a good opportunity for a young Government to get, as it were, into its saddle and settle its stirrups. Besides, I had over and over again heard Mr. Parnell attacked for never having committed himself to anything like a constructive measure, and it therefore seemed to me a rational opportunity of, at all events, hearing what the Irish Parliamentary Party had to say upon a measure of their own devising. Most of all I disliked the 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth' spirit, which at that time so pervaded the Unionist mind, and I expressed these views and this dislike to Mr. Parnell. That is how we began. On that particular point he spoke with little concern. 'I suppose,' he said, 'the Government thought it a dodge of mine; there was no dodge; my Bill was only what I thought the proper way of meeting a certain condition of things.'

From that we came to talk about the abstract aspect of Home Rule, and this part of our conversation was so impersonal that I shall quote almost literally from my notes.

'Mr. Parnell believes very much in the immediate effect of industrial development of all kinds, and in the new sense of responsibility which the administration of their own affairs will give to the Irish people. England and Scotland are highly developed and prosperous countries, and so naturally see risks in any great constitutional change. Ireland is in so bad a way that the risks of such an experiment as Home Rule do not present themselves to her. There need be no failure, although the first years of a Home Rule Parliament he admits must be years of great anxiety. I asked him whether Home Rule had not come to mean to the average Irishman the turning of sixpences into shillings, and what he thought would happen if the people of Ireland ever woke up to find that even under

Home Rule the sixpences were still only sixpences. He again said it would be a very anxious time at first, but he struck me as either shutting his eyes wilfully, or being unable to see how enormously the difficulties of the Irish question would be increased by the economic failure of the experiment of Home Rule.'

'Home Rule is certain to come; the only alternative to Home Rule is Lord Salisbury's "resolute Government," and that, as things are now, is impossible. Resolute Government is conceivable, and it might be successful. You would have to get rid of Irish representation in the House of Commons, and have an able and courageous administrator in Ireland with a strong executive under him—no Irishmen—who would settle the land and develop the resources of the country, such as butter factories, woollen trade, harbours and fisheries. Success would have to depend upon the material improvement of the conditions of the Irish people under such an administration, and upon the extent and volume of such material improvement.

'Lord Carnarvon,' he said, 'had a very complete scheme of Home Rule worked out in all its detail, but the scheme was only to come into operation gradually—that is, Home Rule was to be a measure granted by degrees to Ireland on her preferment.'

'Speaking of Mr. Gladstone's 1886 Land Bill, he said the interest of the money to buy out the landlords paralysed the Home Rule Bill. He further said that the landlords were to get too much for their land, and would never get such good terms offered again. I objected that something was due to them for what, all things considered, was very like eviction, and that this element should be considered side by side with purely agricultural valuation. Mr. Parnell would have nothing to say to this view. None of the landlords need go, and most of them would stay. Ulster, he said, would have accepted the Home Rule Bill had it passed, as she would not have deserted her co-religionists disseminated over the rest of Ireland.'

'“Lord Salisbury,” he said, “has a great chance.” The Irish party are quite willing to be reasonable, although they would prefer a scheme coming from Mr. Gladstone, and would be sorry to see him dished by the Unionists. He considers Lord Salisbury an insurmountable obstacle to such a contingency, saying he was a man “above treaties and negotiations.” Mr. Gladstone, he thought, would support a measure introduced by Lord Salisbury, provided it met the views of the Irish party as a national settlement. Nothing short, he said, of what we are asking for can satisfy those views or effect that settlement. Home Rule is sure to come within a very few years. When history comes to be written we shall find it has

taken a very short time to bring about.' He thinks Lord Hartington not being in the Cabinet will lead to difficulties.

Then we got upon agriculture and local shows and Agricultural Societies. He spoke with approval of how well the Horse Show at Ball's Bridge was managed, and how much good it did; but he did not talk or seem to care much about horses, and although since the great trial we know he was a subscriber to the hounds in his neighbourhood, Mr. O'Connor says nothing of his hunting. I have seen him riding in a mustardy brown coat. He had not, considering his figure, a nice seat on a horse, and he held his reins very short. That evening, I remember, he said it was folly to boycott hunting.

Local Agricultural Societies he thought should be encouraged and subsidised by Government, and he desired to see a Board of Agriculture established in Dublin, with a staff of peripatetic lecturers and local agents. Instruction in the cultivation of green crops, and in a more provident system of dairying, should at once be started. Every Irishman's cow, he told me, now calves at the same time, and goes dry at the same time, and so the markets are either flooded with milk or drained. If this were only better managed, Ireland might break the back of the Brittany butter trade.

At that time Mr. Balfour had just decided to make a Government grant in aid of sound stallions and pedigree bulls up and down the country, the action of the National League having much discouraged the stallion and bull-owning class. I told Mr. Parnell about this, and he seemed pleased and surprised at Mr. Balfour's action, but courteously incredulous of the reasons I gave for its necessity. He spoke a great deal about the deep-sea fisheries possibilities of Ireland. Harbours should be provided, although he did not specify by whom, along the west coast. He said that wherever you find a harbour now, you will find a thriving state of things; where there is no harbour the seaboard population have to use little boats which can be hauled up on the beach out of danger every night: such boats cannot get out to the good fishing grounds or face the Atlantic swell, and so, he said, these rich fishing grounds are exploited by French and Manx fishermen under their very noses.

He also spoke of Government forestry. Government was to employ labour in extensive trenching, draining, and planting, and he desired to see railway rates compulsorily lowered for the inward carriage of fish and the outward carriage of agricultural produce.

Mr. O'Connor tells us that Mr. Parnell had been a practical farmer at one period of his life and could talk learnedly upon practical farming. He adds that Mr. Parnell astonished his fellow-prisoners in Kilmainham by the diversity of his knowledge on many subjects, and that this knowledge was imparted with the curious simplicity of a mind that was, very simple and quite free from any sense of the

ridiculous. He certainly astonished me with some of his material development formulas fully as much as he can ever have astonished his fellow-prisoners. If this bountiful Rasselas is right about his fish-curing, dairying, and forestry, the solution of an economic problem, not the satisfaction of a national sentiment, comprises the whole Irish question. I asked him whether, if by an enchanter's wand we could raise the price of Irish stock, horses, cattle, and sheep, fifty per cent., and keep it there, we should hear any more of the national sentiment. Mr. Parnell said we should. For my part I firmly believe we should not.

Mr. Balfour had been appointed Irish Secretary in March of that year. Writing on the 7th of that month, the *Freeman's Journal* declared it was 'like breaking a butterfly to extend Mr. Balfour on the rack of Irish politics.' The same newspaper was quite as imaginative on the 8th when it said, 'to make the refined and dilettante Arthur Balfour Chief Secretary for Ireland at this moment is like throwing a lame dove among a congregation of angry cats;' and on the 27th of April it commented gravely upon 'his phenomenal deficiency in power of retort.' From that time forward during the session of 1887 daily articles appeared in the Opposition Press, the *Pall Mall* screeching in their van, accusing Mr. Balfour of ignorance and inability to understand the Irish question. But none know so well where the shoe pinches as he who has to wear it. Mr. Parnell had formed a very different opinion of Mr. Arthur Balfour's calibre. Speaking to me that evening he doubted Mr. Balfour's nervous organisation standing the stress of the office, but he spoke with absolute conviction of his ability. These are his actual words about Mr. Balfour. 'He must be a man of great capacity, for he has grown into the question.' I asked him if the Irish party really disliked him so much. Mr. Parnell said he thought only as the incarnation of an odious policy; the party rather liked him in other ways; they liked his mettle and his adroitness in retort and debate. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, he added, was the man they could not stand; no impression could ever be made on him. Mr. Parnell tried to remember 'something about a bull's hide and brazen front,' which was quoted about Mr. Campbell-Bannerman by somebody. 'It was very good,' said Mr. Parnell seriously, 'but I never remember poetry.'

But this paper is much too long, and I must conclude. Mr. O'Connor thinks that old stories of the time of the Rebellion and the Famine, told him as a boy by Hugh Gaffney, told afterwards by himself in his 'usual tranquil manner' in the evenings after grouse-shooting at Aughavanna, have conspired to form the Parnell of history. Mr. Parnell spoke to me that evening of those 'old unhappy days, of the coffin-ships, of the fever-stricken, famishing, packed cargo, of the wholesale expatriation of their people by the landlords. He spoke of those days entirely without feeling, entirely without prejudice, in

tranquil manner. It was perhaps this sober, aloof way of telling me these things which made me feel the sombreness and graveness of his description.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues. The landlords of Ireland at that time, he said, were fighting for their lives; there was not room for all on the land, and they emigrated their people. It was a solution, but it was carried out in a barbarous and cruel way, and it is the descendants of the men and women driven out of Ireland then, who are sending the funds to Ireland from America now.

I fancy we crossed over to Ireland in the same boat, although I did not see him at Kingstown or on the boat. He certainly did not, like myself, join a party who were attacking an underdone round of beef and green pickles in the saloon. We met and we parted strangers. I never saw him to speak to again; even had we met again he would not have recognised me, for during the whole of that journey he never so much as looked at me.

RIBBLESDALE.

THE
NEW SCIENCE—PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

ONE of the greatest philosophers of modern times maintains that the advance of each science is dependent on corresponding advances in other sciences. So dependent, indeed, is one science on another, that a physicist, a chemist, an astronomer who would try to carry out investigations each in his own particular branch of science without possessing some knowledge of physiology, must necessarily labour under enormous disadvantages, for the premisses being frequently erroneous the conclusions must often be fallacious. Conversely, a physiologist who would study the functions of the eye could make but little progress were he unacquainted with the principles of chemistry, optics, and mathematics; indeed, it is a remarkable fact that some of the greatest discoveries in ophthalmology were made, not by physicians nor physiologists, but by physicists. How could proficiency in one science alone be supposed to suffice, seeing that no branch of knowledge has clearly defined limits, that it is impossible to say, for instance, where physics ends and chemistry begins, or to point out the exact limits of physiology, anatomy, pathology? This overlapping of the sciences is implied by the use of such terms as physiological chemistry, chemical physics; and a little consideration shows that each newly discovered fact in any science may have an immediate bearing on other subjects also, which at first sight appear to be only distantly related to the original science.

During the present century, the scientific world has watched the growth of an entirely new branch of knowledge, the fundamental principles of which have been elucidated by workers in many different divisions of natural knowledge, by chemists, physicists, botanists, zoologists, and physicians. The elementary facts of 'the new science' having been discovered, the new data threw a flood of light on the whole field of science, and results of immense practical value were the immediate outcome of discoveries which at first appeared to be of theoretical interest only.

More than 230 years ago, a Jesuit father, Athanasius Kircherus, saw under his microscope a number of apparently living and moving

things in blood, pus, putrid meat, milk, vinegar, and cheese. Whether Kircherus really saw what are now called 'microbes,' or whether these 'worms,' as he termed them, were merely detritus of the putrefying material, blood corpuscles, or pus cells, cannot be gathered with certainty from his descriptions; but there is no doubt that in 1695 the celebrated Antonius von Leeuwenhoek, of Delft, saw, and accurately described, microbes which he had discovered with lenses of his own manufacture. Strangely enough, he published his researches in a letter addressed to the Royal Society of London, describing the organisms he had found in water, wells, macerations of pepper, the intestines of horse-flies, frogs, pigeons, fowls, and so on. He carefully watched their movements, and wondered greatly at their incredible numbers, as well as at their swiftness and their extraordinary shapes. Even at that time, medical enthusiasts thought that many infectious diseases might possibly be due to the attacks of these microbes, Leeuwenhoek's discovery serving as a basis for many ingenious theories which were framed to explain the occurrence of such diseases as malaria or plague. A scientific theory, however, if unsupported by actual experiment, is easily discredited by any one possessing a little literary knowledge and satirical skill. In 1726, a most amusing,¹ but extremely satirical work, published in Paris, effectually disposed, for the time being, of the theory that micro-organisms were the cause of infectious disease, and during the eighteenth century the importance of Leeuwenhoek's investigations was appreciated by a few eminent men only, including Linnæus.

Passing over the controversy between Needham and Spallanzani on the question of spontaneous generation, let us come to the researches made in the beginning of the century, as the discoveries then made form the solid rock on which the present science of bacteriology is built.

Certain substances—especially albuminous matters—when exposed to air undergo an extraordinary chemical change—named, according to the products formed, 'fermentation' or 'putrefaction.'—these new products, such as alcohol or butyric acid, being due to the gradual decomposition of the albuminous and other constituents. Since Leeuwenhoek's researches, it was an admitted fact that micro-organisms existed in all putrefying and fermenting matters, liquid or solid; but much discussion ensued as to whether these organisms originated spontaneously in such matter, or whether they were carried into the putrefying material by the surrounding air.

The experiments of Gay-Lussac seemed to show that putrefaction and fermentation were caused by the oxygen present in the atmosphere; but in 1836, Schulze devised an experiment which negated

¹ *Système d'un Médecin anglois, etc.* See Löffler's *Vorlesungen*. 887

that idea. He filled a flask with substances which decompose quickly when exposed to air; the flask and its contents were then heated so as to destroy the germs already contained in it. The result was sufficiently startling; for the substances in the flask, although the latter was unsealed, remained perfectly sweet as long as the air admitted, during and after the process of cooling, was made to bubble through tubes containing substances, such as sulphuric acid or caustic potash, which destroy all living germs.

A few years later, Schwann brought forward evidence to show that air might be freely admitted into a flask containing putrescible material, without producing putrefaction, provided all solid particles contained in the air had been duly killed by being subjected to intense heat.

Just as water may be freed of all solid particles by being passed through porcelain, so may air be purified from all germs by filtration through cotton-wool; and the air thus filtered, bubbling through solutions containing highly putrescible substances, produces no decomposition whatever. Organic substances, therefore, do not putrefy when exposed to air, as long as all living germs are arrested by filtration, or are destroyed by heat, caustics, or some other means. The conclusion to be drawn is, first, that air—as such—is not the primary cause of putrefaction, but that this process is due to the action of the living particles—that is, micro-organisms—surrounding us; and, secondly, that micro-organisms are never produced spontaneously, each being generated by another microbe.

These conclusions appeared absolutely unassailable when Pouchet re-opened the discussion in 1857, and concluded from his own experiments that spontaneous generation is not a myth. He denied the presence of living germs in the atmosphere, maintaining that micro-organisms in putrefying liquids are spontaneously generated. He was at once opposed by Louis Pasteur, who denied the possibility of spontaneous generation, and lost no time in supporting his opinion by incontestable experiments. He proved that the atmosphere surrounding us contains innumerable microbes; and that a few of these, when introduced into a flask, at once produce putrefaction of the contents. By other remarkable experiments, Pasteur ultimately proved that spontaneous generation is a myth, and never takes place under any conditions known to us.

Limited space compels me to pass over the classical researches of John Tyndall and Burdon-Sanderson, and to come at once to another process caused by micro-organisms. Every reader is familiar with the fermentation which results in the formation of alcohol, but until the beginning of this century no one knew what yeast was, or why it gave rise to this fermentation. Cagniard-Latour and Schwann threw an important light on the whole subject by proving that yeast consists of living micro-organisms; alcohol being merely one of the

substances produced by the yeast microbe during its life. These investigations were confirmed by various observers; and Pasteur showed that the fermentations which produce lactic acid, butyric acid, and the peculiar change which occasionally takes place in lactate of lime, are due to specific microbes. A fact, interesting both to the biologist and to the chemist, was elucidated during the course of these investigations, namely, that some microbes not only can live without oxygen, but that this gas is a violent poison to them. In a further series of researches, Pasteur not only found that certain diseases of wine and beer, through which wine-growers and beer-brewers on the Continent lost enormous sums annually, were due to specific micro-organisms which set up undesirable fermentations; but he also discovered that these may be prevented by appropriate treatment. The 'Pasteurisation,' as it is called, of wine and beer is still carried out, on a large scale and with excellent results, in certain parts of the Continent.

These early researches on bacteriology were the direct causes of the immense strides since made by some other sciences and arts. See the light which this newly acquired knowledge at once threw on a process going on every day in every cultivated place in the world—viz. the nitrification and nitration of soil. These two processes consist of the decomposition of organic material into its simplest compounds, and into the reconstruction of higher compounds from the ultimate products of decomposition. Through this process the soil becomes a favourable cultivating ground; for sterilised earth—that is, earth in which all micro-organisms have been destroyed—becomes totally unfit for the growth of the higher plants. In other words, without bacteria life would be impossible, since the development of those plants which serve as food for animals is dependent on the presence of microbes in the soil.

The experiments of Messrs. Schloßing and Muntz had shown the probability that the nitrification of soil was due to small bacteria, not unlike those found in acetic acid fermentation; but the proof that microbes are really the active agents in nitrification has lately been given almost simultaneously by two English observers and by a Swiss bacteriologist, who isolated micro-organisms which have the power of producing nitrification.

Bacteria are not only the cause of nitrification of soil, but are the most important factors in other mineralogical and geological problems. In the water of a ferruginous spring, for instance, and yet more in stagnant water containing iron, a peculiar kind of microbe is found, which, on account of its colour, has been called '*leptothrix ochracea*.' Take a few of these microbes, and, placing them in a flask containing hay and water, allow the mixture to stand in a warm place. After a time gas rises to the surface, whilst flocculent masses form on the sides of the flask. These, under the microscope, are seen to consist

of chains of slender micro-organisms surrounded by a sheath varying in thickness. One end of the chain is fixed to the side of the vessel, whilst the growing extremity is free. The sheath at the attached end is extremely thick, and gradually diminishes in size until at the free extremity it becomes almost indistinguishable. The increased thickness of the sheath is evidently caused by an incrustation of a yellow iron salt, and a superficial observer might conclude that this layer of iron is deposited on the sheath mechanically, just as it might be deposited on the surface of a stone or any other inorganic object. Not so, however; for further observation proves that the deposition of this iron salt is actually dependent on the life of the micro-organism on which it is precipitated, and that no more iron is deposited as soon as the microbe dies. Inspection of one of these chains shows that some of the elements are dead, whilst others are still alive. If one of these long filaments be now carefully washed in water loaded with carbonic acid, which dissolves the iron deposit, and afterwards replaced in the original ferruginous solution, the part of the sheath covering the microbes which are alive again becomes impregnated with the iron salt, whilst that part surrounding the dead microbes remains colourless. In other words, the deposition of iron salts is a process wholly dependent on the life of the *Leptothrix ochracea*. After a time, of course, the filaments die, but the insoluble iron salt formed by their action remains behind.

This is not, as might be supposed, a mere laboratory experiment; on the contrary, it is a process constantly going on around many ferruginous springs and marshy places. The insoluble iron salt remains behind, and forms a gradually increasing deposit.

The researches on fermentation and putrefaction are not only important to the chemist or agriculturist, but paved the way for one of the greatest discoveries ever made in the healing art. The constant dread of surgeons in former days was the occurrence of blood poisoning after operations. True, it was an acknowledged fact, even in the early days of surgery, that in hospitals kept under good hygienic conditions grave operations might be performed with diminished, though still serious, risk of blood poisoning. But in over-crowded, badly ventilated, badly drained hospitals, on the Continent especially, the mortality following operations was indeed frightful. The slightest wound, such as is caused by the opening of a cyst or of a small abscess, was not unfrequently followed by blood poisoning and death. Women in child-birth died in enormous numbers from the same cause, even after normal confinements; and so fearful was the mortality that some maternities had to be closed for a time.

Guided by his own and Pasteur's researches, the English surgeon, Joseph Lister, was led to suppose that the blood poisoning following

on wounds might be due to the presence of living micro-organisms. He determined to find a method by which the ubiquitous microbe could be prevented from entering a wound, and he saw that this was to be effected by the careful disinfection, not only of the skin of the patient, but also of the surgeon's hands, instruments, dressing, ligatures—in fact, everything which might possibly come in contact with the wound during, or after, the operation. In one word, he invented 'antiseptic surgery.'

In order fully to appreciate the magnitude of Lister's discovery, it must be remembered that, at that time, bacteriology did not exist as a science, that the micro-organisms causing blood poisoning had never been isolated, and that scientific men of the first rank doubted their very existence. Now let us see what antiseptic surgery has done for humanity. Thanks to this method, slight operations—which formerly were frequently followed by painful suppuration, and sometimes by erysipelas, pyæmia, and death—may now be performed without fear of evil results, and practically without after-pain to the patient; fractured limbs may now be saved which formerly must have been amputated, if the patient's life was not to be sacrificed. Operations on diseased joints, the abdomen, brain, lungs, &c., may now be carried out which before the introduction of Sir Joseph Lister's method would most probably have proved fatal. Imagine, for instance, the astonishment of a surgeon at the beginning of this century on hearing that his successors would fearlessly remove tumours from brain and spinal cord, snatching the patient from certain death, well knowing that as long as they follow rigid antiseptic precautions the operation, *per se*, is often practically without danger.

See what has happened in lying-in charities, where formerly the mortality from blood poisoning was often ten per cent., and sometimes reached two or three times that number. The confinements in most maternities are now conducted on antiseptic principles, and consequently blood poisoning has almost entirely disappeared, the mortality from all causes combined being less than one per cent. I have before me the statistics of the Lariboisière Hospital in Paris, where the antiseptic method is rigidly carried out in all confinements. During a period extending from the 1st of November 1882, to the 1st of January 1889, 12,580 women were confined in this hospital; of these only 74 per cent. died; and this number includes even the women who succumbed to intercurrent diseases, such as phthisis, scarlet fever, &c.

Similar, even better, results have been obtained in English lying-in hospitals which have adopted antiseptic methods of treatment. The following extract from the medical report of the General Lying-in Hospital, York Road, Lambeth, is eloquent in its simplicity:

<i>In-Patients</i>	<i>Children</i>
Women confined 430	Born alive and survived . 401
Of whom one died.*	Stillborn 19
	Died after birth [†] . . . 14
	434

A similar decrease in mortality has also taken place in out-patient practice wherever antiseptic precautions have been adopted. Dr. H. R. Spencer has kindly supplied the following statistics concerning the results obtained in the Out-patients' Maternity Department, at University College Hospital, Gower Street, London. The married women are attended at their own homes by medical students under the superintendence of Drs. John Williams and H. R. Spencer, assisted by three[‡] junior qualified medical men. Many of these confinements are necessarily made under extremely unfavourable hygienic conditions, in small crowded rooms used during the day as living room and kitchen, and at night as sleeping room for the whole family. To these facts, as a former obstetric assistant to that hospital, I can personally testify. In 1890, 2,265 women were thus confined, and out of this number four died; namely, one of influenza, one of phthisis, one of heart disease, and one from the rupture of an abscess—in fact, not a single death was due to the confinement itself.

When we remember that these are not the lives of old and decrepit people, but of strong healthy women, mostly in the prime of life, we can form some idea of the benefits of antiseptic midwifery. As an eminent professor has well said: 'It is impossible to estimate the matter accurately in figures, but I may say that I believe many thousands annually have been saved from death by Sir Joseph Lister's system of antiseptic surgery; and the number of those who have been saved from terrible suffering, not necessarily resulting in death, is far larger still, and must amount to hundreds of thousands of cases in the year.'

This man, Joseph Lister—whom the medical fraternity in every country has delighted to honour—this man, should he wish to perform a few experiments in his own country, must be licensed for the purpose, like a criminal on ticket-of-leave or the keeper of a public-house. Truly it is an amazing spectacle to see a man who has saved hundreds of thousands of lives applying for permission to continue his observations to a Government official who, however well-intentioned, may have no knowledge whatsoever of the requirements of science.

Let us now turn to another series of discoveries of great importance in the science of bacteriology. A botanist, Ferdinand Cohn, in

* This patient was suffering from cancer at the time she was confined, and was brought to the hospital in a dying condition.

† Four sets of twins.

‡ E. Ray Lankester. Deputation to Sir Michael E. Hicks-Beach, June 5, 1891.

1857, discovered peculiar glistening bodies in the interior of certain micro-organisms. These bodies, generally called 'spores,' may be compared to the seeds of plants; they germinate and form new micro-organisms after the death of the microbes which have produced them. This discovery of the spore, which at first sight might appear to possess merely a scientific interest, has, on the contrary, proved of great value to practical men. The discoverer had himself drawn attention to the fact that these spores resisted the action of external influences, such as heat, cold, and antiseptics, for an almost incredible time; but the importance of this fact was not pointed out until Koch began his researches on anthrax. Anthrax is a peculiar infectious disease which in certain parts of the country proves fatal to a large number of sheep, cattle, and even horses, and which is caused by a specific micro-organism, the *bacillus anthracis*. Agriculturists are aware that if an animal suffering from anthrax has been grazing, or been buried, in a field, that field immediately becomes a source of infection to animals feeding in it; and there are pasture lands in England where farmers dare not place their sheep or cattle, for there they invariably die of anthrax. Although the anthrax virus may be exposed to the severe cold of the Russian steppes, or to the intense heat of an African summer, the ground, once contaminated, remains a source of infection.

Koch was the first to observe that the anthrax bacillus forms spores, and that these resist the action of heat, cold, dryness, and antiseptic agents for prolonged periods; and that when reintroduced into a suitable medium they grow into extremely virulent bacilli. An animal afflicted with anthrax and grazing in a field contaminates the ground with its dejecta containing the anthrax bacilli, which have passed into them from the blood, and which form spores soon after leaving the animal body. A healthy animal, years afterwards perhaps, grazing over the place, inhales some of the anthrax spores, or swallows them with its food, or the spores penetrate through a wound in the system, and thus reproduce the disease. If an animal, dead of anthrax, has been buried in a field, numerous spores form in and around the carcase, and find their way to the surface of the earth. But a critic might say: 'We do not even know whether spores have any power of motion; how then can they travel from the depths of the ground to the surface?' True, we do not know *all* the means by which this migration takes place, but we know of one. Anyone walking over a field must notice the little mounds formed by earthworms; those mounds situated near the place where an animal dead of anthrax has been buried often contain virulent anthrax spores. The earthworms, in passing over the carcase, load themselves with the spores, bring them to the surface, and excrete them with the earth. In this way the spores from the carcase of a buried animal become a source of infection.

The discovery by a Botanist of this power of resistance in spores has lately been turned to practical advantage. Amongst the diseases afflicting man and animals, which in some countries—the West Indies, for instance—cause numerous deaths, is that known as tetanus, or lock-jaw, which follows the infliction of wounds. Many years ago various observers saw characteristic bacilli in the wounds of men and animals suffering from lock-jaw; but all attempts at isolating them had proved fruitless, as the wounds are always soiled with other micro-organisms. Starting with the fact that the tetanus bacillus contains spores, which resist high temperatures that prove fatal to full-grown bacilli, a Japanese investigator, Dr. Kitasato, devised the following method. He excised the wound of an animal which had died of tetanus, and which, therefore, contained the bacilli of tetanus *plus* the foreign microbes. He placed the excised portion in a cultivating medium and heated it for a considerable time, and so killed both the foreign microbes and the bacilli of tetanus, whereas the spores of the latter were unaffected by the heat. The medium being allowed to cool, the spores began to grow, and gave an abundant crop of pure tetanus bacilli. Once in the possession of pure virus, Dr. Kitasato, together with Dr. Behring, extracted from this culture a substance which ‘vaccinated’ animals against tetanus; and in a further series of researches they devised means to cure tetanus in animals *even when this disease is actually in progress and death is imminent*.

A few lines may be devoted to the consideration of other infectious diseases produced by specific microbes, and of the results obtained by bacteriologists in combating them. Davaine first suggested that the specific bacilli, always present in cases of anthrax, were the real cause of the malady; and Koch proved this supposition to be correct. The latter observer, by an ingenious method, isolated the bacillus from the blood of animals afflicted with anthrax, and invented a means of growing it on artificial media in a state of absolute purity—i.e. without any admixture of other organisms—just as a peculiar kind of rose may be grown in a garden. A small tube, containing gelatine or some other nutrient material in which the anthrax bacilli are made to grow, is called an anthrax culture; and an infinitesimal part of this culture placed under an animal's skin always produces anthrax in that animal, and nothing but anthrax. Using the methods which he himself had invented and perfected, Professor Koch and other observers have been able to isolate the microbes of many infectious diseases affecting man and animals—e.g. diphtheria, typhoid, black-quarter, &c.—and, more especially, the micro-organisms of the disease which perhaps does more harm than all the others combined—namely, the bacillus of tuberculosis or consumption.

It is a well-established fact that a man who has once suffered

from a given infectious disease is, for a time at least, proof against that same disease. A child, for instance, which has had small-pox, scarlet fever, typhoid, or measles will not again, for some time be susceptible to any of these infections. Pasteur, guided by this fact, and knowing that even a mild attack is a protection, concluded that if it were possible to give an animal a modified form of a specific malady caused by a specific microbe, the animal would be in future proof against the attacks of the same micro-organism. After investigating the subject for a long time, he succeeded in vaccinating fowls against fowl-cholera, a disease produced by a specific micro-organism. He discovered that an old culture of these microbes injected into fowls gave rise to very slight symptoms only, that the fowls soon regained their health, and, after recovery, resisted the action of the most virulent bacilli, the injection of which would otherwise have proved fatal. Turning his attention to anthrax, Pasteur, in 1881, published his method of 'vaccinating' animals against this disease.

Anthrax chiefly attacks sheep, but not unfrequently proves fatal also to horned cattle, horses, and man, and is one of the great scourges in France and other countries, more especially Russia and Australia. Since Pasteur's discoveries, agriculturists have learned the value of preventive inoculations against anthrax and have extensively applied this method. In France, for instance, more than 2,500,000 sheep, 320,000 heads of horned cattle, and 2,861 horses have been inoculated with vaccine prepared in the Paris Institute. The same institute in 1888-1889 sent out material for the inoculation of 1,000 elephants in India, and some years ago the British Government sent several native gentlemen to Paris on purpose to learn the way of preparing the anthrax vaccines. The Russian Government has established in several parts of the Empire institutes where the 'vaccines' are specially prepared. The Austrian Government has resolved to found a similar institute, and lately sent to Paris one of its most eminent scientific men, Professor Weichselbaum, for the express purpose of learning the necessary manipulations. The system was introduced two years ago into Tasmania, and during the last Congress of Hygiene, Mr. Park, head of the Veterinary Department of Tasmania, repeatedly assured me of its efficacy. In England inoculations have been carried out with marked success by Professor Penderbury, of the Royal Veterinary College, who in a letter tells me that 'the process is most easy of adoption' and that 'Pasteur's system has so far proved the best method of protecting animals against anthrax.'

Anthrax, however, is not the only disease which bacteriologists have mastered; for the results obtained by three French veterinarians, Messrs. Arloing, Cornevin, and Thomas, against another malady of cattle—namely, black-quarter—are also of surpassing interest. This disease is a common cause of death amongst young cattle, and is due to the action of a specific bacillus differing in its properties from

* Letter from M. Pasteur to Sir Joseph Lister.

that of anthrax. Having discovered the bacillus, these gentlemen, by actual experiment, demonstrated the fact that it was possible to protect animals against black-quarter by inoculation with an attenuated virus. This method of preventive inoculation has proved successful in France and Switzerland, as the following data will show.⁶ In France 5,835 head of cattle have been inoculated against black-quarter. The mean mortality from the disease in the districts where this mode of vaccination is now used was not less than 10·84 per cent., and not unfrequently reached 17 per cent. After preventive inoculations had been introduced, and although they were not applied all over the country, the mortality at once fell to 2·15 per cent. per annum.

During the year 1884, 2,199 animals were inoculated against black-quarter in Switzerland. Of these 22 per cent. died from the disease during the year, whereas of the non-vaccinated cattle 6·1 per cent. died. In other words, the mortality amongst the non-inoculated was twenty-eight times as large as amongst the inoculated cattle.

In 1887 the agricultural societies of the Jura performed an experiment on a very large scale. They caused 1,703 head of cattle to be inoculated against black-quarter, and then turned them out to graze in various parts of the country with 18,720 head of cattle which had undergone no treatment.

The summer over, the mortality from this disease amongst the non-inoculated animals proved to be 1·33 *per cent.*, whereas amongst those that had undergone the preventive treatment the death-rate amounted to 1·75 *per thousand* only. Since 1885, inoculations against black-quarter have been performed on a large scale in the Canton Berne, as, in order to obtain compensation for losses caused by infectious disease, farmers must bring proof positive that every means has been tried which is known to prevent the occurrence of the diseases, and amongst these means the authorities very properly include preventive inoculations. In 1883 and 1884 respectively, when this method had not yet been introduced, 522 and 712 animals died from black-quarter, but as soon as inoculations were properly carried out the mortality fell to seventy per annum.

Similar facts have been observed in the Canton of Freiburg. Previous to the year 1884, 140 to 150 head of cattle perished annually from the disease. In that year the method of preventive inoculations was first tried, and the number of deaths from black-quarter fell to 136 in 1884, to 119 in 1885, 107 in 1887, 69 in 1888, and 45 in 1889.

During the last five years, out of 36,744 head of cattle, in the same canton, 14,444 were inoculated against black-quarter, and of these one in 555 died from the disease. On the other hand, 22,300 animals were not inoculated, and of these one in forty-three perished. It occasionally happens that an animal dies from the inoculation,

⁶ Arloing, *Les Virus*.

just as sickly children sometimes perish after vaccination. The owners of the animals are then duly indemnified; but, in spite of such losses, the cost of preventive inoculations only amounts to fourpence-halfpenny per head.

Mr. Herbert Spencer states in one of his works that, 'excluding these inductions that have been so fully verified as to rank with exact science, there are no indications so trustworthy as those which have undergone the mercantile test.' During the last ten years the method of preventive inoculations has indeed undergone the mercantile test. The methods which were looked upon with something like distrust by the highest scientific authorities now stand on the firmest possible basis, and their practical value is acknowledged even by those who at first bitterly opposed their application. Agriculturists—who cannot be accused of belonging to a scientific clique, who know nothing and care less about theoretical considerations or bacteriology—are clamouring for the vaccines.

Interesting as are these results, they are perhaps of less importance than what has been accomplished in the prevention of another disease, which affects both man and animal—namely, rabies or hydrophobia.

I have in another paper⁷ given full details as to how Pasteur was led to make his remarkable discovery, and I must refer the reader to my former publication on this subject. I will now come at once to the results obtained in man by Pasteur's treatment.⁸

A few details are here necessary, for we have to consider what the mortality amounted to in human beings who were bitten by rabid dogs before the invention of Pasteur's treatment. I have collected most of the statistics on this subject, and I find the mortality of persons bitten on any part of the body varied between 15 and 50 per cent.; but, for the sake of argument, I will assume 15 per cent. to be the correct figure—although I believe this number to be far too low. The tables on next page show the results obtained by Pasteur's treatment in Paris.⁹

If we take into consideration only the cases contained in Column A—that is, cases in which there cannot be the shadow of a doubt that the animals which bit the patients were rabid—we see that the total mortality, including the cases dying before the treatment could have any effect, including the cases which came to the Institute after their fellows bitten at the same time had died of rabies, we see that this total mortality is a little over one per cent.

⁷ *British Medical Journal*, Sept. 21, 1889.

⁸ It is noteworthy that, although M. Pasteur employs rabbits for the production of virus of rabies, the fact that dogs are not used at the Pasteur Institute for that purpose, although repeatedly pointed out, has been persistently ignored by the antivivisectionist party, who in their letters to the papers talk of the 'thousands of dogs' inoculated by M. Pasteur.

⁹ Perdriz, *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*. 1890.

Table A

Table A										Total		
Year	Number of Patients	Deaths	Mortality per cent.	Number of Rabbits	Deaths	Mortality per cent.	Number of Rabbits	Deaths	Mortality per cent.	Number of Rabbits	Deaths	Mortality per cent.
1886	323	5	1.54	1031	24	1.24	518	185	2772	36	1.29	
1887	357	2	.56	1161	15	1.29	260	1.54	1778	21	1.18	
1888	403	7	1.74	974	4	.41	248	.40	1625	12	.74	
1889	348	4	1.15	1188	3	.25	208	1.10	1834	10	.54	
1431	18	1.34	5254	46	.88	1324	15	1.13	8009	79	1.00	

Column A refers to patients bitten by animals which were undoubtedly rabid, the proof being that an animal bitten at the same time died of rabies, or that a piece of the spinal cord of the animal which inflicted the bite inoculated into a rabbit produced rabies in this animal.

Column B refers to patients bitten by animals certified to be rabid by veterinary surgeons.

Column C refers to patients bitten by animals suspected of being rabid, but which were not actually proved to be so. I have, from repeated inquiries, no hesitation in stating that most of the persons in Column C were bitten by animals really rabid.

Before M. Pasteur's treatment was applied, the mortality among people bitten in the face by rabid animals amounted to 80 per cent. I find that in the years extending from 1885 to 1889, 593 persons bitten in the face were inoculated at the Institut Pasteur in Paris. The total mortality is 2.23 per cent.

In the year 1887, 350 persons were bitten in Paris by rabid animals. 506 were inoculated by M. Pasteur and three died (mortality .97 per cent.); forty-four declined to be inoculated, and seven of these are known to have died of rabies (mortality 15.9 per cent.). These facts were elucidated by careful inquiries made by an independent medical man acting for the Prefect of Police.

Since the foundation of the Pasteur Institute in Paris similar Institutes have been established all over the world, and I have before me, at the time of writing, the reports of such institutes in Russia, Hungary, Italy, Sicily, Brazil, Turkey, the United States, Roumania, and other countries. In all Pasteur's results have been confirmed, and in a large number of them the method has proved even more successful than in Pasteur's hands. I have also in my possession notes of a number of cases in which some were submitted to the treatment, whilst others bitten by the same rabid animals declined to be inoculated. The result was that the inoculated persons recovered, whilst those who for some reason or other refused to be treated died of hydrophobia. It is my firm conviction that of all the treatments which have ever been invented for the prevention of an infectious disease, not one (vaccinia perhaps excepted) has proved so successful as Pasteur's treatment against rabies.

In a lecture on rabies and its preventive treatment, which I had the honour of delivering before the Society of Arts on the 5th of December, 1889, I attempted to answer the following question: 'Suppose you had been bitten by a dog, and the veterinary surgeon had told you that the animal was rabid, or suppose you had been bitten by a stray dog which you believed to be rabid, what would you do?' After enumerating the evidence I possessed at the time, I answered: 'If ever I am bitten by a rabid dog, or one which I believe to be rabid, I shall take the first train to Paris and be inoculated.' Since that time I have, every month, carefully scrutinised the statistics of the Institut Pasteur, and on the occasion of the last 'International Congress of Hygiene,' I asked for details from some of the directors of the antirabic institutes of Russia, Roumania, Italy, and America, many of whom fully answered my queries. What I said on the 5th of December, 1889, I now repeat with renewed emphasis.

If I am compelled to lay so much stress on the value of Pasteur's treatment, it is because some people, whose object is to show that no good can possibly come out of experiments on animals, still go on advocating other methods of treatment. Again I repeat it, there is no treatment which will prevent the occurrence of rabies in a person bitten by a rabid animal, except Pasteur's method of preventive inoculation. When a human being is bitten by a rabid animal, every moment lost in applying a useless treatment increases the danger, every moment lost may prove a fatal delay. Does it not show 'a devilish disregard of human life' to extol modes of treatment which have been proved to be useless by every man who has studied the question? ¹⁰

Had space allowed, this would have been a fitting opportunity of giving an account of the results obtained against other infectious diseases, such as swine fever. The researches on the chemical substances secreted by micro-organisms might also have interested the reader, but the question is too wide to be more than mentioned here. Already, however, there are indications to show that in a short time

¹⁰ It is not my intention to take Pasteur's defence against the calumnies which have been heaped upon him by his unscrupulous opponents. Pasteur requires no defence, for his works stamp him as one of the greatest benefactors of humanity. I may, however, give one specimen of the style of attacks made against him. In an anti-vivisectionist paper, M. Pasteur is accused of having invented the preventive treatment of rabies in order to benefit the Paris hotel keepers. I think it would be difficult to match this piece of slanderous imbecility, even at a political meeting. Had M. Pasteur tried to carry out his researches in this country, he would have had the greatest difficulties in obtaining permission to do so. Suppose he had triumphed over his difficulties, then, after spending his life in trying to advance knowledge and saving human and animal lives, 'a respectable paper' would no doubt publish a letter stating that a man who performs experiments on animals is farther down the pit than a drunkard, a debauchee, a liar, or a thief (*Manchester Guardian*, October 6, 1891). And this from a lady who boasts that the 'heart of Christian England' is on her side (*Star*, August 1891).

bacteriologists will have discovered ways of curing diphtheria with methods based on strictly scientific principles.

In the preceding lines, it has been proved that bacteriology is the direct outcome, not of one branch of knowledge only, but of all the divisions of natural science, biology, chemistry, and others. But during its growth even, it shed the greatest light on the sciences of which it is an offshoot. The first step in bacteriology was made through chemical investigations; but, on the other hand, see what the new science has done for chemistry. It has solved for chemists some of the chief problems connected with putrefaction and fermentation, problems which were previously in a state of hopeless obscurity. Through bacteriology, chemists have learnt that each kind of specific fermentation is due to a specific micro-organism, which placed under definite conditions produces definite chemical substances, and in this manner bacteriologists have discovered substances the existence of which chemists did not even suspect.

Have not bacteriologists also revolutionised botanical methods by new modes of cultivating micro-organisms: by showing that every colony of microbes has its own particular aspect; by improved methods of staining, so that previously invisible bacteria are now easily seen; by inventing photographic processes of such delicacy that structures invisible to the naked eye are now readily perceived in the plate; and by enriching the flora with countless new genera previously unknown?

The men to whose genius we owe the 'new science' were merely seeking for truth and had no practical object in view, but gradually gained this useful knowledge through experiment—physical, chemical, and physiological. Hundreds of human lives, snatched from death through Pasteur's treatment; thousands of human beings restored to health every year through perfected systems of medicine and surgery; millions of animals protected against infectious disease, have been saved through the knowledge gained by experiments on animals. Those who expect that the science of medicine will make any startling progress without having recourse to experiments on animals, might just as well expect to see brilliant discoveries in chemistry without new and improved methods of chemical experimentation.

Suppose a man who had never seen a steam engine at work was told to set it going. If an acute observer, he might, by taking that engine to pieces, form a very shrewd guess as to the use of its various parts, of its boiler, its stop-cocks, and its furnace; but how could he be sure that his suppositions were correct until he had actually seen the engine at work—in other words, until he had performed an experiment? Suppose he had surmounted this primary difficulty, would he be able to work his engine without

knowing something of the causes through which it gets out of order? Must he not acquire the knowledge that if he allow salts to be deposited in its boiler, an explosion will occur; that if he over-heat the engine, the same result may follow; that if he fail to grease it properly, it will get over-heated; that if he does not look after its manometers, he cannot correctly appreciate the pressure in the various parts of the engine, and thus prepare for an accident; and that the slightest negligence on his part may prove fatal? A competent engineer, therefore, not only understands his engine thoroughly, but also knows the causes which may throw it out of order. This knowledge he acquires by his own observation and experiment, as well as by the accumulated observation and experiments of others.

Similarly with medicine. A physician knows intimately the structure of the human body; he has been taught the functions of the various cells and organs, the appearances produced by disease, and, to some extent, the causes of certain maladies. But how imperfect this latter part of his knowledge really is can be shown by taking, as an example, any disease in which micro-organisms appear to play a part. In 1880, Hansen found numbers of bacilli in the diseased tissues of leprosy patients, a discovery which has been confirmed by competent observers; but this statement includes all that is really known of the actual cause of leprosy. We have not the remotest idea whether this bacillus is able to live outside the body; whether it be possible to communicate the disease to animals, or conversely, whether animals can give it to man; whether the bacillus is the cause, or only the concomitant, of the disease; whether it is a hardy, resistant organism, or not; we do not even know, for certain, whether one man can communicate leprosy to another. Clearly, then, it is impossible to invent a truly scientific treatment of leprosy while so little is known of the cause of the disease; though there is good reason to believe that this object might be obtained through experiments on animals.

A competent worker might carefully examine the lesions in the various organs of leprosy patients, and so gain accurate knowledge as to the localisation of the disease, and by deduction explain the cause of some of the symptoms. Simple observation, however, without experiment, will not make him acquainted with the real nature of the disease. But suppose the same observer were able to cultivate a specific and characteristic bacillus from cases of leprosy, and to reproduce the disease in animals by inoculation of that bacillus (thus proving it to be the cause of the disease), he would then be able to study more minutely the various stages the micro-organism passes through, and test the effect on it of heat, cold, light, and chemical agents, such as drugs.

The knowledge thus acquired would in time enable him to say

with absolute certainty what are the conditions under which the bacillus can exist, or under which it must die; and so lay down rules as to the best means of disinfecting objects placed in contact with the patient, and regulations to prevent the spread of the disease from one person to another. At the same time, he would determine how to arrest the growth of this bacillus in an animal already suffering from the disease; how the poisons secreted by the leprosy bacillus might be neutralised; and lastly, he would try to discover specific drugs which, without injury to the patient, would destroy the micro-organism.

These investigations must, step by step, pave the way to the discovery of an eventual cure for leprosy, just as the researches of Schwann, Davaine, Pasteur, and others led to the preventive treatment against rabies, anthrax, black-quarter, swine fever, and other diseases.

Leprosy is but one example of our ignorance on bacteriological questions, but problems innumerable—medical, chemical, botanical, and agricultural—await solution, and so difficult are these questions that the science of bacteriology must be studied by representatives of each department of natural science.

An institute specially devoted to the teaching of bacteriology, and fitted out for carrying on researches in this science and in its applications, would no doubt render inestimable services.

Just as a knowledge of elementary physics and chemistry is necessary for everyone teaching or making investigations in any branch of natural science, so must bacteriology be part of the education of chemists, botanists, and agriculturists, veterinarians, physicians, zoologists, and medical officers of health—in fact, of everyone interested, directly or indirectly, in natural science. In the hygienic institutes which have been erected and endowed by the State in various continental countries, education in bacteriology is given to all those who require it; but education is only part of the work of such establishments, for they are also specially fitted out for original research. The investigations to be carried out are necessarily of the most varied character, ranging through the whole domain of natural science and of the arts based on it. We find in such institutes special departments in which the structure and development of microbes are studied; the harmful and useful products secreted by micro-organisms analysed, and the diseases due to them scientifically investigated by botanical, chemical, and medical experts. In some of these are also special departments, where the virus necessary for antirabic and other inoculations can be prepared.

Preventive inoculations have no doubt been marvellously successful, but it is my firm conviction that the use of such methods is, and ought to be, strictly limited. Inoculation ought to be applied only when a given infectious disease cannot be eradicated

without it. Why should there be an anti-rabic institute in this country, for instance, when hydrophobia could be stamped out for ever by one year's universal muzzling and a system of quarantine for all imported dogs, when every death from rabies which occurs in the United Kingdom is the result of the senseless agitators, who, under the plea of protecting dogs, cause the death of man? If ever an increase in the death-rate from hydrophobia compels the British nation to establish a system of preventive inoculations against rabies in this country, it will have been brought into existence by the anti-vivisectionist and anti-muzzling agitation.¹¹

There are many diseases, however—such as anthrax, quarter-evil, and swine fever—which cannot be stamped out so easily. In time, no doubt, this object must be attained, but at present inoculations would still prove useful, and numerous facts show that agriculturists, could they obtain the necessary material from an institute, would be glad to use it on their animals. Nevertheless, inoculation is only a palliative measure, for the first object to be aimed at is the stamping out of infectious disease, and I cannot help thinking that the day will come when preventive inoculation will be a thing of the past.

Again, such subjects as the disposal and disinfection of sewage, the bacteriological examination for germs of disease in the water supply, and other kindred subjects, might be studied scientifically in such an institute.

In Paris, for instance, the municipality has established a laboratory for the examination of food stuffs, to which anyone may send suspected food to be reported on by a bacteriological expert. Anyone who will take the trouble to examine a few of the articles sold in London shops will soon convince himself of the services such an examination of food conducted by proper persons would render to human beings, more particularly to infants.

The important part played by micro-organisms appears to me to warrant the establishing in England of an institute specially devoted to bacteriological research, and I have attempted to show that such

¹¹ Those who have read these lines will judge how far the following lines, written by a prominent anti-vivisectionist, are justified. 'If the promoters of this institution have their way, we shall not only have to be vaccinated against small-pox, but we shall have to submit to a "protective inoculation" with the filthy disease germs, &c. &c.' (*Newcastle Journal*, September 30, 1891.) As I have endeavoured to show, stamping out, not preventive inoculations, is the object to be pursued in an institute of that description. If I take any notice of the absurd statement made by this anti-vivisectionist, it is simply because, as he adds the letters M.R.C.S. to his name, the general reader might suppose that he speaks from special knowledge. Before making a statement of that kind, it might be supposed that a medical man would have communicated with his medical brethren on the Council of the Institute, and made some inquiries. As far as I know, and I have the best means of being well informed, not one of my colleagues has been communicated with. I need only add that the other statements made by this M.R.C.S. are on a par with the assertions just quoted.

an institute would prove of immense benefit to science, to health, to agriculture—in fact, to the community at large. I have but repeated what has been said before by better men, but I have ventured to call attention again to the subject, because now at last there appears to be some chance of seeing such an institute established in England. Indeed, it is already in existence, for it has been duly registered by the President of the Board of Trade. Steps will now be taken to found it on a proper basis, and a sum of 20,000*l.*, subject to certain conditions, has been granted for its maintenance; a much larger sum, however, will be required to build and establish it.

The council had to fight against ignorant prejudice when they applied to have the institute registered, but they can proudly point to the support they received, not only from their colleagues, but from the whole of the English scientific world, and, I may add, from the press. Could anything justify the council in their determination to establish in England a 'British Institute of Preventive Medicine,' it would be the letter¹² written on his bed of illness, by the veteran John Tyndall, a passage of which I may fitly quote: 'In regard to questions of life and health, such an institution is the most pressing need of England at the present hour.'

M. ARMAND RUFFER.

¹² Deputation to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. June 5, 1891. Shorthand Report.

A SUGGESTION FOR MY BETTERS

A CRY has gone forth from across the Channel that the masses in France are getting heartily tired of reading novels! The booksellers in Paris are, so they tell me, alarmed at the outlook: they say that the everlasting *feuilletons* in the daily papers supply—more than supply—all the demand that remains for fiction; that people will not buy the story-tellers' books; that the appetite of the million for romance has become jaded—jaded by satiety. So far from being surprised at this, I can only wonder that the craving for French fiction has lasted so long. Two or three years ago, when I asked M. Taine how it was that people seemed to have forgotten Emile Souvestre, and instanced that wonderful story of his, *Le Gardien du vieux Phare*, as a work of consummate art which deserved to live for ever, the great critic snubbed me with courteous superciliousness. 'Souvestre! Ah, bien! A sort of Miss Edgeworth. He had his little day. *Voilà tout!*' Of course I collapsed, but inwardly rebelled: and I said to myself, savagely—No, it's not all! Some men have their little day—and their resurrection afterwards. How many of the soulless ones that are the idols of the soulless ones now will rise to newness of life in the future? How long will their reputation last? When a man is snubbed he finds a wonderful comfort in prophesying bad things in store for somebody else, and ever since I got my snub I have been asserting loudly that French novels could not much longer serve as the pabulum for a brilliant people. I set myself to watch the signs of the times. Now it seems I have not been very far wrong. France, I am told, is asking for more wholesome intellectual food than its spicy, cloying, sickly half-crown novels. Fiction, they complain, is unsatisfying. 'Bon-bons are sweet, but they too often disagree with us. Better to have the solid nutriment of fact. Suppose we take a course of history.' There are reasons for this change in the popular taste which, if I am rightly informed, has been coming over the French people. Apart from the corrupting and vicious tone of the later novelists—against which it was absolutely certain that there would come a revolt sooner or later—there have been other influences at work. A school of historians has arisen—whose glorious leader and inspirer was the late M. Fustel de Coulanges—

from whom quite startling and novel suggestions have emanated during the last twenty years or so, and by whom a new appeal has been made to the patriotism of French students. These men have, above all things, set themselves to prove that not even in historic research does France owe anything to Germany. Forty years ago the theory of Von Maurer, which claimed to trace the origin of property in land from prehistoric times, when organised communities held the soil by what may be called a social tenure, had been very widely accepted by students of history. M. de Coulanges, then a young man, had serious doubts about the soundness of the hypothesis, and set himself to examine the evidence on which it was based. With astonishing patience and labour he gave himself to the minute study of all that vast body of recondite lore which, directly or indirectly, had any bearing upon the questions at issue, and, undaunted by the vastness of the task he had set himself, nor discouraged by the smallness of his class at the Sorbonne, he pursued his researches with heroic tenacity of purpose till the time came for him to speak. At last, in 1885, he put forth his first and most notable volume, under the title of *Recherches sur quelques problèmes d'histoire*.¹

In his preface to this volume he says: 'It is now twenty-five years since I began to teach, and each year I have had the happiness of having *four or five pupils*. . . . The one truth of which I have persistently endeavoured to convince them is that history is the most difficult of the sciences. What I have taught them before all things has been *to inquire*.' The young men caught their master's enthusiasm, and, under his guidance, and stimulated by his heroic surrender of himself to the search after truth, a new school of historical research has risen up in France, and his labours and theirs have begun to bear fruit. It has dawned upon the new generation of intelligent Frenchmen that all this talk about a German immigration—a colonisation—a settlement of a whole people, with their wives and children, upon French soil in the fifth century, whereby all the institutions of the invaded lands were moulded according to the pattern of things beyond the Rhine, is a mere German figment—a specimen of German brag and bluster. A magician's wand has touched the pyramid of theory and tumbled it over—proved, in fact, that its only foundation was its apex. M. Fustel de Coulanges has blown the theory of *the Mark* into the air. The national sentiment of loyalty to a champion who has stood forward to fight the scholar's battle of France against Germany, and has smitten the host of German dogmatists hip and thigh, has awakened a response. France will now turn her thoughts to historic research and laugh her enemies to scorn. Whatever Frenchmen do in any department of

¹ See *The Origin of Property in Land*. By Fustel de Coulanges. Translated by Margaret Ashky, with an Introductory Chapter by Professor Ashley, of Toronto. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

literature they do better than anyone else. We may be sure that we shall hear much of the new French school of history before many years go by.

But how are things looking with us on our side of the Channel? We too have our great Oxford School of History. For forty years or so Oxford has sent forth man after man magnificently trained in the discipline of historic research. The splendid quality of the work produced has been hardly less conspicuous than the wide area which has been explored. The monumental histories of the Bishop of Oxford, Professor Freeman, the late J. R. Green, and a host of others whom it is invidious to omit, and yet impossible to include in an exhaustive catalogue, have changed the whole character of our views of English history. Men have begun to look out for the steady evolution of our national life from primitive institutions, and to trace the operation of great laws in the events which used to be regarded as the only facts worth noticing in the records of the past. The wide range of discussion, together with the conspicuous learning and ability of the writers—which the pages of the *Historic Review* exhibit in its successive numbers—indicates how catholic our Oxford historians are in their views of the Science of History, and how wide the fields which they set themselves to explore. Moreover, it is noticeable that there is a remunerative sale even for the most severe works on history. The Bishop of Oxford's *Constitutional History* can no more be regarded as a popular work—*virginibus puerisque*—than Newton's *Principia*; yet edition after edition of the master's book is steadily absorbed. Professor Freeman's great *History of the Norman Conquest* is no drug upon the hands of the booksellers. Mr. Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire* has been reprinted half a dozen times. The *Corpus Poeticum Boreale* of Messrs. Vigfusson and York-Powell, I am told, is 'going off,' and there is hardly a county antiquarian society or a provincial record society that is not doing something more than paying its way. One would have thought that, in the face of these and other facts pointing in the same direction, we should be able to assure ourselves that the knowledge of history—at least, of English history—would be becoming very widely diffused among the masses, and that, in return for all the immense sums that are being spent on elementary education, the people at large would by this time have attained to some intelligent familiarity with the glorious annals of their fatherland. So far from it, it may safely be asserted that there is not a civilised community upon earth whose people are so ignorant of their history as our English people are of theirs.

The most splendid distinctions in the academic arena at Cambridge can be attained by men who need not—and often do not—know whether Charles the First or Charles the Second had his head cut off, or whether Queen Elizabeth was the mother, wife, sister, daughter, or second cousin of Henry the Eighth. Pass the question round the

hundreds of bright and studious young men in the great hospitals of London, 'What happened in 1066?' and every man of them will proudly give the triumphant answer. But proceed to ask them whether the Spanish Armada came to grief in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, or whether Clive was a statesman, a painter, or a British admiral, and the future *medicos* would be wise if they asked for twenty-four hours before replying to such a conundrum. It is all very well to cry out, 'Then they ought to be ashamed of themselves!' Why ought they to be ashamed of themselves? We are a 'very practical people—at any rate, we say we are—and how will the knowledge that Oliver Cromwell was a different person from Thomas Cromwell help a young surgeon to cut off a man's toe?

The cry is for useful knowledge, and from the category of useful knowledge we must exclude religion, morals, and history. County Councils are losing their heads over technical education; the masses must no longer be left in ignorance of the philosophy of kitchen economy—the composition of soaps, the mysteries of the wash-tub, and the theory of patent mangles. Agricultural chemistry—that awful science, so awful that nobody seems quite to know what it means—is to be a compulsory subject in our Board schools in a year or two, and urchins of fourteen will rise to the edge of transcendentalism in the rapt contemplation of bichlorides and superphosphates. In the meantime agricultural labourers, pulled up—not built up—by all this inflation of vapoury bubble-blowing, are to be handed over to the dominion of fluent rhetoricians, appealing to their passions, their selfish greed, and to just the worst side of their characters. We are leaving them absolutely defenceless against the assaults of demagogues who live by sowing the seeds of hatred, discontent, and unhappiness, they themselves looking to reap the crop, such as it is likely to be. The poor fellows are losing all sentiment of patriotism. How can they retain it when they know nothing of the past—nothing of the lessons of history—nothing of the growth of institutions which have slowly developed out of their primal germs, scarcely recognisable in the ages of barbarism—nothing of the stubborn struggles for freedom of speech and freedom of opinion in which their fathers played the heroes' part, and paid the heroes' price for victory at last, in the shape of suffering and sacrifice? England's history is the grand heritage of Englishmen, and when we keep from the masses all knowledge of that we are robbing the people of their birthright.

How long is it to go on? •

I am strongly persuaded that even among ourselves there is growing up in our people a hunger for bread rather than for ashes. It is quite pathetic to receive, as some of us are receiving, week after week, letters from intelligent correspondents of all classes begging to be informed upon the most elementary questions, which we had assumed that everybody was familiar with. Men are beginning to look

into the history of their parishes or neighbourhood. Others are asking whether it is really true that their churches are more than 300 years old; whether the Danes really did sail up to Norwich; or whether the Pope came to Swaffham, but found the place too hot for him. Others again want to be told all about the old weavers, and how the open fields answered, or why they have to pay two shillings a year to the Steward of the Manor Court, and, above all, and most frequently, how it came about that some parsons are vicars and some are rectors, and sometimes the tithes are paid to a woman or an alien. Meanwhile nothing has brought home to my mind more forcibly the conviction that very very few educated, or half-educated, men have ever had the most rudimentary training in English history than the fact that I myself have got to be regarded as a real historian. They might just as truly call me an orator, and my bitterest enemies have never accused me of that. It makes me exceedingly uncomfortable to underlie this suspicion. I only know one clergyman in England—I do not count the bishops—who can be called a real historian, with a masterly grasp of English history from the days of ‘pot-bellied Saxondom’ to the days of George the Fourth. I will not name him—it might hurt him to be branded as a learned man and a scholar. But that a smatterer and fumbler, who is a mere groper after a little knowledge of the past, should be looked upon as an authority in the ‘most difficult of all the sciences,’ proves how bad the outlook is and how grievously we want teachers for our rising generation. And yet, if the demand for such teachers is growing, surely there ought not to be much difficulty in providing the supply! All this grand historic literature which has been absorbed among us during the last thirty years *must* have been assimilated by students who are able and willing to reproduce it, if nothing more—probably able to do something better, by giving us the results of their own independent researches.

Are our County Councils debarred from using any of their money in the disseminating of a knowledge of economic history? I had written *political* history too, but I put my pen through the word, alarmed at my own audacity. For who would tolerate the proposal that we should teach the elements of political philosophy, or aspire to indoctrinate the masses with rudimentary notions about the duties and privileges of good citizenship? I need not say that I tremble to suggest that to be conversant with the leading truths of constitutional history will hurt no one, though such matters to the agitators are Nehushtan.

For some years past I have, in a bungling, blundering way, been lecturing on what I call historical and antiquarian subjects to very different audiences in various parts of East Anglia. I can have no doubt at all that the interest awakened in these matters has very greatly increased—very greatly indeed—and that, among the working classes especially, it is rapidly increasing still.

One Sunday afternoon a year or two ago, when the service came to an end in the usual way, my congregation were met at the doors by a deluge of rain which fairly beat them. They crowded round the doors, hung back huddling, then some retired to their seats, waiting for the storm to spend itself. In the excitement of preaching, I had been quite unobservant of the violence of the wind and the rain. When I had retired to the vestry, and was about to make the best of my way to the parsonage close by, I began to understand the situation. 'My good friends,' I said, 'you've had enough of preaching. Let me tell you something about our church.' It was quite clear before I had gone on ten minutes that my audience were all alive and all awake.

Next winter I announced a lecture in the church on the history of the building *as far as the Rood Screen*. Kind friends came round me, drew out plans, furnished illustrations, and gave all that sort of kind help which lightens a man's heart and lightens his labour when he has a big task before him. When the appointed evening came the building was full from end to end. Ill-natured defensors assert that I went on for an hour and a half; but that is a libel. Be it as it may, I am told not a soul went to sleep, and flatterers declared they found the dulcet tones and the romantic story all too short. I walked about among the crowds with a long stick. 'Do you see that bulge in the wall? That means so and so. Do you notice that mark there? Well, once upon a time . . . John Styles, do you know whose tombstone you are standing on? That poor gentleman left 10*l.* to . . . And so we went on: not at random, however, but systematically, and ending—ending observe, not beginning—at the days when the first English Prayer Book was brought into the church and the Book of Homilies—which, to my shame, I forgot to bring in—was set up and read at the desk somewhere. Again and again have I been begged to continue my lecture, and to give, indeed, a long course of lectures on the history of the parish too. But life is short, and art is long, and flesh is weak. But I think it will not be long before the wish of my people will be in part complied with, and I have no fear of their being wanting in intelligent curiosity.

I venture to ask, Why should not this kind of thing be done in a hundred churches of any given area? Why should not the powers that be encourage the masses in town and country to look back upon the nation's past and the people's past? Why should not duly qualified lecturers be sent out among our villages to stimulate the historic imagination, and to awaken interest in the struggle and the march of progress of generations gone by? Why should not English history, or at least some portion of English history, be made a *compulsory* subject in all standards above the third? Why should not School Boards and school managers do their best to roll away the reproach that we deserve to be brought against us?

Even happy Japan has its staff of itinerant lecturers, who go through the length and breadth of the land teaching Japanese history to the young men and maidens of the streets and the lanes; but we in England let year after year go by, and generation after generation rise and pass, while to the enormous majority of our countrymen the glorious record of our ancestors' doings, and strivings, and progress, and upward-climbing, and spending themselves in the long crusade against tyranny, and slavery, and ignorance, and intolerance remains as if it were a record buried in the depths of some unfathomable cavern, where darkness reigns and none approach to decipher the forgotten scroll.

Assuredly there is no lack of learning and capacity for the work that requires to be done. Oxford could find abundance of men only too eager to engage in it. If Cambridge is as yet very far behind her sister University, there, too, there is an awakening and much promise for the future. The danger would be of young academics on the look-out for employment offering themselves—and being accepted only and solely on the strength of their names being found high up in the class lists; but it should be remembered that, though these furnish us with a very trustworthy index to a man's power of acquisition, they tell us little more about him. They say nothing about his faculty of imparting knowledge, of his ability to interest young or old, of his capacity to deal with those peculiar difficulties and questionings which are for ever recurring when young people need this or that statement or problem to be put before them in different lights, or to be presented from different points of view. Such gifts and graces as these need to be tested by some other ordeal than that which our University examinations, as at present conducted, afford. It is because we have no such ordeal that we hear everywhere of 'shocking bad teachers' and 'miserable lecturers,' and even of 'wretched examiners.' How should it be otherwise when there is absolutely no such systematic training of University men, as there is for the elementary schoolmasters, in the difficult art of teaching—an art which no more comes by nature than the art of playing the violin does.

Moreover, if we are to send forth a body of instructors whose duty it should be to disseminate an intelligent and helpful knowledge of English history among our people, the teachers should not be left to follow each his own devices, nor allowed to choose each his own course of instruction, without some sort of direction and control. If they are to start as accredited public servants, they will have to be subject to discipline and required to give an account of themselves and their doings to headquarters, as everybody else is expected to do who is a stipendiary of any public body. The random vapouring of itinerant neophytes, dispensing small doses of Ruskin and water here and dilutions of Mr. Addington Symonds there, sometimes offering

scraps of Egyptology and sometimes dogmatising pertly on art or economics to mystified but ecstatic audiences—all this will die a natural death: and not a day too soon. All young men and maidens, all more thoughtful and promising boys and girls, will grow up with something like a solid foundation of historic knowledge, will go on to learn the significance of great events and great movements, and to trace the working-out of great laws and great principles in the ages behind us. The life of the present, the hopes of the future, will no longer be dissociated from the life and the conflicts of the past.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

TRADE IN THE MALAY PENINSULA

A SMALL knowledge of geography will determine the position of Singapore, Malacca, and Penang, the three British ports and settlements on the west coast of the Malay Peninsula: Singapore at the very south, Malacca about 110 miles, and Penang about 350 miles, up the coast from Singapore. These ports evidently command the trade of the west coast of the Peninsula. Singapore combines trade with Siam, Java and the Dutch possessions, Borneo and to a certain extent Manilla, and the numerous islands of the Malay Archipelago. It is a very important point and coaling station on the road to China and Japan. Penang commands the trade of Northern Sumatra, Perak, and Kedah, and is also on the Eastern highroad. Malacca is the least favoured. It depends upon itself and upon certain kinds of trade with the interior and neighbouring states. Malacca is the oldest settlement, but for the last twenty-five years its trade has been almost entirely in the hands of Chinese and Asiatics, as the business has not been considered sufficient to maintain European houses of commerce.

Singapore, founded by Sir Stamford Raffles in 1819, soon attracted European capital and adventure in trade, and considerable fortunes were made by men some of whom are still living but who have retired from active business and carry on their firms through managing partners. There are but few recently established English firms, though a certain number of German firms have started business during the last fifteen years. There is no doubt that the managers of English firms in Singapore have to carry on what may be termed a very safe business. Men who have made fortunes are seldom inclined to risk losing them in their old age, and the heirs to such fortunes appear to have inherited an equal bump of caution.

The chief instruction no doubt given to the managing partner in Singapore is to avoid all speculative enterprises. This is to some extent intelligible. It is, however, necessary to look at Singapore in 1870 as compared with Singapore in 1890.

First of all the political condition of the Peninsula has assumed an entirely different aspect. Instead of wars and rumours of wars, murders of Chinese and Malay traders who were sufficiently enter-

prising to embark in trade in the interior, reports of squeezes and injustice of every description by the inland chiefs, causing a paralysis to trade, we now find security to life and property and a form of government in the native states of the Peninsula peculiarly adapted to the encouragement of every trade and enterprise. The wars of Perak and Sungei Ujong and the civil wars and disturbances in Selangor in and about 1874 have resulted in British protectorates over those states, the creation of administrative and trading centres, and a development and accumulation of prosperity unparalleled, I believe, in the history of British colonies. More recently the large state of Pahang and the confederated states of Negri Sembilan, as well as the small state of Ielebu, have been brought under the same system, and there is every evidence that similar results to those achieved in the older protectorates will be obtained there; further that the experience so far gained in administration will result even in a more rapid development of recent protectorates as long as the same system of administration is observed. A reference to Blue Books is sufficient to show the above conclusion to be a sound one.

The general rule of trade in all parts of the world is, 'Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest.' This does not appear to be quite the case in the Straits Settlements. The British mercantile firms confine themselves entirely to the ports of Singapore and Penang, and they purchase produce from Chinese firms in those ports at a minimum profit, the Chinese having branch firms and agencies in the protected native states, and being well informed of market fluctuations.

A word on the way in which produce reaches Singapore through the Chinese trader may be interesting. A shopman or advancer for produce in a native state centre has an agent, or agents, twelve and fifteen miles distant, who again advance for produce. That brings in three persons, viz. the producer, the agent, and the shopkeeper or advancer, all in the native state. The shopkeeper owes his business to a trader in Singapore to whom the produce is sent. That makes four persons. The trader in Singapore sells again to the large Chinese firm. That makes five persons. And finally *he* sells in large quantities to the British merchant, who becomes sixth on the scale.

The ports of the Straits Settlements are now almost the greatest tin producers of the world. The mines are all, or nearly so, situated in the interior of the Peninsula, and yet there is hardly a single British merchant of Singapore or Penang who has established a branch firm in the mineral, agricultural, and administrative centres of the protected native states.

Recently a bank or two have established agencies in places where, for the last six years, money has been in such demand that the ordinary rate of interest is thirty-six per cent. per annum, even on mortgages of land and house property!

The British merchant in Singapore, however, is keen on concession and company-mongering, and for the last year he has been eagerly bulling and bearing, buying and selling shares in companies for gold and tin in Pahang and elsewhere. He knows nothing about the country and probably has never even visited it, has no capital invested in it, and no direct trade with it.

From a sound commercial point of view this is to be deplored. The great mineral riches of the Peninsula, both in gold and tin, warrant a better employment of time and capital.

If other colonies and other trading settlements are brought under comparison, it will be found that merchant firms have their branch firms or agencies throughout the country and act only at one point; that they have visiting agents as well as fixed agencies. In the Peninsula this is not the case.

Although for the last ten years pepper has been cultivated at a very large profit by the Chinese close to Singapore, no steps have been taken by mercantile firms to obtain a direct hold over this cultivation. In tapioca and sugar in province Wellesly, near Penang, it is true there are a number of estates in which the mercantile community of Penang is considerably interested, but these estates were established fifteen and twenty years ago and more, and not in recent years.

The planting future of the Peninsula promises to surpass that of most other countries, and yet it is untouched and almost unsupported by the capital of merchant firms in Singapore. There is every facility for cheap labour, or at any rate the nucleus of it has been assured by ordinances with the Government of India for Tamil immigration. This also is insufficient to lure the British merchant from his Singapore security.

Land in towns and building would be a business in itself to mercantile agencies in three or four of the established centres in the native states, but this again is ignored.

Is this British enterprise? Is it the basis upon which our merchants of Great Britain traded, and made the city of London the greatest emporium in the world, and the British name famous in colonisation and commerce? The answer given by the British merchant in Singapore is that he cannot compete with the Chinese in these matters—that he had better make a small profit per cent. than try for a large profit in competing with the Chinese trader. There appears to be a want of backbone in this argument. If the British merchant could say ‘I have no security for my advances or for my land, I do not wish to be involved in political native questions,’ he would be right, and no one could throw a stone at him. He has not this excuse, however, in the face of the settled administration and the rapid development of at least one half of the Malay Peninsula.

The merchant influence in the Legislative Council of the Colony—which has a good deal to say in the finance of the Colony, and the uses to which its surplus balances are put—is even often in opposition to loans for the development of the Peninsula. This is the more astounding as every new state brought under protection and every new road made mean a development of trade, which cannot fail to be of advantage to the mercantile community of the Straits Settlements. An official report on the different forms of trading, and advancing for produce in the Colony, and in the protected native states, would not be without a certain value.

Security for life, property, and trade is certainly greater in the Malay Peninsula than it can be said to be in parts of Ireland and in many parts of civilised Europe; and there is no doubt that the administration of the protected native states offers every facility for the *bona fide* investment of capital in every branch of enterprise. The Singapore merchant does not care about that though, and only looks at a large concession upon which he can float a company in London or China.

In writing these pages I do not wish to create any false impressions, or to be under any false pretence. I have been a pioneer in planting, and I believe I have got safely through the dangerous stage of that disease. I have been for over six years in the service of Government in the protected native states. I have been a looker-on at trade and enterprise, and have discovered much that I wish I had known before. I have not concealed in this article my opinion that the British merchant in Singapore has not yet realised what can be done in the Malay Peninsula, and I have attacked him in the hope that he may mend his ways, and look closer into further development of trade and industries, in new places within his immediate reach and control, which may result in far greater commercial profits to him than hitherto. Further, I have the prosperity of the Malay Peninsula at heart, and I take a keen interest in watching everything that conduces to its advance and its development.

A nasty tonic often improves the system, and if what is written here does no good, it certainly can do no harm, and, like the tonic, can only leave a disagreeable taste for the present, with the possibility of increased vigour to the system in general for the future.

MARTIN LISTER.

SHAKESPEARE AND MODERN GREEK

IN the dull days of our Hanoverian Georges, and up to the great upheaval of old European foundations by the French Revolution of 1789, in the days when the German Empire was a loosely huddled aggregate, when Russia was peeping over its Oriental wall, and Prussia, under the Great Frederick, was taking her place tentatively for the first time in the great Council of European states, it was natural that the glamour of the military and courtly glories of Louis the Fourteenth, heralded as it was by the light of a classic literature in Corneille, Racine, and Molière, and followed by the brilliant flashes of incisive wit in Voltaire, should have thrown into the shade all other influences, and caused all eyes eager for the higher culture to look to France as to the noonday sun of intellectual light.

And if this was the case with the larger European states, giving to the French language and the French literature a range of action unexampled since the days of the Romans, small countries, such as Greece and Scotland, could not hope to escape the contagion. In Scotland, where the lively memory of national struggles, both civil and sacred, combined with a remarkably sober and serious vein to bar the reception of French ideas, the Parisian influence nevertheless prevailed, as the name of Hume alone is sufficient to indicate; and in Greece, where the traditions of a great literary past were too distant, and the oppressions of three centuries of barbarism too severely felt to allow the pulses of the national blood to beat with a healthy vigour, the largely imported culture of the educated classes was mainly French.

With the French Revolution, however, a new epoch commenced; a revolution which, though in the first flush of its youthful blood it seemed to promise a renewal of the glories of the great monarch, issued strangely in the overthrow of French influence all over literary Europe, and the placing of England and Germany on the vacant throne; and this from a double cause; for not only did the nobler spirit of the first apostles of the great social movement tend to awaken in the hearts of the people a kindred sentiment of political liberty, national independence, and self-assertion, throwing them back on their native sources of culture,

but the lamentable change which came over the face of the movement, as it faded from youth into manhood, had the effect of alienating the minds of the deluded nations from a people with whom the war-cry of liberty, equality, and fraternity meant only the glorification of an armed democracy in France, and the subserviency of all who refused to bow the neck to their masterdom.

The reaction of Europe against this insolence of an intoxicated democracy ended with the battle of Waterloo in 1815; France could no longer be the controller of the political situation; and in the literary world she had no new names to compete with the high priests of learning and the prophets of lofty thought which had risen in the horizon of Germany and Britain. Accordingly we find that the literary activity of the Greek mind awakened in Koraes and other distinguished Greeks living under French influence at Paris soon formed into a political fellowship or brotherhood—*φιλική εταιρεία*—centred in Greece, of which the object was the liberation of the Greek people from their Turkish oppressors, and the erection of an independent nation playing a part in the system of European states; a consummation which, as all the world knows, after a ten years' heroic struggle, took place in the year 1831; and a distinct leaning of literary Greece towards England and Germany, assisted not a little by the patriotic fervour of Byron's erratic genius, and the scholarly sympathies and Hellenic policy of Gladstone, is from this date easily traceable. So early as 1818 we have an indication of this change in a translation of Goethe's *Iphigenia* by Papadopoulos, printed at Jena, and dedicated to the great German. In 1849 and 1850 we have several volumes of educational and historical note, translated from the German by the distinguished educationist George Genadijus. In the year 1865 the Athenian press presents us with a translation of Lord Byron's *Sardanapalus*, by a modern Greek, bearing the name of one of the most subtle of the ancient philosophers, Parmenides; and in 1879 the Coreyean press pays a like compliment to Gladstone, by putting forth his *Juventus Mundi* in the dress of a language the most suitable to the mythological contents of the volume; and now, to crown the series, in the year which has last passed, a Coreyean scholar, named Polyas, grapples boldly with one of the most difficult problems that could tax the capacity of any language—a metrical version of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, of which we shall proceed to give the reader a short account.

Mr. Polyas has set himself to this piece of work in a fashion that shows at once his large appreciation of the significance of the subject and his nice sensibility to the duty of a translator meddling with so delicate a task. He prefaces his version with a short account of the principle on which his handling of the Greek language is based; and thereafter gives us a discourse of forty pages on the moral significance and æsthetic virtues of this dramatic masterpiece. To the

text are attached three appendices: the one of explanatory notes philological and miscellaneous, and the other on the historical traditions from which the story of Hamlet arose; and a third containing extracts from the most famous critical judgments passed on the play from Goethe in *Wilhelm Meister* to Franz Horn and Herder, and the most recent English and French commentators. We shall be content to give a taste of his quality in two extracts, the first containing his conception of the character of Hamlet, and the other his views on the present state and proximate prospects of his dearly beloved mother tongue.

In opposition to certain one-sided and partial views of the character of Hamlet which have been stamped with the authority of great names, I am of opinion that neither, on the one hand, is there any deficiency in his constitution of the passionate and propulsive element, nor, on the other hand, do I allow that there is any such preponderance or hypertrophy, so to speak, of the thoughtful and meditative element, as to weaken and nullify the active force, that no one-sided considerations, whether physical or moral, can exhaust the problem of his idiosyncrasy. With feebleness of character certainly the man cannot be charged who never shrinks from danger, and looks death calmly in the face; naturally incapable of energetic action he can never be deemed who cunningly devises and carries into execution the dramatic representation which brings to light the guilt of the fratricidal king. On the contrary, Hamlet stands before us as a complete man, richly furnished by Nature with all the forces that go to make a man; and it is this very completeness of his human outfit, placing him in antagonism to the actual world around him, that ultimately works his ruin. But his situation only then becomes truly tragic when it compels him not only to come into close relations with a world which he hates, but in that world to undertake a contest which he cannot bring to a successful issue without doing violence to his better nature.

To intensify this tragic situation of a noble soul divided against itself, the poet uses the device of the ghost, a voice from the troubled region of the other world, seeming to impose as a duty on the perplexed mind of the prince what he could not but regard as inconsistent with the dictates of his higher nature. He feels the force of the ghostly appeal: so for a moment, to justify himself to himself, clothes the act of general retaliation which he is called on to commit with the dignity of a catholic protest against the iniquity of a world in which no man can play a part without losing the self-respect which belongs to a moral agent.

‘The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right.’

But this feeling is immediately followed by a revulsion. On reflection he justly doubts whether any individual man is entitled to take into his own hands the adjustment of the evils under which the world may appear at any time to suffer. His better nature conquers for the present; but his misfortune is that the internal convictions which restrain him from the act of general revenge do not take the form of a distinct verdict from the throne of the moral reason; on the contrary, the appearance of the ghost from the world of higher reality gives to the conception of life for life and personal vengeance for personal offence the aspect of a great moral truth, and clothes a crime in the special case with the grace of a duty; and it is this very continuance of his alternating purposes in the region of impassioned impulse, never rising to the firmness of formulated reason, that constitutes the dramatic situation in the character and conduct of Hamlet. If he could have argued himself permanently into a conviction of the reasonableness of an act of personal retaliation, the internal struggle between two courses of conduct which

gives the interest to the situation would have ceased; while, on the other hand, if he had put into an argumentative form a consistent rule of moral action in the circumstances, he would have stood before us as a philosopher and a moralist, not as a tragic character. And the interest of his character consists in this, that, whichever of the two forces shall finally assert the mastery over him, he will have lost what he cannot but find was an essential element in his individuality; and it is here that Goethe spoke the truth when he said that Hamlet finds himself under a burden which he can neither bear nor disclaim. The state of mental distraction into which he is thus thrown passes lightly into a despair of human nature, and a war against the world such as the same great German poet-thinker presented to us in the character of Faust. It is not, therefore, an original tendency to melancholy, that palsies the energy of his character, but it is a moral weakness arising from the better half of his nature not having had strength to assert its natural supremacy. For a while, no doubt, he appears to succeed in subordinating the lower impulses of his impulsive and passionate nature to the control of reason. But the crisis must come. In a moment of hasty indignation Hamlet becomes a homicide, because he imagines that he is digging his sword in the blood of the guilty person; the idea of retribution, blood for blood, obtains the mastery; the secret, mysterious power, which up to the present moment had neutralised the vehemence of his personal feeling, has no longer power to check it. Hamlet loses the equipoise of his character, and walking off from the surveillance of his nobler self, wanders right into the high road of unreason, and from his noble position as an assessor of imperial reason, finds himself dragged down to the level of the low moral standard of the world in which he lives; and, to conceal from himself the moral descent which he has made, he throws himself into the arms of a divine justice, whose instrument he conceits himself to be, and in doing so loses the character of a free and accountable personality, and throws a veil of mystic consecration over a course of conduct which neither cool reason can justify nor a sound conscience approve. In conclusion, if this view of the moral diathesis of the hero of the piece is correct, there can be no doubt that the poet in the character of Hamlet meant to present to us the spiritual struggle of a noble soul which, being full of the ideal in conduct, and eager to realise it, is condemned in the midst of an alien world to have recourse, under a feeling of moral obligation, to plunge himself into a course of conduct in which he necessarily sacrifices his ideal, and thus dries up at the fountain head the springs of his nobler nature.

So much for Hamlet; but so much sense and unfortunately also so much nonsense has been talked on the subject, that we shall wisely proceed to satisfy the intelligent reader on the second part of the business: how has the translator done his work, and in what fashion of the Greek language has he done it? To the first question it may suffice to answer with a *Very well*; to the second a more detailed reply may be necessary. For the fact is that very few, even of professional scholars, can boast a familiar knowledge of the living Greek tongue, and not a few have the road to such knowledge barred by prejudices, personal and class, of no small potency. Nor is the ignorance or the prejudices of these persons without apology, for modern Greek, like modern English, means various things, every one of which taken for the whole will needs help to confound hasty intellects not scientifically curious about the basis of their induction. In English we have the English of Chaucer, the English of Shakespeare, and the current literary English of to-day; not to mention

Dorsetshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Scotch English. If these different platforms of our common Anglo-Norman tongue exist with clearly recognisable differentiating features even under the unifying influences to which our language owes its present form, much more must we expect to find them in Greece, a country which for long centuries before the recent revival of a lost nationality had lain under the double corrupting force of native neglect and foreign intrusion; but, potent as these corrupting influences undoubtedly were, they were never, even in their most active centres, strong enough to create what could in any philological or popular sense be called a new language, in the same fashion that Italian, French, and the other Romance languages were new linguistic creations from the smelting pot of mediæval confusion; they remained only, as we have said, varieties or dialects of a distinctly recognisable and characteristically marked Hellenic tongue. How was this? In the first place no reader of history requires to be reminded that, while nearly fourteen hundred years have elapsed from the breaking down of the Roman Empire, in which Latin was the general medium of cultured communication, to the present hour, in which French and the other Romance languages have victoriously taken its place, no such philological victory could be achieved in a country which, from the taking of Constantinople by the Turks till the great revival of the oppressed nationality in 1821, had been scantily four hundred years subjected to the transforming influences of an invasive government. But besides the shortness of the time—and languages are always slow to die—the fashion of the new creative forces to which Greek was exposed during these four centuries was as far as possible removed from that process of motley mixture passing into friendly fusion which, under the influence of our Norman conquerors, in eight hundred years has produced our modern English tongue. The Normans, along with the odium and the oppression which belonged to them as forcible invaders, brought in elements of social superiority which, in a way as natural as it was beneficial, issued in replacing the native Saxon of the English people by a new language, in which, while much of the original Teutonic remained, the dominating and transforming element was Norman-French. In Greece the reverse of all this took place. In the Turkish Government at Constantinople there was no element of social superiority in the shape of culture and polish to counteract the odium which naturally attaches to a foreign government; and in addition, the community of religious fellowship under the sway of Rome, which favoured the amalgamation of Saxon and Norman elements in England, was in Greece altogether wanting; a repulsion of the strongest kind, congenital to Mahometanism and Christianity, made all approach to a fusion between the conquerors and the conquered in this case impossible. And under the Venetian ascendancy in the Mediterranean, so long as it prevailed, though the

forces which tended to isolation, rather than to fusion, were of course weaker, even here the interchange of linguistic civilities remained very far from any approach to fusion; the Venetian sway in Greece was at once too partial and too distant to act on the whole people in the style that Norman William practised so successfully in Britain; while the churches of the two peoples, though one fundamentally in creed and sentiment, from the dictatorial pretensions of Rome, and the inherited liberty of the ecclesiastical aristocracy in Greece, acted as a repellent rather than as an attractive force. Yet more, the Greeks in their lowest prostration never forgot that they carried with their name and with their language a literature, both sacred and secular, which had conquered the whole world, both intellectually and morally, and held an undisputed sway for more than two thousand years. Even in their lowest estate they had always seemed hopeful swimmers, who, sailing far from the sinking ship, looked behind to the port from which they had started, and forward to the haven which they were destined to reach.

With these general remarks to show our bearings, we may proceed to lay before our readers specimens of the existing Greek language in its various platforms of historical formation. And here, to avoid prolixity, we shall not go back to the Middle Ages, nor trouble our readers with any specimens of popular Greek in its most corrupt form, such as we find it in the popular romance of *Erotocritus*, composed by a native of Crete named Cornaro, and published at Venice in the year 1737, and frequently reprinted,¹ for here the infection of the Cretan dialect, which the writer used, would give an unfair representation of the common language of the Greek people, wherever Greeks do congregate; but we shall simply take a book in the style of the popular novel or tale destined for the general reading public, and free from all taint of local idioms; and in this respect the translation of the *Arabian Nights* from the Italian, published at Venice in 1792, suits our purpose exactly. Here follows the first paragraph of the story entitled *The Ass, the Ox, and the Farmer*.

Ὁ Γαῖδαρος, τὸ βοῦδι, καὶ ὁ Γεωργός.

Εὐρίσκειτο εἰς τὰ μέρη τῆς Περσίας ἓνας πλούσιος πραγματευτής, ὁ ὁποῖος εἶχε διάφορα ὑποστατικά καὶ χώρια ἐνθα ἐφυλαγε καὶ διάφορα ζῶα διὰ τὴν χρείαν του, καὶ εἶχε τοῦτο τὸ προτέρημα νὰ καταλαμβάνῃ ταῖς γλώσσαις καὶ τὴν ὁμιλίαν τῶν ζώων, ὅμως δὲν ἐδύνατο νὰ τὴν κοινολογήσῃ εἰς ἄλλους, διότι ἐκινδύνευε νὰ χάσῃ τὴν ζωὴν του. Μίαν ἡμέραν περιδιαβάζωντας εἰς τὸν τόπον ὅπου ἐτρέφοντο τὰ ζῶα του, εἰς τὸν ὅποιον ἦσαν δεμένα εἰς ἓνα παχνὶ ἓνας γαῖδαρος καὶ ἓνα βοῦδι ἤκουσε νὰ ὁμιλοῦν ἀναμεταξύ τους αὐτὰ τὰ δύο ζῶα, καὶ τὸ βοῦδι ἐκαλοτίχησε τὸν γαῖδαρον διὰ τὴν ἀνάπαυσιν ὅπου εἶχε, λέγωντας τοῦ—ἐπαίνῳ καὶ ζηλεύω τὴν καλὴν σου τυχὴν, ὅπου στέκεις πάντοτε εἰς ἀνάπαυσιν τρώγωντας καὶ πίνωντας καὶ περιδιαβάζωντας εἰς τὰ λεβάρια ἐξω ἀπὸ ὀλίγον κόπον ὅπου κάμνεις νὰ βρασῇς τὸν αὐθέντην μᾶς ἀπὸ τὸ σπῆτι ἕως τὸ χωράφι, καὶ ἀπὸ τὸ χωράφι πάλιν εἰς τὸ σπῆτι.

¹ As in Venice, 1647.

In English :

There was found in a district of Persia a rich merchant, who had different properties where he kept various animals for agricultural service, and he had this advantage in managing them, that he knew the language of beasts, but, at the same time, could not communicate that language to others under the penalty of losing his life. On a certain day, as he was walking about in the place where the animals were fed, and where an ass and an ox were bound to one crib, he heard these two brutes talking together, and the ox was congratulating the ass on the comparative quiet which he enjoyed, saying to him : ' I praise and envy your good fortune, who are always standing at rest, eating and drinking, and walking about in the fields, with the single exception of a little hard work now and then, when you carry your master from his dwelling-place to his farm, or from his farm back again to his dwelling-place.'

Now let us run over this passage, and note, in how many points this popular Greek of the eighteenth century differs from the literary Attic Greek of Xenophon ; for Greek it undoubtedly is in the whole face and feature of it, not a new language bearing the same relation to classical Greek that Italian does to Latin. First, *γαίδaros* for *δνος*, and with *σπῆτι* in the last sentence for a *dwelling*, from the Latin *hospitium*, make the solitary pair of purely unclassical words in the whole paragraph, and in this respect are a fair sample of the jealousy with which the Greek people have in all ages admitted terms of foreign growth into the denizenship of their aristocratic speech. From *βοῖδι* for *βοῖδιον* we learn two things : first, that in modern Greek as in Italian there is a marked tendency in the diminutive to usurp the place of the simple noun ; and, again, that the final syllable being unaccented in all such words, is apt to be dropped, as in *παιδί* for *παιδίον*, a little boy, and *χωράφι* for *χωράφιον*, and many others. The second word *εἰς* in our extract exhibits one of the most prominent peculiarities of the spoken Greek of the day, the loss of the dative case, and with the substitution of *εἰς* for *ἐν* in all cases where rest in a place is signified. This peculiar abuse is found also in Scotch, as when they say, 'She's a big ship,' but there's nae muckle intill her.' Our next peculiarity, *εἷας* for *εἰς*, is not so much an innovation as in all likelihood a conservation of the old Doric masculine termination of nouns in *-as*, which seems to have been so familiar to the popular ear that we find generally *πατέρας* for *πατήρ*, a father, and *βασιλέας* for *βασιλεύς*, a king ; and further down in this passage we find participles where what would be the accusative plural in classical Greek serves for the nominative singular masculine by virtue of the termination *-as*. The idiom *ὁ ὅποιος* for the relative *ὅς* is plainly an infection from the Italian *il quale*. *Ἐφύλαγε* from *φυλάγω* is a very natural variant from *φυλάσσω*, as the *γ* in all such words is radical, while the *σσ* is confined to the present and imperfect tense. In the *νὰ καταλαμβάνη* we have one of the most persistent features of modern Greek syntax, of which distinct examples are found in the New Testament, as in

Matthew v. 29, and in the Byzantine historians, the loss of the infinitive mood, for which the subjunctive with *ἵνα* curtailed into *νὰ* is the natural substitute, as if we should say in English, 'I beg *that you accept*,' for the familiar 'I beg *you to accept*.' In *ταῖς γλώσσαις* we see that the vocalism of the lost dative case is made to do duty for the accusative; *δέν* is a curtailed form of *οὐδέν* made to serve for *οὐ* and *οὐκ* with regular adverbs of negation; *χάζω*, to lose, is a very common word in Romaic, the active form of the classical *χάζομαι*, signifying to retire, withdraw, shrink; and of this change of meaning in a word of acknowledged classical authority we find another example below in *κάμνω*, which in Attic Greek is always neuter, signifying to toil, to labour, to be weak, but in modern Greek is used actively, as *τί κάμνεις*; what are you about? Here, however, as in not a few other cases, that which appears a modern corruption is, in fact, merely a variety of the common Greek dialect as old as Homer. *Δεμένα, βουινά*, further down is an example of the throwing off of the superfluous augment of the past participle, in a manner perfectly analogous to the rejection of the Teutonic *ge* passing through *y* in our English past participle, as when we say *giver* for *gegeben*, and *clept* for *yclept*. *Παχνί* is either a corruption of the diminutive *φάτνιον* from *φάτνη*, or a new formation from *πήγνυμι*. In *ὁμιλοῦν*, from which comes our word *homily*, we find a softened form of the old Doric third person plural in *-οντι*, Latin *-unt*, which in modern Greek has altogether banished the Attic *-ουσι*; while in *καλοτυχίζω* we find a legitimate new formation which in every view deserves to be called an expansion and enrichment of the language, not a corruption. New verbs after this norm are very common in modern Greek, in which along with *-ίζω* the terminations *-όνω* and *-αίνω* are favoured. In *ὁποῦ* we find a strange abuse of an adverbial form for the relative, while in *στέκω*, the New Testament *στήκω*, we have a new form of the old root *στῶ*, to stand, from the familiar use of the classical perfect *ἔστηκα* with the sense of a present. The only other observation of importance that we have to make on the passage is that *τοῦ* after *λέγοντας* stands for *τῷ*, to him, and that generally this curtailed form of *τός* for *αὐτός* dominates the whole style of modern Greek expression. It is somewhat confusing, no doubt, that *του* should signify both of him as a curtailment of *αὐτοῦ*, and to him as a curtailment of *αὐτῷ*; but such things will occur in all languages, and, though formally wrong, lead to no practical evil. In fact, we use exactly the same idiom in English when, having lost the dative case of our personal pronouns, we say, I gave him and I gave her, instead of to him and to her as exact syntax requires.

• Here, therefore, the physiognomy of what is called modern Greek in the most popular sense lies with marked emphasis before us; and

the verdict of the philologer on its character will not be doubtful—that it is in no sense and taken as a whole a gross corruption of the classical Attic dialect with which our scholars are familiar, but rather a natural, and not in any wise ungrateful, modification of the old common dialect as existing over a wide area of popular recognition alongside of the more highly cultivated but less popular forms of literary Greek; no doubt a very bad model on which a candidate for honours at Oxford or Edinburgh should form his style, but at the same time a native growth thoroughly healthy and thoroughly characteristic, of which no Greek, proud of the rich continuity of his noble tongue from Homer and Pindar to the Apostle Paul, and from Paul to Bikellas and Tricoupi, has any reason to be ashamed.

Contrasted with this lowest platform of current conversational Greek, stands the Greek of the literary academical and educated classes generally, which arose in this fashion. First, of course, there was the uninterrupted tradition of the ecclesiastical and literary Greek, that by its position escaped the debasing influences under which the great mass of the peasantry groaned; but more potent than this was the upheaval of national feeling that accompanied the successful revolt of 1822. If living Greece was to be living Greece again, it was impossible that political liberty should be achieved without at the same time restoring to the ancestral language of the country the place of honour which had been conceded to it by the whole educated world; and so arose a very natural ambition among the most highly cultivated champions of the national cause, a very natural ambition to brush from the national dialect the dust and rust that had adhered to it through ages of neglect: but this ambition was met by a moral force equally natural, and not a little stronger, from the popular side. The insurrection, though stimulated by the educated classes, was essentially an insurrection of the people; the blows which prostrated the foe had been given by their own arms; and the songs which inspired the deeds and immortalised the memory of the national heroes were composed in the language of the peasantry, and addressed not to a select cultured few, but to the whole Greek people scattered over a wide area from Athens to Smyrna, from Smyrna to Alexandria. This language could neither be ignored nor changed in a day by any machinery that academies or schools could command; and so there arose in the linguistic world of Greece a sort of philological House of Lords and House of Commons, which being naturally opposed could not act together, except as we find it in our British Parliament, by acts of mutual concession and compromise. As one of the best examples of this wise compromise we may take Tricoupi, a name familiar to the political world both in this country and in his native Greece, whose history of the Greek revolt will maintain a position in the literature of his country in no respect inferior to that held by Xenophon and Arrian, and other writers of

narrative prose in the classical age. Our space forbids us to give any detailed specimen of his style; but the platform on which he stands will be distinctly understood by the double fact that, while on the one hand he makes no pedantic attempt to restore the lost infinitive and optative moods, or to say *οὐ* instead of *δέν*, or *ὄς* instead of *ὁ ὁποῖος*, he boldly restores the dative case to its lost rights, and along with that our familiar preposition *ἐν*. Marked by these so few insignificant variations, the scholar familiar with the best classical Greek will pass from Polybius and Diodorus to Tricoupi, Paparegopoulos, and others of the same school, with much greater ease than the reader of Byron's lofty Alexandrians will tune his ear to the easy trot of Chaucer's decasyllabic verse in the *Canterbury Tales*. Whether Mr. Tricoupi may not have gone too far in this rejection of some of the most characteristic idioms of the current popular Greek it is difficult for a stranger to decide; but our translator of Shakespeare leans strongly to the popular side, and has given his reasons for this procedure with marked emphasis in the following passage:—

I have always belonged to the school which maintains that the written language, if it is to fulfil its destiny, must not differ substantially from the language of daily intercourse. And in this my old conviction I am confirmed by observing that the popular dialect, which had for some time been left in its orphanage, has now arisen to new life, and impressed itself so generally on the poetic mind of the time, that it has already robbed the scholastic school of its supremacy in the realm of emotion and fancy, so as to make it probable that, if it goes on at the same rate, it will succeed in banishing the systematic purism of the learned class altogether from the prose style of the written language. To this issue of the linguistic controversy we are led by observing the course of change that led to a settled philological type in all languages, which, confined at their start to popular story and entertaining works of fiction, no sooner arrived at their manhood than they threw off the yoke of a scholastic tradition, and claimed for themselves the whole field of intellectual expression, which had long been usurped by the dominant Latin. But the shaping of a language into a distinctly-recognised form as an organ of general living intelligence, or, in other words, the transition from nature to art, is not the work of individuals, nor of one generation, much less the result of any abstract theory: the growth of a truly national language supposes the existence of certain great local centres having their roots in the historical organism of society, and in which are collected and gradually fused all the elements of the social life in such a fashion that no individual mind, however strong, is allowed to give law to the mass, but must content itself with the dexterous use of all the spiritual elements that contribute towards the wealth of the popular tongue. From these living centres of the social life must proceed the inspiration and the taste of the literary class, who in their turn, with their products of plastic genius, react on the language of daily intercourse; and from this interplay of kindred forces is born in due season a homogeneous linguistic type calculated to be at once the most fitting organ for the dignity of written prose and the grace of poetic composition.

The general good sense of these remarks will be felt by everyone. The only remark that one might make on the general proposition is that it is quite possible for the most highly cultivated language to have in familiar use for certain spheres of expression a double type of

speech, as the Athenians had when they used the Doric familiarly in the choral odes, or as the Scotch may do when they use the musical language of Burns as the most appropriate form of English for lyrical utterance; but in the main Mr. Polyas is certainly right, and it must be left to time and the combined action of political, popular and literary forces to adjust the perfect balance between scientific purism and popular idiom, which will set the stamp of classicality on the living language of Greece. In what that balance is likely to consist the English reader will have little difficulty in gathering from the style of our translator, both in prose and verse, as compared with that of the specimen of the vulgar idiom given above, and the style of Tricoupi. But whatever the final result may be, the impartial philologist, as we have above remarked, will have no difficulty in recognising in modern Greek, not a barbarous corruption, as in the *Erotocritus*, tending towards a new language, but only a dialectic variety, like the ancient Doric and Æolic, with certain noticeable losses, but not without points of graceful attraction peculiarly its own. This being so, we can only express our regret that so many scholars in this country should keep themselves so studiously apart from the living sphere of the language which in its ancient models they so sedulously cultivate, and instead of breaking down the middle wall of partition which since the irruption of the Turks has so unhappily separated the living from the dead Greece, persist in practices which have a tendency to build it up. Of course we allude here to the barbarous practice of systematically ignoring the characteristic accentuation of Greek words, as it has been handed down to us through a space of more than two thousand years, from the Alexandrian grammarians, not to mention the *bow-wow* sound given to the beautiful soft *oo-oo* of the Greeks, and the barbarising of the delicate Greek *ŭ*, the German *ue*, into the long English *y*-pronounced *yew*. These peculiarities, whether arising from what Professor Seeley called our 'insular ignorance,' or our English insolence, or our pedagogic conservatism, are utterly indefensible, and much more worthy of being stigmatised as corruptions than the *itacism* or any other deviation from the perfect type of classical orthodoxy with which living Greeks have been charged. For not only is our insular pronunciation of Greek directly opposed to all philological tradition, but in this age of cheap and expeditious locomotion it sends forth our studious young men after years of severe classical study utterly incapacitated for holding any intercourse with the noble people whose literature they study, and whose monuments they admire. Add to this, that good policy and considerations of the balance of power in Europe, and more than probable schemes of Russian aggrandisement in the Mediterranean, should teach our statesmen and Englishmen generally to cultivate friendly relations with a people who have latterly shown such a decided leaning towards our language and literature; and on these

grounds, notwithstanding the strength of academical prejudices, and the proverbial tendency to fixation in scholastic methods, may we not venture to prophesy that before another generation has passed the present barbarous pronunciation of Greek in Britain will be as much under the ban of intelligent scholarship as the Anglified Latin of the English schools was before the authoritative edict of the late Professor Monro. Teachers should learn that the first condition of all true teaching is to have the courage to teach what is true.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

MOLTKE AND MOLTKEISM

LORD WOLSELEY, who has devoted many pages of his article on Count Moltke's posthumous work to the exposure of the blunders of the so-called English translation, which is no translation, is not even a mis-translation, but is simply a travesty of the original, has characterised the German *Staff History of the Franco-German War* as 'a weariness of the flesh.' This is a hard saying, and, I respectfully submit, scarcely a just one. Necessarily minute in detail, the narrative of the *History* is always lucid, and there are few pages which are not illuminated by brilliant flashes of picturesque description that stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet. Apart from those 'purple patches,' in reading which one feels to hear the turmoil of the battle, the shouts of the combatants, the groans of the wounded, the scream of the shells, and the venomous whistle and sullen thud of the bullets, there are frequent stretches of disquisitional and elucidatory matter which are pregnant with sustained and almost majestic power and vigour, instinct with masterly thought and close reasoning, clothed in a style of singular simplicity, directness, and virile eloquence. Even if it were not an open secret that those passages—halting-grounds of instruction and reflection along the swinging march of minutely detailed action—came from the pen of the man who wielded the direction of the war, their intrinsic stamp of high, calm authority disclosing in the writer the conceiver also and the orderer, not less than the identity of the style with that of Moltke's *Russo-Turkish Campaign of 1828-29*, would betray their authorship.

But if one may deprecate the strength of Lord Wolseley's expression, Moltke himself is found to a considerable extent in accord with the English author-soldier. Proud as he was of the full adequateness of the *Staff History*, he owned that 'it is for the greater number of readers too detailed, and written too technically'; and he recognised that 'an abstract of it must be made some day.' Of all men Moltke himself was plainly the man, not indeed to confine himself to an 'abstract,' but to write a concise history of the war, based chiefly on the authentic *Staff History* record, but infused also with his own unique knowledge of men and things, of springs of action and motives; revealing something, in a word, of the inner history of the

momentous period in which he was something more than one of the chief actors. His modesty, his dislike to personality even when not of an offensive kind, his detestation of gossip, were recognised characteristics; but he quite justly did not regard them as hindering him from writing the bright and amusing sketch of his personal experience in the battle of Königgrätz, and the vindicatorily personal denial of Councils of War in 1866 and 1870-71, printed as appendix to this *Franco-German War* volume. Amid the wealth of curious inner history of which this quiet reticent old man was the repository, there was of course much that could not be revealed; but beyond question there was much which, so far as principle and even policy were concerned, he needed not to reserve. And a book on the war, written not only for soldiers but for the nations, illuminated by the perspicuity and graceful strength of style that marked Moltke's previous works, enriched with such personal estimates of men and with such revelations of inner history as he could legitimately have made—would not that book have shared immortality with Xenophon's *Anabasis*, with Caesar's *Commentaries* on an earlier Gallic war, with Napier's *History of Wellington's Peninsular Campaigns*?

Such a book Moltke might have written, and could have written had he chosen. Whether he could have done so when, at the age of eighty-seven, he yielded to his nephew's entreaties and began the work which has been given to the world since his death so full of years and honour, is a question which cannot be answered. It is sufficient to say that he did not do this, nor attempt to do it. In the main, in the book he did write he clung to his conception of an 'abstract' of the *Staff History*. While he followed that guide—virtually following himself as he was when his years were fewer—he was on sure ground; and he followed it so closely that in three of his pages out of four there is the echo of the *Staff History*, whose actual words, indeed, are adopted with great frequency. When he turns away from that lamp to his path, he does not uniformly maintain entire accuracy of statement. He has followed the Staff book in much of its technicality. His style, though mostly retaining its directness and simplicity, is sometimes obscure; and in its dryness and absence of relief betrays a certain tiredness. His nephew holds that the work, 'which,' he says, 'was undertaken in all simplicity of purpose as a popular history,' is practically the expression of Moltke's personal opinions from his own standpoint as Chief of the General Staff. On this it may be remarked that the book exhibits no one element of a 'popular history,' and that Moltke's statements are most open to question in the few passages where he is transparently writing as the Chief of Staff. Apart from these, the book is a synopsis of the *Staff History*.

How powerful is the glamour of Moltke's name is evinced in the all but unanimous gush of indiscriminate and uncritical eulogy with

which this book¹ has been received. His prestige is so high that it is probable the work may be accepted both by writers and by students as absolutely accurate. The hope is cherished that it may not be regarded as quite sacrilegious if one who was an eye-witness of the Franco-German War, who had the honour of some personal intercourse with Count Moltke in war-time, and who has ever had an honest admiration of that great personage as an organiser, a strategist, a writer, and a man, should venture to point out some errors in his *Franco-German War*. This done, a diffident estimate will be attempted of Moltke in his capacity as director of the strategy of the campaign. It is not proposed to follow him beyond the first period of the campaign, which closed with the elimination of the French regular army from the theatre of active warfare by the capitulation of Sedan.

Moltke states that on the 2nd of August, 1870, the Germans evacuated Saarbrücken 'after a gallant defence and repeated sorties.' Gallant front quaint cheery dashing von Pöstel did maintain, facing for fourteen days with his battalion of infantry and regiment of Uhlans the French masses gathered on the Spichernberg over against the open town at little more than rifleshot distance, and craftily displaying his handful so that companies seemed battalions, and his battalion a brigade at the least. Gallant and prolonged defence Gneisenau and he did make when at length, under the eyes of their Emperor and his son Frossard's three divisions streamed down from their uplands and swept across the plain on the 1,500 Rhinelanders calmly holding the little town. But there were no 'sorties,' which indeed would have been as futile as foolish. For several hours two battalions of Prussians fended off three divisions of Frenchmen who vacillated in their enterprise; and then they withdrew leisurely and in order. The only semblance of a sortie was attempted by one man—and that man an English officer—Wigram Battye of the 'Guides,' who died fighting in Afghanistan in the early campaign of 1879. He was with a Prussian company which was just withdrawing from a forepost position. A soldier was shot down by his side, whereupon Battye, rebelling against the retirement, snatched the dead man's needle-gun and pouch-belt, ran out into the open, dropped on one knee, and opened fire on Pouget's brigade. Pouget's brigade responded with alacrity, and presently Battye was bowled over with a chassepot bullet in the ribs. A German professor and a brother-Briton ran out and brought him in, conveyed him to a village in the rear, plastered layers of stiff brown paper over the damaged ribs, and started him in a waggon to the Kreuznach hospital. The *Staff History* records no 'sorties' from Saarbrücken, and if haply Moltke might

¹ *History of the Franco-German War of 1870-71*. By Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke. Berlin, 1891.

have heard of Battye's single-handed *Ausfal*, that performance would scarcely have justified him in writing of 'repeated sorties.'

The battle of Spicheren was an unpremeditated fight, and like most conflicts of that character was extremely confused—a real 'soldier's battle,' in which generalship played but little part. From the first, writes Moltke, an intermixture of battalions and companies set in which increased with every repulse, and the confusion, he adds, was increased by the circumstance that three generals in succession swayed the command. He might have said with truth, that not three but five generals were successively in command on this afternoon of desperate strife. Kameke began the battle; Stulpnagen arrived and superseded him in virtue of seniority; later came Zastrow, who as full general and corps commander superseded Stulpnagen in virtue of superior rank; presently Goeben arrived and took command as being a senior general to Zastrow; and as the fighting was dying down Steinmetz, who was an army commander and senior general, relieved Goeben and took over the command. Moltke writing of the French possibilities on the day of Spicheren (6th August) makes the statement that, whereas four French corps, the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and Guards, were lying within a day's march of Frossard's corps (the 2nd) on the Spicheren heights, the Emperor had he chosen would have been fully able to collect five corps for a battle in the Cocheren region, five miles in Frossard's rear. But when he wrote this he must have forgotten that on a previous page he had stated that the 5th Corps (de Failly) had been assigned to the separate army which Marshal MacMahon commanded in Alsace; and it must have escaped his memory also that on this very 6th August Lespart's division of that corps was hurrying from Bitche toward Worth, eager to participate in the battle raging there.

In his sketch of the battle of Vionville-Mars la Tour (16th August) Moltke states regarding the 3rd German Army Corps: 'It was not until past three o'clock, after it had been fighting almost single-handed for seven hours, that effective assistance was approaching.' But the 3rd Corps did not come into action until after 10 A.M., and from 10 A.M. until 3 P.M. is only five hours. The 5th and 6th Cavalry divisions were on the battle-field considerably in advance of the arrival of the 3rd Corps. The horse-guns of the 5th Division were shelling Murat's camp near Vionville so early as half-past eight, and by nine Rauch's troopers of the 6th Division were falling fast under the fire of French infantry on the edge of the wood of Vionville. Both divisions had formed a wide semicircle round the French flank and front, and although yielding naturally to the pressure of heavy chassepot fire, were in a measure 'holding' Frossard's prompt infantry when the leading troops of the 3rd Corps reached the field. Moltke entirely ignores this early work of the two cavalry divisions, which is described with full appreciation in the *Staff History*. Throughout

the hours the two cavalry divisions were continually under fire and almost continually in action, now supplying the place of infantry in constituting Alvensleben's second line, now engaged in independent fighting. When the crisis came while as yet the day was young; when four French army corps were threatening to crush Alvensleben's depleted divisions; when he stood committed up to the hilt—'no infantry, not a gun in reserve,' all succour yet far distant; there remained to him but one expedient which might avert the imminent defeat. That was the resort to a vigorous cavalry attack 'in which the troopers must charge home, and if necessary, should and must sacrifice themselves.' How Bredow's horsemen fulfilled the stern behest, and of what momentous service was their devotion unto death, the Fatherland will never forget. But while the reiters of the two cavalry divisions were thus doing and dying, and when it is remembered that an infantry brigade of the 10th Corps had joined Alvensleben before noon, is it either true or just to claim for the 3rd Corps, whose constancy and devotion were superb, that it had been fighting until three o'clock almost single-handed and without any effective support? How perfunctory is Moltke's sketch of this stupendous conflict may be estimated from the fact that he makes no reference whatever to the participation in the battle of portions of the 9th Corps whose action mainly caused Bazaine to withhold troops from his front in order to reinforce his left and protect his communications with Metz, threatened by the troops referred to, which lost 1,200 of their strength.

Moltke makes some very remarkable statements in regard to the respective strengths of the armies which fought at Gravelotte. The French army which capitulated at Metz in October, he writes, numbered 173,000, 'besides 20,000 sick which could not be removed, about 200,000 in all'; and he builds on this basis, which is in itself erroneous, the assertion that 'consequently the enemy in the battle of 18th August had at disposal more than 180,000 men.' He thus continues: 'The exact strength of the eight² German corps on that day amounted to 178,818 men. Thus, with the forces on either side of approximately equal strength, the French had been driven from a position of unsurpassed advantage.' The terms used here can have but one meaning: that the French army was over 180,000 strong and the German army exactly 178,818 strong; and that so, the thousand or two of French superiority counting for nothing, the two adversaries were in a numerical sense equally matched.

It is now for the first time put forward, and with all the prestige of Moltke's name in support, that the German strength in the battle

² Moltke has inadvertently written 'seven'; there were eight: Guards, 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 12th; the official state gives 178,818 as the collective infantry strength of those eight corps, and I have ventured to correct Moltke's obvious slip of the pen.

of Gravelotte was not superior to that of the French. That the contention is untenable can be shown easily and convincingly. That Moltke has greatly understated the German strength needs little further evidence than the following brief extract from the official 'Return showing number of (German) troops employed in the battle of Gravelotte-St. Privat,' printed in the appendices to the second volume of the *Staff History*.

TOTAL STRENGTH

Combatants, exclusive of officers and train

	Infantry and engineers	Cavalry	Horsed guns
First Army .	42,455	5,753	180
Second Army	136,363	18,831	546
Total .	178,818	24,584	726

Moltke, it will be seen, has accepted the gross infantry strength, exclusive of officers, as the total strength of the German army. The addition of the cavalry, without reckoning officers, at once swells the total to 203,400. The Germans reckon their artillery by guns, not by gunners. While the latter are still hale and sound they do not show in the returns, but when killed or wounded they appear among the losses, which arrangement seems anomalous. But as artillery is of no use without artillerymen, the men of that arm must obviously count in the actual strength of an army. In 1870 each army corps had an artillery regiment 3,981 strong, so that the artillerymen of the eight corps which fought at Gravelotte would at full strength number 33,843. Making the liberal deduction of 8,843 for previous casualties, there remained 25,000, swelling the total army strength to 228,400. Officers are not included in the figures of the above return, but they were unquestionably in the battle and come within the count. Apart from artillery officers who perhaps were included in their regiments, and not reckoning general and staff officers, the 52 infantry regiments and 148 squadrons composing the infantry and cavalry forces of the army, had about 4,000 combatant officers on their establishments, of whom 400 may be written off for casualties. Adding, then, 3,600 officers to the previous count of 228,400, the German host 'employed' in the battle of Gravelotte-St. Privat numbered not 187,818, but 232,000 fighting men; and, so far from the contending armies being of approximately equal strength, the Germans were stronger by 50,000 than were the French, even if Moltke's estimate of the numbers of the latter were correct.

But his estimate is not correct—it cannot indeed in the nature of things be correct. Apart from the incidental miscalculation that

173,000 + 20,000 make 200,000, Moltke errs in his statement that the 20,000 sick and wounded French soldiers found in Metz at the capitulation were in excess of the 173,000 officers and men recorded as having surrendered. The sick and wounded were included in the latter total, which comprehended every man, combatant and non-combatant, of the army and garrison of Metz at the date of capitulation on the 29th of October. Moltke's train of reasoning that, since there were 173,000 French soldiers in Metz on that date, 'consequently' 180,000 French soldiers confronted the Germans in the battle of Gravelotte, it is impossible to follow. But the official total of surrendered men at the capitulation affords a firm datum from which to work backward. By adding to it the death and prisoner losses of the French during the period from and including the day of Gravelotte until the day of capitulation, an approximate estimate is attainable of the French numbers in and about Metz on the morning of the great battle. This is best set out in a table:—

French soldiers taken prisoners at Gravelotte	4,400
" " killed at Gravelotte, 1,150; during siege, about 1,500	2,650
" " { wounded of battles previous to Gravelotte, 20,000	
" " { wounded at Gravelotte	6,700
" " { wounded during siege	5,000
	31,700
Of whom the French estimate is that about one-third died during the siege owing to notoriously unfavourable hygienic conditions	10,550
" " died of sickness during siege, about	8,500
Remaining in Metz at capitulation (bale and sick)	173,000
	199,100

The *a posteriori* calculation thus brings out the approximate French numbers in and about Metz on the morning of Gravelotte as roughly 200,000. But the following deductions from the fighting strength must be made:—

Wounded of previous battles, Spicheren, Borny, Vionville	20,000
Mobile guards and artillerymen garrisoning fortress and forts	20,000
Laveaucoupet's division stiffening Mobile garrisons	5,000
Departments of army, train, stragglers, &c, certainly over	8,000
Sick	5,000
	58,000

Giving effect to these deductions, the conclusion is that at the most 142,000 French soldiers were 'employed' in the battle, including the reserve consisting of the Imperial Guard, which had but one brigade engaged. The statements of the French strength at Gravelotte range from 100,000 up to 150,600 men effective, which latter estimate, made by a Frenchman whose figures on another occasion are accepted as 'quasi-official' in the *Staff History*, has been the highest until Moltke now overtops it by 30,000. The official

German statement in the *Staff History* is that the French 'had an available force of from 125,000 to 150,000 men.' Moltke does not claim any new information since he authorised the statement just quoted; his swollen total is based on the capitulation figures, which were public property the day after the surrender. And a certain inconsistency reveals itself between that swollen total and the result of his statement that there were eight or ten men to every pace (*Schritt*) of the seven miles to which the front of the French position extended. At ten men to the pace there works out a total of 133,200 men, which contrasts somewhat abruptly with 'more than 180,000.'

In his preface to his uncle's posthumous book, Major von Moltke quotes an utterance of his great relative as 'highly characteristic of Moltke's magnanimity.' This is the utterance: 'Whatever is published in a military history is always dressed for effect: yet it is a duty of piety and patriotism never to impair the prestige which identifies the glory of our army with personages of lofty position.' The *naïveté* is edifying with which the principle is in effect laid down, that truth must go to the wall in favour of patriotism. The supersession of truth by the other virtue is not precisely a novelty, but to Moltke belongs the frank avowal of the preference as a sacred duty, and to his nephew the characterisation of this avowal as magnanimity. Throughout his book Moltke is true to his principle, except as regards two leading actors in the great drama, of whom he himself is one and Prince Frederic Charles the other. The strange thing is that, as I believe can be clearly shown, the strictures in both instances are unmerited.

It never was any secret in the German army that Moltke disliked Prince Frederic Charles. There could be nothing in common between the composed, refined, accomplished, and pious Moltke, fastidious, scholarly, and reserved as he was; and the bluff, coarse, dictatorial, loose-lived and loose-mouthed Frederic Charles. They met as seldom as possible, and their relations were always confined to the strictest formality. To do the Red Prince justice, he always admired the military genius of Moltke; but Moltke, from his methodical and exacting standard, and notwithstanding his cold unemotional impartiality, had not a high opinion of Frederic Charles as a commander. In reality, as but for a rare prejudice Moltke would have discerned, the two men were the complement of each other. Moltke directed the storm and swayed the whirlwind, although he habitually rode some distance out of its vortex. The Red Prince was the storm itself, the actual mighty rushing whirlwind, a 'disciplined thunderbolt,' as I once heard a fanciful trooper of the Zieten Hussars describe him. Perhaps his dislike to and non-appreciation of Frederic Charles was Moltke's weak point; and hence probably it is that we find him violating in the case of that royal soldier his principle of upholding the prestige of high-placed warriors.

Moltke is nearing the end of his description of the battle of Vionville-Mars la Tour. He has just ended a sketch of the great cavalry fight, which he records was at its height at a quarter to seven in the evening. And he continues thus: '*Prince Frederic Charles hastened to the battle-field.*'³ The day was near its ending; darkness was approaching; the battle was won.' Does not the reader gather from the sentence in italics (the italics are mine), from the mentioned hour preceding it, and from the words which follow it, that Prince Frederic Charles reached the field late—when it was falling dark, and when the battle was already won? The inadvertency tends to mislead. For, as is duly recorded in the *Staff History*, the Prince reached the battle-field 'about four o'clock.' It was barely that hour when he came galloping up the narrow hill-road from Gorze; the powerful bay he rode all foam and sweat, sobbing with the swift exertion up the steep ascent, yet pressed ruthlessly with the spur; staff and escort panting several horse-lengths in rear of the impetuous foremost horseman. On and up he sped, craning forward over the saddle-bow to save his horse, but the attitude suggesting the impression that he burned to project himself faster than the beast could cover the ground. No wolfskin, but the red tunic of the Zieten Hussars; clad the compact torso, but the straining man's face wore the aspect one associates with that of the berserker. The bloodshot eyes had in them a sullen lurid gleam of bloodthirst. The fierce sun and the long gallop had flushed the face a deep red, and the veins of the throat stood out. Recalling through the years the memory of that visage with the lowering brow, the fierce eyes, and the strong-set jaw, one can understand how to this day the mothers in the French villages invoke the terrors of '*Le Prince Rouge*,' as the Scottish peasants of old used the name of the Black Douglas, to awe their children wherewithal into panic-stricken silence. While as yet his road was through the forest, leaves and twigs cut by bullets showered down upon him. Just as he emerged on the open upland, a shell burst almost among his horse's feet. The iron-nerved man gave heed to neither bullet-fire nor bursting shell; no, nor even to the cheers that rose above the roar of battle from the throats of the Brandenburgers through whose masses he was riding, and whose chief he had been for many years. They expected no recognition, for they knew the nature of the man—knew that after his fashion he was the soldier's true friend, and also that he was wont to sway the issues of battle. He spurred onward to Flavigny away yonder in the front line; the bruit of his arrival darted along the fagged ranks; and strangely soon came the recognition that a master-soldier had gripped hold of the command as in a vice.

Regarding Prince Frederic Charles, Moltke again deviates from the principle which he expounded to his nephew, in respect of a

³ 'Prinz Friedrich Karl war aus das Schlachtfeld geeilt.'

serious incident which occurred on the evening of Mars la Tour. The long struggle was in its final throes, and the Germans stood on the ground held in the morning by the French. In those circumstances, writes Moltke,

It was clearly most unadvisable to challenge by renewed attacks an enemy who still outnumbered the Germans; which, since no further reinforcements could be hoped for, could not but jeopardise the success so dearly bought. The troops were exhausted, most of their ammunition was spent, the horses had been under the saddle for fifteen hours without food. Some of the batteries could only move at a walk, and the nearest army corps which had crossed the Moselle, the 12th, was distant more than a day's march. Yet, notwithstanding, at seven o'clock the headquarter [Oberkommando, a courtly euphemism for Prince Frederic Charles, who was no figure-head commander] issued an order commanding a renewed and general attack upon the enemy's positions.

It is an accurate summary of Moltke's detail of the results of this order that the attack was but partially made owing to the exhaustion of the troops, and that it failed at all points, not without severe losses.

Than the aspersion conveyed in those sentences, none more grave can be imagined. The charge, in effect, is that in a reckless attempt which in the nature of things could not be other than futile, Prince Frederic Charles wantonly squandered the lives of his devoted soldiers. That chief had much experience of command in the actual field, and he closed his fighting career unvanquished in battle. In the Franco-German War he was in his mature soldierly prime, a veteran of war at the age of forty-two, as yet unimpaired by habits which subsequently deteriorated him. Experience had inured him swiftly yet coolly to penetrate the varying problems of the battle while it raged around him in its maddest chaotic turmoil; a less easy task than meets the retrospective military critic in the calm of his bureau. He had learned the stern lesson that gains can rarely be obtained without incurring losses—the old cynical omelette-making egg-breaking axiom; and this other lesson too, that there are occasions when a commander must lay his account with severe inevitable losses while the chances of success are very precarious, yet which it behoves him to adventure. It was such an occasion which presented itself to Prince Frederic Charles on the evening of Mars la Tour. With a far-spent army of some 50,000 men, he was standing right in the path of a host more than double his own numbers. Of that host it was true that probably more than half was not less exhausted than were his own people; but it possessed powerful reserves comparatively fresh and unscathed the possession of which might well encourage the French leader, with apparently so much at stake, to push a formidable night attack against an inferior and worn-out adversary. Symptoms there already were which might portend such an effort. Bazaine in person with

fresh troops was clearing his front toward the south-west, and thrusting the Germans thereabouts back into the woods. Moltke's statement is erroneous that the 12th Corps (twenty miles away) was the nearest reinforcement. One chief incentive to the operation which he condemns was Prince Frédéric Charles' knowledge that the 9th Corps was so near his right flank as to be able to make itself felt in the intended attack. And this was actually so in the case of a brigade of its Hessian division, which came into action so early as half-past seven and continued fighting until after ten. Part of its other division was indeed already in the field. Any argument of mine in justification of Prince Frédéric Charles' motives can have little weight; and I prefer therefore to quote on this point the soldierly language of the *Staff History*, compiled, it must never be forgotten, under the superintendence of Count Moltke himself:—

As the firing became more vigorous about seven o'clock, and the reports gave reason to expect the arrival of the 9th Corps, the commander-in-chief considered the moment suitable for again making an attack in force . . . The staking of the last strength of man and horse, after hours upon hours of sanguinary fighting, was to show that the Prussians had both the ability and the firm will to triumph in the yet undecided struggle. The moral impression of such an advance, enhanced by the consternation to be expected from a sudden attack in the twilight, appeared to guarantee a favourable result.

Yet another reflection upon Prince Frédéric Charles by Moltke is contained in the following quotation. Writing of the early morning of Gravelotte (18th August), he states: 'In consequence of the Headquarter of the 2nd Army' [in effect Prince Frédéric Charles] 'having ordered the 12th Corps, although it stood on the right, to form the extreme left, a serious delay occurred from the crossing of the respective lines of march.' Can there be any inference from this sentence other than that the 12th Corps, having been stationed on the right of the Prince's army, was suddenly marched away to constitute its extreme left, with the result that reprehensible delay and confusion was created? The actual facts, as fully set out in the official history, put quite another complexion on the matter, and cast no imputation on the commander or staff of the 2nd Army. On the morning of the 17th the dispositions of that army for the night, which of course included the initial attitude of the following morning, were settled in conference with the royal headquarter staff and the staff of Prince Frédéric Charles, so that Moltke had full cognisance of them. They were as follows: The front of the army to the north; the 9th Corps on the right, next the 3rd, next the 10th, and on the left, about Mars la Tour, Puxieux, and Mariaville, the 12th, with the Guard Corps in its rear. The latter did not receive those orders until after it had occupied bivouacs about Hannonville, to the left of the 12th

Corps, and as the march had been long and the hour was late, the consent of Prince Frederic Charles was asked and granted that the Guards should remain where they were during the night. The formal dispositions were not vitiated by this incidental indulgence; the 12th Corps throughout constituted the left; its ground was never shifted, and the delay and confusion in the early morning of the 18th were caused by the failure of the Guard Corps to move into its allotted position in rear of the Saxons. No untoward results followed from the delay, since subsequently the latter had leisure to halt and cook at Jarny, and the Guards to do the same at Doncourt. The accidental delay was too unimportant to be alluded to in the *Staff History*. Moltke's account of it is erroneous, and since in connection with that great name to suggest the old proverb, 'Any stick will do to beat a dog with,' would be an impertinence, one may wonder that he should have thought it worth while to record such a triviality on a day of momentous events.

No word of blame has Moltke for General Manstein, who by his head-strong and reckless disobedience of orders and his disregard of information brought by his own scouts dislocated the plan of the battle of Gravelotte and gravely compromised the fortunes of the day; no breath of reflection on General von Pape, who sacrificed thousands of brave men in an impossible attack on St. Privat, too impatient to wait an hour for the development of the turning movement which would have averted most of the butchery. Both those officers were 'personages of high position'—were of that '*bestimmte Personlichkeiten*' order to uphold whose prestige Moltke held a sacred duty. Patriotism questionless shielded them from adverse comment; yet it did not avail to avert his censure from Prince Frederic Charles—and from himself. It was in respect of the participation of the 2nd Army Corps in the fighting during the latest phase of the battle of Gravelotte that he considers himself to have incurred his own unfavourable criticism, which is thus expressed:—

'It would have been more judicious on the part of the Chief of the General Staff, who was personally on the spot at the time, not to have permitted this movement at so late an hour. Such a body of troops, still completely intact, might have been found very precious next day, but on this evening could scarcely be expected to bring about a decisive reversal.'

Undenially it is a strange and adventurous thing to say; yet with all respect I make bold to aver that Moltke had no alternative but to permit—nay, to strenuously urge forward—that advance of the 2nd Corps his sanction of which he now decries, if there was to be retrieved a situation which was dangerously compromised, and which imperatively called for a 'reversal.'

In the Gravelotte region of the vast battleground, the German

right, consisting of the two corps commanded by General Steinmetz, had been fighting fiercely and with varied fortune during the afternoon against the French soldiers of Frossard and Lebœuf. As the day waned, the cannonade abated its virulence and the musketry fire fell almost silent. The French lay supine in their shelter trenches along the Point du Jour ridge crowning the bare glacis-like plateau which their fire had been sweeping, quiet in the buildings and behind the inclosures of the Moscou farm further north. The Rhinelanders and Westphalians huddled among their dead and wounded in the shallow folds of the plateau, in the bush fringing the deep and steep ravine of the Mance, in and behind the precincts of the battered St. Hubert, and about the edge of the wood below Moscou. The lull lasted for an hour; the Germans believed that the Frenchmen over against them were exhausted and that the strength of their resistance was broken. Away to the north, where Prince Frederic Charles held sway, the roar of battle was deepening in intensity; and this indication that his army was entering on the decisive struggle was the signal for the order to the impatient Steinmetz, that he too should fall on and strain his hardest to 'end the business' in his sphere of action. In addition to his own two corps, the 2nd Corps was placed at his disposal, to be used if it should be needed. The Pomeranians had marched far and fast in their ardour to share in the battle. They panted for the fray, but having regard to the apparent enfeeblement of the enemy it seemed probable that they would not be called upon.

For once the French had hoodwinked their adversaries. They were not exhausted, but were merely saving their ammunition and resting in the safety of their shelter trenches and reverse slopes while they waited for events. They believed, it seems, that they had virtually won the battle, and were in full buoyancy and confidence. As the heads of Steinmetz's columns came up out of the Mance ravine and showed themselves on the lower edge of the plateau, the Frenchmen flung aside the mask. Suddenly from their serried lines shot furious blasts of chassepot and mitrailleuse fire. The thunder of their long-silent artillery burst forth in fullest volume. The supports at all points came springing forward to join their comrades of the front line. And then the French infantry, for the moment relieved from the trammels of the defensive and restored to its congenial *métier* of the attack, dashed forward with the grand old *élan*, and swept the Germans backward down the slope into the Mance ravine. Under the stroke of that fierce impact, under the hurricane of missiles that swept upon the troops unassailed by the French infantry, Steinmetz's army reeled to its base. There was a period when it may be said without exaggeration that the mass of that army was on the run. The old King was carried backward in the press surging out from under the rain of shells, expostulating with great fervour of expression on his rearward career with the com-

ponent parts of the *débâcle*. The Mance ravine was seething full of fugitives, struggling among themselves for cover from the shells which fell thick among them. The quarries below Moscou were crowded with scared refugees. The garrison of St. Hubert remained there—in the buildings and outlying enclosures it was safer than in the bullet-swept open; the place was not attacked, and some staunch troops clung to its lee. But the road in its front leading down to the ravine was a torrent of rushing, panting, panic-stricken men. Down this torrent were actually swept some of the brave Gnügge's field guns; a brigadier-general who strove energetically to stay the rush was thrown down and overrun.

The French infantry retired to their positions, having accomplished what they were set to do, and the Germans began to steady themselves in a measure. Reserves of the 7th Corps were sent forward, but made very little head; and it is not straining language to say that it was as a last resort that the 2nd Corps, no part of which had hitherto been engaged, was ordered up. The corps crossed the ravine by the great chaussée from Gravelotte. How important was regarded a fortunate result of its exertions is vividly shown by the unparalleled anxiety to fire its ardour, and the exceptional solicitude for its most effective guidance. At the head of the corps rode down into the ravine old Steinmetz, the army commander; and with him none other than Moltke himself, accompanied by the staff officers of the royal head-quarters. 'Under the eyes of those officers of high rank,' says the *Staff History*, 'the battalions hastened across the valley, drums beating and bugles sounding, previous to throwing themselves into the struggle amid the encouraging cheers of the commanding general.' As the Pomeranians deployed on the edge of the plateau the French fire struck them fair in the face; and they were struck too by a broad rushing stream of fugitives from the front which, in the demure language of the *Staff History*, 'seemed to point to the advent of a fresh crisis in the engagement.'

This last incident alone would appear to justify the utilisation of the 2nd Corps, which, although it made no impression on the French position, maintained a footing on the plateau during the night. But when its employment is pronounced to have been a surplussage and a mistake, a reply may be made in Scottish fashion by a couple of questions. Is not this the unique instance since Blücher's time of a Prussian army-commander personally leading his troops into action? And on what other occasion throughout his career in his great position did Moltke concern himself personally with the actual direction and encouragement of any specific movement in the battle-field?

The incidents narrated above are, in their main features, recorded in the *Staff History*; some details which can be fully verified from other sources have been added, in part from personal knowledge.

Moltke's faculty of concentrated writing is strikingly shown in the following quotation, which embraces all he permits himself to say regarding the events adverted to :—

'Later, the still serviceable battalions of the 7th Corps were again sent across the Mance ravine, and were joined by battalions from the Bois de Vaux in the direction of Point du Jour and the quarries. Frossard's corps thus attacked was reinforced by the Garde Voltigeur division, and all the (French) reserves moved into the front line. The (French) artillery came into action with redoubled activity, and an annihilating rifle fire was poured on the advancing Germans. Then moved out to the attack the French soldiers, in the shape of a powerful mass of tirailleurs, and drove the small leaderless bands (of Germans) lying on the plateau back to the skirts of the wood. Here, however, the outburst was arrested, and there still remained in the hand a fresh army corps in full strength.'

Moltke's estimate of Bazaine as a commander was not high, and he distinctly recognises that he was influenced by political as well as military considerations: he, however, acquits him of the charge of having betrayed his country. There is in the book one very remarkable and curiously enigmatical sentence in reference to Bazaine. The period is just before the battle of Noisseville (31st August), when Bazaine and his army had been enclosed in Metz for eleven days. This is the sentence: 'Meanwhile Marshal Bazaine possibly might have recognised that he had deceived himself in regard to the release of his army by means of negotiation.' Is it not the reasonable inference that thus early, much earlier than ever hitherto has been suspected, Bazaine had attempted to open negotiations with the Germans, and had been repul-ed?

As a skilful, untiring, and far-seeing organiser of the means which make for success in war, Moltke has never had an equal, and probably can never have a superior. The unequalled success of the efforts on his part and that of his coadjutor Von Roon to perfect the national preparedness for war, produced the result that while those two lasted Germany could find in no European power an equal antagonist. Still less did any power produce a strategist who gave proof of ranking as Moltke's peer. Thus it is impossible to gauge the full measure of his potentialities. He may have had reserves of strategical genius which were never evoked. It is impossible to determine whether in the Franco-German war he put forth his full strength, or only so much of it as was proportionate to the requirements suggested by the known inferiority of the adversary.

One thing is certain, that never was fortune kinder to any director of a great war than she was to Moltke in 1870. Spite of the significant warning of *Sadowa*, it seemed almost as if in its later years the Second Empire, as regarded its army, had been deliberately 'riding for a fall.' With the melancholy exposure of its military decadence all the world is familiar. When Marshal Niel enjoined the defensive as

the complement of the chassepot, he throttled the traditional *élan* of the soldiers of France. Her army, deficient in everything save innate courage, lacked most of all competent leadership, and the assumption of the chief command by the Emperor made the Germans a present of the issue before a shot was fired.* The campaign begun, Fortune continued to shower her favours on Moltke. It appeared as if the very stars in their courses fought in his favour. An essential feature of his plan was to push for the enemy's capital. Bazaine helped him in this by bottling himself up in Metz. MacMahon yielded him the fair-way by moving out of his path. Another element of Moltke's scheme was that the French should be driven from the spacious and fertile middle provinces into the barren and cramped precincts of the north. Bazaine did not lend himself to the accomplishment of this purpose, but he disposed of himself otherwise in a manner equally satisfactory to Moltke. MacMahon obliged by going northward without being driven—at least by the Germans—his coercion was from Paris. Moltke, fully convinced of the paramount importance to the French that the army of Metz should make good its retreat on the Châlons force, concentrated every energy toward the prevention of that union. It happened that, as Moltke genially observes, Bazaine did not share the German chief's conviction, and indeed played into the other's hand by his preference for Metz to the prosecution of a retreat toward Châlons. Ready enough to fight, Bazaine was not earnest to march.

But Moltke's plan of campaign was based, beyond all other considerations, on the resolution at once to assail the enemy wherever found, and to keep the German forces so compact that the attack could always be made with the advantage of superior strength. Although the Germans had overwhelmingly superior numbers in the field, this aspiration failed conspicuously. Indeed, there is a certain pride in Moltke's avowal that the Germans fought—and won—four important battles with the odds against them, not to mention his claim of equal strength at Gravelotte. The failure to make good the wise postulate of his plan resulted inevitably from the free hand accorded to subordinate commanders to bring on an unexpected battle at their discretion or indiscretion. It is true that, because of various circumstances, no defeats resulted from this licence, but the risks it involved were certainly in two instances disproportionate to the advantages attained. Is it credible that, had not Frossard at Spicheren been trammelled by imperial restrictions, his three divisions would not have smashed Kaneko's two brigades as they clung to his skirts for hours before reinforcements arrived? The German *Staff History* owns to the imminence of disaster at Borny; and but that the French were tied to the defence, it is inconceivable that five French divisions could not have defeated five German brigades. What soldier who has

realised the practical value of numbers in battle will deny that had Bazaine, with 150,000 French regulars at his back, been in earnest to force through at Mars la Tour, he could not have swept Alvensleben's 40,000 Prussians out of his path before support could have reached the latter? Moltke writes of Noisseville that there 36,000 Prussians repulsed 137,000 Frenchmen. With such odds in their favour as four to one, the Servian militia, fighting in earnest, would crush the best troops in Europe. The French did not break out, simply because Bazaine fought merely to save appearances. With superior forces and copious reserves the brusque and butcherly offensive is a tempting game; but its attractions wane when, as at Gravelotte, it entails the slaughter of 20,000 men in causing to the enemy a loss of 8,000.

It remains that the Germans were the conquerors, and that they conquered in virtue of Moltke's strategical skill and infusion of energy into all ranks of the German army. It is a true saying that nothing succeeds like success; and its converse is not less true that nothing fails like failure. But the eye-witness of the Franco-German war must be purblind or warped who dare aver that the old spirit had faded out of the army on which had shone the sun of Austerlitz, and which had stormed the Malakoff with a rush. No: the poor miscommanded, bewildered, harassed, overmatched, outnumbered soldiers in the blue képis and red breeches, fought on with a loyal valour that ever commanded respect and admiration. The sad noble story of unavailing devotion is to be told of the French regular army from the first battle to the ending at Sedan. With swelling heart and wet eyes I looked down on the final scene of the awful tragedy. The picture rises now before me of that terrible afternoon. The stern ring of German fire, ever encircling with stronger grip that plateau on which stood huddled the Frenchmen in the shambles; the storm of shell fire that tore lanes through the dense masses all-exposed there to its pitiless blasts; the vehement yet impotent protests against the inevitable in the shape of furious sorties—now a headlong charge of Margueritte's cuirassiers thundering in glittering steel-clad splendour down the slope of Illy with an impetus that seemed resistless, till the fire of the German infantrymen smote the squadrons fair in the face, and strewed the sward with dead and dying; now the frantic gallop to their fate of a regiment of light horsemen on their grey Arab stallions, up to the very muzzles of the needle-guns which the German linesmen held with so unwavering steadiness; now a passionate outburst of red-trousered foot-soldiers darting against a chance gap in the tightening environment, too surely to be crushed by the ruthless flanking fire. No semblance of order there, no token of leadership; simply a hell in the heart of which writhed an indiscriminate mass of brave men, with no thought but of fighting it out to the bitter end! I shudder

as I write at the recollection of that ghastly field's horrors on the day after the battle. The shell-fire hurled on the exposed French masses had been so close and so incessant that numbers had been torn or blown into fragments. The ground was still slippery with blood, and in the hollows lay little puddles to look at which made one faint. Yet this fell experience did not deaden in the soldiers of the French army the passion to keep on fighting. Napoleon's one wise act was his displaying the white flag on the afternoon of Sedan. But with what fury the soldiers execrated him and his conduct!

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

THE LABOUR 'PLATFORM' AT THE NEXT ELECTION

FOR ten years the legislature has been almost exclusively occupied with the affairs of Ireland. But the next House of Commons, before it dissolves, can, if it will, achieve much for the working classes of the United Kingdom. Those classes have shown during the last three years a keen desire to improve their lot. Hopes raised by successes at the commencement of the revolt of unskilled labour have been dashed by repeated demonstrations of the futility of expecting too much from trade-union action under existing circumstances. This has strengthened the resolution of workmen to add to the protection afforded by combination that which can only be assured by Parliament. The clamour for social reform represents a deep and real feeling. Yet it seems probable that a great opportunity may be missed for lack of definiteness of practical aim. The need of the moment is a statement of what the labour party and its sympathisers may reasonably hope to gain from the next House of Commons by a concentration of such power as it really commands, having regard to the conditions which actually prevail.

Such a task has obvious difficulties. The unbounded ignorance which is positively an advantage for destructive criticism is an effectual disqualification for constructive statesmanship. Consequently many who deal largely in generalities about the undisputed hardships of the wage-workers, when it comes to the question 'What is to be done?' avoid the issue. A few indulge in apocalyptic ravings about a millennium they are powerless to hasten. The majority (like bad workmen quarrelling with their tools) aver that no progress is possible without tinkering at political machinery. As a plain matter of fact the working class has power, without waiting for 'political revolutions founded on abstract ideas,' to obtain from the next Parliament changes for which there is pressing need. Politicians could not, by being paid for their services, be made much more eager to obey any pressure from constituencies which threaten their fixity of tenure. Political parties could not, by the comparatively small addition to the labour electorate which would result from 'one man one vote,' be made much more anxious than they are now to listen to

any distinct demand from the working class, which already forms three-fifths of the constituencies.

Those who understand that from a truly patriotic point of view the welfare of the working classes is of the highest national importance will agree that it should be subordinated to no other object in the coming Parliament. To those who dissent from this proposition I would point the moral of the recent elections. It is admitted on all hands that the successes of the Gladstonian candidates are not due to any great desire amongst British voters that time should be spent upon Irish Home Rule. The Unionists especially emphasise this point, and assert with reason that promises of social reform are the factors in rallying workmen at the polls. In that case we may expect that the new House will be irrevocably pledged to redress the grievances of the labourers. In fact, progress in the direction of satisfying the workman's demands is a necessary consequence of his political power. The only questions of practical interest are as to the form the inevitable changes will take, and as to the party which will be entrusted with the making of them.

The workman's demand is simply for a larger share of the good things and fair chances of this life. These things present themselves to the urban labourer in the shape of higher wages, shorter hours, and a lessening of the competition for employment. It is because trade unionism has helped him to these that he believes in it. He now seeks to obtain more of them through political action. They may be summed up under five principal headings.

I

The one demand backed by a great body of urban labour is that for a shorter working day. Workmen who ask for this are influenced by the belief that the fixing of a maximum labour-day of eight hours by law will have the same effect that has followed the reduction of working hours by trade-union action and factory legislation. That it will increase the leisure and the real freedom of the worker is the smaller benefit expected. The greater is that it will so reduce the proportion of unemployed competitors for work as to enable the employed to successfully claim the highest wage the necessities of the employers will allow. Working-class opposition to this measure comes entirely either from those who, already working shorter hours, fear their hours would be increased to eight, or from those who fear that the margin of profit in their particular trade will not permit them to obtain as high wages for eight hours as they now do for nine. The thorough-going advocates of the eight-hour day here, in common with the working-class party in all countries that compete with us, will press relentlessly for their object. They form a large majority of the organised workmen, and a still larger proportion of unskilled and unorganised labourers. Events have shown that in mining constituencies

(except in Northumberland and Durham) and in working-class boroughs, a candidate wastes his time in contesting the seat unless he will satisfy the eight-hour men. These intend that the next Parliament's first business shall be to establish an eight-hour day in Government workshops and factories; in specially hazardous and unhealthy occupations; in those in which overwork is dangerous to the public; and in enterprises which enjoy a monopoly granted by the legislature.

II

To the rural labourer the land is the symbol of all wealth and influence. His demand takes the shape of asking for access to it, and this will be strongly backed by the town workman in the hope that a multiplication of small owners will stay the influx of labour to the cities. Access to the land gives Hodge independence and a hope of rising from the position of wage labourer. It promises material improvement, but this, if gained, must, under the present condition of British agriculture, be paid for by peasant proprietors by an expenditure of labour out of all proportion to the result. A more hopeful rendering of the cry of 'The land for the people' would be one which, by facilitating the compulsory purchase of land for such objects, would allow co-operative cultivation on a large scale to be carried on with the capital and science which alone can make labour on the land really remunerative. A recent experiment by Mr. Albert Grey shows how this can profitably be done by private enterprise,¹ if the State exercises its undoubted power to insist that the rights of landowners shall not be allowed to stand in the way of the greater right of the community to have the land utilised to the best real advantage. In this respect the words of Lord Salisbury at Birmingham the other day are noteworthy. He said: 'It is undoubtedly an object which both parties may justly have in common—the desire to bring the people into closer connection with the land. Where you take a man's property you must pay for it, but with that safeguard I thoroughly believe that the more the peasantry of this country can be brought into connection with the land the more safe your institutions are, and the more the fibre of the English people will be preserved.'

These two planks of the labour platform are much more important than any others, because the changes they will bring about will directly benefit the workers, and because it is patent to all men that they have behind them that practical enthusiasm of the electorate

¹ Mr. Grey's balance-sheet for four years' work on the East Learmonth farm shows that in a period of very low prices he was able to (1) pay a rent for the land which the previous tenant declared to be prohibitive; (2) obtain regular interest on his capital; (3) pay the trade union rates for labour. There yet resulted a profit, of which 25 per cent. was held in reserve, 25 per cent. given to the manngors, and the remainder gave to the labourers 5 and 6 per cent. bonus on their wages, and to Mr. Grey, in addition to his interest, a bonus of 150% for the use of his capital.

without which in a democratic country no change is possible. It is only right to point out an ulterior consequence of them which, though it may not yet be fully recognised by hand-to-mouth politicians, is nevertheless certain. In multiplying landowners whether as peasant proprietors or co-operators we shall create a large number of protectionists. The urban workman also will find that his standard of comfort cannot be materially raised if the market in which his labour must be sold remains open to be flooded by cheaper foreign labour and its products. 'The era of unlimited competition to which Parliament, in its wisdom, has decreed that this country shall be subjected,' approaches its end.

III

Another matter which is ripe for settlement is the pensioning of the poor in old age in place of imprisoning them in the workhouse. The workman entirely agrees with Mr. Chamberlain that 'society as a whole owes something to these veterans of industry,' and knows very well that the debt is acknowledged by the system of indoor relief for the aged and destitute poor, whose support is admittedly a first charge on the property of the nation. He will vote for that support being given in the more grateful form of a weekly pension, but if the amount is not enough he would have the difference made up by a levy upon those whose income allows a surplus after providing the necessaries of life. He will regard a compulsory contribution from himself as an attempt to dock his income in early manhood, already too small, in order to lighten the poor rates of the comparatively wealthy. If he is allowed to choose for himself whether he should contribute to a voluntary insurance against old age or take his chance of the workhouse, he will avail himself as little of the new system as he does now of the Post Office annuities. For the income of the men and women who end in the workhouse is so small that the subtraction of a farthing in a shilling means to them additional privations, and it is so uncertain that they cannot feel confident these privations will not be rendered useless by a lapse in their payments. The attitude of the workman then is this. He would infinitely prefer, when worn out, a pension of a few shillings a week to being driven into the workhouse, but he intends that the extra cost of this reversion to a modified form of outdoor relief shall fall on those who have derived most benefit from the years of toil which have worn him out.

IV

As the workman believes that he is unfairly treated in the distribution of wealth, he is for saddling the classes which have gained most from the administration of national affairs with a larger share of the costs of government and of such reforms as shorter hours and

higher wages for employes of the nation. He may not be learned about the canons of taxation, but he will use his power to extend that Conservative measure, the graduation of the income tax, so that the larger the income, the larger shall be the proportion of it which goes to the national revenue, and to also increase the amount which the State takes from any sort of property on the death of its owner. The change will probably take the shape of allowing exemption from income tax to persons who have less than 300*l.* a year, and of increasing the amount in the pound payable by those who have more than 1,000*l.* a year. As regards death duties, all who learn and labour truly to get their own living will welcome any diminution of the wealth transmitted by inheritance. They cannot see that it makes any difference whether such wealth is derived from the ownership of land, which still carries with it some responsibilities, or from the sweet simplicity of the 2½ per cents. Students of political meteorology will note that from their very nature these changes are calculated to enlist strong support, while rousing a numerically insignificant opposition.

V

Under a fifth heading, that of protective labour legislation, there are arrears which if the working class has its way will amply occupy the time of the new House. Legislation to render employers liable for accidents requires strengthening in two directions. The penalties should be so great as to give the employer the strongest inducement to take every precaution in order to prevent injury to life or limb in his works, and the method of inflicting these penalties should be so altered that the rich man shall not be able to escape paying blood-money to the poor. Amendments of the Factories Regulation Acts are a farce unless the staff of inspectors is immensely strengthened and so rendered able to make the law a terror to evil-doers. The majority of these inspectors should be men who have themselves worked in establishments of the kind they have to inspect, and a large number of women should be appointed to look after the interests of operatives of the weaker sex. At every inquest on the body of a person killed while working at his or her trade, a legal representative of the relatives of the deceased should be paid by the community to attend, and call and examine witnesses on their behalf.

It will be found that at the General Election Labour is fighting for these five points—(1) the Eight Hour Day, (2) the Land for the People, (3) the Abolition of the Workhouse, (4) Taxation of large incomes and inheritances, (5) Protective labour legislation. If workmen were so foolish as to dissipate their force by pressing for attention to subjects of minor importance they would pay the penalty, and see themselves tricked and foiled as they have been often before. They

have the numerical strength, if they have the political sagacity and cohesion, to get their way on these five points. If they still lack insight and resolution, no tinkering with the machinery of elections will avail them anything, and they will only have themselves to thank if the evils they complain of are not seriously attacked for another five or ten years.

There are, of course, many points of national policy on which the Labour party has a strong opinion, and which it will press with all the means at its command. I do not wish to complicate the issue by raising these now, but there is one which must be mentioned. No one can feel more keenly than he who has tried to raise the standard of comfort and improve the position of the working classes that the abuse of intoxicating drink is one of the most potent factors in creating their degradation and servility. I believe that an overwhelming proportion of those who know the lives of the poor are in favour of reducing in every reasonable way the facilities for getting drunk.

There is one further change which does not recommend itself to workmen more than to other citizens who wish to see Parliament become a manufactory of national legislation, not of personal notoriety. The time during which a single member may occupy the attention of the House should be strictly limited. I believe the available time divided by the number of members would give to each something like four minutes and a half. I propose, making due allowance for spokesmen of the Government and perhaps of the Opposition, that each member when he has consumed ten times his proportion, or say forty-five minutes, should be silent for the remainder of the week. Nine out of ten voters will agree with me that the country would lose nothing by such a regulation.

The policy of the labour party at the General Election is plain. Having resolved on the definite demands they are going to make on the next Parliament, they must take measures to compel acquiescence. The number of available candidates of their own party, with the essential qualifications of energy, ability, and reputation, is necessarily small, and these can only succeed in constituencies where workmen voters outnumber the other classes, and have thoroughly learnt the necessity for resolute and independent political action. But in every constituency it can be made known that the labour vote, be it large or small, goes solid for the candidate whose pledges on the five points of the Labour Charter are the most satisfactory, provided that there is reason to believe the pledges will be fulfilled, and that he who makes them will vote in the House against his own party to further the Labour platform. If this be done, no Ministry will be able to carry on the government for six weeks without giving secu-

city for a substantial instalment of the reforms which workmen are determined to have.

When the moderate nature of the programme here set forth is considered, it seems probable that there will be no great difficulty in carrying it through the House. The public is quite alive to the fact that something must be done for labour, and there are few who would not rather see the 'collective wisdom' of the nation busied on these practical matters than occupied in the flogging of dead horses. Still it must be made very clear to party politicians that there must be no trifling on the subject. Should grave danger from without threaten our country, the Labour party will hold its hand from its special work until such foreign complications be settled. Under any other circumstances it will strive for the attainment of its objects with the most complete indifference to the convenience of Government or Opposition.

H. H. CHAMPION

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